

# God Has Provided A Lamb

Topeka, Kansas  
June 20, 1964e

1 Let's read out of the book of St. Mark. I believe I would. . . . I've chosen to read a little while and talk about, in the 46th verse of the 10th chapter. Let us stand in respect to the Word while we read. The Word is God. We all know that. So, you stand to pledge allegiance--which you should do. You stand to salute the flag when it goes by. Why not the Word of God when it's being read?

*And they came to Jericho: and as they went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great multitude of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging.*

*And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.*

*And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me.*

*And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.*

*And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.*

*And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do to thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I may receive my sight.*

*. . . Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.*

Let us pray. Great Holy Spirit, quicken this word to us tonight in this little drama. And may we see this scene lived over, and by doing so take faith that God still lives, and He's the same yesterday,

today, and forever. We ask it in Jesus' name--his beloved Son, our saviour. Amen. You may be seated. Our subject tonight is "God Has a Provided Lamb."

2 And now, this morning we had such a great time as we seen Jesus enter Jericho. And we found out that there was a little fellow there by the name of Zacchaeus. He climbed up in a sycamore tree and camouflaged himself, because he didn't believe Jesus was a prophet. But his wife was a disciple of Jesus and she'd been praying for him. And when Jesus came right under the tree, He stopped, looked up, and called him by name, and said, "Come down. I'm going home with you today."

And I thought it would be a good thing tonight, while we're here, that we'd just continue with Jesus. We asked Him this morning to go with us, and we wanted to go with Him. And let's just continue with Him through Jericho.

Now tonight our scene opens at the same place--at Jericho again--and Jesus is in the house of Zacchaeus now, having his meal. And it's a cold October day, and still quite early in the morning yet, and the wind's coming down off of the mountain up around in Judea. She gets pretty cold up there early of a morning, especially in that time of year.

3 And the country at that time, even like it is over in the old country now, it's full of beggars. They get around on the street corners and beg. Down in those countries yet, the streets sets full of beggars. India, and, oh, Africa, and many places, they still have the beggars--lame, halt, blind, withered. And sometimes the people who can't make a living for themselves, they just beg. And sit there sometimes and starve.

4 In India I went down through the streets with some money that had been given me by these people, and I changed it from dollars to rupees, and trying to pass it out. Why, they had to get a militia to get me out of the street. They was stampeding me. And there was poor little women laying there starving to death. A little baby, it had done starved till the meat was cleaving to the bones, where you see the little skull put together. And hand you the baby, trying to get you to take the baby so it won't die. If you take this one, what about that one? What about this one? What about...? Oh, my!

It's... If you'd see, what we rake off in a garbage can here would feed them people almost. You just don't realize how well off this country is. When you see the rest of the world starving, and it's full of beggars...

5 And this day, as our scene opens, there was a... We find that all these beggars come down, usually, in Jericho at the north gate, which come down from Jerusalem. Jericho wasn't too rich a city. But Jerusalem, the great, self-styled, famous place of the temple--and the rich all moved to Jerusalem--and it was a great glamorous city. And the people who came from there were rather wealthy. And the merchants, and so forth, when they would come in, in the daytime...

6 These beggars had their stalls. It's a unwritten law. They knowed just where each one would lay for his begging for his bread, his alms. And they had to get there early when the merchants came in, because maybe the man only helped one beggar a day--had a coin he'd put in his pocket before he left. Of course that time Rome was ruling Palestine, and the currency was Roman denarii. And so they had a little coin. He'd pitch it to the first beggar, maybe, and that did it for the day. He couldn't afford to give to every beggar, so the one that met him first, of course, got the coin.

So they had their places outside the gates, even before the people got into the city, the tourists and so forth. And they laid out to that north gate especially, getting the tourists coming down from there. And, as we see, this morning that we're talking about--the sun beginning to rise up now about nine o'clock--there was one blind beggar that arrived kind of late.

He had had a bad night. He was blind. He had been blind since he was a little boy. And he had arrived late. He didn't... He overslept that morning, because all night long he had been dreaming that he could see again, and he'd tossed in his bed. And he could see (he thought he could see) and to wake up with this disappointment that he couldn't see, really, it was only just a dream...

And he'd made his way down to his place. And when he got there (now, this is a drama, now, to get to my point), there was no one there. There was ... something strange had happened. Yet no more than about nine-thirty or ten o'clock and there was no more beggars there. Usually every person was at their place. He didn't

know what had happened in the city, that we had at our morning breakfast this morning, and talked about. Jesus had entered from the gate and had went into the city, and many people had went in to find out what it was all about. The beggars had gone, and he didn't know this, arriving late.

So we can see him as he begins to call different names, and there was nobody there. It was kind of a lonesome affair. He wondered, well, maybe the Roman officers might have run them off of the place, or something. So he heard nobody, so he.... It was kind of chilly, and he was ragged and his clothes was pretty well worn out. And he fumbled around till he found him a rock that was out in the sun. It had probably fell off the walls when God had shook the old wall down in the days of Joshua. He sat down on this rock and was trying to think about his dream the night before. How real it would be if he really could see! But he couldn't see. He was blind. And he began to think about these things, and his mind drifted back to boyhood.

You know, I like to do that--sit and think about things that's gone by, pleasant things of victories I've seen the Lord win, and the times....

7 And Bartimaeus (as we know him by name) dreaming that night that he received his sight, he began to think about how real it would be if he really could see. He thought, "Oh, I've been blind so long I don't know whether I'd even know how to get around again." So he began to think about many years back when he was a little boy.

He used to play out there on the hill, the side that's on the bank where the Jordan comes down. And the valley is down there, which they raise grain, and he lived up on the side of the hill, we'll say. And he remembered how pretty it was in the springtime to watch the little flowers as they grewed, and how he would pick little handfuls of them, and sit down and look at the pretty blue skies.

8 You know blindness is a horrible thing. When I see a man blind my heart goes out for him. But yet, I know of a blindness that's worse--spiritual blindness. How God made man to visualize Him, and they can't do it!

