

FROM THAT TIME

E-1 Thank you, Brother Herman. I have just been setting here drinking in. And, you know, I appreciate it very much. And before we go any farther, I'm sure it just we overlooked it. I think this was a wonderful little breakfast that these people served, us here this morning. I've eaten breakfasts around the world, you know, in different nations. And that was real nice little breakfast. And I believe it would be, as we are Christian gentlemen and ladies, to leave a leave a little something lay on the table for those nice little ladies, how nice they served us you know, if you'd have a little, you know. It's American custom, I think, that we leave them a little something on the table.

E-2 And by the way, I oughtn't to be saying that, when I haven't even paid for my own ticket, yet, but I—I. . . Somebody I owe the ticket to. So I—I imagine. . . Why don't you just lay it at your plate and let the lady. . . Would that be all right? Oh, just lay it some. . . 'Fore we leave, just before we go away, just leave a little something on the table, and. . .

I hope they're not listening, but (See?), we hold an example. Let's be an example. See? And so let's be real Christians in all that we do or say. In every act, let's be real Christians. And I know it's in our hearts; sometime we easy forget little things like that, but just thought I'd mention it.

E-3 I believe the Scripture that says, how great or precious for brethren to dwell together in unity. It's like the—the oil that was on Aaron's beard, that run down to the hems of his garment. We can certainly say that this morning with real trueness of heart, that it was really a—a fine fellowship. I have had many meetings, seen many things by the grace of God. I never met any finer bunch of men, just real Christian brothers, with all of us, just together. I know this is a little breakfast, but I hope this. . . Now, it's not joke; it's something actually happened. But it's just a little something that might change the position of our thoughts for a moment.

I love to fish. And I go way high in the mountain sometimes to fish. Now, I got a lot of brothers here, I know the same thing; I just looked at them watch one another then. So, sister, don't argue with him. Let him fish; that's good for he's. . . Go with him.

I said the other day that my little girls, Rebekah, she said, "I . . . When I get married I'll never marry a hunter. Hum." Said, "I see what my mother has went through." That's all right.

"Then marry a golf player, and let him get out there on the—out there with them half-dressed women, and everything all day long. Do that."

She thought about it, come back, said, "You know, daddy, I just happen change my mind." Said, "I want to marry a preacher, and let him be a hunter, then I want to go with him." So she had it all figured out. But that's all right.

E-4 I was fishing one time, way in top of northern New Hampshire. That's the home of the little Brown Brook. You get the native trout, that's really high there; they're good fighters. But the—the others are the stocked, the hatchery fish are soft, and there's not much fight in them. So I used to put a little pup tent on my back, and walk maybe, miles, three or four days walk, way high on top the mountains, where they pass the beaver dams and everything, where you get into where the real native trout's at.

And oh, how I love to catch those little fellows, catch them and turn them loose, just to—just to catch them, just to relax yourself. You've got to have something to relax, so especially in this type of ministry. And . . .

So Mr. Goad here, is teaching me how to hand load shells now, and so I'm getting along pretty good at that.

E-5 So up there one day, I had a little pup tent setting up. And I'm not a good cook. I couldn't boil water without scorching it. I'm telling you, I just . . . I just a bad cook. But I—I can cook flapjacks, or excuse me, I—I—I mean pancakes, you know. We—we call them. Well now, we call them everything. Out west, we call them "sweat pads." You know what a sweat pad it? Goes under the horses saddle, you know—you know.

E-6 And so we always called them, down in Kentucky, flapjacks. And 'course, really, they're pancakes. And you don't have to mix up anything, put a little of this powdered milk with them, mix them up, and pour them out, and . . . Of course, you all know that I'm a—was a Baptist, and I believe in immersing. I don't like to sprinkle them; I really like to pour it on them, you know, cover them up real good with honey. And I like honey, because that's good for Baptist moral, you know. They like John, you know, that eats the honey. And so then, I had me a little half a gallon bucket full of honey there.

And one morning, way down along the creek, I had a—a place, a hole there where just full of little Brown Brook, about twelve fourteen inches long. And oh, they were just like a team of mules almost, in the end of one of them fly lines. But there was some bushes in my way, I couldn't whip that Coachmen fly enough, you know, to get up there to where they see my shadow in the water. So then, I took my little hatchet and went down there that morning, early. I thought, "I'll go down, chop them bushes down, so I can whip the fly and get back there and get some of them big ones out from under that—they place where the water poured in. They get back, hide in the deep water.

E-7 So I went down, and chop it down, catch a few, and was on my road back. I brought two back for my breakfast. And 'fore I got up to my little tent, I heard a noise, and that country's full of these little old black bear. Oh, don't get . . . Some of them get pretty good size, five or six hundred pound. But it was long in last of May, and there was—there was an old sow, or, which mother bear and her two cubs had got into my tent.

Well, it isn't what they eat; it's what they destroy. They just love to destroy anything. So I had a little stove up there cooking. They just got down, and got that stovepipe, and jumped up and down on it, like that, just to hear it crack, you know. And they had tore up everything there was in there. And one of them had found my bucket of honey. So they love anything sweet, you know.

E-8 And so, when I come up, the old mother bear she heard me coming. So very sensitive, and she run off and she cooed to her cubs. Well, the little, cute little fellows, usually when something like that, you haven't got your camera, you know, to get it. And the little cub, one of the little cubs run off, the other one just set there. Well, I thought, "What's the matter with the little fellow?"

