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# AS THE EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST

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. . . to go into evangelistic service. And I guess many of you are here that remembers the time when we went. And I preached that morning on the subject of *David Meeting Goliath*. And how many is here that's left out of the group that was here that morning? Oh, a number of you. *David Going To Meet Goliath*, about eleven years ago. And it started. . .

<sup>2</sup> That's where I first started, and after that come forth Brother Freeman, Brother Oral Roberts, and Brother Allen, and—and many of the. . . And Billy Graham come after that, course, Billy Graham didn't take the sides of healing, he went just on preaching the evangelistic side of the Gospel of salvation. And so that was started just according to what the Lord said down there that day when He appeared at the river.

<sup>3</sup> And now, I just never told my wife or one person *this*. This is just. . . I just left this for this morning to say it before the church. It has been all along that I have never been able to find, look like, a spot or a place of a starting place. And I never would want to say, "Well, go do *this*, or *my* great meetings, or *my this* or *that*." I always, rather, just stand on the sideline and be small, and do the will of the Lord. But, now I feel that one time out of this eleven years, that I am now getting to the spot to where I see what I believe that the Lord is going to do. What my, what I was here for. And I am without any selfishness, or with all that was in my heart to go and serve the Lord, and to try to push the Gospel just as—just as hard as I can, to do all that I can.

<sup>4</sup> Now, was the little baby here to be dedicated? I thought maybe if I mentioned it, I think. . . It wasn't, Brother—Brother Neville? Now, my little girl wanted to wait from the Sunday school class to see the baby dedicated, and that's the reason I didn't dismiss the children back into their classes. All right, the little ones can go, now, back to their classes. Mrs. Arnold, their teacher, and—and for the. . . go to the back. All right. My little Rebekah said this morning, said, this little baby is her uncle's little one, you know, so it. . . she wanted to see it dedicated, but I guess they haven't got here as yet, maybe a little later on.

<sup>5</sup> Now, immediately after the—the Gospel message, then we're going to pray for the sick. And I—I'm trusting God that He will do that. I

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don't aim to speak very long on this because I want to give some time reserve to the sick, to pray for the sick.

<sup>6</sup> Now, I want to take a portion here of the reading of the Word from our good brother and friend, Brother Collins. I wish to take a portion of this Word, the 11th verse of this 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy, the first line:

*And as the eagle stirreth up her nest, . . .*

<sup>7</sup> I want to try to approach that from a . . . from the standpoint this morning of the bird itself and liken it unto the church. Now, before we go into the service, this part, let us just bow our heads a moment for prayer.

Brother Tony Zabel, I wonder if you'd just offer a word of prayer on God's Word, if you will, Brother Tony. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> The eagle is one of the—the birds that I love to speak about and it . . . he is a masterpiece, indeed. And many times, I have wondered why the Lord likened this great bird to His heritage.

<sup>9</sup> And studying in nature, and it's, has been, was, nature was my first Bible. I love to watch God in His nature. If you can see one time, go to the mountains and watch how great tall mountains, and the different varieties of timbers, and as they go all the way to the pygmy spruce, and come down through the hemlock, into the birch, and on down into the hardwoods, and out into the deserts. See, the little mountains, the big mountains, the deserts, the prairies, the seas, you can get a—a very good conception of what God is, what He loves.

<sup>10</sup> I like to go to that virgin place, where it's never been touched by man, just to see the way God likes it. And there's something down in the human heart that longs to see those places. Many will be taking vacations, and going places, and seeing sights. And it's wonderful to do so: to see the change, the sunset, how it sets from the top of the hill, or from the valley. And it's wonderful to see it.

<sup>11</sup> And if, a man that knows God, or the person that knows God, and God is living in their heart, then they'll be more subject to enjoy those things than the unconverted person; because the very God that made the earth has brought Himself into this heart to enjoy His Own creation, what He has done.

<sup>12</sup> And many experiences that I've had in the mountains and so forth, and in the deserts, and I, oh, I wouldn't take anything for their memories. To watch the . . . hear the call of the wolf. I can just hear a wolf holler, and cry like a baby.

<sup>13</sup> And how, many times in the mountains, when I was just a boy working on cattle ranch, and—and the rounding up of the cattle, after

we'd ride off of a morning when the first row would leave about four o'clock to go through, search down so many cattle. They go all the way to the top realm. And many times, riding out to the . . . on the first ride of a morning, being just a boy and could, maybe, get through the jungles a little better than the older men, then we'd chase so many cattle down for, maybe, five hundred yards. The second group leaves then about five, six o'clock, and they chase on down to about ten o'clock, and they pick them on up.

14 And finally, in the nighttime, the valley is full of cattle. Then they place a man there, the wagons go on, they watch these cattle. Then, when all the mountains has been searched out, they drive one valley into the other one, and out into the fields for the . . . out into the prairies for what we call the cuts, each man to cut his cattle.

15 Going up into the mountains, alone, early of a morning, to hear the screams of the wild birds and the call of the coyote when he's making his way in: to me, there's something about it that's Heavenly. Every little creature of God making its familiar whine to its mate. There's something about it, and I've, many times, have referred, as David said, "When the deep is calling to the deep."

16 My boy, Billy, he was telling me yesterday, he wanted to know where he could give away three gallons of blackberries. And I said, "Where are they at?"

He said, "I haven't picked them yet."

And I said, "Well, why you wanting to give them away?"

17 He said, "Daddy, I just love to go to the blackberry patch real early in the morning and pick the blackberries. But we're leaving and no way to can them or anything." He said, "If I could just find somebody to give them to, I'd go pick them."

I said, "What do you want to pick them for?"

He said, "I just love to be out there in the blackberry patch early."