9 One time.... The Cincinnati zoo--I was down there with my little daughter, and we were.... I'm a great lover of outdoors, as you know, and I seen.... They'd caught an eagle and put him in a cage, and that poor fellow.... I heard a noise, and I was holding little Sarah by the hand, and we went down to the cage.

10 And there this great big bird, bloody all over his face, feathers all beat off of him.... I thought, "What a pitiful sight!" He got down, and he walked back across the cage, he got a start and here he come, flopping his wings again, to burst his head against the side of the cage, flopping his wings up and down trying to get out of the cage, and beating the feathers off. But he was captured. He fell back on the floor and laid there and his eyes rolled around. He looked up and seen the blue skies which he was born for. He's a heavenly bird, you know. But you see, some wise achievement of man had put him in a cage.

I stood there looking at him. I thought, "I'd give anything if I could buy him. If I could buy him I'd turn him loose, say, 'Go ahead, old fellow, you like that. I do too. Be free and go on up there. You belong up there. You were born for that.'" I thought, "That's the most pitiful sight I ever seen." I picked up Sarah, held her on my arm. I said, "Honey, there's one of the worst sights your eyes will ever look at."

11 I stood there thinking, and I thought, "No, I know a worse sight than that. Look up on the hill there, them men with a can of beer in their hand, women with shorts on and a cigarette, when they were actually born to be sons and daughters of God. And there they are in a cage of sin that Satan has put them in. Pitiful! Spiritually blind, caged up! Maybe belong to some church, sing in a choir; but yet caged in sin."

12 And as Bartimeus tried to think back to the time when he was a little boy, how that along about two o'clock in the evening his pretty little Jewish mother would call him. "Bartimeus." He'd almost hear her voice again as it echoed around the hills. And he'd come running up, and she'd get out on the front porch, and get the old rocking chair and get him up in her arms. And he remembered how he'd look at her pretty eyes, and what a pretty mother he had, and how she used to rock him to sleep for his ... taking his evening rest.

13 And how she did that, she would tell him stories--stories of their people, and of the great mighty prophets of God that had been among them--and how that he loved that. He loved to hear it. It's too bad that mothers sit their kids down to a television program of some scandal of Hollywood, instead of doing the same thing--telling them Bible stories. But she was a genuine Hebrew mother, and she would tell the little fellow stories.

14 She'd say ... tell him about God sending the great mighty Moses when they were slaves down in Egypt. God had promised Father Abraham that He would deliver them, and He appeared to a great prophet that God had raised up among them, called Moses. And He come in a form of a pillar of fire and sent Moses down in Egypt, and with great mighty signs and wonders He had brought them out. And how that in the wilderness with no bread or nothing to eat, yet they were walking in the line of obedience, and God rained bread down out of the skies.

15 And I can hear little Bartimaeus say, "Mother, just a moment. God must have all of his angels working up there, and He's got great big ovens all up through the skies? And the angels work overtime getting the bread ready, and push it out on the...?"

"No, honey. You're too young to understand. You see, Jehovah don't have to do that. Jehovah don't have to have ovens. He's the creator. He just speaks it, and it's so."

16 Then what are we going to say about Jesus when we see Him take the same thing? There must be something godly about Him. He must be some relation to Jehovah. Somebody today trying to make Him just a prophet, or an ordinary man, or a philosopher, a good teacher--He was nothing less than God, manifested in flesh.

There, as she would speak to him, and tell him about how that, coming across the great wilderness which was just beyond the Jordan then, how that in the springtime when... The month of April when the snow was melting up in Judea and all the mountain waters coming down, and all Jordan was just filled with water--the great backwaters and the river bottoms--it looked like Jehovah was a poor guide to bring his people up to that time that the rivers was flooded at their worst. How would they ever be able to build a bridge across

it? And little Joshua, or not Joshua but little Bartimaeus, might say, “Mama, how did He do it?”

17 Said, “Honey, remember, Jehovah is still the creator. He just spoke, and the...” God likes to get things in a ... when it’s in a muddle, and show Himself God. Right in spring, when... Summertime you could probably cross the Jordan pretty easy there. There’s a ford from the city. We know that by the spies going over and coming to the... But God let the whole valleys get filled up with water, and then He come and pulled his great power down from heaven and made a dry road across it. There stood the rocks just below, where Joshua had had them to pile up as a memorial to Jehovah, how that their people was cared for.

18 And another one he liked real well was about the Shunammite woman. He remembered that. And his mother used to tell him the story of the Shunammite, and of the great prophet Elisha in his day, and how that this woman was kind to this prophet. Yet she wasn’t exactly an Israelite; she was a Shunammite. So, she believed that Elisha was a prophet, a great prophet of the Lord. So when ... one day she said to her husband, “Let’s build him a little room on the side of our house and show him kindness, because he’s a great man.” And how that one day when Elisha and Gehazi his servant came up, and they seen all this kindness, he said to Gehazi, “Go in and ask what can we do. Can I speak to the king, or the chief captain?”

She said, “No, I just dwell among my people. It’s all right.”

But Gehazi said, “She’s barren. She’s old, her husband’s old, and they have no children,” and said...

19 And Elisha must have saw a vision. He said, “Go tell her, ‘Thus saith the Lord, she’s going to have a little boy.’” And in nine months the little boy come along. [blank spot]

He was with his father out in the field in harvest, and he must have had a sunstroke. He kept crying, “My head! My head!” And the father sent him into the house, and the mother held him on her

lap and rocked him, and perhaps give him all the remedies there was to give him. And the little boy got worse, until finally about noon he died.

And how that that little mother wasn't going to be defeated. When the father come in, and the neighbors all come in, and they were wailing and screaming, the little fellow dead. . . . But she still had faith in this prophet--a Hebrew prophet, her a Gentile. She said, "Saddle me a mule and don't stop, but let me go to that cave where this prophet lives up at Mt. Carmel."

And her husband said, "It's neither new moon or Sabbath, and he won't be there."

She said, "All will be well." Said, "Go on."

