

Rev. Wm Branham's Life Story

Hammond, Indiana
July 20, 1952a

1 Good evening, friends ... or, afternoon, rather. I'm happy to be here this afternoon. And if there's any good thing, let it be for the glory of God. If Mr. Jackson is in here from South Africa--Brother Jackson--if he is in the meeting this afternoon, Billy wants to see you at the book concession right away, Brother Jackson, about arrangements for tonight on leaving, if you will. He told me to announce that he wanted to meet you at the book stand right now. All right. And, Billy, wherever you are, why, Brother Jackson will go to the book stand right away.

2 Now, to the audience, I wish to address you this afternoon in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. As God has given me this privilege, along with you, to be His representative, His servant, and His child, by grace, through Jesus Christ. Many of us have many things that we could tell. Each one could get up here and tell a life story. Many of it probably would be full of victory and power, and many of it would be full of heartaches and disappointments.

3 And we each one have a life that God has given us, and we must live it. And to my humble opinion, if you'll get this, I think the most best life in the world, no matter whether it's up or down, if we'll find God's path and walk in it, where God has ordained for us to walk. If we always... We find victory no matter... I think of blind Fanny Crosby when she was sitting there in the darkness, the question was once asked, "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?"

4 And I think of all the men, and great men down through the ages, any man that ever amounted to anything mostly, were men and women who believed Jesus Christ. Isn't that right? And I think of how the prophets wrote of Him and how the ancient men, they foretold of Him, and how the patriarchs, how the rulers who raised against Him was brought low, and so forth.

5 And I think down through the age, I think of the father of our nation, George Washington, how he trusted God. I think of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln (of course I'm not a politician), but Lincoln was my favorite amongst all the presidents we've ever had. He had to come up the hard way. Maybe because I had to come that way is the reason I sympathize with Lincoln: splitting rails, and writing in the dirt, and so forth. And the only books that we believe that Lincoln ever had until he was twenty-one years old, was the Bible and the Foxe's *Book Of Martyrs*. That's what molded that character.

6 Let me see what you read, let me go in your office, in your house, and see what you read, I'll about tell you what you are. That's right. Everything to its nature. And you keep the Bible laying close for your children, read it yourself, be an example. That's what I didn't have in my younger life. But by God's grace I want to put that before my children. And if there is another generation, may they put it before theirs.

And now, if we could think today. . . . I heard you when I come in last night. My heart was thrilled when you were singing *All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name*, let angels prostrate fall.

7 Just late, Dr. DeWitt, when he was dying, he was standing before his congregation, he was trying to represent Jesus Christ, "Isn't He the greatest of all, He was God, He was Immanuel," and how His power should be in the church and would make them quit their selfishness. He was a pastor of a great church. And his congregation even was against him. They were waiting for conference so they could vote him out, and so forth, and send him away.

But his heart was bleeding. And so then while he was preaching his heart out one day, he had a heart attack, and fell forward. There happened to a physician in the church, come to him and said, "Dr. DeWitt, you just have a few minutes longer to live. You can't make it."

He called for two faithful deacons who held up his hands. And he got his hands up and steadied to his feet, and said, "Let me stand on my feet, as long as there is breath in my body."

8 Behind him was the cross that represented the cross of Christ, back there, by his baptistery. And he stood up like that, he said, "If I

have one word I want to say, is this: All hail the power of Jesus' name, let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all." He started staggering backwards like that, when he went backwards, he threw one arm around one side of the cross, and one, the other, and threw his head down, and went to meet the Lord. Hallelujah. That's the way to go.

9 I think of Paul Rader, that great gallant hero who stormed Chicago. (About the last revival you've ever had in Chicago.) When Paul Rader stood there . . . went out there, and he was among. . . . His own people had put him to grief, and sorrow, and upset which gave him a cancer. And after a while, died. The people that was against him, and doing so, was the ones who done it. When he was. . . . Little Moody Bible Institute over here had their little quartet, as I understand, out there singing for him. They had the window shades pulled down, and he was dying. And Paul was quite a cutup. Puts me in mind of Brother Bosworth. He always has a little sense of humor.

10 And so he looked around, he seen the curtains all down, he come to himself, looked around and said, "Say, who's dying here, me or you?" Said, "Raise them shades and sing me some good Gospel songs; snappy." And they got to singing *Down At the Cross Where My Savior Died*, or something like that. He said, "That sounds better."

11 Says, "Where's Luke?" And Luke was back in the other room; they brought Luke in to where he was. He took hold of his hand, and said, "Luke, we've come a long ways together, brother, down through the shady lanes." But said, "Think of it: In five minutes from now, I'll be standing in the presence of Jesus Christ, clothed in His righteousness." He died.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
With partings, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

12 Mark where his brothers travel. Think of Lincoln when he was shot there because of his gallantly standing for humane, and what was right, for God. Told when he was going to die, when the bullet that went through his . . . in his body there, and he was smothering to death, he said, "Turn my head towards the setting of the sun." He

said, “Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,” repeating the model prayer as he went out to meet God. Oh my! What are we? Men and women. . . .

13 Look at Eddie Perronett there. He was a-persecuted and everything, and what he thought. He wrote one day there, when the inspiration hit him, he picked up the pen and wrote the inauguration song: *All Hail The Power Of Jesus’ Name*. I think of [unclear] there, when he wrote, “Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me.” I think of blind Fanny Crosby. “What could God promise you, you never seen daylight in your life? You were blind all your life. What do you think about Jesus Christ?”

She said, “Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, hear my humble cry. While on others Thou art calling, do not pass me by. Thou the stream of all my comfort, more than life to me; whom have I on earth beside Thee, or whom in Heaven but Thee?”

Let us be up and doing,
With a heart for any strife;
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero.

Each one of you is a Christian. If you’re a born-again Christian, then let’s stand up. No matter how bad the background has been, let’s look forward now to the coming of our Lord, when this mortal will take on immortality. Back to. . . .

A few moments now. Try not to keep you no longer. Already, I’m past time; twenty minutes after three. I go about an hour. I’ll try to be finished if I can. Many of you here probably has heard the life story, things that I hate to go back over, but I. . . .

One of my greatest altar calls I ever made in America, I had two thousand sinners to come to Jesus Christ in Pensacola, Florida after the life story one afternoon. I trust to God, that was next to the Durban where we had thirty thousand.

14 Now, I want to read a portion of Scripture, always God’s Word, because my word fails, but God’s Word can’t fail. Now, found in the 13th chapter of Hebrews, beginning with the 10th verse, and reading 14th verse inclusive:

We have an altar, whereof they who have no right to eat which

serve the tabernacle.

For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burnt without the camp.

Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.

Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

15 How many of you is away from home today? Let's see your hands; away from home. My, just looky here. As I think, if I had time we'd sing that song: "We're pilgrims and we're strangers here, were seeking a city to come." Is that right? No matter where you ever roam, there'll be no place that'll ever take home's place. Is that right?

16 Wouldn't you just like to take a little trip today? Most all of you here of my age, or maybe a little above. And wouldn't you just like to go back to childhood, just spin a little wheel and go back and live another day in childhood? Wouldn't you love to do that? Oh, how I would like to. Even though with its sorrows, and tears, and disappointments, I'd like to live one more day of it, just to go back.

17 I remember the little old place where I come from, and no matter how humble it was. . . . Every one of you here can remember the old place where Mother used to stand under the tree, perhaps, on an old cedar washtub with a washboard; you was a little girl or boy, playing around. Many of you remember that, the many heartaches, and sorrows that went through, how you pulled onto her, an old spotted apron. Like to see her again today, but that can't be now. No, she's gone on.

Like to see old Dad, when I used to see him come from the field with that red handkerchief sticking in his pocket. See him get up of a morning, on a cold morning, go back and make a fire in a big old drum stove. I used to hear him sing:

Oh, where is my boy tonight,
My heart overflows
For a loving he knows,
Oh, where is my boy tonight?

18 I seen him stand by the little old wash bench with his sleeves rolled up, and washing his face and hands; he had real black wavy hair. He would look around. Oh, how I would like to see him once more. But I can't, he's gone on. Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. If you could go back to the home where you was raised at, it wouldn't be the home that you was one time.

Here, a few days ago, I was taking someone who came to visit me up to where the old home place was. Why, there is a housing project. Well, it isn't the old home anymore. We have no continuing city.

19 I remember when our first little old home we lived in was a log house. There was about three or four of us little Branhams out there. We didn't even have a floor--just the dirt. Papa, right in the middle of the floor, he had a stump that had been sawed off and laid in there, some rock laid on top of it; an old drum stove sitting there. And how that the table, what it was made out of: an old bench that he got some boards off of a barn down there, and sawed a bench out like a church pew like, and set it behind the table.

20 And Mama had a little old, what we call a monkey stove. Anybody know what a monkey stove is? Let's see your... Oh, my, that's fine. An old-fashioned coal oil lamp. Did you ever clean a lamp chimney? Let's see... Well I'm not the only country boy here. I'm going to take off my coat, and feel right at home. That's right. Yes, sir.

21 How many of you ever slept on a straw tick? Let's see your hand. Well, say, Chicago is not a big place after all, is it? That's right. My, my! How many times have I slept on an old straw tick! And first time you put in there, maybe feel the grasshopper kicking, have to get up and find him, you know, when he was down in there. Why, many times I've done that. Sure.

22 Seen Mama take that big old stick she had hanging on the wall, a piece of an old... Well, she would use it to poke her clothes with, out in the yard when she was boiling her clothes. Did you ever boil your clothes in the backyard? Oh, my. Lye soap, you know. And she would use that to punch her clothes in. She had a string in it, she'd hang it up on the wall.

23 Now that was hers on that side, but the other side was the

golden rule that hung on the other, right over the door, you see. It was a hickory about that long with all the ten commandments wrote out on the end of it. Little boys must behave, and dad believed in the golden rule in that way. So then, if that ever come up missing, there was a razor strop hanging back in the back there. That took its place. I tell you, my education was pretty stiff. Dad, he had Irish eyes; flashed like Stonewall Jackson, I knowed something was in for me when I done wrong. But I love him today with all my heart. He never give me half the whippings that I deserve.

24 And then, I remember mama used to take that stick and smooth out the bed, you know, mash it down, you know, and smooth it out. How many knows what a bolster is? It's a big. . . . Well, what do you know. Say, is anybody here from Kentucky? Raise up your hand. Well, my, my. That's really something, isn't it? All right.

Down in Indiana . . . or, this is Indiana. Down in Southern Indiana, I laughed there one day in my church, I said, "How many here is from Kentucky," and about two-thirds of them stood up. I said, "I don't get it."

And of them said, said, "Brother Branham," said, "the groundhogs in Kentucky has took the country."--coming across from over the other side.

25 But there, in the front of this little old log cabin, I remember, I used to look at them old chinks--mud in the cracks like that--and I would say, "My, that house will stand forever. Why, it can't go down. What a wonderful place it is." But my, you should see it now, see. Here we have no continuing city.

26 And around in front of the door was a place wore off; it's just bare and slick where we, little bunch of Branham's played out there like a bunch of little 'possums, or something, around there. Little bitty fellows, wallering around over one another. Say, I'd like to live that over again. I really would, I say.

27 I remember the old spring where I used to go down there and lay down on my stomach and drink and drink. Come back up, go out and take dad a jug of water out of the spring back out to the field where he was in harvest or something; worked so hard till I seen my Mama cut his shirt loose from his back from sunburn, where it'd stick to his back; seventy-five cents a day to take care of me.

28 Look. It's true. You've read my life story, out there. My dad did drink, but I don't care what he done, he's still my daddy. And let me tell you something, young folks, this afternoon. Don't you never get little enough to call your mother and dad "the old man and woman." You don't never do that, no matter what they are. No matter what they are, you respect them as your dad and mother. You'll never know how you love them, till you hear the squeaking of a casket going out, and knowing that's the last of it. It won't be the "old man and old woman" then.

29 A lot of times they're right when you think they are wrong. Always "Honor thy father and mother, which may lengthen the days upon the earth, the Lord thy God giveth thee." That's the first commandment with promise. Be kind to your mother and dad.

30 I remember my daddy died. He was just beginning to gray a little bit at the temple. When he laid there in the casket and I picked up his head, which he'd died right on my arm. . . . And I picked up his head and his locks of hair fell down, I thought, *Oh, dad*. I looked at his hand. He had had his finger cut off there in the shredder one day. I thought of all the heartaches that I had caused him. It wasn't "the old man"; that was my daddy. I don't care who else, what they thought about him, he was still my dad. I loved him and I love him today. I had the privilege of leading him to Christ. And my mother, also. My mother is living. She is supposed to arrive here this afternoon. And I trust that she will get here.

31 Now, back in those days, I remember some of the little things, just for details. I remember one thing that out-stood in them days, was, every Saturday night go to town to get the groceries. Did you ever have to do that, go in on a Saturday night and get the food for the week? We lived in the country, and I'd work hard all week. I got a dime, when I was a great big boy, twelve, fourteen years old. I got ten cents. Dad said, "Don't spend it all in one place."—ten cents. Billy says, "Daddy, you got five dollars you can let me have?" How things have changed. Certainly have.

32 I remember that ten cents. I'd go to town, and, my, go into this store, and I'd get my dime changed, and I'd get a penny's worth of Redhots, about that many in a sack. They wouldn't even let you look at them, hardly, for a penny now. Then I'd go over to get a penny ice cream cone, little bitty old ice cream cone, get it for a

penny. What a day that was! But now it's different.

33 Then, when we were little bitty lads, I remember when we was all at home, you know, playing around the house, I used to see Dad come home, and on Saturday evening, we would all, afternoon, he'd get a little old buckboard of affair, jersey wagon; we had a little old mule we'd hook to that wagon. And if it was winter time, we'd put straw in the back of the wagon, little covered-over wagon. And we'd get blankets and wrap up.

34 And dad and mother set in the front seat. And down the road they would go, and mother and dad talking, you know; they was about twenty-five years old apiece, I guess, nearly. Sitting up there talking, you know, driving this little old mule. Why, we was in first class. Wasn't our mule or wagon, but we were going somewhere, to the store.

35 Dad would get about three dollars-and-a-half for the week, and he'd go down there to spent every bit of it nearly for groceries to feed all those kiddies through the week. We didn't have fried chicken and so forth, but we had to get things that really stuck to the ribs: potatoes, and things like that, that really hung on, went a long ways.

36 And so I remember when papa'd pay his grocery bill on Saturday night, that was a treat for the little Branhams. He'd get a sack full of candy, little old peppermint stick candy. Say, you know, that was good. I remember when he'd come out there, maybe he would have. . . . Maybe there'd be four good-sized sticks, and there was five Branhams to divide it between, everyone looking to see if he got his share. Them sticks had to be broken up and divided just exactly equal among them, because all eyes was turned on that candy.