18 I do, too. I . . . just to get in there, something fresh, all sin has settled around over the earth and somehow or another, the honeysuckles are just a bit sweeter early of a morning. The roses, because that the—the perfume from the rose is settling in the valley, and it hangs there until the breezes comes up and blows it away, and so forth. It speaks this: that it's been alone.

19 What a beautiful thing it is for someone to get alone in the Presence of God, just set alone. Not make the church, just when you come, to pray at the church, make it your only prayer. Get alone with God.

20 And one of my great studies has been, when alone, high in the mountains, as I love them so well, is the eagle. And I wondered

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sometimes watching them through great glasses, and their habits and so forth, how did God ever liken His heritage, that is His Church, His people, to an eagle?

<sup>21</sup> Studying of the eagle from the book standpoint, I learned that in Palestine alone, there's forty different types of eagles. Some of those are scavengers, some are the regular meat-fed eagle. But the word *eagle*, itself, means "one that feeds by the beak."

<sup>22</sup> Now, we'll take that just for a moment. "One that feeds by the beak." In other words, he feeds by his mouth, his young. And that's a good thing, to liken God unto the eagle then, because God feeds His Church by His Word. His Word comes by His mouth. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth, beak, out of the mouth of God." God feeds His Church by His mouth. Our souls are sustained upon the Word of God. How beautiful that is to the eagle.

<sup>23</sup> And the next thing is the eagle, that he's such a—a special bird. There's none like him anywhere in all the bird family. There is nothing that can soar like an eagle. How I've watched them till they just go completely out of the reach of my binoculars, just on up into the air to its highest and highest.

<sup>24</sup> You hear very much about the hawk, and the hawk eye. Oh, he's an amateur to the eagle. He couldn't follow that eagle no more than a Model T Ford could follow one of the modern ones. Why, he's so far ahead of that hawk. The hawk would try to go up in the air with him, the hawk would die. And the hawk's eye wouldn't nothing like compare with the eagle.

Now, he has to have a special-made body, because after he gets so far, he couldn't live, his breathing would shut off.

<sup>25</sup> I've noticed people many times, taking them out on the hunting trip. Brother O'Bannon, I believe he may be back there this morning, a Methodist minister from Louisville. Going up over Berthoud Pass, as soon as he gets up there, it seems like that he would just perish.

<sup>26</sup> My father-in-law, Mr. Brumbach, when he stepped off of the—the car (They took him up to Pikes Peak.), immediately he just fell forward, thought that he would perish. The reason of it was this: that his body wasn't accustomed to that high altitude. So when he stepped off the train, he just fell forward.

<sup>27</sup> Mr. O'Bannon got up on a little hill not much higher than one of the Knobs here, and set down, and scooted down the mountain. He said he felt like he was just going to perish.

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28 Brother Morgan, I guess he's back there, Sister Morgan's husband, we were high in the mountains, about nine thousand feet, and was putting up a tent. He'd just got off of a wagon. And he got me by the feet, he said, "Here, Billy, I'll hold you up to tighten a ridgepole." And while he was holding me up, he said, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute." And I jumped to the ground real quick and grabbed him. He was going like *this* with his hands up, and I caught him the best I could. He's a large man. And we'd just laid down some sacks of oats there (We had a bunch of horses.), and laid Bill's head on that, until he came to. I knew it was altitude. He said, "It seemed to me that I was just going out over those valleys like that."

What was it? He'd been raised down here in the lowlands. That was the first time he was ever up into a sphere like that.

29 So, therefore, men who are raised in that country doesn't notice it, because they have become climated to it. Their breathing, their everything just becomes nature of it because they live in it.

That's the reason the eagle has to have a special body, for he can go so high that another bird could not follow him.

30 Oh, how typical that is of the Church of the living God: Living in an atmosphere, living in a place which is far supreme from anything of this earthly journey. Living into a place that where all things are possible. Living under such an atmosphere that they're not looking no more to the things of this world, but they been caught up and setting in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus. It takes a special. . . God has to do something to design this type of a body.

31 Another thing about the eagle is that he's got such strong wings. Sometimes when you hit that current just above a certain sphere, the current is so strong if the hawk would try to follow, it might rip his feathers right out of him, because the current is so strong. And then it might fold the hawk's wings right back; and if it would, he would fall to the earth immediately and perish. So, if the eagle's going to have to go into those places for, to live, he's got to be designed to go there.

32 And if the Christian ever lives in the Heavenly places, that's got to be God's Own designing of His Spirit to pack him into those Heavenly places where the winds will not buffet him or tear off his wings. Those two big strong wings which pack the eagle represent God's Word. But we. . . eagle has two wings, and those two wings represent the New and Old Testament.

33 Strong feathers; try to pull one out one time. Oh, you take a pair of pliers and set your foot on it and pull it out 'cause it has to be designed that way: strong.

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34 Then God, again, likened the eagle, being that he was so high, could go so high, He likened him to His prophets. He calls His prophets the eagle because the eagle can go so high, he can see so far away. Now, the higher you go, the farther you can see. Then if his eye doesn't compare with his ability to climb high, then his climbing high, he would be blind. But the eagle has to have an eye to match his ability to climb high.

35 Oh, if the church could only have the eagle's eye, to be able; not a natural eye that's earthbound, but a spiritual eye, who can see afar. I used to love to hear that old song we used to sing around here:

By faith I can see it afar;  
For our Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling place There.

36 And the borned again person climbing up into these atmospheres and stratospheres can, by faith, look way yonder and see the omnipotence of God and call every Word a positive act. He is designed to climb. By prayer he moves on, on, until he's up there. Then if he isn't designed to see, when he's up there, he's merely just frolicking.

37 That's what our churches has failed so much in today: thinking that the blessings of God is just to dance, or to shout, or to do something like that; that healing is merely just a thing to get us so we can get back out into the world.