20 And when Elisha saw her coming, he and Gehazi came out of the cave and looked, standing out there, and here she come. He said, "Here comes the Shunammite and she's troubled, but God has kept it a secret to my heart." You know, God don't tell his prophets everything--just what He wants them to know. So he looked, and he said, "She's. . . ." He said, "Go meet her, and say, 'Is all well with thee? Is all well with thy husband? Is all well with the child?'" "

21 And this is the part I like, too. When Gehazi met her and said, "Is all well with thee? Is all well with thy husband? Is all well with the child?", she said, "All is well." A baby laying dead, a husband screaming, tears dropping down her heart; but "All is well." She had come before the man that could tell her, and bless her, and she had the baby. Surely God would reveal why He took him. Lord gave, the Lord taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. She wanted to know why.

And then, how that she come up and fell down at Elisha's feet, and Gehazi jerked her up (that wasn't becoming around his master), and she revealed what was wrong. And Elisha went down and raised up the little boy by laying his body upon the little fellow.



22 I want you to notice the mother's faith too. She laid the baby upon the bed that Elisha had been laying on. I want you to ... I want to clear up Paul's idea here, to my way of thinking. You know, Paul put handkerchiefs upon the sick and the afflicted, and aprons. I don't believe Paul was unscriptural. I think here's where he got it. You remember what the first thing Elisha said to the ... to Gehazi? "Take my staff and go lay it upon the baby." He knowed everything he touched was blessed. And so, you remember, Paul didn't pray over the handkerchiefs. They just took off of his body. That was the people's faith.

So you see, he said, "Take my staff, and if anybody salutes you, don't salute back. Lay it on the baby."

23 But the woman's faith wasn't in the staff; it was in the prophet. And she said, "I'll not leave you till ... sure as your soul lives, I'm not going to leave you. So Elisha, to get rid of her, had to go with her." So he went in and laid his body upon the little dead baby, and it sneezed seven times and come to life.

My, what a great story that was to this little Bartimaeus when he was a little boy. How he used to like that little story because it was the resurrection of a little boy. That was one of his favorites.

But that was in the days gone by, the priest tells him now. Alas! That was days when Israel had great mighty men. Great mighty prophets walked the land. But the priest said, "You know Jehovah don't need prophets anymore." Not only priests say that, but they did then. "Jehovah don't need prophets anymore. He gave us the law, and we built a church, a temple, and that's all we need." And it's just about the same way they believe it today. But still Jehovah remains Jehovah, and He cannot change his way. He's God and changes not. Now they believed that that's all they needed.

And so, while he was sitting there in this daydream, as it was, thinking about it, his blinded eyes turned up towards the warm sun, all at once he hears the clicking of a little mule's feet coming down the rocky road, coming down from Jerusalem, cobblestones, coming in. And he listened close, and there was somebody with sandaled

feet running in front of the little mule. And he knewed that must be a rich man, because his travel was by mule, and he also had a servant to lead the mule.

So he rises, knowing that he had to get some money in order to live. So he rises and puts his robe around him, his little ragged robe, and runs out towards the street, and said, "I would like an alm. I was late this morning. Would you please give me an alm? I'm blind!"

And we hear a real rough voice coming. "Out of the way, beggar! I am the servant of Jehovah. I'm a priest. I'm coming down from Jerusalem, sent by the Association to stop that healing meeting that's going to be down here this morning in Jericho. I've got to meet the brethren down here and see that that thing doesn't go on, get the people... There's a false prophet in the land, see. We hear he's in Jericho this morning, and I'm on my road. Out of my way, priest, and... All right, servant, on your way." And the little mule trotted off again.

24 Then the beggar feels his way back till he finds a rock to sit down, and continued his dreaming. And when ... he began to think. "Out there at that little road where I was standing, not too long ago the great mighty prophet, Elijah, and Elisha come arm-in-arm, walking down that same road; arm-in-arm, going down to the Jordan, and Jordan was going to open again. On the other side, for this tired, old prophet Elijah, there was a chariot of fire, and horses of fire hitched to some limb over there to take him home. And he was to see, this young (Elijah) Elisha, was to look back and see the ministry before him--what was set before him. He had to keep his eyes on this prophet.

And I'd imagine Bartimaeus said, "If I could have only lived in that day and been sitting here, I'd have run out to those prophets, fell upon my face and said, 'O prophet of God, pray for me, and Jehovah will give me back my sight.' But the priest says that there's no such a thing no more. We don't have that. Jehovah doesn't heal by his power no more. We have doctors and things that does that, and we don't need that no more. So Jehovah doesn't heal. That was in the day gone by. We just keep the law, and get sick, and die and go to heaven, and that's all. It's all we need."

Then, as he began to think, then he remembered not five hundred yards from where he was sitting, after Israel had crossed, and camped, and all . . . setting in order all the tents all in places, waiting for orders to march up to Jericho--and probably the very rock he was sitting on was one that Jehovah had blasted off of the walls.

25 He said, "Just think of it. Not too long ago the mighty warrior Joshua--great, mighty servant of God--crossed the river in the springtime, set up the tents right in front of the enemy. One day, while studying his strategy for the attack upon Jericho, one evening while walking out, or one morning looking the gates all over, and how great it was (they could run chariot races on top of it, horses several abreast, around the gate). . . .

"While Joshua was looking, he looked standing over against the wall, and there stood a man with his sword drawn. Joshua drew his sword and went to meet him. Joshua screamed out, said, 'Are you with us? Are you one of our enemies?'

26 "He said, 'Nay. I'm the captain of the host of the Lord!' The mighty Joshua threw his sword on the ground, and took off his helmet, and fell at his feet." Blind Bartimaeus thinking, "That wasn't five hundred yards from where I'm sitting right now, where the mighty host of the Lord, the captain of the host, and Joshua bowed at his feet. Oh, if I'd only been there in them tents, blind then. I'd have asked the mighty captain of the Lord's host if He'd give me my sight, and He would have done it."

27 Little did he know that that same captain was less than a hundred yards from him. That's what we make our failures tonight. We try to place all the glory in Christ way back in another age. The Bible said He's the same yesterday, today, and forever. He's just as much here in this building tonight as He ever walked in Galilee or Jerusalem.