37 I guess I cheated a little bit on it. All the kiddies would get all they could eat, you know, and they would just eat, and all. . . . They couldn't eat their candy up. I licked mine a little while, you know, and I would reach over and get a piece if that old brown paper sack the meal was wrapped in, and pulled off a little piece if it, and roll it up, put it in my pocket; I wait till Monday. And so then, I'd think. . . . Monday come along, and Mom would say, "Billy?"

I would say, "Yes, ma'am."

38 “Take the bucket.” It wasn’t one of these little old galvanized buckets, it was big cedar buckets, and an old gourd dipper. How many ever seen a gourd dipper? Oh, that’s right. All right, and go down to the spring and pull up the water, you know, and put it into the bucket. My, that was a job.

39 I’d look over to my brother, I would say, “Tell you what I’ll do. If you’ll go get that bucket of water, I’ve got my candy yet, I’ll let you lick it till I count ten slow.”—one, two, like that. I was a business man. Sat back in the shade, you know, while my brother went and got the water, a lick on the candy. Well, I tried to make that ten just about as good as I could, you know. And you ought to seen him lick. My, my. He got more than ten licks off of it all right. Well, Monday would be a pretty day for me because I’d keep that piece of candy, you know, just work right on that candy. And they knowed I had it too, you know, so I . . . Oh, my.

40 I guess today, I could go out and not on Sunday but some other day, and buy a box of Hershey’s, but it would never taste like that candy. How many of you eat peppermint candy and old-fashioned barrel crackers? Let’s see your hands. Oh, my. Say, I’m telling you, that wouldn’t go bad right now. But that’s right.

41 And for meals we’d have mulligan stew, was Irish to the core, you know. And how many knows what mulligan stew is? Say, that’s when you boil everything in the kitchen, even to the dish rag almost. Just put everything in a pot and boil it. That’s right, get everything in there and boil it up; the turnips, the carrots, and the potatoes, and the beans, and the meal. And just put it all together and boil it. Well, almost. . . . That mulligan stew would have to last two or three days, we had on Sunday. Had beef in it, you know, so it had to be good; quarter’s worth of beef, my, chunk that big. Mama would dice it up.

42 Puts me in mind of Buddy Robinson, when he said he One time Uncle Buddy said, “I tell you,” said, “I went out West and they was having a depression out there.” And said, “A great drought was on, had nothing to eat.” Said, “The only thing we had was dried apples.” Said, “I eat them for breakfast, drinking water for dinner, swell them up in time for supper.” So that’s about the way that mulligan stew lasted, just constantly till about Wednesday it was played out, then we went back to something else. Great tale.

43 My, I remember how that back in those days, going to school, I remember brother and I, the one next to me, he's in glory, too, and how we went to school together. And we'd go to school, and we were about the poorest kids in the world. We'd come across the river from Kentucky, and the Indiana people are just a little more wealthy than they are down in the mountain part of Kentucky, anyhow, where I was born at. And I, being the only Kentuckian among them, I sure had a hard way to go, I mean I did. They just teased me all the time about being a corn cracker.

And so, I talk real funny, you know. It even.... I didn't talk plain, maybe not yet, but a little better job out of it. So I was kind of tongue-tied like, you know, and I'd talk funny, and they'd laugh at me. And oh, I had an awful time. And ragged? Oh, my!

44 And I remember, there was one thing about my dad, he would.... Now, if he owed a grocery bill, he'd go pay that bill. But if he had ten cents left over, he would drink it. Everything he had, he drank up. And that's the reason today I'm so firmly against drinking. The reason I'm so firmly against that stuff is because I knew it ruined my home, and spoiled me from a love that.... I always wanted to be loved, if somebody to love me. And even my people in that place, well, I was.... It just didn't have it. And we went to school half-naked. And what a horrible life we had all because of drink. My daddy was a real man, if he just hadn't have had that habit of drinking.

45 And I know that it is one of the curses of the nation, and I'm against the thing. You say, "Will a little beer hurt you?" You just get born-again and go ahead and drink all the beer you want to, after you get born-again. That's right. You can just drink all you want after you get born-again. But you get born-again first, and that's all you have to do.

46 So then I remember in school one day when I seen ... reading in my history, I was looking there, and no one was sitting there, and kiddies laughing at me, being so ragged, my hair hanging down my neck. And they would laugh at me. And I was reading a book where Abraham Lincoln got off of a boat down in New Orleans, and he seen a colored man being auctioned off. He said, "That's wrong." He said, "That's wrong. And someday I will hit that. If I takes my life, I'll hit it." And he did, and it took his life. Exactly. And I

scooted my geography book--not mine, but one I had borrowed; I didn't have any of my own. I pushed it back, and I said, "And drinking is wrong, and someday I'll hit it if it takes my life." Against it? Yes, sir.

And I say this in regards right now, that any person that's really had a touch of Jesus Christ is finished with drinking. That's right.

I got my first Bible. People used to say, "Is it wrong to do *this*? Wrong to smoke? Wrong to drink?" I put a little slogan in the back of my Bible. I picked it up here a few days ago, and was looking at it, a little bitty old Bible. I said:

Don't ask me foolish questions,
Just make this up in your mind,
If you love the Lord with all your heart,
You don't smoke, chew, or drink any shine.

And that's right. That's still the thing's good, and that's been twenty years ago since I wrote it in there. A man that's born again has no use for the stuff. Now, look what it has hatched out here in America. You can see whether there's any harm to it or not.

47 One time we had prohibition. 'Course we had gang wars and things. But what did they do, just like fooling around with an egg: go to fooling with the middle of it, you have the whole thing everywhere. And I'm not ... I say I'm not a politician or nothing; it's none of my business what they do, that's their business. Mine is to preach the Gospel. But here's one thing, brother, that just as we went back and put whiskey in all these places, we took the prostitute off the row, and the drunken gambling places, and stuck it right in our refrigerators.

48 I seen a picture one time of old John Barleycorn. They call him "the whiskey man." He had his hat sitting on the back of his head, and if he wasn't a horrible-looking scarecrow. They painted him up now, they put him in bumpers, but he's still old John Barleycorn, the same old fellow. That's exactly right. It's like trying to paint a hog up, and wash him up, and try to make a good ... different creature out of him; he'll go through the waller just as hard as he can go; till he gets his nature changed.

So the thing that men and women has got to do now, is get their nature changed. God changes a man's makeup, changes his

nature, makes him a new creature in Christ. I know you believe that.

Now, but, I never come here to preach, though; to tell you my life story. But just to think of how that those days, how that was. . . .

49 I remember sitting in school. I went to school one complete year without a shirt on. I didn't even have a shirt to my name. Mrs. Watham, a rich woman, she's in Glory today, a Catholic woman, yet if. . . . Oh, I know she was a Christian. And she give me a coat. And I wore that coat. I had on an old pair of tennis shoes, and my feet was . . . the tops of them was out, and my toes stuck up like turtle heads out of a pond when . . . to see my feet sticking up, that snow coming down, coming to school. I would sit there, and this big old coat on.

50 It come spring of the year. And I remember one day: awful warm, and the perspiration just a running down my face. I thought, *My, it's hot!* Mrs. Temple. . . . And she might be sitting present, for all I know; she doesn't live too far from here. If she is, God bless you, mother Temple. She's been a lot to my life.

51 All right. What I'm going to say . . . or, I call, maybe see if she is here; if you are, I still love you, sister. She said, "William." I had my coat collar buttoned up like this. She said, "William, aren't you hot with that coat on?" The kiddies begin to say, you know, and it didn't smell so very good, I suppose, wearing it all winter. Said, "Aren't you hot with that coat on?"

I said, "No, ma'am, I'm a little bit cold." Cold! I couldn't take that coat off; I didn't have no shirt on.

So she said, "Well, sonny, you must be taking a cold, William." She said, "You better come over to the stove."

So she built up the fire, sat me down there. And I sat there, and the perspiration just pouring off of me. She said, "Aren't you warm enough to take that coat off yet, William?"

I said, "No, ma'am, Mrs. Temple. I'm still cold." I couldn't take it off, I didn't have no shirt on.

So she said, "Well, I believe you're sick. I better send you home." And she sent me home thinking that I was sick and I was cold, but I just didn't have on any shirt. I couldn't take it off.

And I went to school with mama's shoe on one side, and papa's on the other one. That's exactly right: a boot-n-egger. You know what I am talking about, like that, and when great big boys.... Just because of Satan and sin.

52 And when we were eating, I remember, we couldn't eat with the rest of the kiddies. They'd all have sandwiches, the light bread. You remember when they used to have the old loaf bread that you would get it and save the tags off the back of it for certain things: safety razors and so forth? And I remember when they used to have that, and the women, most baked their bread. We couldn't do that. We couldn't afford it.

53 And they'd all take sandwiches, and make little sandwiches. But brother and I couldn't do that. We had this ... we had a little half-a-gallon of molasses bucket, about like that. And in there, we had a little jar, and it would be full of greens, the next one full of beans, two pieces of cornbread, and two spoons. We'd slip off. We was ashamed to eat before the other children who had cakes, and cookies, and things.

54 And we would go down next to the river, and sit down there, and set this out on a log, and sit there and eat, both of us. I'd take a bite out of the little jar of beans, and brother take a bite. Then we'd take a bite out of the greens. Not too much, we had to make it ... divvy it up between us. And two pieces of cornbread, hoecake cornbread that mom had baked for breakfast, and cut in little slices like that, just had to go along, with the rest of the kids.

55 Oh, I remember one time around Christmas time. I hate to get into these things. But around Christmas time, we had a Christmas tree. And the kids down at school would take and cut little white strips of paper, and blue ones, and green ones, and made little chains, you, know, how they used to do in school. And we took ours home. So mama thought; she went back out in the field, we did, and cut a little Christmas tree about like that.

56 And papa went down. And he had got some popcorn that they had raised. And they popped the corn and made strings, and mom strung it up with a needle and thread to put around the Christmas tree where we was going to have a Christmas tree. We'd hang up our stockings on Christmas night, and next morning maybe have an orange and three pieces of candy laying out, and a little piece of

paper laying to one side, maybe little bitty pieces of candy.

57 And if we had an orange, and a piece of candy, and a apple, oh, what a great fellow Santa Claus was to come bring that to us! How happy we was! My, we'd eat those oranges and dry the peeling and then eat the peeling. Many times I packed peeling in my pocket for week after week and eat those orange peelings. Yeah, we wasted nothing of it.

58 And I remember very well one time when mama'd had popped some corn. She had another little half-a-gallon syrup bucket and she put that full of popcorn. And my brother that's in Glory today, when we took it down, set it in the old cloakroom, country school. And I got sitting back there, and I thought, *Oh, what I would...* That was some ... what we call a rarity, you know. My, something very rare. I thought, *Wonder if I could just before dinner time get a good handful of that, see, before dinner time comes.* So I figured it all up. So I raised up my hand, asked the teacher, "May I be excused?"

"Yes."

59 And so, I went out to the cloak room, I opened up this bucket, reached down in there and got a great big handful of that corn. Put the bucket back, went around, the bucket lid, rather, went back and stood behind the old chimney back there, and eat that popcorn. Oh, it was good. I come back in and wiped my mouth real good, and my hands, you know, so my brother wouldn't notice it.

60 So when dinner time come, we went out, picked up our bucket, and went out to eat. After we'd... We won't eat the popcorn first, you know, because that was better than what we had. So we opened up the bucket, and about a third of it was gone. So my brother looked around, he said, "Say," he said, "something's happened to that popcorn."

I said, "Sure has." I knowed what had happened.

61 And you know, friends, not long ago, I come up from Houston. I was having a meeting there. And I had been so tired. I just couldn't ... I'd just pass out. I stayed eight days and nights without leaving the platform. I said, "I'll pray for everybody comes." And I stayed there and praying in the line till I was so unconscious, they packed me to the car.

62 I'd lay against the pulpit and sleep a little, and then I'd wake up, the prayer line still waiting. I don't know where it was out there on the street; I just keep on praying for one, the other. Then they would bring me something, I'd eat a little bit, and then maybe I'd pray till I'd get so sleepy I'd lean against the pulpit like that; for hours after hours. And I had gotten so worn, they tried to put me to bed, and I couldn't go to bed. Then I couldn't sleep.

63 I started home. And I never will forget: on the road home, I was driving along and I'd wake up. I had an old Ford. That has been about five years ago. And it was backslid and it was. . . . Well, you know, what I mean, it was all right, it had just been treated pretty heavy. And so, I didn't have any side in the thing where I beat my leg against it trying to keep awake, and pulled all the hairs till I don't have hair, just on the back of my hand, trying to keep awake, praying for the sick, trying to keep awake to make my lines go on.

64 I found somebody that loved me, somebody who loved me, and I loved them. And I was trying to minister my heart out to them. And I remember waking up. And the cars would be blowing, and I'd be asleep over on the other side of the road. And after awhile, the funny part of it, I woke up, I stopped, I couldn't get to myself. And I had my hands out the window. And I was in a cow pasture, I had my hands out the window, saying, "Only believe, sister, that's the only thing you have to do. Just believe." And I said, "What's the matter with me?"

I got out. I done run off the road out into a cow pasture, asleep on the road. And I come home. And oh, my, when I got home, there they was. And before, we kept the people from the house, and there they was lined up there, a hundred-fifty, two hundred of them, sitting before the place.

65 Wife. . . . I'd prayed for as many as I possibly could. It was coming long toward daylight. And I heard her. Now, if there's many of these people might be here today. She got me to bed, and I was getting quiet. I'd wake up and after a while I would have my arm around a pillow, standing out in the floor, saying, "Now, who's next? Now if you'll just believe. Jesus Christ said if I could get the people to believe"; praying with my pillow in my arms.

And wife would sit down and cry. She is thirty-two years old, turned snow-white almost. If there is any credit goes to the Branham

family, give it to my wife. She's the one deserves it, not me. And standing there, I remember, she...

66 I had just got asleep. I heard a rattling of a noise, and there was an old Chevrolet, drove all the way from up here in Ohio to come down. A little baby, crying, hadn't ceased for days. The doctor didn't know what was the matter with it. And I heard the wife say, "Now, if you'll just sit down." It was along about, I guess three or four o'clock in the morning. Said, "If you'll just sit down," said, "I'll fix you something to eat."

Said, "No, we have had breakfast, Sister Branham, but the only thing that ... we just thought."

Said, "Well, we just got him to sleep." Said, "Don't wake him up right now."

