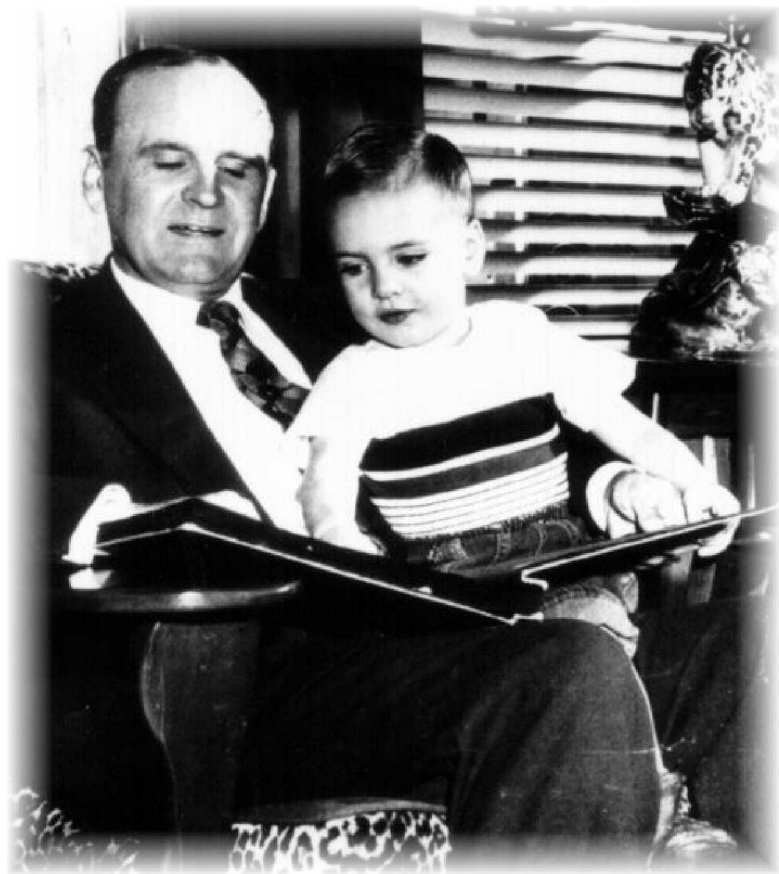


A Book of Short Stories for Children



Selected from the
Message of Brother Branham

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“I tell you, the thoughts of a good Christian mother, is a treasure to a human heart that’s never forgotten. God, give us more mothers that’ll take their children, and instead of trying to teach them tap-dancing, and something to ruin and wreck their life, will read the stories of the Bible to them and tell them of the God of heaven and peace. God knows that we need that above all things now for motherhood.”

B r o t h e r B r a n h a m

COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Brother Branham reading to his son Joseph.

INTRODUCTION

With the maturing of my two daughters I have noticed their increasing desire to read the Message Books and to listen to the tapes. This they do eagerly but often end up either falling asleep or giving up halfway through.

I have observed the disappointment they feel in their inability to complete a message and felt inspired to produce this book and tape so that they might have something a little easier to identify with.

My hope is that they, along with the other children who might enjoy this series of stories, will become accustomed to listening to the prophet's messages, while following on in a book, until they can digest the whole, wonderful Story.

The stories are all by Brother William Branham, as told during the preaching of different Messages and are printed herein unabridged.

The corresponding cassette/CD is a compilation of the relevant recordings.

Angelique Eastes did the beautiful illustrations which I trust will help hold the attention of the little ones. Mark Bailey did a lot to get the book printed and Paul Goncalves arranged and produced the audio content. Lawrence Penkler helped with financial support.

For all the work that went into setting and printing the book, as well as for supporting and funding the effort, I need to thank Harold Beckett and Hannes Conradie. To all of these dear brethren - thank you very much and may God bless you richly.

I trust a blessing will follow for each little one who reads and listens to the precious stories fo God's Love to us.

Craig Stott, 2001

BLIND BARTIMAEUS

THEN JESUS CAME AND CALLED - TAMPA.FL 1964

Blind Bartimaeus, one more character we'd speak of just for a minute. I'd like to give you his life story, how that he was--how he made his living by little doves tumbling. And so, in them days they had a lamb that would lead a blind man, just like they have today a dog that leads the blind.

And so one day, the story told that--about blind Bartimaeus, that (Jesus, before He'd come on the scene and...)--that he had a little girl that was sick. And he told--went out and cried, and prayed to the Lord, and said, "Lord, if You'll--if You just give me this life of my little girl... I--I've never been able to see her, but if You'll just let her live, I promise You tomorrow that I'll give You my two turtle doves." That's what he had to entertain the people. So many beggars, he had to have something unusual. So two little turtle doves that tumble over one another... So he said... Well, he--he offered--give the offering, because the child got well.