28 That great captain was coming out of Zacchaeus' home, and the people were waiting for Him on the outside. And in a few minutes he hears a noise, and the noise has a mixed voice. One is

saying, “Hosanna to the prophet that comes in the name of the Lord! Blessed is the prophet of Galilee, the servant of Jehovah!”

Others said, “Away with such a person! We’ll have none of this around this city here.” And as they come forth . . . and some of them throwed overripe fruit at Him as He moved through the gate.

And he’d never heard anything like that, so he said, “What’s going on? What’s all this noise about? What’s happening around here?” And people pressing. . . .

After awhile he heard the voice of that same priest that went down to get the Association not to have the meeting. He heard him say, “They tell me that you raise the dead. Now, we’ve got a whole graveyard full of them up here on the hill. Let’s see you come up and raise some before us.”

29 But you know, He was headed for Jerusalem--going up to be crucified. All the sins of the world was upon Him, and He was going to Jerusalem to be offered up as a sacrifice. And they mocked and made fun of Him; and some of them blessing Him and some of them cursing Him--just like there is in practically every meeting where He’s at. Some’s for Him; some’s against Him.

But it never seemed to bother Him. He had his face set towards finishing his course. And on He walked steadily as He went on, looking towards Jerusalem. And twelve little men had Him garrisoned there, trying to hold the crowds back, and some trying to touch Him, and some screaming and making fun of Him, and so forth. And the crowd kind of run over the old blind man, as we have as our character tonight. And they had pushed him down.

30 And let’s think that there was some nice young lady came by, perhaps, maybe, might have been a sister to Rebekah in our story this morning. Or it was a believer in Christ. And she seen them pushing the old man along and seen that he was . . . they was unkind to him. But being that she was a believer in Jesus, it made her kind. It always does. It makes you considerate to the old, and to those who are needy. And the old fellow had been pushed down, and she stooped to pick him up. He might have said to her something like this. “Young lady, I can tell by your voice you’re a young lady.”

“Yes, I am. Would you stand up, old man? I believe they might have hurt you.”

He said, “What’s all of the racket about? What’s all the confusion out here? What’s it all about?”

“Why,” she said, “have you not understood that Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of David, is in the city? That’s Him going by, the prophet of Galilee. Do you mean you don’t know?”

“No, I have never heard of him.”

31 Well, let me tell you what happened this morning in the city. You know Zacchaeus, the restaurant man?”

“Yes,”

“He’s always been kind of a critic. His wife was a believer. And this morning Zacchaeus . . . up in a tree to watch Jesus come by. And we all know that He’s the prophet. And when He came by, He stopped, and looked up and called Zacchaeus by his name. Never was in Jericho before.”

32 The old beggar lightened up. He said, “Then that’s the fulfilling of Deuteronomy 18:15, ‘The Lord our God shall raise up a prophet liken unto Moses.’ That must be Him. If He is, where is He at now?” He was just about a hundred yards down the road—done passed him by, he thought. So he began to cry out, “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me! Have mercy upon me! O Son of David, while you’re passing by, have mercy.”

Now, physically He could have never heard his voice because of all of the commotion—some praising Him, and some blessing Him, and some cursing Him, and the commotion. He could have never have heard him. But He was the Word, and when a soul is crying out. . . . Like that woman with the blood issue that touched his garment. . . .

33 The Bible said He stood still. It stopped Him. Think of it! Just think of it! That the call of that one blind, insignificant, old beggar. . . . And with the sins of the world, and the burden upon Him going to Jerusalem to become a sin offering—yet the call of one human soul made Him stop and stand still. He’s the same yesterday,

today, and forever. One call tonight will bring Him on the scene, just the same as it did then.

34 How He remains the same! I remember one night coming from Dallas, Texas. It's been several years ago. I was grounded at Memphis, and they'd put me up there in that famous hotel (the airlines did), Peabody Hotel. And they told me they'd call me the next morning in time to catch the limousine to go back to the plane. And I'd slept good through the night, got up the next morning. Had written some letters, was going down to the post office to mail them. I went out and started down the street, and all of a sudden I felt something, said, "Stop, and go back." Well, you know how people gets impressions, and I thought, well, that was probably what it was. Went a little further and it kept saying again, "Stop, and go back."

Well, I got up to the corner. There was a big Irish cop out there on the corner. I didn't. . . . I was looking at fishing reels and things in the window, and I might have stood a little too long, and he might get suspicious that I was trying to get one of those reels. So I just turned around and started walking back. And as I walked back, faster, faster, and I passed right on by the hotel and went down towards the river, way down. I don't know, I guess I could find the place tonight.

35 And I thought, "Here it's getting late, but something. . . ." Do you believe being led of God? And as I went on down along it was getting late, and I knowed I had to hurry. But something just kept saying, "Go on. Go on." And as I got almost too late to go back and catch my plane, I thought, "Well, I must follow this leading."

36 And I happened to be singing this little song (I'd just met up with you Pentecostal people) about "They were gathered in the upper room and all praying in his name, and baptized in the Holy Ghost, and power for service came." You ever hear that song? And "I'm glad I can say I'm one of them?" I was trying to repeat that over, singing, "Come, my brother, seek this blessing that will cleanse your heart from sin."

37 And as I went along down the street I looked, and there was an old, typical Aunt Jemima leaning out over her little fence of a little colored house there--a little whitewashed cabin-like--leaning out over the fence. She had a man's shirt tied around her head. And I just quit singing and started walking on. I didn't know where I was

going. He just said, “Just keep walking.” And so when I got pretty close to her I seen she was kind of smiling. And I looked over at her, and I turned my head and walked on. She said, “Good morning, Parson.” Now in the south “parson” means minister.

And I said, “Good morning, Auntie.” I looked back and I thought, “How did she know I was a parson? And I didn’t have a Bible or nothing. I turned back. I said, “How did you know I was a parson?”

She said, “I knowed you was coming.”

And I said, “Kind of strange to me.”

And she said, “Did you ever read in the Bible about the Shunammite woman?”

I said, “Oh, yes, ma’am.”

She said, “You know, she was barren. She couldn’t have children.”

I said, “Yes, ma’am. I remember the story.”