And I was laying in there. And I hear that little baby going just like, you know, wheeze and funny noise, crying, till he just couldn't cry no more. Do you think I could sleep and that little thing laying in there, and think maybe a prayer would help it? I couldn't do it.

I staggered out into the room. And she started crying, went over and sat down. And I said, "Mother, do you believe?" We have two little rooms where we was living in. She laid the baby up there on the table. And I said, "Let's kneel around the table." And we started praying.

While we were yet praying, the little baby quit crying. About an hour from then, they left. It was cooing and laughing to its mother. Went away, it was a little different.

67 She said, "Before the crowds get gathered in, let me take you somewhere." So we got out in the car, and went somewhere, up to Green's Mill, where I seen the vision, where I was commissioned at. We came back down along the evening. We passed by this old school house, where it used to stand. I stopped there.

68 I remember the old well that I used to drink from. And the kiddies was... A little girl, my little Rebekah was picking some violets. She was just about a year old, or something, year-and-a-half. And she was picking some violets out there, playing. And I went and drank from this old well. I thought, as David said, if he could just drink from that well.

69 And I went and leaned my arms over against the old wooden fence. I looked across there, I looked up across the field where I used to play. I remember out there how one day, dawn of the first, 1917, when a big snow come on the ground, there I remember all the boys with sleds, out riding. They could ride. Brother and I didn't have no sled.

70 I seen the old hill where we used to coast down. I didn't have no sled. You know what we used for a sled? We went down in the old country dump pile down there, and got an old dish pan. And I sat down . . . we'd sit down in that dish pan, put our legs around one another. There was sleet on top the ground. Many of you remember the 1917 snow. And I would sit down in this dishpan, we'd put our arms around on another, down the hill we'd go, around, and around, and around, in a dish pan. We wasn't as much class as the rest of them, but we were riding just the same. So what difference did it make? We were riding down the hill in this old dish pan. And after awhile, the bottom come out of it.

I went and got me a log then, and we got on a log. And I remember coming down just above the hill. We had a little old log I had chopped with an axe, the front of it. And we'd get down through there.

71 And there was a boy. . . . That was the time of the World War I. Everybody wore a uniform that was able to put on one. And a boy friend of mine named Lloyd Ford, he used to sell these *Pathfinders*, and so he got him a boy scout suit. And oh, how I longed for a boy scout suit. My! And I'd look at him in that boy scout suit. He'd wear it to school, and how I liked that. I made an agreement with him: I said, "Lloyd, when you wear that thing out, would you give it to me?"

He said, "Sure, I'll give it to you, Billy."

I said, "All right."

Well, on and on it went. And after awhile he quit wearing it. And I asked him about it. He said, "I'll see what happened to it."

Well, the thing had been destroyed. The only thing he could find was one legging. So I asked him to bring me that. So he brought it to me.

72 And I remember riding down the hill one day. I wanted to wear that legging so bad, I didn't know what to do. Coming down the hill one day, I had that legging stuffed in my coat. And I hit the bottom of the hill, and I raised up. I said, "Oh, I hurt my leg!" I hadn't. I said, "Oh, my leg!" I said, "It just reminds me, you know, I've got one of my leggings to my boy scout suit!" I put that legging on. That was an excuse, you know. Here I was walking along with one legging on, you know.

73 And I went to the blackboard. You remember how you used to stand up at the old country schools, with the blackboard, you know? When I got picked, I put this leg, the one that didn't have the legging, I already had it figured out, next to the board. And I put this, had the legging like that, so they couldn't tell I just had on one. I stood sideways like this, working the problem, see if everybody was watching that, one legging.

All the kiddies got laughing at me, and making fun of me and everything like that. And I started crying; teacher made me go home. There was my legging, you know.

74 I always wanted to be a soldier. When I got old enough to go in the army. . . . Of course, there was no war then. I remember when I was seventeen I signed up for the navy. My mother taken that out of me when I got home. Then when the next war come, why, they wouldn't have me. But you know what? I finally did join the army. You may not see my uniform; it's on the inside. I joined the Christian ranks of Jesus Christ to be a soldier of the cross. How thankful I am to wear that uniform this afternoon, that represents heaven, to join with the rest of you.

75 I was standing there looking at that, and thinking about those things as I was leaning across the fence. And I begin to think of brother, how I took that handful of popcorn from him. When we used to put our hands on one another's shoulders, stand there, and the flag would go up; the teacher, with that great big pointer, point, making us get in line. We'd stand tramping like that, go into the school.

And I thought, *Well, look, you know, I used to remember Ralph Field. What happened to him?* Yeah, he's gone. And I said, "There was Howard Higgins." Yeah, he used to stand by me. What's happened to him? He got blowed up down at Colgate. I said, "Yes,

that's right."

I remember the different ones of what had happened to them. I said, "Now, my brother, Edward, that stood right behind me and put his hand on my shoulder, the one I took the popcorn from." I said, "What happened to him?"

Years ago, he died calling for me, said, "Tell Billy," I wasn't a Christian yet, said, "tell Billy that I love him, and some day I'll meet him in heaven."

I remember when the ranger rode out on the prairies and I climbed out of my saddle. Said, "Is your name Branham?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "William?"

And I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "I have a message for you." And he handed it over to me, and I read the telegram: "Your brother, Edward, died last night." Hmm. All that began to renew. When I was standing there looking across the fence, I could see that handful of popcorn.

Don't ever do nothing wrong. It'll come back to you someday, no matter how little it is.

76 I stood there, tears began to run down my cheek, I thought, "*God, I'd give the world, I'd give the rest of my mortal life, if You'll let me take that handful of popcorn and walk up to the door, and say, 'Edward, buddy, here's that handful of popcorn I cheated you out of that day.'*" How I would give anything if I could have took it to him. But he's gone.

I looked up across the field where the old house used to stand up there. Why, there is a housing project. The spring is dry and gone.

77 I used to think of when we used to ... had an old piece of a mirror that we drove nails around it in a tree, and a little old wash bench. When dad used to come in there, about a hundred and sixty pounds, about five foot, seven or eight inches tall. Man? Oh, my! Logger, muscles hanging on him like that. I'd see him roll them sleeves up, that old blue shirt, old hickory shirt mom made herself, for him; rolled it up like that. When he would go to wash, and the

muscles swelling back and forth, I'd stand off, I said, "That's my dad. That's my dad. He'll live a hundred years. That's my daddy. When I am an old man, I'll still be patting my daddy with big muscles," see. He died at fifty-two. Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

I knowed the old house there was chinked up, and what a great house it was: torn and gone, a housing project.

Where's that big fine bunch of boys? Nearly every one of them is gone.

I thought of Rolland Halloway, a friend of mine. He used to stand there, little red-headed fellow, enough temper to fight a buzz saw, died in prison. He shot a man in a crap game.

I looked over here to Wilmer, thought what become of ... Wilmer [unclear word]. I thought, *What happened to him?* Yes, that's right. What happened to him? He got into a knife fight with a fellow and he cut his throat with a knife.

I looked back over here and I seen Willis [unclear words]. "What happened to you, Willis?" Yeah, I seen what happened to him, how he went out in a disease. It stripped his body.

78 I looked down there and seen each one. And I seem them all, and I thought, *O God, here I am left alone. Who am I? Where are they at?* The first thing you know, standing there, I was screaming out to the top of my voice, "O God, let the Angels of God come get this poor tired bulk, pack me away from here. This world is not my home any longer."

79 I just come out of that meeting where I had been mentally tore up, for eight days and nights at the platform. I was shaking. And all those things running over. I thought, *Here we have no continuing city, but we are seeking one to come.* And I thought, *O God!* Wife come put her arm around me, said, "Now look, honey, you come out here to rest, and here you are standing here crying like a baby. Don't do that."

I said, "Sweetheart, if you knew what was traveling through my heart and mind. I remember standing right here at that house when little Sharon took sick."

She said, "Now, don't think about that." I've got a real wife.

And she called me away and picked up the baby and set it around my shoulders, and we went out to the car and drove away.

80 How, thinking of things. Sometimes you look, say, “Oh, Brother Branham, I bet...” You think... You don’t know what’s behind here, brother. You don’t know how many times this poor heart has been mashed, and crushed, and broke, and twisted. You don’t understand it. That’s right. It looks like a flowery bed of ease, but don’t you think that Satan would let me get by like that.

81 It would take a week to stand here and tell you what’s all the things happened, how I’ve been right down to the edge of death’s door, then God would spare me. How Satan would set snares everywhere, and he’s still got them set, going right down to the door. But he’ll not be able to take me till God’s finished with me. Then I want to go when He’s finished.

When I preach my last sermon, the Bible is closed for its last time on the pulpit, my last prayer has been offered up to God, I can’t do no more for Him, then I want Him to come take me away. That’s right.

As a boy, I had a very peculiar thing happen as a little lad. I was called one day after school, about seven years old, by an Angel, which told me never to drink, or to smoke, or to defile my body.

82 And I don’t mean this to you sisters now, you see, but if there ever was a woman hater, I was one of them. My, I seen how they come when my daddy run that bootleg place. And I’d see women come there, young women, with somebody else’s husband. And the way they would carry on, I said, “If that’s the way it is, I wouldn’t have one of the varmints if they’d draw me to one of them. That’s right. That’s true. I thought it. I even...”

The only respect I had for any woman was my mother. That’s right, and I knowed she was a lady. I seen her sit on the door step with the babies in her arms, and cry, and cry, and cry because she was locked out of the house. When my dad, which was a real man when he was sober, but being drinking, what he would do. And I had a tough life to come up in.

83 I thought, *No, I won’t have...* When I was even seventeen, eighteen years old, I’d pass down the street. And if I seen a girl that I thought she was going to speak, not because ... I just didn’t want to

have nothing to do it, wasn't twisting myself up with them. I went on the other side of the street. I didn't have nothing at all to do with them all. So I said, "I'll..."

84 Here was my thoughts: *When I get to be of age, when my mother is well, the boys are settled down, and everything, and I can get enough money somewhere to help take care of my mother, I'm going to Colorado, or to Washington State, or Canada, and I'm going to be a trapper. I'm going to get me a bunch of dogs, and I'll get me a bunch of traps, and I'm going to get my rifle, and I'll live there until I die, right in the mountains; trapping.*

My grandfather was a hunter, on my mother's side. And I was natured after him. And so, I said, "That's what I am going to do." I had it in my mind. I said, "There isn't going to be any women connected in it at all." So, isn't it funny how you can change your mind? Strange.

One day there was a, as a boy, there was a little girl come along. And you know, teeth like pearls, eyes like a dove, neck like a swan, prettiest thing you ever seen. She looked at me, said, "How do you do, Billy?" That was it.

She knew another boy, a friend of mine. He told me, said, "Oh, she likes you."

I said, "Well, I kind of made a promise, you know." Well, I was willing to give in.

So he said, "I tell you, I'll take my girl friend, and you take your girl friend," and said, "and we'll take them riding in my dad's old Ford," said, "if I can get the thing started." Said, "How much money can you rake up?"

I said, "I don't know." So we raked up enough to get two gallon of gasoline. We had about forty cents between us.

He said, "Now, we got to get them something, some soft drinks, or ice cream, or something."

85 So I said, "Well, you do the driving of the Ford, and I'll do the buying." So I put the forty cents in my pocket. So he was going to drive the Ford. And we got our old Ford and jacked the back wheel up, you know. And you know how you used to have to spin the crank? My, my. We got her started, and down the road we went, and

got our girls.

Well, I was sitting in the back seat, you know. And my, I looked over at her. I thought, *You know, maybe they are not all that way, but...* I was changing my mind. So, she'd look over, she said, "It's pretty tonight, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes ma'am."

86 So we stopped at a little place, just about a square from where I live right now, a little old place called ... a little old drive-in of affair. So I said... Jimmy Poole and I, we had it all made up what we was going to say, you know. And I said, "Jimmy, I'm kind of thirsty." And I said, "Don't you think we ought to stop?"

And he said, "Yes." And so we pulled in. So he said, "I'll go get it." And he didn't even have a dime, and I had his money. I said, "Never mind, Jimmy. Just a minute, I'll go get it," see.

87 So he and I go. Sandwich for a nickel, great big baloney sandwich for a nickel, you know, and got onion and everything on it. So we come back out. And I had some Cokes, you know. And oh, was we somebody then. We sat there and drank these Cokes, you know, and eat these baloney sandwiches, the girls and all of us; we talked, you know.

88 And so, then, I went back to take the Cokes back, and it was just about the time that girls begin to act smart, begin to come smart allecks, smoking cigarettes. When I come back out, to my surprise, my little queen was smoking a cigarette. Well, I've always had my opinion of a woman who'd smoke a cigarette, and I haven't changed it yet. It's the lowest thing she ever done. That's right. It's just as bad as drinking.

Go ahead, I see your faces getting red. But let me tell you something, let me ... Mama... It'll be good for you, it'll will help you. Now don't get up, I know, and the rest of them will know you are guilty.

89 Look, let me tell you. Mama used to tell me... When I was a kid, we had to ... we'd get our grease, we'd have to boil meat skins in a pan, you know. And we would have to take a lot of medicine, and every Saturday night, a bath in an old cedar tub, and hold your nose and take castor oil--every Saturday night. I can't even stand

the thoughts of the thing now.

And I used to hold my nose and gag, I said, “Oh, mama, please, don’t. Please don’t!” That big old spoon, that old greasy looking stuff. “Oh, mama, please don’t, it makes me so sick.”

She said, “If it don’t make you sick, it don’t do you any good.” Maybe this’ll help you some too, make you right good and sick and you’ll stop it then. That’s right. All right.

90 And I remember, here sit my little girl sitting there smoking a cigarette. Oh, my! I kind of. . . . She sure dropped in my estimation then. Now she said . . . begin to blow smoke like that, you know. And I thought, *If the good Lord wanted you to smoke, He’d have put a smokestack on you*, see. And I looked over at her like that, “Uh-huh.”

Looked in front, here was Jim’s girl sitting there doing the same thing. Well, Jim smoked himself. So I looked around.

She said, “Will you . . . will you have a cigarette, Billy?”

I said, “No ma’am, thank you. I don’t smoke.”

She said, “You don’t smoke?” Said, “Now, you just got through telling me that you didn’t dance.”

I said, “No, ma’am.”

“Said that you don’t smoke?”

“No.”

And she said, “Well, what do you like to do?”

I said, “I like to go fishing. I like to hunt.” That didn’t interest her.

So she said, “Well, you big sissy.”

A sissy! My daddy had called me that one time because I wouldn’t take a drink of whiskey. And I wanted to, but there was Something wouldn’t let me. So, I said, “What was that?”