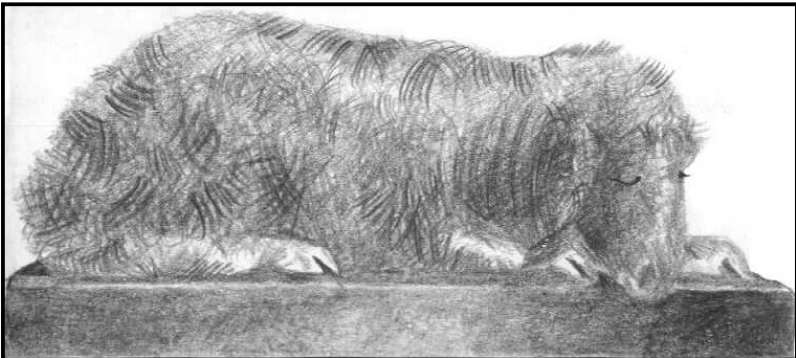
A few nights after that the wife got sick. And he made his way around the side of the house, and said, "Lord, I haven't got nothing else but my little lamb that leads me." He said, "If You let her get well," said, "I'll--I'll--I'll give You this lamb." And so the next day his wife got well.

So here he was, going down. Said... The priest said, "Where goest thou, blind Bartimaeus?"

He said, "I'm going down to offer this lamb." Said, "My wife... Jehovah healed my wife." And said, "I'm going down to offer this lamb."

Said, "You can't offer that lamb, Bartimaeus." Said, "That lamb is your eyes."

He said, "But if Bartimaeus will obey his promise to God, God will provide a lamb for Bartimaeus's eyes."



And one day he heard a racket coming through the city, some of them hollering, "Say, you prophet of Galilee, they tell me that you raise the dead." That was the priest. "We got a graveyard full of them up here. Come up and raise some of them. They tell me you raise the dead. Let's see you go raise one of them. Some good men laying up there; let's see you raise them."

Others said, "If thou be a prophet, tell me what I done yesterday."

Some of them said, "Glory to God in the highest. Make way for the King of Israel." All kinds of fusses, and hundreds of them...

Now, if you'll go--ever go to Jericho and mark where he was setting, he was almost two hundred yards from where they went out the gate. Now, no doubt people crowded over him, and the poor old fellow setting there in the wind with--shivering, the rags around him, and no lamb to lead him, and no, and no doves. And he has probably no fuel in for the winter. And it might've been around October and it was cold. And there he set in that condition. And he...

Some kind lady must've said to him, when he said, "Who... what's all the noise about?" You know, there's something strange, where Jesus is, there's always a lot of noise. See? That's right. He said, "What's all the noise about? Well," he said...

This kind lady (she must've been a follower of Jesus), she said, "You know, it--it's Jesus of Nazareth."

"Well, who's Jesus of Nazareth?"

"Well, you know, the Scripture says that the Lord God's going to raise up a prophet."

"Oh, yes. You mean the Son of David. Is He on earth?"

"Why, I have seen Him do just exactly... He is the Word. That's exactly."

He cried, "Oh, Jesus, have... Oh, Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" Now, he knowed He's done got apast. He knowed his physical cry could not be heard. But he knowed if He was the Word, and He was that Messiah, He'd have to be a prophet, 'cause Messiah was a prophet. And he knowed that He could... His faith in God... No doubt but what he screamed out, "Jehovah, have mercy on me! Have mercy! Now, let me be able to stop Him!" And he cried, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" Probably, all the screams, He couldn't hear it, but his faith stopped Him. Jesus said so.

And Jesus stood still. I want to preach on that, maybe one Sunday, "And Then Jesus Stood Still." And He stood still. He looked around, and He said, "Your faith has made you whole." At the darkest hour, then Jesus come along.

PACKING YOUR LOAD UP THE HILL

CHURCH AND ITS CONDITION - JEFF. IN 1956

Here sometime ago, over in Africa, I was talking to a--to an old saint. He said, "Brother Branham, I know you believe in the supernatural."