E-9 And she cooed again. But he—he didn't come. He just set there had his head down. I thought, "Well, what's the matter with that little guy?"

Well, I had an old axe in my hand, and an old rusty rifle laying in the tent, but I guess it was tore all to pieces by that time. And I wouldn't want to have killed her anyhow, because it would've left two orphans in the woods. So I thought, "Well, now . . ."

And I kept a tree in mind, because with them cubs, she'll scratch, you know, so I—I thought, "Now, if I could just see what that little fellow is so curious, he was just . . . Why?" I said, "Why didn't he come when his mammy called him?"

So I kept stepping this way and watching a tree, so, walking around. I thought, "What's the matter?"

I said, "Hey, get out of there." And he just stayed there. And I . . .

E-10 The old mother cub, and the other one over . . . And the—and the cub and the mother walking around cooing, you know, and her calling this cub, and he wouldn't move. And I thought, "Now, there's something he's found, and that he's interested in."

When I got sideways, that little fellow had my bucket of honey. And he had it like this in his little paw, you know. And he got the lid off of it. Now, he didn't know really how to eat it, so he'd take his little paw, and stick it down like this, you know, and lick, and lick. And I got around the side; I laughed at him, a little bit. And I said, "Get out of there." And he turned and looked. And his eyes so full of honey, he couldn't see me, you know, and he was batting around, looking at me like that. It was just all over his little belly, you know, just as full of honey as he could be.

And I thought, "If he isn't having a Pentecostal jubilee, I never seen one: no condemnation, no fear. He just had his hand in the honey bucket, just a licking."

E-11 Well, I think that's something what we've had this week. Don't care who says anything, that's what, the reason we're Pentecostal. Don't care what the rest of them says; we're worshipping God. So we just got our hands in the honey bucket, plumb up to our elbows, and just been licking. Maybe, don't see so far, you know, but we're fully of honey.

You know the strange thing about it, to finish our little story, you know what happened then? When finally he got the bucket licked out, I just stayed and let him have a good time. So . . . So after he got through, he staggered off, went over there, and the others licked him. So if they didn't get in the meeting, they'll lick, just keep testifying.

Yes, mother and the other one was just licking him, as hard they could. They was getting just some of the leaving's. You see? So . . . But he had his hand in the honey bucket.

E-12 Fellowship, Nothing like it. Old Dr. Bosworth said to me one day; he said, "Brother Branham, you know what fellowship is?"

I said, "I think so."

Said, "It's two fellows in one ship." So that's about right.

Glad to see my neighbor here, this morning, Brother Fred Sothmann, one of the trustees of my church, Brother Banks Wood, another trustee of our church at the Tabernacle at Jeffersonville. I just wish you two brethren would stand up, just a moment, if you will, Brother Fred, if it wouldn't make . . . So the people would know, there's two of our trustees at the church.

E-13 And we have other friends here; their wives and loved ones are here. And I'd like to make a remark about Brother Wood; his wife setting there is—is neighbors to me. Mr. Wood is a contractor. Mr. Sothmann is a farmer from Canada. Brother Welch Evans, setting over here in a corner, another loyal brother. These two brethren setting there, one a Canadian, the other one from Georgia, their wives here. They—they drive about a thousand miles each way every Sunday when I preach at the Tabernacle, that's loyal coming. Very fine friends. . .

And Mr. Wood being a contractor, he was by, raised in a loyal family of Jehovah Witness. And he had a crippled boy; infantile paralysis had drawed his leg up. And his wife, I think she belonged to the Church of God, Anderson Church of God, or Methodist. Which was it, Sister Wood? Was it Anderson . . . Church of God. And so, they'd . . .

E-14 Somebody had told them about I was having a meeting in Louisville, and they went down there, and then seen one night, there a little boy taken from a wheelchair that was a spastic paralysis and walked to the platform. The little fellow anointed with the Holy Ghost and preached over the platform.

A young lady that the doctors had give up, that had that disease that you turn to chalk. And she'd . . . Way up in her waistline, she hadn't moved for four or five years, and here rose from the stretcher, on THUS SAITH THE LORD, run up and down the platform, up, and everywhere, perfectly normal and well.

Their hearts begin to hunger for God. Mr. Wood, at that time, being a contractor, had a job he had to finish, real quick. And he and his wife went to Houston, Texas, where the Baptist minister challenged for a debate. And just let them challenge. God always works it just right. There's where the picture of the Angel of the Lord was taken it. You see, Mr. Wood was setting present when It come down.

E-15 I went from there to Finland, Sweden, Scandinavian countries. On the road back, I went to a city next to where this young man came to the Lord when I was preaching. This is one of my children from the—the ministry, Brother Hill. And I think that was right,

Brother Hill. And hearing these other brothers, how that different things had come off, and . . . I'm getting old now, and so, it makes me think of these young boys coming on will take my place after while. I'm so glad to see them . . .

The one thing I've longed to be, when I seen the Assembly, Church of God, Pilgrims, and different kinds, I—I would be ready to say this morning, like Simeon, "Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace," when I could see them, one heart and one accord, just melt together.

Satan keeps you firing at one another. He don't have to fire at all. See? You just whip yourselves. You see? When I see that great ransomed church of God come together, as one great unit, I'll close up the Book, then and pass It back to my son, Joseph, and say, Billy, "Carry it on, son." My other children, my sons, "move on now, and just stay that way." The Millennium will be on when that takes place.