38 When we're packed up into these stratospheres, God gives us an eye to see afar, that it's the Father, that His loving mercy to His children, His offspring, is to give them a foretaste of something that's coming far greater. Yes!

We used to sing that blessed old song:

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory Divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,  
Borned of His Spirit, washed in His Blood.

39 That's the real eagle of God that can soar away in yonder, not just to frolic, but to see afar. Think of that prophet Nahum, just about four thousand years ago; one day, that great eagle of God mounted up.

40 And another thing, the eagle does not flop his wings to fly. The eagle only sets his wings and he just a bird of leisure when he gets his feet off the ground. He only jumps and makes a couple of flops, then just enough to get the wind under his wings, then he doesn't toil or struggle. He doesn't jump anymore, neither does he flop his wings anymore. He just sets his wings and lets the current from the earth, as it's spinning, bear him up.

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41 That's the way with the real believer, he doesn't jump from church to church and from pillar to post and run into the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Pentecostal, and the Nazarenes, from place to place. He just takes Christ as his Saviour, and sets his wings into the Word of God, Who is feeding him by His mouth, and he sails upward, just resting. His wings are strong, he doesn't have to flop. He is strong, he never moves a feather.

42 Oh, that master of the sky, they just take those feathers and drop them down, and catch that wind, and just ride right away. And how he can do it.

43 That great eagle called Nahum, four thousand years ago, went up so high in the Spirit of God until he seen Outer Drive in Chicago, four thousand years later. Said, "The chariots shall rage in the broad ways: they shall run like lightning, they shall seem like torches, they'll jostle one against another."

44 How that those prophets went so high that they could see afar off things to come. If this place had never been light, no sun was ever on this continent, and you could go high enough in the air to see the sun over in some other country and see it was moving this way, you could come back down and say, "Someday there will be vegetation. There will be the other things. This would be a bleak place, but as soon as the sun comes, vegetation comes with it." And they . . . you could see it. And then, when the sun finally arrived here, the things that you'd seen afar would be here.

45 That's what God does to His prophets. They raise up, and he knows, for by faith they have seen there's coming a day when sin will be finished, when there'll be no more sickness, nor sorrow. Death and sorrow shall flee away and there'll be no place for old age. There'll be no place for mourners, there'll be no graveyards, there'll be no disappointments. The eagles of God has flew so high into the stratospheres of God until they seen that day coming and they've dropped back down and penned it off on this Bible. And somehow, when you become into that realm, you can feel that there's something coming, something makes us hunger.

46 Last evening, I was talking on the porch with a Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, which is a relative of Brother Neville. And we were talking about the resurrection. I said, "You notice those little birds, even as much as they sing." And we'd got through talking about the little fish down there on the river the other day, come to life. As I told you about, I believe the last time here when he, Brother Lyle, setting back there, had pulled the entrails out of his mouth and threwed him in the water, been dead a half hour. And when the Holy Spirit come and said, "Speak," and a

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little, insignificant fish received his life and turned over and swam back to his loved ones because the infinite God was there.

<sup>47</sup> He's concerned about everything He created. Yet, that little fish has not a soul. That little fish couldn't desire to go to Heaven. The animal, the horse, the—the cow, the dog, the other animals, they have no longing for life hereafter because they haven't got a soul. But it's men and women who has souls that long for something different. That blessed thirst that God put in there is to thirst after Him.

Oh, an eagle is a wonderful bird, likened to God's heritage.

<sup>48</sup> About two years ago, I think it was, wife and I, and my mother-in-law, many of us was up to spend the day at Cincinnati Zoo. And I was walking around with, I believe it was Sarah, at the time, the little girl, walking around keeping her quiet, letting her see the woodchuck, and the—the squirrels and the different animals.

<sup>49</sup> And I come up to the cage where the birds were, and I was attracted to a great cage, great huge cage, and I heard the awfulest, most pitiful noise I'd ever heard. Going over there, I found a great eagle that had been caught by the cunningness of the device-ities of men. They had set a trap, and it caught him, and they put him in the cage.

<sup>50</sup> And that big fellow would walk over to one side of the cage, he would get a start with those big powerful wings, he would slam himself against those iron bars till it would almost knock his intelligence, his senses away from him. He'd flop it with all the power that he had to try to free himself, only to find that it would knock him back out into the middle of the floor again. The hairs and furs on his head had been beaten off. He was bleeding all over. His great wings, across the ends of them, was beat till they were raw from just blasting himself to strike that cage to free himself.

<sup>51</sup> And I stood there a little bit, picked up the little girl in my arms, I thought, "O, God, what a sight." An eagle, a heavenly bird and how that his home is not on the ground, his home is in the air. He's not an earthbound creature, but the cunning device-ities of man had trapped him, and no matter how much he tried to free himself, he could not do it. And he was merely beating his brains out, as to say, against those iron bars.

<sup>52</sup> I thought, "Isn't that true: that men trying to free yourself from this cunning device-ities of Satan, by joining church, or trying to do whatever you do, you're only beating your brains out." You can't do it. You're caged, and you're caught, and you can no more free yourself than that eagle could. It takes a Hand superior to yours to do the freeing. It takes a Hand superior to your pastor or any denomination; only the hand of God can do it.

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53 Then I seen that great eagle, after he had tried so many times and failed, he fell back on his head like *that*, and he laid there. I watched him, bleeding; his weary eyes as they looked upward, soaring that sky. That's where he was supposed to be, but between him and his freedom was bars that he could not pierce. I thought, "Isn't that a pity? To see that heavenly being, bird, born for those atmospheres and stratospheres, and then be caged here for the rest of his mortal life." I thought, "That's a weary sight."

54 But oh, I've seen sights worse than that: When I seen men and women, who were born to be sons and daughters of God and they're caged and walking about in this world, trapped in sin and shaped in iniquity, walking about upon this earth trying to satisfy their longing with some worldly pleasures.