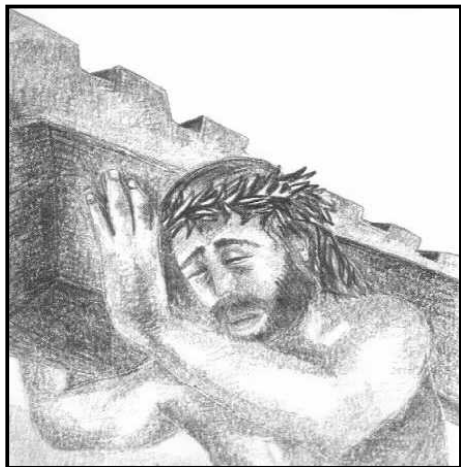
I said, "Certainly, my brother."

He said, "Years ago I used to think I was somebody." Said, "I thought I was really a Christian." And he said, "Then up in our church... I had to climb a hill, where I stopped my little car." And said, "I had to climb a hill about, oh, three or four hundred yards, and get around of bushes and things, getting up." And said, "We'd have prayer meeting up there." And said, "I thought I was really a Christian." He said, "I knowed all the Bible. I studied all the Hebrew. I studied all the right pronunciations of the word." And said, "Anybody walked up to me, I could [Brother Branham snaps his finger--Ed.] talk to them like that about the Bible. I knowed what I was talking about." He said, "One night I was going up to church. There'd been a lot of conflict in our church." Said, "There was little parties against one another. You know how they raise up."

Said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "On my road up the hill, I was walking, and all at once I become conscious that somebody was following me." And he said, "I thought I'd wait just a little bit for ever who it was to catch up, and I'd talk to them a little while as we went up the road." You know, that's kind of a good thing; you just wait a little while. And said, "As I walked up the hill," said, "I come up. A Man come up the hill," and said, "He had a bundle on His back that was way bigger than the Man." And said, "He was just a panting, and a blowing, and making just little short steps, trying to get up. And I said, 'Fellow, can I help You pack this load up the hill?' He said, 'No, I got to pack it.'"

Said, "I looked at His hand," said, "I knew then it was a vision. He had scars in His hand." Said, "I fell down, and I said, 'Lord, are You packing the sins of the world in that sack?' He said, 'No, I'm just packing yours, just getting you up the hill, just so you can get up.'"



That's the way it is. If we'd just look around, we'd find out He's packing ours. Doesn't it make you feel little?

A MOTHER'S LOVE

HE CARETH FOR YOU - PHOENIX.AZ 1960

Reminds me of a story of something happened in a city near by. Some years ago a mother had sent her girl away to college. Her name was Mary. And other had washed over a washboard, and so forth, to--to pay her way through college. And one day she went to visit home. And she'd got mixed-up out there with a mixed class of people. And she got in fellowship with an unbelieving girl that was very worldly and ungodly. And it's bad when you go to s--segregating with such as that. Separate yourselves from the things of the world. Come out. Don't be better, try to act like you're better; but don't mar your garments with the sin, "Don't be partakers of other man's sins." If you want to speak a word of encouragement to people, all right, but don't have to wallow with the pig. You stay away from it. That's right.

And she'd got down into the gutter with this girl. And then when she come home, the train stopped in front. And the girl, setting at the window, looked out. And there was an old woman out there, that was all scarred all over her face, and her neck drawn way in, her little hands bony like that, looking with all that was in her heart, watching for someone to get off the train.

And this girl was with Mary; she said, "Mary, look at that old haggy-looking woman." Said, "Isn't she awful looking?" And that was Mary's mother.

And Mary, because of the feeling of her friend, she said, "Yes, she is, very."

And when they got off of the train, Mary caught in that stage, her mother run up and said, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad to see you."

And Mary turned her back to her mother. And she said, "I don't know you," and started to walk away.

And there happened to be a conductor standing there, and he jumped on this box, and he said, "Wait a minute." And he attracted the attention of all around. He said, "You child of misery, how could you turn your back on your own mother because of that little flip that's with you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Mary?"

Said, "I happen to know the case. Listen here, young woman," to the other girl that had made the remark about it. Said, "That's her mother. And Mary will never see the day that she was half as pretty as her mother. I knew her when she was young." And said, "She was happily married. And she had this little baby, Mary. And she was upstairs, and she had the windows open so that the--the breeze would...And the little cradle up there."



And said, "She went downstairs and was doing her washing, hanging them up in the backyard. And fire caught in the house. And before she knew it, the house was all aflame, the neighbors running. And when Mary's mother come around, said, 'My baby! My baby, it's upstairs!' And the firemen said, 'The house is out of control. There's no way to get to it now.' But what did she do? She grabbed her little apron off of her, that was wet with wash water, and wrapped it around her face, and run through those blazes. And the policemen trying to stop her. She run up the stairs real quick. Why? Her loving baby was laying there. And she grabbed the baby, and she thought, "The wet garment protected me. But now if I take the baby back through, it'll cut it to pieces, those flames.' So she wrapped the baby in her own wet garment, held it in her bosom, and run through the blazes. And they tore the meat from her face."