E-16 Now, Mr. Wood came to . . . Brother Wood, what was the name of that city in Ohio? Cleveland. We had a big tent meeting there, and you could hardly around it. And it was him being a Jehovah Witness now, and his father and mother strict Jehovah Witness, all of his . . . His father's a reader. And setting way back in the meeting with his little crippled boy, the Holy Spirit moved out. And I don't know just the words It said; I'd say something like this that, "The man back there that's got the boy that's . . . And his wife are maybe from Kentucky, or what . . ." You know, how It usually does. "That the boy that had the crippled leg is now healed, THUS SAITH THE LORD." The boy don't even know which leg it was; he has to set down and study; it was so perfectly made straight. See?

And his brother being a Jehovah Witness came down; they excommunicated him right quick when he did that. Mr. Wood stopped his contracting and bought a little house next door to me, and is a, really a Pentecostal Christian. I don't say that no . . . Or that he's setting here, but they've been real neighbors, real people.

My house, I never have to worry about anything about it; he's there, just . . . If the yard needs cutting, he cuts it, and just anything like that. Just to be near.

E-17 Brother Fred Sothmann, many of these, Brother Tom Simpson, setting there, those men came from Canada, just to . . . They're camping out there, been in there for two years now in a trailer; just to be near when we have services.

Oh, what that, friends, like that, what it means to you. Now, it's glorious to have a precious friends.

So Brother Wood's brother, Lyle, came down one day. And I guess, he wanted to ask him what kind of a—a shenanigan he got hooked up with. And so he said, "That's the brother out there cutting grass in the harvest. And . . ." With my overalls on and straw hat. I come in was talking to him. It happened to be the Holy Spirit come near and begin to tell him about him being a married man, having two children, and so forth. So he—he thought, "Well, Banks told him that." And I caught that what he thought. And so, people saying that don't realize that you realize what they're thinking. See? You . . . God reveals just what's in their heart. But (You see?), they—they really don't believe it.

So I said, "But here's one thing Banks didn't tell me, last night, you come pretty near getting your head shot off. Your wife that—that you're married to, but you was with a red-headed woman last night, and she had you hid in the room, and that the one knocking at the door, and you sent her to the door, if it hadn't that man would have blowed your brains out." That got him. He knowed that was true.

E-18 We went fishing together down at the dock, and we had run out of bait, and so we were setting there one morning. . . I was catching these little Blue Gills on a fly line to bait up with that night. And his brother said; I said, "The Holy Spirit is near. He wants. . . There's something fixing to happen." I said, "It's perhaps a resurrection going to take place." I said, "Maybe, perhaps, I've got about five hundred on the list there, little children and everything," I said, "maybe, something's . . ."

E-19 Then I happened to think, maybe before I left it. . . Excuse this, sisters; I don't like a cat. I just can't stand them. And so they. . . I—I'm not afraid of them, wh-o-o, that creepy feeling they give me. So they. . . My little girl went down the lane, and her and another little neighbor girl come up, and she said, "Oh, Daddy," you know, she got that real sad look. She said, "Somebody throwed out a—a poor cat. And it's eat something," and said, "it's in the awfulest condition." Said, "It's—it's poisoned. It's going to die." And said, "Daddy, you wouldn't mind me keeping that cat, would you?"

And I said, "Well, if it's going to die," I said, "I guess not."

Said, "Would you pray for it?"

We just prayed for a little dog, you know, that was just dying, and he got all right, big fine dog now. So. . . And you've read the story of the opossum, and all those things, that's. . . Well, God, that's His creation, same as. . .

So I said, "Let me see the cat."

So her, and the other little girl packed it around the house. And I said, "Well, yes, we'll keep it. Go get a box." And the next morning, we had about ten kittens, you know. And so then, so they had them.

So my little boy Joseph got out, and he looked at one of them, and he's just a little bitty fellow, and he squeezed it too tight, and threwed it down. And I thought he killed the little thing. It wiggled around there a few times. I thought, "Perhaps, it's that kitten, you know, when I go back, that cat will be dead, and the Lord just raise it up."

E-20 So next morning we were fishing, Mr. Wood there, and his brother and I. We pulled into a little cove. And we were catching nice size Bream, you call them here, I think, bluegill, we call them down there in Kentucky, on the mountains and breeze blowing in. It was a beautiful morning.

And Lyle was setting there with not a fly line, but the hook looked to me like he was going to catch whales on it. And he had a worm all wormed on it. He dropped over there, instead of catching the fish, he just let it. . . He swallowed the hook plumb down in his little belly. And—and when he got out, he said, "Now, looky here what I got," a little fellow about that long. So he just caught it with his hand, pulled stomach, gills and all. . . only thing he could do. 'Cause the hook was plumb down in his little belly, instead of catching him, you know. And I said, and he pulled his little stomach out, and throwed him out on the water like that. He said. . . And he quivered four or five times, and his little fins stretched out. He said, "You shot your last wad, little fellow." And he's kind of a tall country boy, like, anyhow.

And I said, "Now, Brother Lyle (You see?), you never let a fish swallow the hook." I said, "Take just a tip of bait, and just as soon as he hits it, hook him like that. See?" And we was setting there talking, the little fellow laid around there on the water for about a half hour, and a little breeze got up and blowed him back against the bank. We were setting there talking and catching these fish and unhooking them; not to kill the fish, 'cause I had at least two hundred or more, I guess, Brother Banks, on the line, out on the trotlines. So we caught the day before, and cut them, put them on the line. But just show you what God does, how He's concerned about everything.