And she said, “You’re a big sissy.”

And I said, “Give me them cigarettes.”

91 And I took that cigarette just as intention to smoke it as I am to

finish preaching this service this afternoon. I took it in my hand, trembling like that. I said, "Give me the material with it." And she give me the thing that you light it with, you know. And I got it all fixed like that, and I started to put it to my mouth, shaking like that, and I heard Something going, "Whooooosh." I stopped, and I looked around, I thought, *Now that wasn't right.*

She said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "Nothing, nothing." I said, I . . . I'm just trying to light it." And I started up to my mouth again.

You heard me tell my story the other night, how that whirl in the bush back there. There it was repeating again, "Whooooosh." I dropped the cigarette, I started crying.

She said, "Now I know you are a sissy."

I closed that little old tin door on the Ford, and started up the road crying. Jim drove along in front, said, "Come on, get in, Bill." I said, "Nope, no."

I started walking up the road. She said, "Why, Billy," she said, "you great big sissy, you." Said, "I thought you was a man."

I said, "I thought I was too." And I just went on up the road like that; walking.

92 I cut across the fields, went up there and sat down in the field, and I said, "Oh, if there was some way that I could die here. Nobody wants me. I'm not fit for nobody." I said, "And the boys, they all like to go to dances and big times, and the girls like to smoke cigarettes, and here I am a slave of circumstance. What's the use? What's for me in life? What do I live for?" And I sat there in that field and cried till nearly daylight. On down. . . .

I have to hurry to get out of here in time that I promised you, just skipping the high places.

93 I guess you wondered how I ever got married if I was that bashful; backwards. Finally I met a girl, was my boy's mother. If there ever was an angel, that was her. I love her yet. She was a lovely girl. I met her, she was going to church. I looked at her, there was something different from anyone else. I knowed nothing about Christianity; I was already about twenty-one years old. I looked at

her, she seemed to be every speck of a lady: the way she carried herself, and the respect she had. She was going to a Baptist church.

And I went out with her and started going with her. And I was so tired. . . . Went to work for the public utilities of Indiana. And I had gotten a hold of a little money and I had bought me an old car. And I thought, *Well, that was a real opportunity.*

94 But her father was the president of the Brotherhood on the Pennsylvania Railroader. Many of you railroaders here might know him, Charlie Brumbach; just recently went to Glory. And a very . . . had a good job. And he made about five hundred dollars a month. I was making about twenty cents an hour in a ditch, digging. And me go with a girl like that, I thought, *Uh-oh, something wrong here.*

95 So, I went with her for a while and I seen she was every bit of a lady. And I knowed I had to make my choice now. I couldn't take that girl's time. I loved her too much for that, that I couldn't take her time, to me, because it wouldn't be right to spoil her life like that. I thought enough of her if I . . .

96 As poor as I was, and I didn't have no dad at that time and so forth, and ten children to take care of, and. . . . Dad left her nine--ten, with myself. And I thought, *How, then would I ever be able to support someone like that?* And I thought, *I've got to make up my mind. I've got to either ask her, to marry her, or I've got to let her go, and let some good boy that'll take a hold and she'll go with him, and marry her, and make her a good home and everything, and she'd be happy.*

97 And along in that time, I begin to study. And I just. . . . While I was going with her, I come to Christ and had found Him as my Savior, and was studying in the ministry--the Baptist church. Then, a little . . . time kept going on and I was ordained then as a local elder, as a exhorter. Then they had my ministerial license. And I thought, *Maybe, if I go to preaching altogether, could I make her a living?*

So one day, I thought, *I believe. . . .* Made up my mind, I was going to ask her if she . . . [Blank spot on tape.] how was I going to do it. That was the big problem: How was I going to ask her to marry me? So I said, "Well, I'll ask her tonight."

98 Well, I'd go up, you know and I'd talk, and when I'd get right

down to that spot, I'd just wilt away, I couldn't do it. I couldn't ask her to marry me, there was too many circumstances there. So I thought, *Well, how in the world will I ever get it over to her? Maybe I could ask somebody else to ask her if she would marry me,*" you see. I thought, *"That wouldn't be just exactly right. She might refuse me on them terms."*

99 So you know how I done it? I wrote her a letter and asked her if she would. So I wrote a letter. And now it wasn't "Dear Miss," you know; it had a little more than that. It wasn't a business letter, yet it was in one way. But I wrote and told her how much I thought of her, and asked her if she would marry me.

100 And then I thought I'd just hand it to her some night. And I thought, *No, I believe I'll put it in the mail.* So I put me a stamp on it and I was going to work, and I stuck it in the mail box. I was to meet her on Wednesday, and that was on a Monday morning. So I wrote the letter, and put it in the mailbox, went on to work.

101 And all that week I was waiting for Wednesday to come to go get my girl friend, we was going to church. So that night, I remember, when I started up towards the place to where her people lived.... They lived in a lovely big home up there. And I thought, *And here I lived....* Oh, my! And I thought.... Well, I drove up in front. And I thought....

102 I knowed better than to blow the horn. I know her mother and dad would both be out on me. And I think that's right. That's cheap for you boys to go up and blow the horn for the girl to come out. If you don't think enough of her to go in and talk to her, and bring her out, and talk to her mother and dad, you oughtn't to be with her anyhow. That's right. Go, be a man.

103 So I walked up on the door, and I thought, *I'll stay outside tonight.* And I happened to get to thinking. Now her father was ... he was one of the finest men, and her mother is a good woman. And I'm not too sure, she might be sitting here this afternoon, see. We don't live far from here. And if I say anything wrong, now, Mrs. Brumbach, I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but I just want to tell this truth, you see.

104 So I remember we were.... I went up on the porch. Her mother, at that time.... She likes me now, but she didn't care too

much about me. And she was raised in one of those society churches, you know, that stands up, and the doxology, and oh, my. You know all that there is going on. Well, that was just a little bit too much; I couldn't digest that. She thought that I was a just a little bit narrow-minded, I guess.

105 So I thought now, happened to go to thinking, before I got to the house, *What if her mother happened to get a hold of that letter and read it, then what would happen?* Oh my! And you know the devil is there to make me believe that she got the letter. So I said, "Oh, what will I do if she got that letter?" Hum!

I thought, *You know what the best thing for me to do, instead of ringing the doorbell tonight, I believe I will knock on the door and just leave my Ford sit with the door open, see, because I was going to get away from there.*

106 And I could just hear her say, "William Branham!" But her daddy was a fine Dutchman. And so I went up to the door, and I knocked on the door, and the first thing you know, here come Hope to the door. Her name was Hope. And so, she come to the door, and she said, "Hello, Billy."

And I said, "Evening."

She said, "Won't you come in?"

I thought, *Uh-oh, you get me in there where your mother is at now, and you both been reading that letter. No.*

I said, "Thank you. It's very warm." I said, "I'll just sit on the porch here."

She said, "Oh, step in." Said, "Mother and dad wants to see you." And oh, my! I knew then it was up. I thought, *Here it is, "Won't you step in?"*

And I said, "Well, Hmm!" *Oh, my, I know it's over now.* So I said, "Thank you."

I stepped in, took my hat off, and stood at the door. She said, "Come on out in the kitchen where mother and dad is." Said, "I'll be ready just a few minutes."

And I thought, *Uh-oh!* I walked out, I said, "How do you do, Mr. Brumbach! How do you do, Mrs. Brumbach?"

Said, "Hello, Billy. Won't you come out and have a glass of ice tea?"

I said, "Thank you." I said, "I'll sit in here if you don't mind."

Said, "Come out and sit down."

I thought, *Oh, my!* My heart was just a-jumping as hard as it could. A few minutes I began to see then: They never mentioned it; they was talking about something else. I thought, *She never got the letter. It's all right.* Well, then I thought...

Now the next thing, we better get to church. And so that night, Hope said, "Let's walk down to the church."

And I said, "Uh-oh!"

107 So that night we walked on down to the church and went in. I never did hear nothing Dr. Davis said. He was preaching a good sermon, but I was sitting there wondering, I thought, *Boy, she got that letter. The reason she wanted me to walk is because she is going to tell me this is my last night, see. I know it.* And I was sitting there looking at her. I thought *Oh, I hate to give her up. My, but I guess she's right, because I couldn't make her a living like her daddy could, and there it is.* And I said, "She's got that letter."

108 And oh, my, I never heard nothing the preacher said. I just sat there wondering. And oh, I look at her, and she looked more beautiful than she ever did, and I knowed she was, every whit, a lady. And I thought the woman that.... She doesn't smoke, she doesn't go to dances, she doesn't have ... she doesn't use any kind of bad talk. She's just ... she's just an angel. And I thought, *My, that was her, but I guess it's all over now.*

109 So after church was over, I started going home, you know, walking along, she was walking along. And I was looking up, when we would pass under the trees, the moonlight come down upon her black hair, and her brown eyes. I thought, *Oh, my, isn't she pretty?* Walking along. I thought...

Well, we begin to get kind of close to the house, and I got brave. I thought, *The letter hung up the box, none of them's got it, see.* I was just feeling pretty good, you know. I said, "Nobody got that letter so I'm all right. Say..." Going on like that.

110 And she was talking, you know, and I reached over and took a hold of her arm, you know, was walking along. Oh, my. And I thought, *I have a little more grace. That letter, I hope it did hang up and there wasn't nothing happened to it.* And I was done made up my mind then that if she knowed anything about it, she done said something about it.

So we was getting pretty close to home, directly she looked down to me, she said, "Billy?"

And I said, "Yes."

She said, "I got your letter."

Oh, I felt something move up and go down, you know. I said, "You did?"

She said, "Uh-huh." Just kept on walking, never said a word.

I thought, *Woman, say something before I faint. Do something, now. I can't sit like this all the time, we're getting too close to the house.* She never said a word. I thought, *Well, say something.*

You know how women can keep you. Uh, excuse me. No, no, I mean ... I mean... You know what I mean. So, never said a word, just walked along, you know, looking along up towards the moon and the stars. Oh, my, such a suspense!

And I said, "Did you read it?"

She said, "Uh-huh." She kept walking on. That was all I could get out of her.

Well, I thought, *My, my, now what?* I said, "Did you appreciate it?"

She said, "Uh-huh." That was all I could get out of her, just "Uh-huh."

111 Well, we got married. So there you are. We got married. And I never will forget, she asked me just before we was ... before I got her a ring... And I remember, I paid eight dollars for the set. And so, I was very happy about it though. My, I remember we drove out there under the tree, and I put that engagement ring on her finger-- how happy I was! I had the other one down in my pocket and put me a great big catch pin there so it wouldn't get out. I was keeping

her right there, boy. That was, she was going to be mine.

So I went on, you know. And she said, "Billy." Before I put the ring on her finger, she said, "don't you think it would be kind of gentleman-like if you would ask dad and mother?"

I thought, *Oh, my! Here it goes again.* I said, "Yes." I said, "Look, Hope, I want to tell you something." I said, "Now when we get married, it's always to be a fifty-fifty, isn't it?"

She said, "That's right." She said, "I'll keep my part."

I said, "I will mine." I said, "Let's start it now," see.

She said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "You ask your mother, and I'll ask your daddy." I could get by with her dad, but I didn't know about her mother.

She said, "All right. That's all right."

Then I said, "Well, look," I said, "perhaps you let me ask your dad, first." Because I knowed if her dad said so, I had that much of a promise, see, and I'd hold to that.

So, I remember she said, "Well, you better ask him tonight."

And I thought, *Oh, kind of quick, but I guess I better.*

112 So that night we walked in, and he was sitting at his desk, typing out something. And I sat there. And she kept nodding her head to me, you know. See, it's nine o'clock. I had to go home at nine o'clock. And I thought, *It's late.* So I got up and I started to the door, and she looked at me kind of strange: why didn't I ask her daddy?

113 [Bro. Branham sighs.] I done like that, and she knowed what I meant. And her mother sitting back there, doing writing, or doing something. I thought, *Oh, my, I can't ask him right here, it would be asking them both, then. They'd have it out right here, and then I'd be left blank.*" So I walked to the door, and she walked over to the door with me. And I said, "I'll come up Wednesday for church?"

And she said, "Uh-huh," and she just kept squeezing my hand.

And she pointed to her dad. I said, "Oh, I couldn't do that." I waited a little bit, I said, "Well, I got to."

I said, "*Ahem.* Mr . . . Mr. Brumbach?"

He was typing along, you know. He said, "Yes!"

I said, "Could I speak to you out here just a minute?"

He said, "Yes, Bill. Why? What do you what?"

I said, "Could I talk to you out here just a minute, Mr. Brumbach?"

And he said, "Sure." He looked over to his wife, and his wife looked over at him.

I thought, *Oh!*

So I seen Hope walk over towards her mother, so I walked out on the porch; I got out there. And I done got too much nervous shock then, you know.

He said, "What do you want, Bill?"

And I said, "Sure is warm tonight."

He said, "Sure is."

And I said, "But, Charlie, it's a pretty night, ain't it?"

Said, "Yes, it is."

I said, "You know, um, uh. . . ." I said, "I was a. . . ."

He said, "Yes, you can have her, Bill." I think a lot of him yet today.

I said, "Do you mean that I can. . . ."

He said, "Yes."

114 Oh, my! Took a hold of that big old fat hand of his. I said, "Charlie, look," I said, "you know I am pauper." I said, "Your girl can dress nice, and everything, and I have one suit of clothes." I said, "But all my life I have been a vagabond, I've been in search of someone that I thought was a queen, one that I thought was a lady." I said, "I found that in Hope." I said, "I can't make her a living like you will. Certainly not, Charlie. You make five hundred dollars a month and I am making about fourteen dollars a week."

115 I said, "I got nine down there in the family, some of them

beginning to work now,” I said, “which will give me a release. But Charlie, I thought that there was no need in me taking much more of her time. As soon as the other boys get jobs and things, can help me take care of my mother, I’ll do everything that I can. I’ll work, Charlie, as long as there is breath in my body, I’ll slave and do everything I can, because I really love her. And I’ll do all that I can to be good to her. I’ll live true to her. I’ll do everything I can.”

116 I never forget, (the man’s gone on now), he put that big arm around me, pulled me up close to him--just about the size of Brother Baxter. He reminds me a lot of him. He pulled me up to me like this, he said, “Billy,” he said, “I’d rather you would have her on them grounds than somebody that would mistreat her, no matter how much money he had.” Said, “You’ll will be more happy.” He said, “Happiness does not consist of how much the world’s goods you own, but how contented you are with the portion that’s allotted to you.”

I said, “Thank you, Charlie, thank you.”

She had asked her mother. And I don’t know what happened in there, but anyhow, we got married.