Said, "That's the reason she's ugly. She's ugly, that you might be pretty. And you mean you'd turn your back on your mother that made such a sacrifice?" In shame she bowed her head.

I think that's the way we ought to be. This Gospel, this Comforter that we have, this Holy Spirit that the world calls fanaticism, that the people want to say they're holy-rollers, are you ashamed? Are you ashamed of the sacrifice that Jesus made yonder on the cross, that we might have this comfort? Would you swap It for the comfort of the world, a popularity of some neighbor? God forbid. May we cast our cares on Him, for He cares for us. May we love Him and cherish Him with all that's in us.

THE CONVERSION OF A CRUEL HUNTER

CHURCHANDITS CONDITION - JEFF.IN 1956

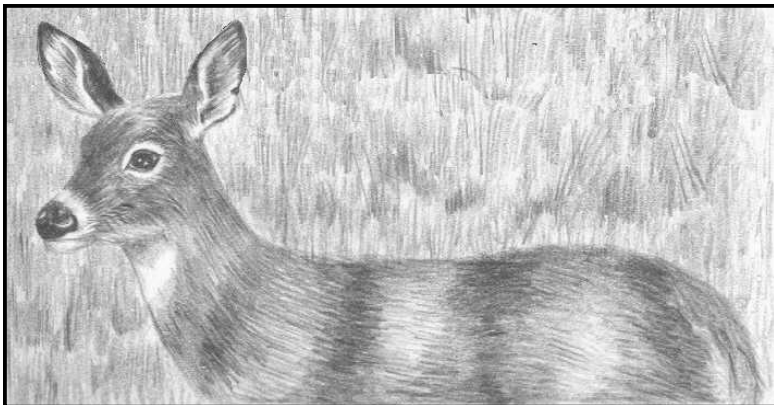
Here sometime ago I was hunting. As you know, I love to hunt. And there was a wicked guy in that country. [Blank.spot.on.tape--Ed.] He was a wicked fellow. And he used to make fun of me because I wouldn't shoot does and fawns. I said, "It's brutal." I said, "Why don't you be a real clean hunter and shoot the old bucks and things that's old and ready to die. God gave them to us; let them young mothers and things..."

He said, "Ah, you're chicken-hearted, preacher," kept telling me like that.

I said, "Now, look, if I was hungry and I wanted one of those fawns, I believe God would let me have it. But just to shoot it just to act smart," well, he'd fill a wagon up. And he went and made him a call, some kind of a whistle, and he could blow that whistle and sound just exactly like a little fawn calling. One day we was in the bushes together. I shamed him; I said, "I'd be ashamed of myself." Killed eight or ten fawns one time, if he could, does and everything, just to act smart, maybe cut the hind quarters off and leave the rest of it lay there. I said, "You oughtn't..."

"Ah," said, "you preachers are too chicken-hearted."

One day he stood back in the bushes; and he took ahold of this whistle and he screamed; it sounded like a little fawn crying. Just as he did that, a beautiful doe stuck her head out, come stomping out. You could see her big brown eyes looking. She was startled. She was looking around. The hunter raised down, pulled up his rifle to shoot the doe. And the doe seen the hunter. But, you know what, that scream of that fawn, she didn't notice that gun. She was looking for that baby; it was in trouble. You know, that display of real motherhood and mother love that she'd faced that gun in the face, for death, looking at that in the muzzle of that gun...



You know what, that display was so great, it got next to him; he threw down his gun. He run back and grabbed me around the arm; he said, "Billy, pray for me; I had enough of this." When he seen that display of mother heroism... Oh, when the world sees the display of the love of God, and the gallant in our human heart, what a difference it'll be. When we let the Dove of God come to our heart in gentleness, make us meek...

There in that brush arbor back there, me standing there praying for that old boy, I led him to the Lord Jesus. From then on he was a good clean hunter.

THE STORY OF DANIEL CURRY

CHURCHANDITS CONDITION - JEFF.IN 1956

Here sometime ago, in, oh, about a hundred years ago, there was a great Christian lived in the southwest United States. His name was Daniel Curry, a wonderful man, a godly man, a sainted man, a real Christian, a man that everybody thought so much of, such a wonderful person. And the story goes that he died or went into a trance, and he said as he went up to heaven, of course, when he died. And when he got to the pearly gate, the caretaker come to the door, said, "Who are you?" He said, "I'm the evangelist, Daniel Curry. I've won thousands of souls to Christ. And I'm... I want to come in this morning. My life's journey is ended on earth; I have no place to go now."