Said, “And she promised the Lord that she was going to raise that baby to the Lord, of course.” And said, “You know I was that kind of a woman.” She said, “I couldn’t have no children, husband and I.” And said, “I promised the Lord if He’d give me a baby that I would raise it for Him.” And said, “He gave me a baby.” And said, “I raised that boy the best I could to serve the Lord,” she said. “But you know,” she said, “he got in the wrong company, and he got a disease in his body.”

38 And said, “The doctor-man has done give him all the shots that he can give him, and has done went in. Said his blood’s poor, plus social disease, syphilis.” And so, said, “Part of his blood drops back through his heart. His heart’s got holes in it.” And said, “He’s laying in there unconscious.” Said, “The doctor-man was here two days ago and said he’ll never wake up no more. He’s gone.” And said, “I just can’t stand to see my baby die like that.” And said, “I prayed all night, ‘Lord, if You’re going to take him--You give him to me--but I want to hear him say he’s saved, so I know I’ll meet him

again.” And said, “I prayed, and I prayed the prayer like . . . about . . . I mentioned the Shunammite woman.”

39 And said, “I went to sleep and I dreamed a dream,” she said. “And I said to the Lord, said, ‘You give me the baby.’ Said I was like the Shunammite woman, but where is your prophet?” And said, “He said, ‘Look coming here.’ And I seen a man with a little hat sitting on the side of his head, wearing that gray suit, coming down the street.” And said, “That was about four o’clock this morning.” She said, “I’ve been standing here ever since.”

He’s still God. He answers on both ends. I said, “My name is Branham. I pray for the sick. Did you ever hear of my ministry?”

She said, “No, sir, Parson Branham. I never did hear of you.” And she said, “Won’t you come in?” And when I went to open the gate--it had a little old fence there--and the gate had a plough point hanging on it, like back in Arkansas. It was just across the river from it, anyhow. So you know what that was. So I pulled back the gate and went in.

40 And when I went in that home. . . . I’ve been in king’s palaces, three or four different kings--King of England, King Gustav of Sweden, many places--going in and praying with them. I’ve been in some of the finest homes, I guess, in Hollywood. But I never was any more welcome than I was in that one. Just a plain, little, old two rooms, little kitchen on the back, little bedroom here, and a little old poster bed. There was no pinups on the wall, but there was a sign there that said, “God bless our home.”

I looked laying there, and a great big Negro boy, looked to be about eighteen years old--great, strong, healthy-looking boy. And he had the blanket in his hand, and he was going, “mmm, mmm.” And I said, “What’s the matter with him?”

She says, “He thinks he’s out on a dark sea, lost.” And says, “He keeps saying he’s lost out on the sea and he can’t find his way, and he thinks he’s oaring a boat.” Said, “He’s been doing that for two or three days.” And said, “I just can’t let him die like that.” Said, “Will you pray for him?”

I said, “Yes, ma’am.” I got to talking about healing. She wasn’t interested in that. She only wanted to hear him say he was



saved. That's all she was interested in--that he was saved. And I said....

She walked over, and took him by the head and pulled him back, kissed him on the cheek. And she said, "God bless Mama's baby."

41 Me, standing here looking at that, I thought, "Yep. Yep, that's it. No matter how much disgrace he's brought to the family, how far away he is, no matter what trouble he's in--he's still Mama's baby." I thought, "The Bible said, 'A mother can forget her suckling babe, but I can't forget you.' How much love there is. 'Your names are engraved on the palms of my hands.'"

She kissed him. We knelt down. I stood at the foot of the bed. I put my hands upon his feet. They were hot, sticky. And I said, "Auntie, will you pray first?" My friends, I knowed she'd talked to Him before. Oh, what a prayer she made to God!

Then she said, "Will you pray?"

And I said, "Yes, ma'am." I said, "Heavenly Father, I'm at least an hour late for the plane. You told me to come down here, and just keep coming. I don't know whether this is where you wanted me or not, but this is where I've stopped. If you sent me to pray for this boy...."

And about that time there's a "Ah, Mama."

She said, "What does Mama's baby want?"

Said, "It's getting light in the room." About five minutes, and he was sitting up on the bed.

I rushed out, went on down, and I thought, "Well, I can just only get a cab, that's all, and wait over a day, or whenever I can get another plane."

42 Just as I was going into the gate, two hours and something late, I heard him say, "Last call for flight number 67 to Louisville, Kentucky." What ... what the sovereignty of God! See, the prayer in faith of that poor, little, insignificant Negro woman grounded that plane, and held it there. He's the same God that can stop and turn

around to a blind beggar at the walls of Jericho. He's the same God yesterday, today, and forever. It's faith that does it. He wants you to believe it.

43 By the way, about two years later I was going through there on a train going ... coming back to Phoenix. And you know they charge you so much for them sandwiches, I usually try to get off at a station, get me some hamburgers--a sackful of them to do me till I get off, because they charge you seventy-five cents for a little old sandwich that's sliced so thin it's only got one side to it. And I ... it's awful. And I jumped off at Memphis. And if anybody's ever at Memphis, you know how the train pulls up on the turn table here. I jumped off and run down there to the hamburger stand. I heard somebody say, "Hello there, Parson Branham."

I looked around. Here's this little red-cap standing over there, head up. I said, "Hello, sonny," started back.

He said, "You don't know me, do you?"

I said, "No, don't believe I do."

Said, "You know, one day you come to my house." And said, "My mama had been standing out, and you patted her on the back, wet."

And I said, "You're not that boy!"

Said, "Yes, I is." He said, "Yeah, I's that boy." He said, "I'm not only healed, but," said, "I's got saved since then, too."

So that was it. Oh, amazing grace! The same God that a blind beggar could stop Him, an insignificant little Negro woman could ground the plane. Her prayers, and faith in God--she was believing it.

Jesus stood still. That blind beggar's faith stopped Him right in his track. I'd like to have a few nights to preach that subject, "And Then Jesus Stood Still." But there He stood. Said, "Bring him here." Amen!