E-21 All of sudden, Something come sweeping down those hills, like a wind, raised up in the boat. He said, "Stand on your feet." I raised up. He said, "Speak and it'll be so."

I said, "What?"

“There lays that dead fish!”

I said, “Little fishy, I give you your life in the Name of Jesus Christ.” Little fishy turned over like that and went swimming out through the water. Laying there and its stomach, pulled out of its mouth, and its gills . . .

E-22 Now, this Bible is open before me. Is that true, Brother Wood? Mr. Lyle Wood just pitched over at the boat. He said, “That meant me, because I said to that little fish,” had been dead about an half hour, said, “I said, ‘You shot your last wad.’”

I said, “No.”

He said, “Brother Branham, why would God use His power to bring that little fish to life, and I seen on that book of dozens of spastic children? I don’t get that.”

I said, “One time He came out of the city of Jerusalem, where there were people that were laying there with leprosy, and dying, and all conditions, moved out. And He seen a tree, didn’t have no food on it, and He said, ‘Curse that tree.’ And the tree wilted. Used His power on cursing a tree, and people laying up there dying by the hundreds with leprosy and all kinds of diseases.”

It just goes to show that God is interested, no matter, insignificant, how little, how big, He’s interested in all. His nature. . . So if our churches are little, whether they’re large, whether you’re a lay member, whether you’re a housewife, whether you’re. . . Whatever you are, God knows and He’s interested in you, and in what you’re doing for Him. That is true. So we are happy this morning, to know that we serve a God like that.

E-23 Now, I got my income tax papers laying down here at the post office, closes I think, at eleven o’clock this morning, so I can’t preach over three hours, I’m sure. So you forgive me for my foolishness, I suppose. But even God has a sense of humor, you know, so—so we . . .

I have to say something to unwind myself. And you—no one, my precious, brother, sister, will never know what those visions do. Last night, after It got into the audience, the best of my memory, it all seems a dream to me after it happens. You ought to follow Billy Paul sometime, or those who have to take me along, and shake me, kick me on the shin, or talk about going fishing or something, to get me out of that. It’s not while you’re up there; it’s not while you’re down here; it’s while you’re in between. See?

Then like the prophet when he’d give his message and—and called fire out of heaven, and—and rain out of heaven, and then for

forty days wondered in the wilderness. And God found him back in a cave. You see? It's in between; it's not while I'm standing like I am now. Not when you're up there, you feel like you could turn the world upside down. But it's when you're in between those times.

And I think they're going to have a dance in here, after while. I hope we do this morning too, a Pentecostal dance, a Pentecostal dance.

E-24 And notice, another thing I'd just like to say, amongst the Pentecostal people. There's one thing that we're forgetting friends, is our Pentecostal courtesy. See? Parking in lots. . . Sometimes I've noticed our Pentecostal brethren, when you could really pull in and give somebody else a—a chance to park by the side of you, just drive in it anyway; cause somebody, really makes what we call "a boo-boo" on the road, you fly loose and tear down. Listen. That's not the way to be a Pentecostal Christian. See? Let's consider the next man. If he's wrong, let him be wrong. If you pattern after him, then you're wrong. See? Let's think of the other fellow. And just try to do right, and think right.

E-25 I've got a slogan: "Do right; it's your duty to God. Think right; that's your duty to yourself. And you've got to come out right." And if you'll try to practice the right thing (See?), it'll grow around you just like a vine; it'll hug you into it. And if you can't love your enemy just as much as you love those who love you, there's something wrong somewhere. See?

Now, not just think: "It's my duty to love my enemy." You've got to really love him.

I was sponsored by a group of people just recently, fine people, nothing against them, their ideas is their ideas. I draw no lines. But this group of people, seventy-two churches sponsored, and they have a—a way of they baptize by immersing, in a—a way that the others do not believe in baptizing that way. So this one district presbyter called me and said, "Brother Branham, you had a man on the platform last night that was baptized wrong."

I said, "Well, maybe he was."

And he said, "Well, we're just going to draw a little line. You're too compromising."

I said, "Just a minute." I said, "That brother had the Holy Ghost, didn't he?"

He said, "Well, he could not have his sins remitted, because he wasn't baptized for the remission of his sins."

I said, “But God give him the Holy Ghost. So if God accepted him like that, I do that too.”

And listen, I would rather be Scripturally wrong, and have the right kind of a spirit, than be Scripturally right and have the wrong kind of spirit . . . ? . . . It’s what is in that displays itself. See? That’s what . . . You’re out . . . Your life proves what you are.

E-26 This man said, “I’m . . . We’re drawing a little ring, and we’re drawing you out of our circle.”

I said, “Then I’m going to draw a little ring, and draw you back in again.” See? So I . . . That’s it, bring you right back. I . . . You can’t put me out, ‘cause God put me in. See? So you can’t—can’t put me out, so that’s the way we’re going to do. See? Believe that.

You’re a wonderful group of brothers. Bless be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love. The fellowship of kindred minds, is that—like to that above.

Let me say this to you as your brother. And I’m just passed twenty-six years old, the other day, you know. You know that, didn’t you? I meant the second time. See? So I don’t know how long I’ll be with you. I don’t know about that. But let tell you a little secret. The most powerful force in the world isn’t speaking with tongues, or interpreting tongues, or being honored by God to be a minister, or to be a evangelist, or to be a prophet; the most powerful weapon that I’ve ever found in my life, is love. It’ll . . . The phileo love, which the Greek word comes from friendship, like you have for your wife. There’s a difference. It’ll make a mother for that baby, run through a blazing fire. Her life means nothing. That’s phileo. What will agapao do (See?), the godly love.