117 When we got married, it was a marvelous little old.... I remember we was married down here in Fort Wayne, Indiana. We went home. I didn’t even have.... You know what? We.... I’d rented a house for four dollars a month. You can imagine what kind of a house it was--four dollars a month. Someone give us an old folding bed. How many knows what an old folding bed is? My, I seen Brother Ryan put up his hand. He slept on it enough, he ought to know. So he give us an old folding bed, and mama give us a little old iron bedstead a little later on. First we had two rooms.

118 And I went down to Sears and Roebuck and got me a breakfast set that wasn’t painted. I think it cost us about three or four dollars. And I painted it yellow, with a great big green shamrock on each one. And she was laughing at me (I’ll never forget it) about being an Irishman, and painting the shamrock on there, and so forth.

119 And we didn’t have very much of the world’s goods. I went over to Mr. Weber, a junk dealer, and I bought me a stove for seventy-five cents and it cost me a dollar and a quarter to put new grates in it. I fixed it up and we went to housekeeping. Well, we

were happy. We didn't have very much of the world's goods, but we sure had one another, and the love of God was in our heart, and that's all we cared about. And I tell you, that's what really means something now. Yes, sir.

I look around. I heard somebody say, "Isn't that a beautiful home?"

120 I said, "I don't know." *Home* is not the house; it's the order of the house that makes the home. That's what makes home. No matter if it is a shanty, whatever it is, if the order is right on the inside, and godly, it's more of a home than if you had a palace somewhere. I'd rather live in a shanty and be happy, than to live in a palace and be unhappy. That's right.

So I remember then, very well, we went ahead. And after a while, God gave us one of the greatest little gifts about a year after we were married. My, poor little boy, which is standing in the back of the building now--little Billy Paul--he came into the world.

121 And I remember how we would go on. I was cutting up with her, and I said, "Now look, you know what we are going to call this? I said, "I believe he will be a boy. If it is," I said, "Now, for German..." She was a German, and I was an Irishman. And I said, "We'll call him Heinrun for German, and Michael Heinrun Michael."

She said, "Oh, Bill, my, that's sounds horrible." So, we went ahead and we was going on like that. And when God brought us the little boy, how happy we were together. Went on, and life went on.

122 After awhile John Ryan, back there, come into my life. I met him. He asked me to come to Dowagiac one day, where he lives over there in Dowagiac, Michigan. Said, "Go on up, a little vacation." We saved out money and everything. And I had about, oh, maybe ten or twelve dollars saved up. (I'm fixing to come to the end of the story now, just in a little bit. I know I'm holding you, it's just I got about ten, twelve more minutes to be out on time.)

123 But we come to Dowagiac. (I've tried to hold myself up and hit the high spots now. Now pray for me.) When I went to Dowagiac with Brother Ryan, back there, I went to his home, a little humble home about like I live in. His wife, but she would swear by him. He had a fine boy. And so they made me very welcome.

124 And on my road back home, going back home, I come through Mishawaka. And I looked out there, and there was the groups of people swarmed out there, and cars, and Cadillacs, and Fords, and cops trying to keep order around. I thought, *What's going on here?* And I hear this singing, you know, and going on. My, everybody screaming and hollering. I thought, *What is it? A funeral, or what's going on?*

125 Is it a church house? And I stopped and goes in. Come to find out, it was a convention where there was a group of the Pentecostal people--was holding a convention over there. And they had to hold it in the north because of the race conditions (they couldn't hold it), and it was an international convention. And they was holding it in a big tabernacle at Mishawaka.

126 So I never seen the Pentecost before, so I thought, *Well, I believe I'll go and see what it looks like.* So I walked in, and there they was all clapping their hands [Brother Branham claps his hands] like that, and screaming and singing. I thought, *What manners! Never seen anything like that in my life. What are they all talking about?*

127 And here was a colored man up there, and he was singing, and he was singing, "I know it was the blood," and all the congregation, "I know it was the blood." And here he would run down through there and grab somebody up and hug them like that--white, colored and all. Saying, "I know it was the blood for me. One day when I was lost, He died upon the cross. I know it was the blood for me.", running up and down the aisle. And I thought, *I never seen anything like that in my life.* And somebody would jump up and scream and speak in tongues, and I thought, *Say, what is this, anyhow?*

128 And then a preacher got up there and he got to preaching about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And it looked like... And his finger was about that long, and he pointed me out right back in the back. He was talking to me. And I thought, *Say, how did that guy know anything about me?* See. And oh, there was hundreds and oh, it was thous... two or three thousand, I guess, altogether, in the meeting.

129 And some group from up here at Chicago, colored group, they come up; called "Locust Grove," or "Piney Wood," or something like that: a quartet that... I never heard such singing in my life. Well, I thought, *There's one thing you have to say about them*

people: they're not ashamed of their religion. That's one thing sure. They're not ashamed of it.

130 So I thought, *You know, I believe I'll come back tonight.* And I went out and counted my money. I had just enough to get enough gasoline to come back, and twenty cents left. Well, I knowed how much gasoline it would take. Now, I couldn't get a tourist court. So I thought, *I'll sleep out there in a cornfield.* So I went down and got me twenty cents worth of stale rolls. And I thought, *I can live on them for a couple days, but I want to find out what this is all about.*" So I went out and got my rolls and put them in the back of my car, and went over.

131 That night, he said, "I want all ministers," ... the spokesman said, "I want all ministers to come to the platform." There was just about, I guess about a two or three hundred of them at the platform. They were all white, colored, and all sitting on the platform. He said, "Now we haven't got time for you to preach, we just want you to come right down the row, and say who you are, where you're from." When it come my place, I said, "Evangelist, William Branham, Jeffersonville, Indiana," sat down. Next, next, next, on like that.

Come to find out, I was the youngest man was there, twenty-three years old then. I was the youngest man at the platform. I didn't know it at that time. The next morning...

Well then, we went on that night. And I want to tell you what happened that night. I heard all them ministers preaching that day about, oh, the deity of Christ, and the great messages about His walk on life, and His sacrifice, and so forth, and all the different things.

132 But that night they brought an old colored man out, just a little bit of rim of white hair around the back of his head here, great big, long, felt preachers' coat on, one of the old-fashioned, long frock-tailed coats with the velvet collar. Poor old fellow walked out there like this. And I thought, *That poor old man. Isn't that a shame?* I said, "Poor old dad." I said, "I guess he's preached a long time." And he stood there.

And I never seen a microphone before. I was a country preacher. So they had a microphone hanging up. It was something new then, you know.

133 So this old fellow got before there, and he said, “Dear children.” Uh-oh. He said, “I’s going to take my text tonight from back in Job.” Said, “Where was you when I laid the foundation of the world? Declare unto me where they’s fastened to. When the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.”

I thought, *That poor old fellow. His preaching days are about finished. He’s old, see.*

134 Instead of coming down on the earth with it, like this, brother, he went back yonder about ten million years before the foundation of the world was ever laid, he climbed up into the skies, and he preached about what went on in the skies, the sons of God shouting for joy. He come on down through the dispensations and brought him back on the horizontal rainbow, back here, back over in the millennium.

And about that time, he got all happy. And when he did, he went, “Whoopee!” Jumped up in the air, kicked his heels together, said, “Glory to God.” Said, “Hallelujah, there’s not enough room here for me to preach.” Off the platform he walked like that, like a kid.

I said, “Brother, if it’ll make an old man act like that, what would it do for me? I want that. That’s what I want. That’s what my heart hungers for, if it’ll make an old man act like that.” That’s what I wanted. I said, “Oh, my, them people has got something.”

135 That night I went out in the cornfield. I thought, *I better press my trousers.* So I took the two seats of my old Ford, and put them together, laid my trousers back and forth like this, and put the seats down to press them, laid down in some grass over at the side of the field out here somewhere in Indiana, out here.

136 And I laid there under that little old cherry that night. And I prayed, “God, somehow or another, give me favor with them people. That’s what I want. Baptist or no Baptist, that’s what I want. That’s what my hungering heart’s feeling for. That’s what it’s reaching for. There’s a people that I have wanted to see all my life.”

137 Next morning I went down. Nobody knowed me, you know. So I put on my little old seer-sucker trousers, and put a t-shirt on. Nobody knowed I was a preacher, so I went down. I sat down. And when I sat down, here come a colored brother up and sit down the

side of me; and over here sit a lady. And I sat down there.

138 I got up that morning, just playing the music and everything. And there was a brother ... his daughter come out and played a trumpet. Whitherspoon, I believe was his name. That girl played the most beautiful "Blue Galilee" that I sat there and cried like a baby. And I was sitting there. Then up to the platform come a minister by the name of Kirk. He said, "Last night at the platform, the youngest minister we had here was an evangelist by the name of William Branham," said, "from Jeffersonville, Indiana." Said, "We want him to speak this morning."

139 Oh, my! My congregation! I thought, *In seersucker trousers and t-shirt*. So I just hunkered down real low like this, you know. In a few minutes... He waited a few minutes, he got to the microphone again he said, "If there is anybody here knows where William Branham from Jeffersonville, an evangelist, was on the platform last night, we want him this morning to bring the message this morning. Tell him to come to the platform."

I scooted down real low, you know, like way down low. I thought, *Seersucker trousers*, you know, *and t-shirt*. So I got real low. And I didn't want to get up before them people anyhow. They had something that I didn't know nothing about, so I just sat real still.

Directly, that colored man looked around at me, said, "Say, do you know him?" Uh-oh. Something had to happen. And I didn't ... I knowed ... I didn't want to lie to the man. I said, "Look, fellow, listen, I want to tell you something." I said, "I am he, see."

He said, "I thought you was getting down there kind of low about something."

And I said, "Well, look," I said, "are you a minister?"

Said, "Yah, sir."

I said...

He said, "Go on up there, fellow."

And I said, "Look, look, look." I said, "I want to tell you something." I said, "I ... I've got on these seer-sucker trousers and this t-shirt," I said, "I don't want to get up there."

Said, "Them people don't care what you dress like, man. Get on up there."

And I said, "No . . . no, thank you, sir."

And somebody said, "Has anybody ever found Rev. Branham?"

He said, "Here he is! Here he is! Here he is!"

140 Oh, my! I got up, and my ears red, you know. And I had my Bible under my arm, and I walked up to the platform kind of sheepish looking, you know, and scared to death. I walked up. I thought, *Oh, my. Last night I was praying all night to give me favor, now God is going to let me get up before them. If I ain't going to get up, then how am I to get favor?* So I got up.

141 Not a thing on my mind, I was scared and trembling. I didn't know how close to stand to that little old microphone hanging with a string hanging down like that. I didn't know how to stand by that. And all this great big tabernacle, you know. And I said, "Well, folks," I said, "I . . . I don't know very much about the way you preach and things." I said, "I just . . . I was coming up the road. . ." And I didn't know.

142 And I happened to turn over there to Luke to the rich man lifted up his eyes in hell. And he seen Lazarus far off, and then he cried. I took my text: And Then He Cried.

And I got to talking, and I said, "Then the rich man. . . . Down in hell there was no church, then he cried." I said, "There was no children, then he cried. There was no songs, then he cried. There was no God, then he cried." And I got started. People got screaming, then I cried.

143 Away it went. And the first thing you know, everybody on their feet, "Then he cried, and then he cried." And the next thing I knew, I was out in the yard. Well, I don't know what happened. Everybody was blessing God and carrying on, the congregation screaming and shouting. I don't know what I done; I just lost myself somewhere.

First thing you know, up come a great big fellow from Texas, a big ten-gallon hat on, and cowboy boots; walked up, said, "Say, are you evangelist?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "How about coming down to Texas and holding me a revival?"

I said, "Are you a preacher?"

He said, "Sure." I looked at them big high-heel boots, and that great big cowboy hat, I thought, *Maybe it doesn't make any difference what...*

Next thing, a fellow walked up, had on little golf pants like this. He said, "Say," said, "I'm from Florida." He said, "I have so many saints down there, at a church, or somewhere. But I'd like for you to hold..."

I said, "Are you a preacher?"

He said, "Yes, sir."

I thought, *Well, my seer-sucker trousers and t-shirt ain't so much out of line after all, in this place around here.* So I began to look at it. And we had a clerical coat and collar, and everything they wore, you know. So I thought, *Well, that's all right.*

So then a woman stepped up from up around somewhere way up in the northern part of Michigan. She was with the Indians. She said, "I just know... While you were preaching the Lord told me that you should come and help me up there with the Indians."

144 I said, "Just a minute. Let me get a piece of paper." And I went to writing down these names and addresses. And my, I had a string of them that long, last me a year. My, was I happy. Out of there I went, jumped in my old Ford, and down the road we went to Jeffersonville as hard as we could go, sixty miles an hour; thirty this way and thirty up-and-down that way, just as hard as he could go, right down the road flying as hard as we could, to go to Jeffersonville.

I jumped out of the car, and as my wife, always, she come, run to meet me. And she said, "What you so happy about?"

I said, "Honey, you just don't realize." I said, "I met the happiest people in the world."

She said, "Well, where're they at?"

145 I told her all about them. And I said, “Looky here. Let me show you something. You wouldn’t believe that this preacher boy friend of yours, looky here. All them people asked me, this whole line, down through Texas, Louisiana, and everywhere, come preach for them. See there?” I said, “I prayed all night under a cherry tree out there, and God told me. . . .”

Said, “What kind . . . what do they act like?”

I said, “Oh, don’t ask me.” I said, “They just act any way.”

And so, she said, “Oh, my!” She said. . . .

I said, “And they asked me to go. I’m going to quit my job and go to preaching right out with them, leave my church.”

She said, “Well. . . .”

I said, “Will you go with me?”

God bless her heart. She said, “I promised to go with you anywhere, and I’ll go anywhere that you go.” That’s a real wife. She’s in her grave today, but still I’m glad that. . . . I can say this with her son--her and my son--standing, listening: His mother was a queen.

And I said, “Well, look.” I said, “We’ll tell our parents.”

I went and told mama. I said, “Mama, looky here.” And I told her about the people.

She said, “You know what?” She said, “Billy, a long time ago, down in Kentucky, we had what you all call the old Lone Star Baptist.” And said, “And they used to shout and scream, and carry on like that.” She said, “That’s real heart-felt religion.”

I said, “That’s what I believed in all my life.” And I said, “You ought to see them.”

She said, “Well, I trust that God’ll bless you, Bill.”

I said, “All right.” So we went to tell her mother then.

And during this time, her mother and father had separated. And I said. . . . We went to tell her mother. And I said, “Mrs. . . . Mrs. Brumbach,” I said, “I have found a wonderful people,” like that.