55 I don't mean to remark or make anything bad. I only am saying this: The other day when I just got back from Chicago, I was down on Spring Street with my wife. She was getting some clothes for the kiddies to wear to Canada.

56 And down the street, came a little mother. And the way that little lady was dressed, packing a baby on her arm, it was disgraceful to human beings. And I thought, "The poor little woman, probably some man's darling, the mother of that precious little baby; and with a cigarette in her mouth, the ashes flying all over the little baby." And I thought, "A woman that could be a queen in some home, a home that could be peaceful and lovely, but, no doubt, instead of the Bible, was cigarettes all over everything, beer all over everything, and fussing and jealousy."

57 It's because they have been caged by circumstances: Radio, television, uncensored programs, love stories, and things of that sort has captured the minds of the American people. And they become bondslaves to modern society, when they were born to be sons and daughters of God.

58 I went into an insane institution one time, and seen young ladies in there who . . . I went in with a mother to a little woman. And the la- . . . young girls, this young lady, certain one, had used the bedpan, washing her face in it. And I said, "Whatever happened?"

59 She was called into the service of God, but she got messed up. Some boy come along, a little slicker, and throwed her into a cage of the worldliness, and there she was, captured and had lost her mind, her mental faculties, and was in an institution.

60 A few days ago, standing with another local minister in a home where a lovely little girl, a doctor's daughter, who'd been . . . spent nearly a lot of her life, early, all of her life until she was thirty or

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thirty-five years old, beautiful girl. And her mother called me and was weeping, and it was a lovely girl.

<sup>61</sup> And to see that some modern skeptic scientist got a hold of that lovely child, and said, “You mean to tell me you never was kissed by a boy? You don’t know what you’ve missed.” And begin to place her mind on thinking on those things and caged that precious eagle.

And her dear old mother on the porch shook my hand, and said, “By God’s grace, she shall be delivered.” And she will.

But to find that eagle of God, who’s soared the unseen skies, could be caught in such a trap. The city is full of them today.

<sup>62</sup> Men and women who were born to be free, who were born to be sons and daughters of God, to live above sin and away from sin, is carousing the barrooms and dance floors, because that a web, like a spider, has raked them around and around until they’ve caught them into that thing: on uncensored programs; the schools and atheotic teachings; and all the modern device-ities of the devil; and sorry to say this, but many time, the modern church, who let them go loosely, do anything they want to as long as they belong to the church.

<sup>63</sup> Let me tell you, my dear, beloved friend, there’s only one way to belong to the Church of the living God. That’s not to join it, that’s to be borned into it. A nature is changed, and all the old things, you’re free then.

<sup>64</sup> Now, God likened His heritage unto the eagle because another thing the eagle does: The eagle builds her nest way high. Oh, how I’ve got off of my horse a many time, and tied it to a little sapling, and got my binoculars, and searched the skies to find the eagle, just to study him way high in the Rockies. And the eagle builds his nest just as high as he can build it. Why? It is for safety and protection. He is so high until the predators can’t get to him. The coyote, trying to come to the eagle’s nest, would break his neck.

<sup>65</sup> Oh, that’s the reason God likened His Church unto the eagle, because the eagle’s nest, which is the Church, is built far beyond the cares of this world: out of the danger lines; cross the Blood; where the modern prowling predators never get to. He said, “You are a city that is set on a hill, a candle that’s lit in the room.” Oh, something, the Church of the living God is built high, on high ambitions.

<sup>66</sup> When I hear of a church that hasn’t got any ambition to grow, there’s something wrong with that church. The Church of the living God has a high ambition.

<sup>67</sup> And another thing: The Church of the living God is built high because it’s got high anticipations and expectations. Say, “Well, we

belong to the church. Our father served in this church years ago.” That might be fine, but the Church of the living God can’t set still. Its ambitions is to go higher, farther.

68 We see the blind healed today. We are watching, tomorrow, for the dead to be raised. When we seen nature obey His Voice, we’re looking then for the Coming of Christ. Its ambitions is high. Its anticipations is high. Its expectations is high. It’s built high. It sets up as a memorial.

69 The Christian at his work is set on a hill. His ambitions is high: to win his boss or somebody else to Christ. That’s right. His expectations is high: somewhere, that God will give him a chance to speak to somebody.

70 The eagle puts her nest high, and she’s watching for the opportunity, and her little ones are borned, and they are safe when they’re born.

71 And the Church of the living God, who builds their ambitions on the highest peak, on the most solid Rock, Christ Jesus, when their little ones are born into Christ, they are safe. “The Name of the Lord is a mighty Tower: the righteous run into it, and are safe.” Certainly.

72 Oh, she’s a powerful bird. But by and by, many things we could say about her. But there comes (now, to the text), there comes a time after her little ones are borned, or, they’re hatched out. The eagle lays an egg, and her little babies are hatched out. They’re little, white, fuzzy-looking fellows. And the mother feeds them from her beak until they’re good-size birds. And she’s got them, she goes down and finds her prey. She comes back up to feed her little ones.

73 How different that is from the chicken. The earthbound chicken makes his nest in the barnyard, a open sepulcher to any old weasel or anything that comes by.

74 I compare that with this worldly church of today, a worldly people of today: How they just say, “Oh, well, bring them in, baptize them, put their name on the book.” They are open subjects, not an eagle. No, sir. The eagle won’t do that. You might be took into the church and can wear shorts, and—and drink, and smoke, and carry on. You might have the old hen of the church to cluck that to you, but never a mother eagle. She takes you beyond that.

75 Oh, you say, “The chicken is a bird, too.” I know it. But he’s an earthbound scavenger. That’s right. He knows nothing about the heavenlies. He’s never been up there, so he just builds his nest down here; and dog-eat-dog. But the eagle thinks better than that.