E-27 We must love, divinely love one another. Then you don’t see your brother’s mistake. If he does make a mistake, you never, you look over the top of it, and you love Him anyhow. See? That’s it. Love those that love you. Then does not the sinner the same thing? But love those who doesn’t love you. That’s what shows the Spirit of God is in you, ‘cause He loved you when you were His enemy. And He loved you. And that Spirit’s in you, it’ll make you love your enemy, as you do your friend.

Can we bow our heads, after all this little talk, we could catch the Word.

Great Jehovah, we’re an eternity bound people. We’re bowing our faces towards the dust from where we were taken. And if You tarry, someday, one by one, we’ll go back into that dust. But at that resurrection morning, we’ll meet.

As I looked across this table this morning, as I have in many meetings, I looked up and down this line, and out there, and I seen men, Gospel preachers here, setting here, that perhaps, preached the Gospel when I was a sinner boy. There's old gray-headed mothers here, who's allowed her children at the table to help these churches that these boys represent. I may never see them again after this meeting's over. We may never meet again in a breakfast in this earth. But there's one thing sure, we'll meet at a supper sometime in a better land.

E-28 When we think about that great meeting in the sky, when that great table is stretched across the canopies from eternity to eternity, and all the redeemed of all ages set around that table and we look across the table to one another, no doubt a little tear will trickle down our cheeks, remembering these meetings and times. Shake one another's hands and grip it with brotherly and sisterly love. Then the great King will come out, whip all tears from our eyes, and say, "Don't cry, children. It's all over. Enter into the joys of the Lord that's been prepared for you since the foundation of the world."

Father, while it's daytime, while it's earth, and while we're in time-space, let us work with all that's in us, to get every person there that we can to set in that great fellowship.

Bless these men, these brothers, these . . . Some of these young men, and old men, and these women, and these little children. We pray that You'll mightily bless them with Your power and Presence. May this meeting grow into one constant revival from church to church. May arm and arm, and heart to heart, may we put our efforts together for the Kingdom of God, until we see Jesus. We ask it in His Name and for His glory. Amen.

E-29 In the Book of Matthew the 4th chapter, the 17th verse, we read these words.

*And from that time Jesus began to preach, and to say,
Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*

I'm going to take the little subject, and watch that clock, the subject of: "From That Time."

Now, there is times that we can say, "From that time." There's times when as a young child, these ministers here could say, "I was at a church," and . . . Or, "I was out in the field," or "I was reading the Bible, and from that time."

E-30 A little boy, an old man, we have a certain time that something happens, and then we say, "From that time."

The little boy can say, “You know, I—I never lied in my life. And one day I made a corn silk cigarette, and I got out behind the old fire chimney, and—and I smoked this cigarette, and got some coffee, and put in my mouth so mama wouldn’t smell it. And—and she said, ‘Junior, have you been smoking?’” A red light . . .

“Don’t lie little boy, don’t lie.” Conscious, “Don’t lie.

“No, mommy.” You broke every barrier then. “And from that time I begin to lie.”

That’s the way we start. We have to mark it from some time, something happened. And from that time, it changed things. We all have those kind of times.

E-31 The immoral woman walks on the street, she might’ve said, “One time I was as pure as a lily and as radiant as after the rain, when the heavenly dew had fell upon me, and I was as pure as that lily. I was out with a boy that I thought to be a gentlemen. One night he give me a spiked Coke. He kissed me in a way that he should not have kissed me. Instead of pulling away from him, and slapping him in the face, and going home, I threw myself into his arms; and from that time . . .” See, it was always something. “Then I threw my life away.”

E-32 I talked to such a woman the other day. They had her in a psychic ward. I went in to pray for her. They said, “Go back.” In strait jackets. . . That’s really what last night would’ve been. The visions were going right along calling those people from cots and things; but when the glory of God fell in that building, I couldn’t even hear no more. You know the way I sent them ministers down there? I want this audience to know, and these people to know when I leave here, that they don’t have to send for me to pray for them. I wanted the people to know that these servants of God can lay their hands on the sick. It ain’t nothing to one person; it’s we are a group of people. We are a family of God.

E-33 Going into this emergency room, there was a beautiful young woman setting there, great brown eyes and dark hair. She looked like she’d have been queen for any man’s palace.

“How do you do?”

She said, “How do you do, Brother Branham.”

I looked around, and there they was in strait jackets, and screaming, and cursing, and a woman using the bedpan and wiping her face in it. Excuse that, for after eating your breakfast, but just insanity.

And there's what your faith has. . . when you preach Divine healing.

I said, "Well, I just don't know where to start first."

The young lady said, "I wished you would start with me first, if you don't. . ."

I said, "You're not a patient?"

She said, "Yes, sir."

I said, "Well, what's the matter?"

She said, "Mr. Branham, I was raised in a Christian home. I was raised to honor God." She said, "One time I got out with a boy. My mother and father warned me not to go with such a boy." But said, "He was cute; he had, you know, hair pretty."

E-34 And oh, of course, that's—that's all right. Sure. And I don't blame any woman to look your best, and whatever, be clean. And lady, that's all right. But I just hate to see somebody disfigure themselves, these women, don't even look like a human. See? I. . . But look clean; be like a lady. And men, don't be sloppy. That's not humble; that's dirty. See? Be clean, but don't try to. . . You know, it's just. . . Don't try to do things like that. Just be just an ordinary brother. You see, and just—just be yourself. I hate to see anybody try to put on something that they're really not.