146 And she was sitting on the porch, you know. Now don't get mad at me if you are here. So she said ... She was sitting on the porch fanning. She said, "William, I'll give you to understand, I'll never give my daughter permission to go out with a bunch of holy-rollers like that." Oh, my! She said, "That bunch of trash." Said, "She'd never have a decent dress to put on her back."

I said, "Well, Mrs. Brumbach, it isn't a dress proposition." I said, "The thing of it is, is I feel that God wants me to do it."

147 And she said, "Look, why don't you go up there at the church where you've got a congregation coming, and think about getting yourself a parsonage and a place to take your wife and baby to, instead of pulling her out: today she's got something to eat, and tomorrow she's got nothing. And things like this." She said, "Never indeed will I ever permit my daughter to go like that. And if she does go, her mother will go to a grave, brokenhearted."

And Hope said, "Mama, do you mean that?"

And she said, "That's just what I mean." That settled it.

Hope started crying. I put my arm around her and walked away. I said, "But Mrs. Brumbach, she's my wife."

She said, "But she's my daughter."

Said, "Yes, ma'am."

I walked away, went down. She looked at me, Hope did, she said, "Bill, that's my mother, but I'll go with you," see. I said.... God bless her heart. She said, "I'll go with you."

148 And I said, "Honey, I..." I said, "I guess I'm carrying water on both shoulders." But I said, "I don't want to hurt her feelings." I said, "What if something would happen to her and then you'd be worried all your life, you broke your mother's heart." I said, "Maybe we will just put it off a little while."

And friends, there's where I made the worst step I ever made in my life, right there. We put it off.

About a few weeks after that, things begin to happen. The flood come on later from that. And the first thing you know, wife got sick, Billy got sick doing that wrong.

149 Right after that, the little girl . . . just eleven months difference between Billy and his little sister, which was Sharon Rose. I wanted to name her a Bible name. So I couldn't call her Rose of Sharon, so I called her Sharon Rose, and I named her that. She was a darling, lovely little thing. And the first thing you know, the flood came up. She was laying there with pneumonia.

150 And our doctor, Dr. Sam Adair, came. And he is a brother to me. He looked at her, said, "Bill, she's seriously ill." Said, "Don't you go to bed." Right at Christmas time. He said, "Don't you go to bed tonight. You give her orange juice all night long. Make her drink at least two gallons tonight to break that fever. She's got a fever hundred and five." And said, "You must break that fever right away."

I said, "All right." And I sat up and gave her orange juice all night. The next morning the fever was a little lower.

Her mother came up. And she just didn't like Dr. Adair at all. She liked another doctor there in the city. And she said, "I'm going to take her down home. This house is not equipped with heat and stuff for her to stay.

I said, "Well, I'd rather ask Dr. Adair if we should move her."

She said, "He ain't got sense enough to know how to come in out of the rain." She said, "I wouldn't ask him nothing." Said, "I'll get a doctor, a doctor. . ."

I said, "But look, we shouldn't. . ."

And I called Dr. Adair. He said, "Bill, don't you move her." Said, "If you do, it'll kill her." Said, "Take her out in that cold, it's sub-zero weather right now, plumb down to that place, and change them rooms for her." Said, "Don't you do that." But, 'course, there it was.

And I called him, I said, "She is going to do it anyhow."

He said, "Then I'll get off the case, Bill. I love you as a brother, you know that, but I'll have to leave the case and turn it over to Dr. Walters."

And I said, "Well, Doc, you know where my feeling is." I said, "But I. . ."

So I went down there and I knelt down and prayed. I went over to the church. When I started to pray, looked like a black sheet come moving down in front of me. I went over, I said, "I don't think she'll ever come from the bed."

And all of them said, "Oh, Billy, you just think..."

I said, "The same thing that happened about that flood," I said, "is the same thing that's telling me about my wife." I said, "I don't believe she'll come from the bed."

Said, "Oh, I believe it's your wife, and you just ... that's the way you feel about it." But oh, my! A little later on.... I'll never forget how that was. Oh, it went on for a little bit, she got worse, worse.

Finally the flood come up, and I was on a rescue party out there. I had a speed boat, and I was trying to get people out. And I remember one night they took her to the hospital, then put over here in a place that the government.... And her and both babies were sick, horribly sick.

151 And I'll never forget that fatal night when the flood walls broke through down there, I heard a scream way back over on Chester Street. And I had a speed boat, and I got out there and tried to get a mother out of there. Just as I picked her up, she fainted. I picked her up in my arms and put her in the boat--about eleven o'clock; put the babies in there. And when I got her back to shore, she began to scream, "My baby! My baby!" She had a baby there about two years old, and I thought she meant she had another little baby out there in that place. And back I went to try to get the baby.

152 I tied my boat up the side of the pillar of the porch, and when I went up into the room, to try to look around for the baby, I heard the house giving away below, and I run down real quick just in time to jump into the water and hold on to the end of my boat, and pull the.... And it sub-zero, sleeting and snowing.

153 I pulled the rope like that and got in my boat. The waves caught it and swept me out into the middle of the current, out into the river. And I got back in there and I couldn't get my boat started. The old chain, it'd pull on the outboard motor; you know, the old-timers, where you had a whirl on the top of it. And I'd pull and pull, and I couldn't get the thing started. And there was the Ohio falls

roaring just below me. Oh, brother! A way of a transgressor is hard, don't you never think that.

154 And I pulled and it wouldn't start. And I pulled again and it wouldn't start. And I tried, and I got down in the boat, I said, "God, it isn't but a few more jumps down here that I'll sink beneath those falls there," where they were roaring and bubbling, miles of water stretching through there. I said, "I got a sick wife and two babies laying out there in the hospital." I said, "Please, dear God, start this motor."

And I could think: *"I'll never let my girl go out with a bunch of that trash."* And I say this with all due respect to every church: I find out what she called trash is the cream of the crop. That's exactly right. That's exactly right.

And I pulled on that, and it keep roaring in my ears. And I pulled again, and... Just a few minutes and it started. And I had to pull right back upstream and give it all the gas that it could. Finally, I landed down almost to New Albany, just whirling the edge of those falls.

I got back in, and run back up to the hospital to see where my wife was, and the flood had done took the thing away; it was gone. Now where was my wife, where was my babies? Wet, and cold. I run out there. And I met Major Weekly.

155 Brother Ryan had just left somewhere; I don't know where he is. I think he went with Brother George and them on out. And I met Brother George. The last time I seen him in life, he put his arms around me, said, "Brother Billy, with all my heart..." And he was a converted medium. And he said, "With all my heart, I love Jesus Christ; and if I never see you again, I'll see you in the morning."

I said, "God bless you, George," as he went on. He was trying to find Brother Ryan then, somewhere, because he was in the city.

156 And then I tried to find Hope. I couldn't find her. Some of them said, "No, there was no one drowned in that group." Said, "They all got on a train, and went out to Charlestown." Well, I jumped in my car and started to Charlestown. When I did that creek back there had cut off about five miles of solid water down through there. Some of them said, "No, the train got halfway out there and was washed off the trestles out there. They all drowned out there,

off of that trestle.” They had went out on a cattle car.

My wife, her father, one of the heads down there on the railroad, and his daughter with double pneumonia and two babies with pneumonia laying in the cattle car. And the sleet and rain blowing on the road somewhere, and washed out in the water. I tell you, brother, there’s a whole lot. When God calls you to do anything, don’t you let no one stand in your way. You keep God first.

157 And I tried to find. . . . I couldn’t get a way, got my speed boat, and tried to get out towards Charlestown. I couldn’t even touch the waters, the whirl would swing me plumb back. And I thought I was a pretty good boatman. And I tried it after times, it was almost breaking day. No success at all there. It was gone.

158 Then I was in a room, then, found myself on a little island sitting out there. For three or four days I sat alone there where they had to drop me something to eat. I had a long time to think over whether that was a bunch of trash or not, whether to mind some woman, or to mind what God said. No matter who it was, you listen to what God’s got to say.

159 There, after awhile, after I got across the waters, it dropped enough, I went to see where my wife was. They told me she was in Charlestown. Got there, she wasn’t there. And old Colonel Hay (just went to Glory recently), he put his arm around me, said, “Let’s go down to the railroad station.” When I went down there, broken-hearted, crying, I didn’t know what to do. Oh, my! I thought, *Babies are probably laying, drifted off yonder somewhere in some brush pile. The wife may be laying down there, also.* Oh, how I cried, and begged, and repented, and told God!

160 Look, friends. I believe if I had went on right then, where I was mixing up with that bunch of people who believed in the supernatural, the Angel of God would have come to me and revealed that thing. It would have been thousands times thousands of more people in glory because of it. See, that’s the reason I go day and night, and never worry of putting my whole strength, because I’ve got to redeem the time, I’ve got to do it.

161 So when I. . . . Finally someone come and got me, said, “No, they are not drowned, Billy. I know where they are at. They are in

Columbus, Indiana in the Baptist church.” And they took me up there and I run down through that hall that night, screaming to the top of my voice. I didn’t care who heard me, “Hope, Hope, where are you, honey?” Way down through there.

162 And all the refugees back there on little old cots and blankets, hanging up. And I happened to look way down there at the end, I seen a bony hand holding up like that. I rushed real quick, pair of boots on, fell down there, and throwed my hat off, looked down there, and there laid my sweetheart, dying. Her hand moving up, her jaw sunk back; about three weeks or more before I’d found her. Her eyes were way back.

I just put my hands over on her. She said, “I know I look horrible, Bill.”

I said, “Honey, you look all right.”

She said, “Now, don’t tell me that, honey.”

I said, “O God, have mercy.” I said, “Where is the babies?”

She said, “Mom and them has got them over in the building.”

I said, “Is Billy alive?”

Said, “Yes.”

I said, “Sharon alive?”

Said, “Yes.”

I said, “Oh, thanks be to God.” I said, “I heard from mama and mama is alive. She is over at some other place.” I said, “I heard by radio, but I couldn’t hear from you nowhere.” And I said, “Oh, honey.” And she said. . . . I said. . . .

And I felt somebody tap me on the shoulder. I looked up. There was a very smart-looking man. He said, “Rev. Branham?”

And I said, “Yes, sir.” He sighed, and I walked over there. Said, “Aren’t you a friend of Dr. Sam Adair?”

And I said, “Yes.”

He said, “Your wife, I’m informed to tell you. . . . I’m the doctor here.” He said, “I’m informed to tell you, your wife has galloping TB. She just has a few days to live.” Said, “She’s going

to die.”

Said, “No, Doc. No . . . no, that isn’t so.”

He said, “Oh, yes, it is, Rev. Branham, it is.”

So, I said, “It can’t be, doctor. You mean she is. . . .”

He said, “Yes.” And said, “You’ll be a very lucky man if your children pull through.” Said, “I am tending to the children, also.”

And I said, “O God, have mercy.”

He said, “Now, don’t break down before her.”

I said, “All right, sir. All right.” I said, “Thank you very much. Where is Dr. Sam?”

He said, “I don’t know where he’s at.”

And I said, “Thank you, doctor.” And I said, “Let me go back to her,” I said, “just to be with her as much as I can.” I said, “I won’t break down.”

And I walked back nervously. I looked at her. Those pretty black eyes setting way deep back there. And her hair and her forehead. Oh, I seen she was going. I looked over her, and I said, “Hope, sweetheart, you look all right.”

And she said, “Oh, maybe God’ll have mercy and let me live, Bill.”

And I said, “I hope He does, sweetheart.”

And so, after a few days, I got her out of there, got her down to Jeffersonville to the home. And she kept getting worse, and worse, worse and worse. The two children began to get better, but she got worse. And after a while. . . .

163 Dr. Adair, he tried everything he could. He sent to Louisville to a specialist of TB, brought over, and he said, “Well, if you have an pneumothorax machine.” I went and borrowed the money and got a pneumothorax machine, and we give her the treatments. You know what pneumothorax is: the collapse . . . the lung, you know, like that. And I would hold her poor hand and it would grip, so they poured that oil in there and pump out the lung. If I had to do over again, I would never let her suffer like that.

164 And so, trying, but they were working hard to save her life. Finally took her out to the hospital for x-rays. Here it come, right on up that tuberculosis pneumonia was coming right out off the left lung. He said, “You just got a few days, Rev. Branham. There’s nothing in the world can be done. She’s going to die.”

I said, “Almighty God has called for her to answer.”

165 Oh, how could I stand that? How could I believe? How could I do it? I looked down there and there laid my little Sharon Rose, a little suckling baby, about eleven months old. Here’s little Billy Paul just about eighteen months old; little bitty fellow. And them, with out a mother; and me. Oh, what could I do? I just couldn’t believe it hardly. I walked the floor, I cried, I done everything. I tell you, brother, you better mind God when God speaks to you. You do what He tells you.

166 And I walked back and forth. Finally come the hour. I was out in the car. And I heard them call me that I must come to the hospital at once, my wife was dying, said she couldn’t live any longer. I rushed to the hospital real quick, threw off my coat, run up the steps. And when I did. . . .

167 I will never forget it. Little Dr. Adair, a fine little fellow, and he come walking down the room. We fish together, we hunt together, we slept together, we were bosom buddies. And he’s a specialist. And he come walking down the hall with his head down. He happened to look, standing down there, and he seen me, and tears rolled down his cheeks, and he stepped off into a room.

I run down the hall real quick, pulled open the door. He put his arm around me, said, “Billy, boy. . . .”

I said, “What is it, Doc?”

He said, “I just can’t tell you, Bill.” Said, “Just go ahead out and let the nurse tell you.”

I said, “Come on, Doctor. What is it?”

He said, “She’s gone.”

I said, “She isn’t gone, Doc.”

Said, “Yes, she’s gone.”

I said, "Doc, go with me to the room, will you?"

He said, "Bill, I can't do that." He said, "Hope, how we ... why she's just like my sister." He said, "I ... I can't go in that room again."

So just then the nurse come in. She said, "Rev. Branham, here is some medicine. I want you to take this."

I said, "I don't want your medicine." So she said...

I went out to the room. She said, "I am going with you."

I said, "No, let me go alone." I said, "Let me go in and see her." And I walked in. I said, "Is she gone?"

Said, "I ... I think she is." Said, "Dr. Adair left a few minutes ago, and said there was nothing more could be done, she was gone."

168 So I opened the door, walked in. And I looked laying there and she had her eyes closed, her mouth was open, her little body was drawed down to about a hundred pounds, less than that, oh, like this. And I put my hand over on her forehead, it was sticky like. And I said, "Hope, sweetheart, will you answer me?" I said, "Will you ... will you answer me, honey?" I said, "Will you speak to me just one more time?"