76 Then when her little ones are born, that is, the mother eagle, there comes a time that that mother eagle is determined that her little eaglets

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are not going to be like chickens. Oh, I love that. I hope this sinks in. That mother eagle is determined that her babies will not act like the rest of them chickens, them birds that's earthbound. She's got to give them an experience.

<sup>77</sup> That's the way Christ is to His Church. There's something more than just joining church, belonging to a denomination. There's something more than just being a good citizen. Certainly. Christ is here, like the mother eagle, to see that you get it.

<sup>78</sup> And the mother eagle is equipped to take care of her little ones and to see that their experience is right. So, there comes a time when there's a stirring in the nest.

O, God, send us a stirring in the nest.

<sup>79</sup> The eagle is supposed to be a bird that renews his youth. Every so often, no matter how old he is, he turns back to a young bird again, not in—in years, but in his physical make-up. He renews his youth. The Bible said he did. "Thou will renew his youth, like the eagle." He renews his youth.

<sup>80</sup> What a beautiful type it is of the Church when we're weary, worn, torn about, to go in and renew our strength; and mount up like the eagle above all of our cares and fashions and things of this world.

<sup>81</sup> Then, we notice again, that this old mother, one glorious day there comes a time when she thinks the nest should be stirred. She runs in; there seems to be something wrong with her. She looks over her babies; she examines them. Oh, how I've laid with binoculars and watched them.

<sup>82</sup> And she goes in, all at once she sets on the nest, she scream. What's she doing? She's teaching those little fellows her own call. "My sheep know My Voice." Those little fellows have never been out of that nest. They just lived right there all the time.

<sup>83</sup> So the thing she does, where the Bible refers, she stirs up her nest. She sets on the nest while she's screaming, or, by the rim of the nest, and she takes those big wings and she beats them back and forth, and she sends a rushing wind over the top of them. What does it do? What's she doing it for? It's to blow away every loose feather.

O, God!

<sup>84</sup> She's fixing to take them on their first test flight; take them out of the nest. And if there ever was a time that the church ought to come out of the nest, it's now. And those two big Wings is the Word, she gives them the Word, and through the Word comes that rushing mighty wind like it was on the day of Pentecost. It blows all the loose feathers away; all the things of the world that you've been holding onto, just fades

away when that rushing mighty wind through the Word comes down. Blows away every loose feather, every little ism, every little fanaticism, every little thing of the world, it pulls it loose, every feather; because them loose feathers, when you get up yonder, will find out that it will cause your death.

And loose living in the church is causing spiritual death in the church.

<sup>85</sup> Mother's determined her babies are equipped to go up. Remember they never felt wind before, they're eagles. They were borned in the cleft of the rock. I love that.

God said, "I'll hide you in the cleft of the rock." The cleft in His side. "I'll hide you there." There's where you are borned.

<sup>86</sup> The little ones are borned in the cleft of the rock. They know nothing about the winds. So the first winds that they feel is fanned through the mother's wings, not some worldly, church-made theology.

<sup>87</sup> But a real eagle is borned of the Spirit of God; God's eagles, the first rushing wind he feels, it's not some kind of a make-up emotion. It's fanned to him through the Word of God and shakes every feather loose in him. He's going through the test. He's fixing to take a flight.

Oh, God, would shake the church, today, by the Word; fanning loose all the little loose ends, the little isms, and little *this* and *that*.

<sup>88</sup> And as she fans them, and when all the loose feathers are blowed out, then she falls down into the nest, and she takes her wings right down by her side, and she spreads them out. Oh, I love that. Just spreads them out, and each little eaglet gets on her wing.

<sup>89</sup> Now, remember, her feathers, you can't pull them out with a pliers. And them little eagles fastens his little feet safely and secure in these wing feathers that's been tested.

<sup>90</sup> What is the Wing? The Word. And every child of God faces his faith, takes a hold of God's Eternal Word, that's been tested through the times, for your first solo flight.

<sup>91</sup> She's going to give them an experience. The rushing wind was just to take the loose feathers out, so theirs will set all right. They might have a hole in their wing, some feathers missing. Then when they get set, their little beaks . . . Watch, they take their little beak and they reach over and get a hold of a good strong feather in mother's wing and she shakes it. Just somehow, they know to do it. Why? They are natured eagles. You couldn't get a chicken to do that if you had to. He don't know nothing about it.

<sup>92</sup> That's the reason some of this cold, formal, so-called, modern religion knows nothing about the blessed experience of a higher and

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better life. They know nothing of it. They say, “Oh, that Bible is mistranslated. It’s *this, that* and the *other*.”

Oh, brother, if you’re sick this morning, put your grips on every Word of God and get ready for a flight.

<sup>93</sup> Mother take you out of the bed. Mother don’t want you there. Mother’s determined that her children’s not going to be like (her brood), like that old hen’s brood, down yonder in the barnyard. She don’t want them that way, so she has to give them an experience. And to get this experience, they hold onto the Word, the Wings. Get a hold and just lay there. Oh, it’s so dramatic to watch them do it.

<sup>94</sup> Oh, I’ve laid there on my stomach across a rock one day yonder, at Corral Peaks, Brother Wood; and I wept like a baby till I got out, I screamed. I even run my horse away. Oh, I couldn’t help it, but I thought, “Oh, you little fellow: All the wrens, and all the crows, and all the buzzards in the world could tell you that that feather won’t hold. You know different, for you’re borned an eagle.” Oh, if you’re borned a child of God, you can set your anchor right on any Divine promise and hold it. Absolutely, you know.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other grounds is sinking sand.