44 I was reading a story about blind Bartimaeus, here some time ago when I was taking Bible history. It was probably a legend, but it said that he always believed in healing. No matter what the priest

said, he still believed in it. Said he was a married man--had a wife and a little girl that he'd never seen. She was about that age then, about sixteen years old. He'd never seen her. It said what he did for a... You know, you have to have something a little different from the other fellow when you're begging, or you can't attract the attention of the people.

45 In India today they let one of these little mongoose kill a cobra, and something or other that they can do to attract attention. I seen a monkey take a stick and just beat them all over the street--something or other to get the attention, then they give them money. And they said Bartimaeus had two little turtle doves that would make ... do tumbles like little ... over each other. And that entertained the people, the tourists, and they'd give him money.

And it said one night his wife got real sick, and they'd had the doctor. And the doctor said, "Bartimaeus, there's nothing I can do. She's ... I can't break that fever."

And said he felt his way around the wall, and got outside of the house. Said, "Jehovah, I love you. I believe you. And I have nothing I can offer you. I got two little turtle doves here that I make my living by, but if you'll just let my dear wife stay with me to help raise my child.... And I'm blind and I can't see. If you'll just let my wife get well, so she can help me around, I promise you tomorrow I'll make a great sacrifice. I'll take my little turtle doves up and offer them for my offering." Well, they say his wife got all right. He took the turtle doves and offered them.

46 Some time after that his little girl got sick. She also was at the point of death. So he went out to pray again. He said, "Jehovah, I don't have nothing left, but I've got my lamb." And in them days a lamb led the blind, like the seeing-eye dog does now. They were trained to lead the blind. He had a lamb that led him to his post where he begged. He said, "The only thing I've got left, Jehovah, is this lamb." And said, "If you'll just let my little girl live.... Yet I've never seen her, but she's such a comfort when I stroke her hair with my hands." Said, "She loves me, and I love her." And said, "Jehovah, if you'll let her live, I'll give you my lamb for a sacrifice."

And his girl got all right. And here he was going down to the temple with the lamb. And the priest come out, and stand upon the

balcony, and said, “Blind Bartimaeus, where goest thou this morning?”

He said, “I’m going to the temple to offer this lamb for a sacrifice.”

“Oh,” he said, “blind Bartimaeus, thou cannot do that.” Said, “I’ll give you some money, and you go to the stalls, and you buy a lamb and offer it.”

He said, “I never promised God a lamb; I promised God this lamb.” He said, “But blind Bartimaeus, thou cannot give that lamb, for that lamb is your eyes.”

He said, “If I’ll obey my promise to Jehovah, He will provide a lamb for my eyes.”

47 He had. This cold October morning, the Lamb had been provided for blind Bartimaeus’ eyes. Said, “Bring him here,” laid his hands upon his eyes, and that provided Lamb of God opened his eyes. Friends, you know there could be a lot more said to this story--about Him going on to the crucifixion--but we’ll pick that up some time later. Do you know that same Lamb is provided tonight for your eyes, too? That same Lamb is here tonight. God provided. He has no other, never will have another. That’s God’s provided lamb. Do you believe that?

I looked at my watch. I’m already about. . . . Twenty minutes until ten, and I was going to try to stop at nine o’clock, get out at nine-thirty, at regular time. But let’s bow our heads just a moment. I want every eye closed now, and your heads bowed. Be real reverent for a moment.

48 “O Jesus, Thou son of David,” cried the beggar, “have mercy on me.” And he would not keep still. He must, he must attract his attention. And don’t you believe tonight that our same cry will bring Him on the scene again? It did then. Why wouldn’t it do it again?

Now, as you bow your heads and your heart, I want you to cry out to Him. “Jesus [Don’t call Him Son of David, because He’s not Son of David to you; He’s Lord], Jesus, Lord, have mercy on me! Open my blinded eyes. I have heard this minister that’s with us, tonight, say that You promised to manifest yourself to the seed of

Abraham in the last days the way You did to Abraham, and his seed of that day. You promised it, that You are the Word. And the last few nights I've been noticing strange things.

49 "He said in St. John, I know, 14:12, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he also.' And the woman touched his garment and He knew what her trouble was. And because that she exercised that much faith. . . . Why, to believe that He was. . . . His faith in what she had done, He pronounced her well. Said, 'Thy faith has saved thee.' And a blind man at the gate of Jericho, the same thing. A man in a tree, this morning, his sins was forgiven him.

"Open my blinded eyes, Lamb, that I might recognize that I'm in his presence, that He's here. He said, 'Wherever two or three are gathered in my name, I'm in their midst.' Open my blinded eyes. Be merciful to me, O Lamb of God."

50 And while you pray that, just if there's any doubt in your mind, there's been any doubt anywhere along . . . . We're just now on the eve of a great healing service. If there's been any doubt about it, won't you ask Him to roll away all the scales from your eyes that you might understand clearly? These few nights that I've been trying with all my heart to get you to see something: that He's giving his last sign to the church before He turns to the Jews. The Gentile bride is to be called.

[Someone speaks in tongues and interprets.] Amen. Now if I understand right, while you're praying the Holy Spirit's speaking, and then giving the interpretation--God giving you an invitation. How many in here would like for God's provided Lamb to open your eyes so you can see Him here now, present? Would you raise your hand, say, "God, open my blinded eyes. Let me have my veil took off of my heart, Lord, that I might understand."

51 And now, how will He be known? How will we know Him? By his nature, what He does--his works. He said, "I am the vine; ye are the branches." Now, the branch bears the fruit; not the vine. The vine energizes the branch. And if a branch ever brings forth, or vine brings forth a branch that has grapes on it, the next vine comes out,

or branch out of that vine, will have grapes on it. If the first church that come off of that vine was a Pentecostal church with all the gifts, if that ever really puts out another branch they'll write another book of Acts behind it.

52 And that's what they had in the days of the apostles, and the apostolic age never ended. Peter said on the day of Pentecost, "Repent, every one of you, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins . . . you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you and to your children, and to them that's far off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." And as long as God's still calling, the apostolic age still goes on, for the promise--the promise like it was then--is to you and to your children, them that's far off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

Lord, open our eyes and let us see that provided Lamb. You promised that you would reveal yourself in the last days like You did at Sodom, when the Son of man was being revealed. We pray, God, that You'll grant it now. We are your subjects, Lord. We are your vines.