E-35 Excuse me for leaving this subject a minute. I was down in Florida, and somebody said. . . I was down there to help this little preacher, David, little David years ago. And he'd got in a tight place down there, and I went down to help him. So we had. . . The Lord gave us a great crowd out there; and so many people I couldn't visit them all. So one of them said, "The Duchess wants to see you."

I said, "The who? Never heard of such a name."

Said, "The Duchess."

I said, "Well, what's that?"

Said, "It's the woman that owns all this estate through here. She let us put this tent here."

I said, "Well, just look at the hundreds of sick people out there is trying to see me too, to pray for them." I said, "Is she sick?"

Said, "No, she just wants to talk with you awhile."

"Oh," I said, "if I got any time, let me spend it with those people there, that really need it."

E-36 Well, they had her around behind the steps of the tent, where I come down. And I—I—I hope I'm not saying anything evil: great

big woman standing there with enough jewelry on her hands to—to sponsor a missionary ten times around the world, standing there. And she had a pair of specks, glasses on a stick, and hold it out like that.

Now, you know, and I know, that you're not going to look through any glasses out like that, to see anything. But what was it? Putting on the dog. See? And she looked through there, she said, "Are—are—are you Dr. Branham?"

I said, "No, ma'am." I said, "I'm Brother Branham."

She reached her arm way out like this, and said, "I am charmed to meet you."

E-37 I reached and got a hold of that big fat hand; I said, "Get it down here so I'll know you when I see you again," See, like that. So I—I. . . See? Now, what was it? She was just trying to be something that she wasn't. What are you anyhow? Six foot of dirt. And that's all. Just a little name of Duchess, or—or Doctor, or—or Ph.D., or LL.D., that has nothing to do with you; it's you're a creature of time on the earth. See?

E-38 Now, this young lady, I said to her, "What happened?"

She said, "Well, a boy, this boy smoked," and said, "he tried to get me to smoke, and I wouldn't do it." And said, "One night he give me a piece of candy, that had been documated, Spanish Fly. You veterinary or doctors know what that means.

So she said, "He got me on the wrong road." She said, "Then I—I eat this candy, thinking it was all right." She said, "I don't know what happened till the next day, and my morals as a young lady was ruined." And she said, then I thought, "What's the difference? I started drinking."

E-39 She said, "I joined church; I did everything I knowed how to do." And she said, "Then finally I served a time at the Good Shepherd's Home in the Catholic institution. And I joined the Catholic church, thought that would help me: didn't do it. When I come out, done the same thing." Said, "I was a streetwalker, prostitute."

Said, "I drunk: alcoholic." And said, "Then when I quit that," said, "they picked me up again. I served two years in woman's penitentiary." And said, "When I come out of there, I joined another church," and said, "didn't do a bit of good." And she said, "And I heard about your meetings. I thought I'd come down and see if you could help me."

And I looked at her: a beautiful woman. I thought, "What? Wouldn't that be a queen for some little tired evangelist, coming in from the field, wore out, a sweet little wife, put her arms around him, say, 'Darling, I know you're tired.'"

E-40 You don't know what that does to you. You do? When times are going. . . There's no one can take the touch of a real sweet wife. Right. If God could've give a man something better, He'd have done it.

I thought, "What a sweet little thing she could be." I said, "I want to ask you something. Didn't you never in your life, ever feel like that you'd like to have a hubby, and have little babies, and be like. . ."

She said, "Sure, Mr. Branham." She said, "That'd be the desire of my heart."

Well, a woman can't think that and be too far off the line, you know.

And she said, "But who would have me?" She said, "I—I—I'm. . . You just. . . I—I wouldn't even speak before a minister the dirty low down things that I've done." And yet a young woman maybe twenty. . .

And I said, "Well, can we pray?"

And she said, "Yes."

I got down; I said, "I want you to pray. And you ask God to forgive you of these things."

And she said, "I've done that so many times. It don't work."

I said, "Well, try it again."

E-41 She got down, she prayed. She got back up. She said, "Now, Brother Branham," she said, "I'm turning a new page tonight."

I said, "Yep. And turn it back again tomorrow." See? I said, "That won't work."

And she said. . . I said, "I want to ask you something. You don't want to do those things do you, honey?"

And she said, "No, I don't."

And I said, "This may seem old fashion as it could be," but I said, "you might join every church, every Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, and all, you'll have—be the same thing." I said, "It's a devil."

E-42 Those big bright eyes looked up to me, and she said, “Mr. Branham, I’ve always believed that.” Said, “Something drove me to do things that I don’t want to do.”

I said, “That’s a demon, a devil power.”

And she said, “I’ve always believed it.”

So I said, “You pray again.”

She got down and prayed. She looked over at me again. I prayed for her and laid hands on her. And so she stayed there a little while. And she looked back; she said, “Do you think it’s over?”

I said, “Just keep on praying.”

Well, she prayed awhile longer. I was taking plenty of time with her, just till I got the case over.

After while she struck fire. When she did, she raised up, and them eyes had changed. She said, “Something’s happened.”

I said, “Now, it’s over. You don’t have to join nothing now, sister.” She’s married and got children: no more drinking.

E-43 Rosella, are you here? Rosella Griffith, the alcoholic, she was something on that order. How many knows Rosella? Many of you, sure. . . Rosella. There you are.