<sup>95</sup> Nothing will move you. “On this I’ll build My Church,” said Jesus, “and the gates of hell can’t prevail against it.” Nothing will never move it. It’s the unmovable Rock of God’s Eternal Word. Right in the hours of death, when all hopes is gone, a born child of God can take his stand on God’s Eternal Word, and look yonder beyond these tears, and say to look to Him that said, “I am the Resurrection, and Life.” Even death itself will never shake them. They’re eagles. They’re Heaven-born birds. Their nature in them is designed to believe that and to trust it.

When she’s screaming, they know the voice. She’s preaching to them. She spreads out her Word, the Word of God, her great Wings.

<sup>96</sup> That’s what He’s spreading this morning to you sick people. You sick people that seems like you’re going to set there all your life, if the devil can get you to believe that, he’s got you. But you, darling, little eaglets, God spreads forth His Word: Lay on to it. Stand there. Don’t let nothing shake you. She’s time-tested.

<sup>97</sup> If you’re a sinner, and scared to die: “What will I do Brother Branham when the . . . these little brittle threads of life begins to break and my soul is plunging into somewhere I know not?” Set your faith in His Word: “I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. He that heareth My Words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, has everlasting Life. He that eats My flesh, and

drinks My Blood, feeds from My beak, has everlasting Life; and I will raise him up at the last day.”

98 When in all of earth’s trials beyond the darkening veil, and the tears and sorrows of this life, the real eagle sets his claws there, and said, “On Christ the solid Rock I stand. On the wing of my mother I shall rest, holding to the wings of the Cross, knowing that through that brought the atonement.”

99 She takes them into the sky. Oh, how that if you hold to God’s unchanging Word, you’ll have your . . . you’ll have a test flight pretty soon.

100 Now, the old mother spreads forth her wings, and away she takes for the sky. She can’t leave you here on earth and give you an experience. She’s got to get you way high.

101 Trouble of it is today, we’re mud crawling. I used to tell my daddy I could swim. And I’d bounce off a little old box in about a foot of water, and mud flying every way, and hitting my hands like that. I told my uncle I could, one day, and he took a oar and pushed me off in about six foot of water: It was different. That’s what’s the church today, it’s mud crawling. It just goes to church and sings a hymn and go home.

Oh, the hour is at hand where we’ve got to launch out.

102 This mother eagle, when she’s got her wings spread, her word, each little eagle laying onto a certain promise, she rises with those big masterly wings with her little ones setting on it. She goes on and on, on, them holding on. Oh, they won’t turn loose. They’re eagles. They might go right through a storm. That don’t make any difference. They hold on.

103 And when you, being a eagle, if God has ever put the promise in your heart, the doctor might say you’re going to die tomorrow, but you’ll hold on. Every shaking, every storm, and every high and stormy gale, my Anchor holds within the veil. I don’t see how I’ll get through it, but I’m holding to this Anchor.

104 On, on, and on, and on, until she goes way high in the air. And when she’s so high till you can hardly see her anymore, a strange thing she does: she shakes them every one away from her, right there in midair.

Oh, there’s got to be a time where you got to come to that place.

Why does she go so high? They’re eagles. They can’t go that high if they’re not eagles. They’d die before they got there, but they’re eagles.

105 And a real believer, no matter what the atheists say, what the . . . anybody else says, if they are God’s eagles, they stay with the Word, let it take them where they may.

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<sup>106</sup> And when he gets up there, he shakes her wings like *that*, and the eagles fall every way. She screams. What does she do? “Children, you’re on your own.” Those little fellows begin to flop their wings way yonder in the air where a crow or hawk or nothing could ever catch them.

<sup>107</sup> That’s the way God takes you. He takes you into a new experience where churches or denominations or nothing else would ever follow. When He shakes you loose, one time, on your own.

<sup>108</sup> And when they’re shook loose, does the mother leave them? No, bless your heart. She circles off around them and begins to watch them, each one. And how much fun she must have to watch those little fellows, topsy-turvy and everything else, just flopping for all that is within them. Are they scared? No, they are never scared, because they are trusting in the ever-presence of their mother and her supreme ability to bear them up again. And if one happens to get out of cater, gets off on the deep end, you know what she does? She swoops down under him, picks him up on her wings, her word, and bears him up into grace again.

No wonder I’m a Calvinist. Amen!

God reaches down with His Word and gets His eagle, bears him up again.

<sup>109</sup> So they’re carefree; they just flop and flop and yell and holler and have a real Pentecostal revival. Them little fellows, sometimes they would fall over and flop over, and they don’t care. Mama’s watching them. Yes, sir, she’s sailing right around them, right around. And the strange thing, she can pick every one of them. If anything starts to happen, she just lets out this scream, and throws her word like *that*, and they dive right into them feathers like *that*, and hold right on for dear life. What a wonderful bird.

What a wonderful Saviour. Yes, what a wonderful Saviour.

<sup>110</sup> Then, when she comes down, after they have been tossed around and all through the test flight, their first little flight, then she throws out her wings and screams. She picks this one up, she picks that one up. Oh, my. Then she takes them down into the valley. They’ve never been there before. They just been in the old nest, the pukey nest, stinks. She takes them down into the valley where the rippling waters are rolling.

“The Lord is my shepherd;” said David, “I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters.” How wonderful.

<sup>111</sup> One time, it was said that a farmer was setting a hen and he put a eagle’s egg under the hen. And so, after the hen had set awhile, she had. . . I wonder how many women in here knows what a setting of eggs is? Oh, these farmers would know. Fifteen is a setting, I believe.

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So he had fourteen eggs, so he put one eagle egg under it. That's about the way it is, about one out of a setting is about the way you get it. So, he set the old hen, the atmosphere in the barnyard. Finally, after a while, they all hatched out. When this little eagle was hatched out, he was a— a funny-looking bird to the rest of them. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

And that's the way a real eagle, when he's born in one of these modern, so-called sophisticated churches, he's kind of an off brand.