We're not worthy. We're not worthy to ask for anything. But if we'd think about that, then we would be so little, we would be so no-good. But, Lord, when I look up there and see there's a Lamb provided for me, there's a Lamb provided. Then God doesn't see me, He sees my Lamb. And I know there's nothing wrong with that Lamb. It's already received.

Now, Lord, let the Word of God manifest itself in our midst tonight, that the faith of this Bartimaeus that's in here, every one of them. . . . And the woman with the blood issues, and whatever it was, and the Simon Peters and the different ones that's in here that's needy, the Zacchaeuses in the tree--manifest yourself, Lord, through human flesh. Let your Word become alive among us tonight, that we'll know and see that Thou art God.

And may every blinded eye be opened to the understanding, Lord, that when this great healing service shall start, may every one

of them be healed. All these little children, and people on crutches, and whatever's wrong with them, with the white canes--may they be able to walk out of here like blind Bartimaeus did. He received his sight. Grant it, Father. We ask it in Jesus Christ's name. Amen. Now, we have prayed; and solemnly now, quietly, believe.

53 Now what I ... this little drama, what it is--it's either the truth or it isn't the truth. And Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Now, how would you know Him? What if some man walked out here now with a robe on, and beard and hair like the artist paints Him, nail scars in his hands, and blood running out of his face? That wouldn't be Jesus. No. He sits at the right hand of the Majesty. When He comes, every knee will bow, and every tongue shall confess.

54 But how would you know Him? Just any hypocrite could paint themselves up like that, and act like that. Sure. But how will you know Him? He's.... When you see his nature, his Word being manifested, doing just exactly what it's always done--then you know that's Him. Is that right? "The works that I do...."

55 Now see, you just let yourself believe Him now. Come. Don't let your mind go dormant, as people says. Don't do that. You don't come to God haphazardly. You come to Him intelligently with his word. You bring the Word before you, and say, "Lord, You made the promise. I've asked you to open my eyes. Let my faith stop the Lord Jesus tonight. May He turn to me, and tell me like He ... the woman at ... did many years ago." And you believe with all your heart.

Now, as far as I can see in the audience, there's not a person that I see that I know. You're all strangers. And sometimes you think it's just these people up here in front get it. No, no. Way ... I don't care where you are. You just believe. I don't care. Anywhere in the building, He knows who you are and where you are.

56 Now see, if He's the same yesterday, today, and forever, if ... your faith can stop Him like Bartimaeus' did. You don't have to be a beggar. You don't have to scream out like he did. But ... the scream

didn't stop Him. He didn't hear that. It's the faith that stopped Him. "Thy faith. . . ." He didn't say, "Thy scream has saved thee." "Thy faith has saved thee," see. "Thy faith has saved thee."

All right. The Lord be blessed. I wonder if that minister sitting there, the elder brother that's been preaching for sixty-five years, would do me a favor? Will you do it, sir? Lay your hand on that woman sitting next to you, and the heart trouble will leave her. All right. That's it. You believe it, sister? All right. That's all. What did she touch? I've never seen her, but it happened. "If thou canst believe. . . ."

57 Do you believe now? Does that identify Him? Is your eyes open? Then look at Him. He's wonderful--the mighty conqueror. There's nothing, no creed, no denomination, no scientist, or nothing can stop Him. He's God. Amen! I challenge any person in here to believe it, that He's present now. How many ever seen that picture of the angel of the Lord on the paper, that they got in Washington? He's standing right here at this platform right now. Like. . . . I know it's here. I know it. I'm not a fanatic. Oh, no, far from that. I'm telling you the scriptural truth. You believe it and see what happens.

Here. Here it is again. This little colored lady sitting out there on the end, looking around. Really, she's wanting a favor from God. She's a minister, and she's praying for God to help her in her ministry. Is that right, lady? Raise up your hand if that's right. I never seen her. She's just as much stranger to me as that little colored woman was down in Tennessee that time.

There's a man, colored man, sitting there looking at you, kind of overjoyed by it. Do you believe me to be God's servant, sir? You do? That woman touched you, just like they did . . . say, "Be of good cheer." Not me calling you, but He's calling you. If you believe that with all your heart, that sugar diabetes will leave you. Do you believe it? Amen. All right. Then you can have it. Amen! Praise the Lord! That's it. What did he touch? He never touched me; he touched Him.

Here. Here sits a young white boy, sitting here looking at me, a deep desire in his heart. I never knew you, but you're seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Right, you. Do you believe it? You will receive it. You believe it, young man? All right. You can receive it, if you'll believe it.



58 Here's a little woman, way back here. She's suffering. It's her left arm. She's had it broke. It's got a knot on it, the left arm. In her right arm she's got neuritis and rheumatism. She's going to miss it. Mrs. Counsell, you believe with all your heart? You believe that God makes . . . you're healed? Jesus Christ makes you well? I never seen the woman, or heard of her, in my life. Jehovah knows that to be true. Amen.

59 Here's a little colored lady sitting here. She's suffering with complications, many things. One thing, you got trouble with your eyes--not because you're wearing glasses, but your eyes are going bad anyhow. You have arthritis. If that's right, wave your hand. You have pains in your chest. Is that right? Wave your hand. You have a stomach trouble. If that's right, wave your hand. You believe that He'll make you well? You believe God can tell me who you are? Edna Jarrell. You believe it with all your heart? Believe it, and you can have your healing. Amen.

Do you believe He's the same yesterday, today, and forever? What about this woman sitting here on the end, the second row here, looking right at me. She's got trouble with her feet. You believe that God'll heal your feet? If you do, raise up your hand. I never seen her.

What about the lady sitting next to her? Do you. . . . Look this way, sister. Do you believe me to be God's servant, with all your heart? You have neuritis that you're bothered with. If that's right, wave your hand. Now you can be healed. Lady sitting next to her, do you believe it with all your heart? You're suffering too. You believe God can tell me what's your trouble? Kidney trouble. If that's right, wave your hand.