169 I said, "God, I know I've been wrong, but if You'll just let her speak to me one more time. Will You, Lord? Please let her speak." And while I was praying, I looked. If I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget that. Those big dark eyes opened up and she looked at me. She motioned for me to get down. I looked at her, I said, "Sweetheart, you are all right, aren't you?"

She said, "Why did you call me, Bill? Why did you call me?"

I said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "Oh, I was so easy." She had been suffering so hard.

And I said, "What do you mean, 'easy,' honey?"

She said, "Well," she said, "Bill, you know I am going, don't you?"

And I said, "No."

She said, "I am." And she said, "Bill, I don't mind it." Said,

“You know why I am going, don’t you?”

And I said, “No.”

She said, “Bill, you remember the day we went up to mother and that bunch of people?”

I said, “I know it, honey.”

She said, “We ought not to have did that.” Oh, then grinding my heart.

170 Just then the nurse run in the door, said, “Rev. Branham, you better take this.” S he motioned to the nurse. She took me by the hand. She said, “Louise,” we knew them all well. She said, “Louise Adel,” she said, “I hope, when you get married, that you have a husband like mine.” She said, “He’s been so good to me.” She said, “I hope...” And Louise, she just couldn’t stand it. She set the medicine down, and went out of the room.

And I said, “Honey, are you going?”

171 She said, “I was being taken Home, Bill.” Said, “There was someone dressed in white standing on each side of me. And I was going down a big beautiful path.” And said, “It was peaceful, and the big palm trees like an Orient, and the big birds flying from tree to tree.” Said, “It was such a beautiful place.”

You know what I think? I think God let her break into Paradise just as she was going over. And she said, “You know, Bill, that religion that we’ve been talking about since we received the Holy Ghost?”

And I said, “Yes.”

She said, “Don’t never cease to preach that.” She said, “Stay with that.” She said, “That’s the thing.

And I said, “Honey, if I would’ve probably listened...”

172 She said, “Yes, Bill.” She said, “Now look, honey.” She said, “I’m going fast.” She said, “But remember, that wonderful Holy Spirit that we’ve received,” she said, “It’s taking me through.” She said, “Promise me this, honey, that you’ll never, never cease, you’ll never let up. You’ll always stand true to that.” She said, “It’s wonderful in death.”

And I said, "I will."

She said, "I got a few things for me to promise."

I said, "What is it, honey?"

She said, "You remember that time when we was in Louisville and you was going on that hunting trip, and you wanted to buy that little twenty-two rifle."

I said, "Yes."

And said, "You didn't have enough, three dollars, to made the down payment?"

I said, "Yes." I'm very fond of rifles and things, it's just a sport to me ... and a recreation, I should say. And I said, "I remember that."

173 She said, "Honey, I've tried my best to save our nickels and things to get it for you." She said, "After I am gone, you go home, and right on top of that old folding bed where Brother Ryan slept," she said, "right up on top of there, under a newspaper, you'll find the money that I saved." She said, "I've cut that out of allowance for my clothes and things that you'd let me have," she said, "to save it so I could get enough for a down payment to get you that rifle."

You'll never know how I felt when I looked in there and seen two dollars and seventy cents, in nickels and dimes, to buy the rifle.

174 She said, "There's another thing." She told me about some stockings that I had bought her one time that... I didn't know how to buy stockings, and I called it socks, and I got the wrong kind. And she told me that it was the wrong kind, and she had give them to my mother because it wasn't the kind that she wore.

So she said, "Another thing, I want you to promise me."

Said, "What's that?"

She said, "That you won't live single."

And I said, "Oh, oh, don't, please! Please don't ask me, honey!"

175 She said, "Look, Bill." She said, "In Heaven there'll be no marriage or giving in marriage." She said, "And, I got two little

babies here I am leaving you with.” And she said, “I don’t mind going, but I hate to leave you.” Said, “I hate to leave Billy Paul and Sharon.” She said, “But Billy, if they’re raised up, and you in the ministry, and they’d be pulled about from pillar to post.” She said, “Find some good girl, some good girl that’s got the Holy Ghost.” Said, “Let her be in my place as a mother.”

I thought of a twenty-two year old woman, going like that. I couldn’t promise her. I said, “Honey, I ... I ... I just can’t promise that. I ... I can’t do it.”

She said, “You wouldn’t let me go unhappy?”

I said, “No.” I said, “I’ll just do the best I can.”

She said, “Bill, I... They’re coming back.” Said, “Don’t think I’m beside myself. I’m not.” She said, “But I feel them coming near. They’re coming after me.”

176 I stepped back, looked at her. I said, “Sweetheart, if you’re going, all right. I’ll take your body out here on Walnut Ridge grave yard, and I’ll make a mound, and I’ll put you in there.” And I said, “Then, if Jesus comes before I go, I’ll be somewhere on the battlefield preaching the Holy Ghost Gospel.” And I said, “If I sleep, I’ll be by your side.” And I said, “Look, honey, for my last date with you, my sweetheart,” I said, “when the great pearly white city comes rolling down from God out of heaven, and the moon and sun stand there together, black, dripping with blood...”

We don’t believe in death of Christians. You can’t prove to me the Christian dies. The blood of Jesus Christ takes away sin, it doesn’t cover it. The believer goes in the presence of God now.

177 Now I said, “Honey, if I’m asleep that day ... if I am awake, you’ll come first, for they which are dead in Christ shall rise first.” I said, “You run quickly up to the side of the City gate.” And I said, “When you see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and them coming,” I said, “you start screaming my name to the top of your voice, ‘Bill, Bill,’ as loud as you can.” And I said, “I’ll get Sharon and Billy and get them together, and I’ll meet you there at the gate before we go in.”

She took a hold of my hand, she squeezed it. I raised down, and kissed her goodbye. Them angel eyes looked up at me again as she was taken away, she said, “I’ll be waiting for you at the gate.”

178 God took her precious soul to glory. There I stood, looking down. What could I do, my sweetheart gone, the very part of my heart pulled away? I went out of there to go home, took her body down to the undertaker's establishment. She was embalmed. And I went home, trying to go to sleep; I couldn't do it.

After a while, a man knocked on my door, said, "Billy?"

I said, "Yes."

Said, "I hate to tell you this."

I said, "But, Brother Frank, I was right out there when she died."

He said, "That's not it." Said, "Your baby's dying also."

I said, "Who, Billy?"

Said, "No, Sharon."

I said, "Surely not."

Said, "Dr. Adair has just come, got her, and took her to the hospital. And she has tubercular meningitis. There's not a chance. They said she'll be dead in a little bit."

"She's perfectly healthy." I rushed, just as fast as I could. They had to hold me, sit me in a old Chevrolet truck, he and his boy. I just couldn't hold myself together, my heart was breaking.

Away to the hospital I went, went in. There sat a nurse, said, "Now, Rev. Branham, you can't go down in there. We got her in a isolated ward." Said, "You'll give Billy Paul the same thing." Said, "You can't go."

I said, "I must see my baby."

179 She said, "You can't go, Rev. Branham. It's tubercular meningitis. She's picked it up from her mother. It's in the spine and she's dying now." And said, "If you go in there," said, "it's dangerous to take it to your boy." And said, "You cannot go in." And she said, "Go in the room."

And I went to the room. When she shut the door, I went right out behind the door and went right on down to where it was. Very poor hospital. I looked there, and they had put a little rag over the

sides--little mosquitoes bars, they call it. Flies had got in her eyes.

180 Down in the basement in a isolated ward. I walked in and looked at my baby. There she laid, my sweetheart. Her little teeny baby-blue eyes looking up at me, her little leg, little fat leg laying there with her little corners on, you know. And she was.. Her little leg was moving up and down like a little spasm, her little hand like it was a waving to me. I said, "Sharon, you know daddy?"

181 And her little lips started quivering, And she was suffering so hard till one of those little blue eyes crossed over like that. Oh, my! When I think of it. . . . I can't stand to see a cross-eyed child. You know, sometimes God has to take a flower, to crush it, to bring the perfume out. Every time I see a cross-eyed child, I think of that. I never seen one yet but what God healed.

Then I noticed that little eye moving over like that. I thought, *O God!* I fell down on my face, I said, "God, please don't take her. O God, are You going to. . . ." I said, "Take me first. Let me die. I'm the one that's trespassed." But God knows just how to get into hearts. Yes, He does.

182 And I said, "I'm the one that's done wrong, Lord. Oh, don't take my baby. Take me, Lord. My wife laying yonder in the morgue, and here You're going to take my baby. Please don't do it, Lord. I . . . I've served You. I . . . I'm ashamed of myself that I listened to somebody instead of You. I'll never do it again, Lord. I want to live for You. I'll do all that You want me to do. Them people's not back-washed. They're not trash." I said, "I'll go. I don't care who's called me holy-roller or whatever. They might do it. I'll serve You if You'll just let my baby live, Lord. Please do."--begging like that.

183 And I looked down. And just as I looked down to where. . . . Here come a black sheet moving down. I knew that was it. I knew she was going. I looked over at her like that. And her little mouth begin coming open. Her eyes crossed over. And I said, "Sherry, you know daddy, honey?" And she was making a little funny noise. And I laid my hand over on her head.

Then Satan moved to me. He said, "Will you trust Him now?"

184 I laid my hand over on her, I said, "God, You gave her to me. You're taking her away from me. Blessed me the name of the Lord."

Said, "God, I can't deny You. I can't say that You are unjust. I duly deserve all this punishment. You're still just, and I still love You. I'll still serve You with all my heart. Now, to my baby, Lord. I've begged You, I have tried to get You to keep her. But, nevertheless, not my will, let Your will be done."

185 Just then I felt my human strength giving away, my body crumbling down to the floor. I held on to the side of the bed. The Angels of God come and got her little soul and packed her to her mother. They took her little body, laid it on the arm of the mother. There I looked there, and oh, my! Took her out to the graveyard, lowered her down. And Brother Smith standing there, the Methodist preacher, preached her funeral, put his arms around me, picked up the clods of dust, sprinkled them upon the casket, said, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and earth to earth." My heart went down in there, too. My sweetheart, my baby.

186 Then Billy Paul took sick. He was laying right at the point of death, eighteen months old. Last time he seen his mother, sitting, in my old baseball cap on, out in the yard, like that, and her going down in the ambulance, her [unclear words] saying, "My baby! My baby!" Little fellow sitting in the yard. I... (Excuse me.) When we was going down the street... And Billy was at my mother's house, and he was looking at her. Didn't know then that his mother was going for a ride to her death; and her trying to wave through the ambulance window at her baby there in the yard. Poor little fellow.

I looked down. They buried her. It seemed like come whispering down through those trees, seemed like I could hear her voice say:

There's a land beyond the river,
That they call the sweet forever,
We only reach that shore by faith's decree;
One by one we gain the portal,
There to dwell with the immortal,
Some day they'll ring those golden bells
for you and me.

187 Here not long ago I was taking Billy down to the grave to put a flower on it at Easter. The little fellow was packing the flower. And we come along, got close to mother's grave, just as it was breaking day. I see the little fellow take off his hat as I did, we set the flower

down on mother and baby's grave. We started to kneel down. I put my arm around him, I said, "Sonny, boy, I've tried to be mother and daddy both to you for years." I lived single. I'd pack his little bottles here in my coat to keep them warm, lay them under my pillow at night so my head would keep his milk warm. I said, "I've done all I can to raise you up to be a good boy." I said, "There lays the dust of the earth where mother and sissy come from. But, honey boy, beyond this veil, in Jerusalem, there's an empty grave. They who were dead in Christ; some day they'll come forth from that grave." The little fellow snubbing--we knelt, prayed at the grave.

188 I remember trying to go to work after that, a little later on. I thought I'd... There's no place like home. If you ever had your home broken up, there'll never be no place to take its place. I found no peace nowhere. One day even was ready to commit suicide. When I went into the room, I just couldn't stand it any longer. It just... I got up. I was on the line, and I got up on the post. And I... One morning, I was singing: "On the hill far away stood an old rugged cross." And I happened to look. And that cross arm on the post me ... swinging back in my safety. My shadow on that hillside where that post was, looked like the cross. And suddenly I thought, *Yes, it was my sins that hung Him there.*

189 And I looked over, and I said, "O God, I can't stand it anymore." I said, "Sharon Rose, honey, I'm coming to see you this morning." I took off my gloves. I was a lineman, you know Twenty-three hundred volt gloves. I pulled my rubber glove off. Here run the primary running right by me, twenty-three hundred volts; touch it, would break every bone in your body. I said, "Sharon, honey, do you hear me? Daddy's coming Home to see you this morning." Then I pulled that glove off, and I said, "God, this is a cowardly trick but... [Blank spot on tape].

And I passed by, as I always, tried to be a gentleman. I took off my hat, and I said, "How do you do, young lady?"

She said, "Hello, dad."

I said, "Dad?" Why, I said, "I am as old as you are, how could I be your dad?"

She said, "Dad, you just don't realize where you are." Said, "This is heaven." She said, "Where is my brother, Billy Paul?"

And I said, “What is this?”

She said, “Daddy, down on earth I was your little Sharon Rose.”

I said, “Sharon, and you’re a lady?”

She said, “Yes. Little babies don’t be here, dad.” Said, “We’re all of one age.” Said, “Mother’s looking for you.”

And I said, “Where’s mother?”

She said, “Up at your new home.”

And I said, “New home?” I said, “Why, I haven’t got no home, honey.” I said, “Branham’s don’t have homes. They’re vagabonds.”

She said, “But, dad, you got a home here.” She said, “Turn this way.” And I looked. It looked like a hill, a great mansion sitting everywhere, the glow of God coming up from around it. She said, “Mother’s waiting for you up there, dad.”

She said, “I’m going to wait for Billy Paul. Mother wants to see you.”

And I started running up, like that, the steps. And as I got up, as usual, there she stood. Not sick anymore; beautiful, her dark hair hanging down to her shoulders, her black snappy eyes looking at me, dressed in white. She reached out her arms, and she said, “Bill.”

I run up real quick, fell down at her feet, took hold of her hand. And I said, “Honey, I don’t understand it.”

She said, “Stand up, honey.” I stood up. She said, “Look.”

I said, “I seen Sharon. Honey, she is a beautiful girl.”

She said, “Yes, she is.” Said, “She’s waiting for Billy.”

And I said, “Hope, I . . . I can’t understand all this.”

190 She said, “I know you can’t, but you’ll wake up after awhile and then you will understand.” Said, “Bill, you’re worrying yourself to death.” Said, “Don’t worry about Sharon and I. We’re better off than you are.” Said, “Everything’s all right.” Said, “You just go on and do as you promised.”