He couldn't understand the—the clucking of the hen.

And that's the way the real Christian that's born in one of those hen's nests today. They can't understand.

<sup>112</sup> “Oh, come on, children. Just a . . . oh, it's all right.” The old hen leads them out in the barnyard and they pick in the manure pile and everything else. That eagle couldn't eat that. He had a different nature. He was just about starved to death. That's the way a real Christian gets around some of these old morgues.

<sup>113</sup> “Oh, come and join the church. Put your name on the book. And, oh, that's all right. You can put on your shorts and cut the grass in the afternoon. I think it's cool.” It's ridiculous. And the real eagle knows better. “Oh, a social drink won't hurt anyone.” It's sin. The real eagle knows it. “There's nothing wrong with smoking cigarettes.” The real eagle knows better, his nature's different.

<sup>114</sup> He just hung on with that little ol' bunch of chickens. Ol' mammy would say, “Come on over here.” And they'd just be picking and having a big time with some big: “Oh, well, we'll have a bunco game. We'll pay the pastor.” The eagle stood outside. He didn't want none of that. No, sir. Just something about him that was different.

<sup>115</sup> Did you ever see one hatched out in a hen's nest like that? I mean some of these modern churches? They get up with the doxology and Apostle's Creed, and sing a couple of songs, and talk about the flowers, and go home. That eagle ain't fed. That's scavengers. He can't stand that. So, he'd follow along like a little ugly duckling, you know, in the back.

<sup>116</sup> And the old hen would find some kind of a certain kind of a—a—a something, and she'd cluck to her chickens a certain thing she'd found in the manure pile, and she'd cluck to her chickens. Little old eagle just walk up and look at it, say, “I just can't be partakers of such.” Thank God for His nature.

<sup>117</sup> That's the reason I believe in election. You are what you are by the grace of God. Not that you made yourself anything, it's what God, through His sovereign grace, made you before the foundation of the world. You might try to be good and go to church, if you want to. “It's

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not him that willeth, or him that runneth, but it's God that showeth mercy." That's right.

<sup>118</sup> He's an eagle to begin with. He just can't stand it. Don't worry. They might say, "Don't go around that bunch of holy-rollers, *this*, *that* or the *other*." Don't worry, he's headed that way just as sure as anything.

Now, watch. Them little ol' chickens went around, they thought they were having a wonderful time.

<sup>119</sup> But, you know, one day while they was out in the barnyard, there come a scream across the sky. The old mother happened to sweep by, she looked down. She seen this little fellow tugging along, looking.

Oh, brother, His eye is on the sparrow. This one thing we know, God knows His Own.

<sup>120</sup> The old mother eagle happened to come over this barnyard and she looked down. She saw her young'n. The farmer stole him. That's right, an egg out of her nest, but that was hers. She screamed to him, "Honey, son, you're not a chicken, you're an eagle. You are mine. I've come for you."

<sup>121</sup> I remember the night when God made that scream to me: "You're not of this world. You're not of them chickens. You're not a chicken to begin with. You're an eagle. You're Mine, and I've come for you."

"Now, honey, up and listen to my word. Just make a little jump and flop your little wings." She's circling the barnyard.

Oh, I pray that this very hour He's circling the barnyard: "You're Mine. You belong to Me."

<sup>122</sup> There's something about that voice that he understood. Well, it was, "Good-bye chicken yard." He made a great big flop with his little wings and he landed right on top of the barnyard post. He seen he had done something. I'd say, then, he joined a denomination, got right in the middle of a Pentecostal organization.

His mother screamed again, said, "Honey, you've got to come higher than that."

I think we do, too. We got to come higher than under an organization, or a denomination or a confession.

<sup>123</sup> She said, "Just simply make another jump and flop with all that's in you. I'll catch you on my wings, and I'll bear you up to the place where you ought to be."

<sup>124</sup> That's it this morning, friend. You may be sick. Your church might not believe in Divine healing. You may be a sinner. Your church don't believe in the baptism of the Holy Spirit. But there's Something in

you that calls for God. Why? You were borned an eagle. He's here this morning to bear you away. His Word says so. Let's just, when He spreads forth His Word, let's lock our hope this morning, right in His everlasting promise. When death finally strikes us: "I'll fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

<sup>125</sup> While we think on these things as we bow our heads a moment. I wonder this morning, while we're in the building, if there would be an eagle here, this morning, that you been walking in a barnyard a long time. You're sick and tired of that stuff, just pretending to be a Christian, living a haphazard life.

<sup>126</sup> And somehow or another, there's been certain little wind that swept over your soul, this morning, by the preaching of the Word. You know what it is? It's Mother fanning loose the feathers that will come loose, the little things of the world that you been holding on to that's kept you from being a real Christian: that little doubt; that little fear; that little bunch of worldism that you're hanging on to; that little party that you're running around with. Let that wind flush all them feathers away from you this morning, then come to the Father's house. He's ready to bear you up today.

<sup>127</sup> Would you raise your hand, anyone here with a need of that? And say, "Brother Branham, remember me today in prayer as you're praying." Will you raise . . . ? God bless you, lady. You, brother. You, you. Oh! God bless you back there, brother. And you, my brother . . .  
[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

Time is filled with swift translation,  
Naught of earth unmoved can stand,  
Build your hopes on things Eternal,  
Hold to God's unchanging hand!  
Hold to God's unchanging hand!  
Hold to God's unchanging hand!  
Build your hopes on thing Eternal,  
Hold to God's unchanging hand! (Listen.)

When our journey is completed,  
If to God we have been true,  
Fair and bright our home in Glory,  
Our enraptured soul shall view!

Hold to God's unchanging hand!  
Hold to God's unchanging hand!  
Build your hopes on things Eternal,  
Hold to God's unchanging hand!