From that time, a certain thing, then from that time it changed. That’s with the immoral woman. . . The drunk could say, “I was raised as a prohibitionist. My people didn’t believe in drinking. But one time I was with some boys, and they called me a sissy if I didn’t take a drink. And I took my first drink. And from that time. That’s the time it started.”

“One night in a—in a roadhouse, one night parked on the side of the road, when my girlfriend give me a drink. From that time it started.”

E-44 New Year’s, they turn a new page, good intentions: don’t do no good. That don’t help anything. I used to see my father throw away his chewing tobacco on—on New Year’s and say, “I’ll never chew it no more,” and watch where he throwed it, so he could pick it up the next day. You see? And I’ve see him throw his bottle away, and then watch what he done with it. You see? ‘Cause you—turning pages don’t do no good. It takes something to happen inside.

Any doctor will tell you, if you put something on the outside, and heal the sore over on the outside, it’ll only make it worse, if it isn’t. It has to heal from the inside out. And that’s the way

Christianity is. Isn't joining church or something; it's healing from the inside coming out. Your conversion comes from the inside, the core, the spirit, the life.

E-45 After the First World War, many of you young fellows don't remember this; us, older men remember. I was just a boy nine years old. But I remember, they said, "We'll have no more wars," after the First World War, "it's all settled." They found a thing called gas, and we—we just can't. . . you. . . We will never be able to—to survive another war, because that it's. . . they. . . They were going to fix a idea that, "We'll never have no more wars. That's all. We're settling it for good." So. . . But they had other wars.

They find. . . They finally organized a thing called the, I believe it was called, The League of Nations. "And we're going to take so many soldiers out of every nation. And we're going to have a police guard. And if anybody gets out of rule, one of this. . . So many out of this nation, so many. . . We're going to go say, 'Set down, John.'" 'Cause the nations are just a bunch of boys, just a family; that's all there is to it, like a house to God. "And we're going to police them. And we're going to have the League of Nations." But they had war just the same.

Now, they've got the U.N., but we've got war just the same (You see?), so. . . "When we form the U.N. and we get all the nations into it. . . Now, Russia is out, and this, and that." See? There's none of those things. You—you can't put your hands on that, not a thing.

The young couple, one time there was a young couple would get married. And the young couple might've said, John, and Mary, and how fine they lived together. And they might've said, that I am. . .

Perhaps, maybe I'm taking too long and holding this meeting, too long. What time we have to leave, brother? What time? Oh, I didn't know. We're sorry, brother. Just a few minutes and we. . . [A man speaks to Brother Branham—Ed.] Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. We didn't know that. We was supposed to have left at ten.

Let's go just a little farther.

It was fine and dandy, till one time a little curly-headed salesman come in that talked her into something wrong, and broke up her home: from that time.

E-46 You say, "Brother Branham, you're telling us this morning, of how many things that's happening, and what taking place, and all of this that and the other. Is there anything that can happen that stands eternally?" Yes, when a man meets God.

There was a man named Abraham, just an ordinary man, but one day he met God, and from that time he was changed forever. He believed something that he could not see. When he met God, he was changed.

E-47 Moses, a runaway servant. He didn't. . . He was supposed to deliver the children of Israel; but he run away. And he didn't now how to do it; his military training wouldn't let him do it. But one day, he met God. He was a changed man. And a man meets God, it makes him act different than he ever did act. Could you imagine a Moses, how ridiculous, when you meet God, what will It make you act.

Billy, did you say we had ten minutes, about? Ten minutes, all right. How did it make. . . Look at Moses. Here one day he's a shepherd, a prince of Egypt, run away on the backside of the desert, back on the backside of the desert herding sheep, afraid to go to Israel, or go down to Egypt, rather. And here he is on the backside of the desert.

E-48 The next morning, here he is with his wife setting straddle a mule, with a young'n on her hip, whiskers hanging this low, eighty years old, his bald head shining, a stick in his hand. Here he goes, "Glory to God, hallelujah," walking.

"Where are you going, Moses?"

"Going down to Egypt to take over." One man invasion. . . Why? He had met God. Where he was running, now he was going back to take over. And he done it, because he had met God. And from that time, the burning bush, Moses was a different character: after he met God. That's right.

E-49 Mary, the little virgin, never had a woman bore a child, without being a—a intercourse with man. Never had she never been able to—to ever be able to have a child without natural pollen. But she believed God, and before she felt any life or anything else, the Angel's word was good enough for her; she met the Lord. Said, "Hail, Mary, blessed art thou amongst women. You're going to have a child, knowing no man."

She said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." And from that time. Mary never waited till she was positive.

Why would we wait till we were positive. We've got to see our hand come straight, our foot come straight, the bellyache stop: not her. The Angel of the Lord, His message was good enough for

her. She started around testifying, “Hallelujah. I’m going to have the baby, knowing no man.” Why? She met God. That was the difference!

E-50 Peter, when he met God, and Jesus revealed to him who He was; from that time he was an apostle.

Paul, the little hook-nosed Jew, sarcastic, going down there with a letter in his pocket to arrest all them people shouting and speaking in tongues. He was going to put them in jail; he had a—order from the high church to do it. But he met God. And from that time (Oh, my.) he was a different man, when he met God.

One time, a dirty stinking leper laid at the gate. And Jesus came through. And he said, “If thou wilt, Thou can make me clean.” From that time he had no leprosy. Why? He met God. That’s it.