And I said, “Well, Hope, I can’t understand all about this.”

She said, “Won’t you sit down?”

And I looked, and there was a great big Morris chair. I looked over at her. She said, “You remember, don’t you?”

And I said, “Yes.”

191 One time when I had preached. I worked all day and preach every night. And I’d come in and I wanted a place to rest. And I got an old Morris chair. I paid fifteen dollars for it. And I paid a dollar down, and a dollar every other week. And I got five or six dollars paid and I couldn’t make the payments. And one day when I come home, she told me that. . . . I had a [unclear words] there. And we just couldn’t make the payments. I just had to let it go back. It was the only piece of furniture we had in the house was worth anything. And we had it about one-third paid for.

192 And that evening when I come in. . . . She was a sweetheart. She had baked me a cherry pie; she knowed how I liked it. And she had baked me a cherry pie. And she said she had some of the little boys to dig some fishing worms. And we was going down to the river fishing and she was telling me all. . . . And I knowed there was something wrong. And after supper she said, “Now let’s go down to the river right away, Bill.” And she didn’t like fishing but she knew I did. So she said, “Let’s go to the river.”

And I said, “Honey, what’s happened today?”

She said, “Nothing.”

And I could see the tears in them big eyes. I knowed there was something wrong. I said, “Let’s go into the front room.” I thought something wrong.

I’d already sent them word to come get it. So they’d took my chair. When I went to the door, she looked over, and she put her arms around me, she said, “Bill, I tried hard, honey. I tried. It isn’t. . . .”

I said, “No, sweetheart, it isn’t your fault. But some of these days things will be different and someday God will make a way, and we’ll have a nice chair. Don’t you believe that?”

And she said, “I hope we do, Bill.”

And just then, in this dream, she pointed to a big chair. And then she looked at me, I said, “You remember that chair?”

Said, “Yes.” She said, “But, honey, they’ll never come and get this one. This one’s already paid for. They’ll never come after this.”

193 I know, my Christian friends, somewhere beyond the skies yonder, when this mortal life of mine shall fade out into tomorrow... I know that there’s rest for me beyond the river. I have a chair over there, a home, a place. I love them with all my heart. It’s truly with all my heart. And my sad mistakes that I’ve made back through life, you let them be stepping stones.

194 My time is past. Would you just do this: if you have never made your peace with God and you realize that someday... Maybe your experience wasn’t as mine. I hope it wasn’t. But remember with every mortal in here’s got to face God some day yonder. And I remember the last kiss I put on her lips. Someday I’ll meet her yonder beyond that, just as sure as I am standing here. The grace of God saved me. It keeps me day by day. And I live so your...

One woman said to me not long ago, about a year ago or two, she said, “Brother Branham, when in the world... When you’re home, the sick people pouring in, when you’re out here in the meetings, when do you ever have any rest?”

195 A few years ago, you look in the book back there, and you wouldn’t know I was the same man. When I returned home after my first great meeting, even my baby was scared of me and run from me. I lost most of my hair, had come out. My shoulders had shrunk down. Something had happened. What’s the matter? It’s by the revelation of the vision of God that moves down, and I know it’s sapping my life daily.

I looked the other day, when I was standing, using my razor. I thought, *Oh, how can it be that these few years has made such in you, boy?* But one of these days when I cross over on the other side, things will be different then.

196 I love you. I’m here at this place of Hammond, Indiana to do my very best to help you. I’m here to pray with you, I’m here to do all I can. And you see me laboring with all my soul to try to get people to believe on Jesus Christ. At that glorious day when I come up before Him there, I’d like to look back and see this whole mass of

people standing there, and say, “Lord Jesus, that’s the best that I could do.” To hear Him say, “It was well done, my good and faithful servant. Enter into the joys of the Lord.” That’s where I expect to be someday. One of these days when it draws out, I’ll be done, and I’ll have to stand before Him. Let’s bow our heads just a moment.

197 Heavenly Father, as I look back, trying here, knowing that I got a service tonight, realizing that I must hold myself together with all that I’ve got to minister to the people. As I think back down along that life’s journey there, all the sorrows, and heartaches, and hungers, and mistakes. . . . God, there may be a young man sitting here today, or a young woman, just stepping out on the crossroads of life. There may be some man or woman that’s spent the most of their days and yet never has accepted Thee.

198 How thankful I am when I walk over to the grave of my loved one laying there, knowing this, that that is like a corn of wheat that fell into the earth, that in there lays a germ of immortal life, that it too shall come just when the Son comes. When the Son of God shines His righteousness upon the earth, then will my little Sharon Rose rise, then when I embrace her in my arms, say, “Darling baby, God knows best. He knowed I had no way to take care of you. He knowed what was best. Maybe you’d have got out here in some of these roadhouses or something and been like some of the modern girls. He took you. I know where you are now, sweetheart: with mommy. And someday, daddy’ll come.”

199 O God, I pray today, as Your servant, I pray that if there’s that person here that doesn’t know You just at this time, that they will say, “This is the hour that I’m going to bypass all those troubles. I’m going to accept Christ as my Savior. I’m going to be filled with His Spirit, and I’m going to live for You.” If there is a young couple here, Lord, that doesn’t know You, I pray that this’ll be the hour of their decision. Grant it, Father.

Excuse me for being a baby, Lord, but just the memories of old times, how those sorrowful days of sweat, and tears, and toils, and heartaches, and death, and hunger. God, may Your Spirit now speak peace to some heart.

And while we have our heads bowed, if there’s anybody in the building that’d like to become a Christian just at this time, would you raise up your hand? Say, “Brother Branham, I believe that God

hears your prayer, I want you to pray for me. I want to now accept Christ.”

God bless you, you, you. Someone on down here on the lower floors again. Someone else wants to accept Christ as personal Savior, wants to be remembered in prayer, believe that God hears my prayer. Would you come forward? Would you just raise your hand, first?

200 Up in the balcony, to my left, is there a sinner up there would like to accept Christ? If you see the miracles of God, and see that God answers my prayer, would you accept Him now as your Savior, believe it? I'd just remember you in a word of prayer. Will you raise your hand, as you're all sitting up there? You may all be Christians, I don't know. God knows your heart, I love you.

To the balcony, to the back, if anyone back there would want to say, “Brother Branham, remember me, I am a sinner. Just pray for me that I'll be saved.” Would you raise your hand? God bless you, sir, I see your hand. And God bless you, sis, I see your hand.

201 Someone over to the balcony to the right, would you raise your hand, say, “Brother Branham, remember me in a word of prayer. I believe that God will hear your prayer.” If you are not a sin... are a sinner, rather, and want to accept Christ? God bless you, I see your hand, sister. Someone else? I see you, yes. And you, young lady, I see you.

Down to the bleachers here to my right, would you raise your hand and say, “Remember me!” God bless you, sir, I see your hand.

Someone now in the center, the right hand aisle here, raise your hand, as we go through. Any sinners in here raise your hand. In this aisle through here, would you raise your hand? If there is not, I'll pass over to the left aisle. That's between you and God.

Now, in the left aisle raise your hand, you that's sinners, and say, “Brother Branham, remember me in a word of prayer, if you will.” Will you raise your hand in the left aisle, here to my left?

All right. In the left bleacher, would you raise your hands? God bless you, you, you, you, you, you. Yes, many sitting along there. God bless you all.

202 Way back in the back, standing out in the room, are you sinners

today and would like to say, “Brother Branham, remember me in a word of prayer. I want to become a Christian. And truly, I believe there is a Heaven, and I have had troubles too in my life, and I want to accept Christ now as my Savior, that in me might become a germ of life, a new birth.” Would you raise your hand and say, “Remember me!” All right.

203 All those now, who would like to be remembered in prayer for this prayer, would you stand to your feet just now while we pray for you? Just as a witness. “He that will witness Me before men, I’ll witness him before My Father and the holy angels.” That’s right. Look, standing up everywhere, over in the balconies, everywhere that you can. You that wants to be remembered in closing prayer, would you just stand to your feet, and say, “Brother Branham, I now, I want to be remembered in this prayer that Jesus Christ will...” That’s wonderful.

Somebody else? Someone else? That’s right. That’s wonderful. Oh, I’m so happy to see you do that. Mother with the little baby, God bless you, sis.

204 I wonder, I wonder. You know what I’d like to do? I’d like to shake your hand. I’d just love to shake your hand and pray with you here at the altar. I wonder while the music’s singing ... or, the music’s playing, and we’re singing, lowly--Almost Persuaded, now to believe--I wonder if you’d, down there, if you’ll will slip right up here at the altar? Come right down out of the balconies, would you, right down here, and let me stand here and pray with you, right here, before you.... I can lay my hands on you. Will you do that? You here that wanting to accept Christ, now, as your Savior. I want to see.

Sisters back there, if you walk up here, I’ll happy to pray with you--if you’ll just come forward. That’s fine. God bless you, that’s wonderful. Come right down out of the balconies, out of the bleachers. And come right up here now. And we want Jesus to hear us. Oh, how marvelous!

“Almost persuaded” now to believe;
“Almost persuaded” Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
“Go, Spirit, go Thy way:
Some more convenient day, on Thee I’ll call.”

205 Look. One of these days God's going to fade the light from before your eyes. Oh, mortal beings, won't you come now? If you believe that God hears prayer, won't you come here, stand right here in His presence to make a confession that, "I now believe Jesus Christ and accept Him as my Savior?" Won't you come?

206 What a marvelous time! What a time for sinners to come! That's right. Just look at them gathering here around now, an old-fashioned altar call. Isn't it marvelous? Still people with enough breaking up in their hearts. No matter how starchy the people's got, still the Holy Spirit moves and breaks up the heart and brings them right down to the altar.

How many knows that old song: Oh, Why Not Tonight? Have you ever heard it? Not many of you? All right, organist, would you give us the chord of it, "Oh, Why Not Tonight?" Do you know it, sister? All right. All right, let's all sing now.

Oh, why not tonight?
Oh, why not tonight?
Wilt thou be saved?
Oh, then why not tonight?

Tomorrow the sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is that time, oh, then be wise,
Oh, saved, oh, tonight.

Oh, why, tell me why, not tonight?

Won't you come while the people are moving down gathering up? You're going to see the Holy Spirit fall, I believe in a few moments here, something like you.... If He'll heal the sick, surely He'll saved the lost.

.....be saved.
Then why not tonight?

207 Listen while they are coming. The organ, continue if you will, sister. Every Christian be praying. I looked down here a while ago into the audience.... I wouldn't say this unless the young man was standing here. I seen a soldier boy in a uniform. I know God was speaking to that boy's heart. If I have the right presentiment, that boy's heading across the waters in June. God's saving that soldier

boy now.

208 I see a young lady sitting in the audience. I'm not calling her name. But God's spoke to her; I know she should come. I trust that she will, that's who I'm waiting on. There is others maybe somewhere else. Won't you come? Even the young folks. This is the hour, this is the time. Now is the hour to be saved. While we call one more 'Why Not tonight,' will you rise and come? Just before we do that, let me pray.

209 Father, I believe with all my heart that this may be the final decision for some people. God, I pray that this person that You're speaking to me now about, I ask You to be kind once more. Speak to that person's heart just now and send her up here. It may be this time separating, crossing between mercy and judgment. God, if that be so, I do not know, Lord, Thou knowest. But if it is, I pray that that woman will walk swiftly to the altar right now. Grant it, Lord. Bless now all others through here that You're speaking. I commit it to You now, Father. While we sing once more, may the Holy Spirit call; while Christians are praying.

Oh, why not tonight?
Oh, why not tonight?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not tonight?

210 Jesus of Nazareth, we pray now in Thy name, speak now. "These," Thou hast said, "that will come and confess Me before men, them will I confess before My Father, and the holy angels."

211 While we all have our heads bowed, is there any in the building that would desire the baptism of the Holy Spirit now, that you would like to come and be filled with the Holy Spirit? If you'd line right up with these here, would like to receive the Holy Spirit. It might make such a difference. If you are here a sinner, a sick person, you come accept Christ; it might make such a difference. Now is the hour.

212 Marvelous! Look at those who are hungering for God. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness. They shall be filled." God, be merciful. Just look, friends. "Except a man be born of water and Spirit, He cannot see the kingdom."

Not upon the strength of my dead wife. No, sir. Upon the

strength of God's Bible. I'm saying this, friend: If you haven't the Holy Spirit, don't you try to face eternity without being born again. God have mercy on us. Marvelous.

That's right, young man. The young lady ought to've come too.

All right. Everybody together now while we sing: Have Thine Own Way, Lord. Come on, together now. All right. Give us the chord, sister.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Thou art the Potter; I am the clay.
Mold me and make me after Thy will,
While I am yielded, yielded and still.

[Brother Branham hums.] All right. Now, for all that's gathered. Personal workers, where you at now? All right, personal workers, gather right in behind this audience just now, right in behind this crowd; personal workers, ministers of the Gospel, gather right around.

213 You're going to see the glory of God fill this place. I feel it right now in my heart. God is moving. He was telling me for a long time, "Hold up just a moment. There is many," He said, "is coming now seeking for God that's going to be filled, sent away rejoicing. And tonight will be the greatest night that you're seen yet."

214 Let the personal workers gather right in along, close now, where they can be ready. All right. Now, while they're gathering, let's all bow our heads everywhere. Now, I want the sinners, those who have not yet accepted Christ, that you want to be saved, I want you to look this way to me. That's not the ones seeking for the Holy Ghost; just the sinners.

215 Jesus Christ died for you, He wants each one of you to be saved. And some day, my friend, I must meet you up yonder to stand in His presence to give an account for what I have told you. God forbid that I be found a misinterpreter of God's Word. Now Jesus said, "He that comes to Me, I will in nowise cast out." And "Whosoever heareth My Word," that's the Holy Spirit calling, "and believeth on Him that sent Me," that's God, "has everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but has passed from death unto life."

Aren't you happy you come this afternoon, friend? You were the one I was speaking about. Now look. Something spoke to your heart. Here's the boy over here. All right.

216 Now, is that the Scripture? Now, do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Do you believe the Bible story, His virgin birth? You believe that's the truth? And do you now accept Him as your Savior, that you'll will right now renounce all sin in your life, and you accept Him as your Savior, and, to the best of your knowledge, you'll live for Him the rest of your days? If you do, raise up your hand, sinner. You now accept Him.

217 Now, while you bow your heads, I'm going to say something. And what prayer that I say, you pray. This is what it takes to cleanse your life, you see, this prayer. You repeat what I say; only I'm just saying it. You pray it to God, not repeating behind me, but you pray it to God. Now, while we all have our heads bowed, let the sinner say this....