<sup>128</sup> Now, may the Lord's grace be with you, resting upon you abundantly. To you that held your hands up, to you that ought to have

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did it, see, accept it just now on the basis, not on emotion, but on the basis that God made the promise and the Spirit spoke to you. You been in the nest long enough. You're a eagle. Just set your faith right in His promise. And you're a Christian. No matter how bad the wind shakes, just hold right to it.

<sup>129</sup> I seen an ol' mother eagle, one day, take her young when a coyote come up. Well, she would have ripped that coyote to pieces. She spread forth her wings, and those little one jumped on her wings. There was a storm coming, and that wind coming across those mountains rolling rocks, sixty miles an hour, I suppose. She just pierced right on into that hole; right into the cleft of the rock she went with her little ones.

<sup>130</sup> Storms of life gets bad. Some day you're coming down to the Jordan. That's right. Oh, I done talked it all over with Him. I don't want no trouble *then*. I want to settle it *now*. It's going to be bad on that morning: Brother, the moon's going to fail to give its light; the sun will turn black and bloody; the stars will shake, like the untimely fig tree shaking with her figs; the earth's going to be belching; demons screaming; people running into the street. I don't want no trouble *then*. I want to be sure of this right *now*. I done talked it over with Him. *Now* is the time to talk it over with Him, not *then, now*; it's too late *then*. I want to have my ticket in my hand. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>131</sup> I want you to get this close. I have found out, and last night or this morning, early, the Lord speaking when I was praying, went into the basement yesterday, stayed awhile on my knees there before God in prayer. It seems that this come to me: I said, "Tomorrow morning for a little farewell, as I did, I'm starting this morning, not as David met Goliath, but as the eagle took to the air." See, in the new type.

<sup>132</sup> Notice, I want you to mark that in your remembrance, course it's on tape here. Now, the one thing that's the matter with people that they don't get healed, is not because that . . .

<sup>133</sup> Look, I've wondered: Here sets one, healed; here's the other one, not; linger on, and on, and on; here's another one; here, another one. There's something wrong somewhere. I think it's this: It's a complex that people build up, especially people who's been sick awhile.

<sup>134</sup> Now, you don't . . . you'll resent this when I tell you, but it's true: You take a child that's been petted, that child becomes to a place till it just wants to be petted. It builds up a complex. You can't do nothing with that child until you shake him right good.

<sup>135</sup> Now, there is a time when a person gets sick. They become self-pitied. "Oh, I'm in such a condition. Oh . . ." I've prayed for people that say, "Well, I don't believe I feel any better." You'll never feel any better like that. That's not it. That's . . . If—if that's the attitude, don't

even approach Him at all, 'cause it—it's not right in His sight. Don't have a complex, but come with a burly, robust faith. It's a settled thing. God said so, and this settles it right now.

<sup>136</sup> There's a sister I usually pray for, I believe she, Mrs. Rooks, setting there. I always liked the approach of Sister Rooks. She was healed, dying with a cancer, down here at the high school the night I had the service. That startled a few doctors. But she was healed. Well, she come to me here not long ago with something else wrong with her. She just come up and said, "Brother Branham, just pray for me." Went up, prayed for her. They said that she'd be . . . Oh, said, "It's all settled. It's all over, see. They prayed for me, that—that settles it. That's all." Now, that's what I'm talking about.

<sup>137</sup> Not with saying, "Well, let's see. No, I don't believe I feel any better." Oh, mercy. Don't come like that. It's finished when God's Word is obeyed, it's finished. Just set your hold like that eagle. Let the wind shake, just hold right there, it's finished. You know what I mean?

<sup>138</sup> A complex, self-pity. You're in a pitiful condition then. That's really true. When you get to pitying yourself, you want everybody to pity you, and you pity yourself.

<sup>139</sup> I hit that spot one time setting right there on the porch with a breakdown. Staying eight days in meetings without coming out for food, or anything, or sleep, just stayed right at the platform praying for the sick. I got to a place and I said, "Oh, well, I—I just can't feel any better."

<sup>140</sup> One day, I heard a Scream, and I heard It in a little book called *Christian Confession* by F. F. Bosworth, that Christians, they confess, not what they see, but what they believe. Don't make any difference what you're looking at, you don't. . . we don't see by our sight. We see by our faith.

<sup>141</sup> We call those things, Abraham, called those things which were not as they. . . though they were. He confessed that they were. When there's not one, there's not a possibility anywhere of it ever happen. He was a hundred years old. Sarah was ninety. But he said, "We're going to have the baby." Sarah's womb was dead. He was as good as dead hisself, but he took God at His Word, believing He was able to perform that which He had promised. And God brought it to pass.

<sup>142</sup> How about Daniel in the lions' den, hungry lions? How about the children, them Hebrew children in the fiery furnace? What about the woman with the blood issue for twelve years? She never self-pitied herself. She said, "If I'll touch His garment, I'll get well." And she believed it. It stopped Jesus. What about blind Bartimaeus, when they was trying to make him keep quiet? "You. . . He ain't got no time to

fool with you.” He screamed the louder, just to hear Him say the Word. That’s right. What about the Roman centurion? Said, “Lord, I’m not worthy that You’d come under my roof: just say the Word, and my servant will live.” There you are.

<sup>143</sup> No self-pity, just speak the Word: “I’m the Lord Who heals all thy diseases.” I don’t care what your conditions are, if you’ll lay a hold on the wings of God’s Eternal promise this morning and say, “It is mine. It belongs to me. Something in me called me here to this tabernacle to be prayed for, I’m taking a hold of the Word, and no matter what shape, I’m staying right with it.” You’ll get well.

<sup>144</sup> Now, play *The Great Physician* for us. And those who cannot get up to come, we’re coming to pray for you. I’m going to ask for the ministers here who know Christ. . .



*AS THE EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST*

57-0714

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