E-51 A immoral woman met God one time at the well. She had five husbands and living with the sixth. He told her the very secret of her heart, and from that time she was a messenger of God to the city. “Come, see a Man Who told me what I’ve done. Isn’t this the very Messiah?”

When you meet God it changes things. From that time it changes things. It certainly does. It does it for all people.

There was a blind man, one time met God, and from that time he could see, certainly, as soon as he met God.

Now, we got a lot more we could say, but to hurry, I want to make one statement here. Death met God one time, and it never was the same afterwards. The devil always doubted that being the Son of God. He thought, “If that was Him up there on the mountain, why, didn’t He perform a miracle before me?” When He took Him down there, and put that rag around His eyes, and hit Him on the head, and said, “If you are a prophet, if you can discern the thoughts of the heart, now you tell us who hit you. We’ll believe you.”

E-52 They thought, “Surely, that can’t be God to let somebody pull the beard out of His face and hawk with drunken spit of a soldier, and spit in His face, and that be God, and Him stand there and not say a word about it? Said, “That couldn’t be God. Why, God would smite Him dead.” See, He just don’t know the nature of God.

A lot of people tries to be, “I’m So-and-so,” step out like that. That’s not God. The way down is up. See, see? You want. . . His humility proved to me He was God, what He was; humble, sweet.

Now, the devil thought that wasn’t God. Let’s take a look at Him just as we, we’re watching. Watch how death met Him and what happened to death.

“How could that be God, being a Man? Why, He was born down there out of holy wedlock. His mother probably had that baby by Joseph, this old man forty-five years old, and her sixteen. Why, he was the father of four or five children and then go ahead and marry this young girl. Why, that baby was born out of holy wedlock, that’s how they had. . . ? . . . (That’s exactly the way the people believed it. Born under. . . out of holy wedlock: they believed that, a illegitimate child.) How could that be God? It couldn’t be God?”

E-53 So I see Him going up the hill, let’s—let’s go to Jerusalem for the next three minutes or five. We’re talking, I hear a noise. Let’s go look out the window, raise it up. I hear something going, bump, bump, bump. It’s an old cross coming up the street. He had one garment on His back wove throughout without a seam. A howling mob. . . I see a little woman, running out in front, say, “What has He done but heal your sick, make gentlemen out of your criminals? What has He done but brought us hopes of life?”

A big rough hand smacked her across the street, said, “Would you listen to that woman instead of your bishop, your priest?”

“What’s He done?”

Look at Him, He was little, a cross dragging. I see some little red spots on the back of His coat, that He’s got across his shoulder. What are they? On up the hill He goes. Them big spots begin to come bigger and bigger, larger. And after while, they all run into one big spot, splash now. It’s blood, dragging the footprints out, as He comes up.

E-54 I can see the bee of death say, “You want me to go now, Satan?”

“Yeah, he—he. . . That’s not God. He’s not even a prophet. He wouldn’t stand that. He’d curse that bunch of people if he was a prophet.”

“That’s not him, go on bee, sting him. Anchor him. We’ve got Him now.” I can see that bee of death begin to hum around Him, buzz around him.

Brother, anybody knows an insect that has a stinger like a bee, if it ever stings deep, it don’t have no stinger no more. He stuck his stinger in the wrong flesh then. He stuck it in Emmanuel’s flesh.

The bee of death stung Him. Death met God. Since then he don’t have any stinger. He pulled his flesh. He depowered him. He couldn’t sting no more.

E-55 One named Paul, when they were building a—a place, a scaffold there in Rome to chop his head off, that bee begin to hum

around him, make a noise, said, “O death, where is your stinger? Grave, where is your victory. But thanks be to God Who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

And when death met God, God pulled the stinger out of death. Something happened to death when it met God. And today, when we go to face him, death can buzz, but it can't sting. It hasn't got any stinger. Let us pray.

Father, I'm so glad that death has no stinger. It can fuss, buzz around, and try to make us a scared. But we can stand like Paul of old; we've had that same experience that we have passed from death, because we've been hid in a body called Jesus Christ, that pulled the very stinger of death out it. So we have . . . The muddy grave can no longer hold the believer; for He rose again. And as He rose, we rise with Him. For those that are dead in Christ, will God bring with Him at His coming.

God, if there's someone here this morning, who has never met Christ, as I would have like to have spoke of it, may they meet Him this morning, and their lives will be changed from now on. Grant it, Lord.

Now, we'd ask that You would bless these lovely women, that help us, in this—this institution of this Methodist college here, of their courtesy of letting us have this room. God, I pray that young men coming from here will be real missionaries and men of God. Grant it, Lord. May something be done or said that'll turn their hearts so to God, that they'll be real second John Wesley's come out of here, God. Grant it.

Bless the deans and all. Bless us together. Bless the services tonight and the oncoming services. Bless our ministering brethren here, and all that's gathered together. And we'll praise Thee, through this our time and eternity. We ask in Jesus' Name. Amen.

Now, don't forget the sister's tips on the table, if you will. And God be with you until we meet tonight. All right. God bless you.

Copyright notice

All rights reserved. This book may be printed on a home printer for personal use or to be given out, free of charge, as a tool to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This book cannot be sold, reproduced on a large scale, posted on any website other than www.branham.org, stored in a retrieval system, translated into other languages, or used for soliciting funds without the express written permission of Voice Of God Recordings®.

For more information or for other available material, please contact:

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS
P.O. BOX 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.
www.branham.org