Lady sitting next to her, do you believe? You suffer with a nervous trouble, and with your eyes. If that's right, wave your hand. Lady sitting next to her, do you believe, sister? You're shadowed. You got stomach trouble. It's cancer in the stomach. Do you believe God heals you? Amen!

Do you believe? Can your eyes come open and believe that He's the Son of God? Then if you do, stand on your feet and accept Him, and believe it with all your heart, that He's the same yesterday,

today, and forever. “O Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.”

“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?”

What’s happened? Your faith, just like that blind beggar, has called Him on the scene. Amen! Do you believe it? Oh, there’s no need for a healing line. How many believes you’re healed anyhow? Raise your hands. Praise Him! Amen! You are healed!

60 Jesus Christ is in our midst--the same one that walked through Jericho, that knowed Zacchaeus by name, and knowed Bartimaeus. The same Lord Jesus in the form of the Holy Spirit is here tonight, doing the same things He done, infallibly proving that He’s the same yesterday, today, and forever. Don’t let creeds and theologies and cold spells choke you out. You’re in the presence of Jesus Christ, who’s made manifest among you. Amen! I believe it with all my heart! Accept your healing. Say, “Praise the Lord I accept it.”

Let’s sing the praises to Him then. “I love Him, I love Him [Do you love Him?], because He first loved me.” Do you love Him?

I love Him.....

Worship Him now in his presence. You know He’s got to be here.

..... love Him,  
Because He first loved me,  
And purchased my salvation,

That’s healing, too. That’s part of your salvation. Where did He do it? On Calvary’s....

..... Calvary’s tree.  
(With all of our hearts)

I love Him, I love Him, (Really  
mean it. Worship Him.)  
Because He first loved me,

And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

Oh, don't you love Him? Shake hands with somebody, saying, "Praise the Lord." You love one another, you love Him. Just turn around, shake hands with somebody, saying, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! We're glad to be here, brother. Glad that we're in the presence of the Lord Jesus." Amen! Amen! Wonderful! Oh, Paul said, "If I sing, I sing in the Spirit." Let's worship in the Spirit again. Let's sing in the Spirit.

I love Him, I love Him,  
(Hallelujah!)  
Because He first loved me,  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

Oh, don't you love Him? Isn't He wonderful? Sing.

Wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,  
Counselor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;  
Oh, saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,  
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise his name!

Oh, wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me.  
He's a counselor, the Prince of Peace  
the Mighty God is He.  
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,  
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name!

What could happen right now in the presence of God like this?

I once was lost, now I'm found, free from  
condemnation,  
Jesus gives liberty and a full salvation;  
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,  
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise his name!

Oh, let's sing it like we mean it!

Wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,  
Counselor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;  
Oh, saving me, keeping me from all sin and

shame,  
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name!

61 Oh, don't it just do something to you? Scours you out on the inside. Fellowship, oh, what a feeling! I wouldn't trade this for all the money that you could pile, all the everything else. Throw it away, but give me Jesus. Oh, my! Yes, sir! Fellowship! Oh, how sweet it is to walk in this pilgrim way, leaning on the everlasting arms, know that here He is. Oh, love at the first sight, something within us that calls out. Oh, something like a . . . the lid took off of an artesian well, just spurting out the water. And the more it spurts out, the cooler and fresher it gets. Amen! Oh, He's wonderful, isn't He? I love Him, don't you? Oh, my!

Don't you love one another? Now all you Methodists shake hands with the Pentecostals, and you Baptists, and just be real friendly. If you can't do that, you don't love Him. That's right. Because they love Him, you love Him. He took you with your peculiar ways, He did the other one, so let's just agree now. Oh, isn't He wonderful? We believe it with all of our hearts. Oh, let's sing it again, this wonderful old hymn of the church. "I love Him, I love Him."

62 I just can't get enough of saying that, because He first loved me. He loved me--a poor, deliberately blinded, sin-loving, wretched drunkard's son in the gutters--and He stooped down by his grace. I had nothing to do with it. He chose me. How can it be? How can a cocklebur be changed to a wheat? It takes the power of God. Amen! I love Him. Oh, I feel kind of religious right now, myself. I feel good. I know He's here. It's Him, He promised it, He's here in our midst. How I love Him! He's wonderful!

63 It makes you feel good to know that we don't have to guess about it. Here He is identifying Himself right in the Word like He always has, making it Him; not some creed, not some mythical something, but the living God himself. How did He make Himself known? Not down in Sodom, but to Abraham--and now to Abraham's seed after him. Shows where Abraham's seed is. Amen! Oh, my! I feel really good right now.

I love Him (Oh, what a shower  
of blessing!), I love Him,  
Because He first.....

Just think. Before you loved Him, He loved you. Lord Jesus, grant the healing of these people, Father, that they may be healed, each and every one of them. In the name of Jesus Christ I pray, Lord, for your glory. Amen.

.....Calvary's tree.

64 Oh, let's bow our heads now sweetly, quietly. You know we're just children, anyhow. We're God's children. Did you ever see how free a child was around his parent? His parent's watching him. Let's hum it (hums "I love Him"). Just see Him standing here, great pillar of fire. He said, "I come from God; I go to God." He was the Logos that was with Moses in the wilderness, the pillar of fire. He died on Calvary, raised again.

65 And when Saul was on his road down to Damascus that same pillar of fire struck him down. He said, "Who are you, Lord?"

He said, "I'm Jesus." He came from God; He went to God, identified with us by scientific proof, by the proof of the church, by everything. (Hums "I love Him.") Bringing forth the same thing, declaring his Word--He's the interpreter (hums "I love Him"). Wouldn't it be a wonderful time for Him to come right now, look around and see everybody being changed, going away? He will some time.

Now, with our heads bowed, real slowly.... Remember services in the morning. If you're a stranger here and you don't have a church, these fine pastors ... they believe this same gospel, or they wouldn't have had me here. You're welcome to go to their church. Have a good service tomorrow, a good night's rest tonight, and then come back tomorrow afternoon for the healing service. God bless you.