That's the way it's coming to you some morning, sinner. That's the way it's coming to you, backslider. That's the way it's coming to you that's grieved the Holy Spirit away from them, not be gentle and tender anymore. You haven't cried for years. You haven't blushed for I don't know when, and all modesty's gone from you. Sure. But it's going to come to your door one of these morning. And as the gentle Holy Spirit comes and knocks, why don't you just let Him in?

So when Daniel Curry come there to--to--to the gate, they went in, said, "We'll see if you got your name here." They looked all around; they couldn't find any name. Said, "No, there's no Daniel Curry here."

"Oh," he said, "surely." Said, "I'm an evangelist." He said, "I've won souls to Christ." Said, "I've tried to do the thing that's right."

The caretaker said, "Sir, I'm sorry to tell you, but there's no Daniel Curry here." Said, "I'll tell you what you might do." Said, "We have no rights here to take your case." He said, "But do you want to appeal your case? You can appeal it to the white throne judgment, if you want to." But said, "We have no mercy here for you at all, because we don't have you here. There's no mercy for you." Said, "Do you want to appeal your case?"

He said, "Sir, what more can I do but appeal my case?"

He said, "Well then, you can go at the white throne judgment and appeal your case there."

Daniel Curry said that he felt himself going through the space for about a hour. Said he come into a place, it got lighter, lighter, lighter, lighter. Said, farther he went, the lighter it got. It was a hundred times, thousands of times brighter than the sun ever shines. And said he was trembling, trembling. And said, when he got into that Light, he heard a Voice say, "Was you perfect on earth?" just come out of a--a Light.

He said, "No, I wasn't perfect," got trembling.

Said, "Did you always play honest with everybody?"

Said, "No." (Said, "A few things come to my mind that I wasn't just exactly honest about.") Said, "No, I--I--I guess I wasn't honest."

Said, "Did you tell the truth in every case in your life?"

Said, "No. I remembered some things I've told that wasn't shady--that was shady. I--I--I--I never was truthful just exactly."

Said, "Then did you ever take anything that did not belong to you, anything, money, anything else that didn't belong to you?"

Said he thought on earth that he was pretty good, but he was condemned. Said, "No. No, I've took things that didn't belong to me."

He said, "Then you wasn't perfect."

He said, "No, I wasn't perfect."

Said he was looking any minute for the blast to come from that great Light from where the Dove rested, "Condemned." Said, just then he heard a Voice behind him, that was sweeter than any mother's voice he'd ever heard. Said he turned to look. And the sweetest face he'd ever saw, sweeter than any mother's face, was standing before him. And said He said, "Father, Daniel Curry stood for Me down on earth. It's true; he wasn't perfect, but he stood for Me. He stood for Me on earth; now I'm going to stand for him in Heaven. Take all of his sin and put them over on My account."

Who's going to stand for you that day, brother, if you grieve Him away from you today?

A PROUD SLAVE - THE SON OF A KING

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL - JEFF.IN 1956

The little story, I don't know, I've told it so many times. I might have told it to the tabernacle but it comes right into my heart as this time.

Here some time ago down into the southlands, they used to buy slaves. And they would buy them, and have the brokers to go buy just like they do a used car lot today, selling people, the colored race, for slaves.

And when they did, people would go by the old plantations and they'd see a bunch of slaves, if they look like good workers, he would offer a certain price, buy these slaves, and take them, and sell them for good workers somewhere else and make a profit on the exchange.

Now, one day a broker came by, and he saw a bunch of slaves working on a certain plantation, a hundred or more slaves. And they were sad, because they were away from home. Many times they'd whip them because they wouldn't work. They thought they'd never go home again, babies they'd never see, papa and mama they'd never see, their relation they'd never see. And they were very downcast as it's so easily to become, especially when you're oppressed.

That's what the devil likes to work on you and oppress you. You know, that's a trick of the devil to oppress. But when the Christian knows his legal rights (Amen.), when you can quote God's Word, "I'll never leave thee nor forsake thee," that takes all the oppression away. And the clouds begin to clear back. But if you just know that God has promised and God's faithful, He can keep His promise or He'd never promised it.

And then this broker come by, and he noticed one of those slaves. Oh, my. He wasn't like the rest of them. You didn't have to whip him. He was right up with his chest stuck out and his chin up. And he was just willing to work or do anything, just real snappy, brilliant fellow.

And the broker said, "I'd like to buy that one."

He said, "He's..." The owner said, "He's not for sale."

He said, "Why, what is he?" Said, "Is he a boss over the rest of them?"

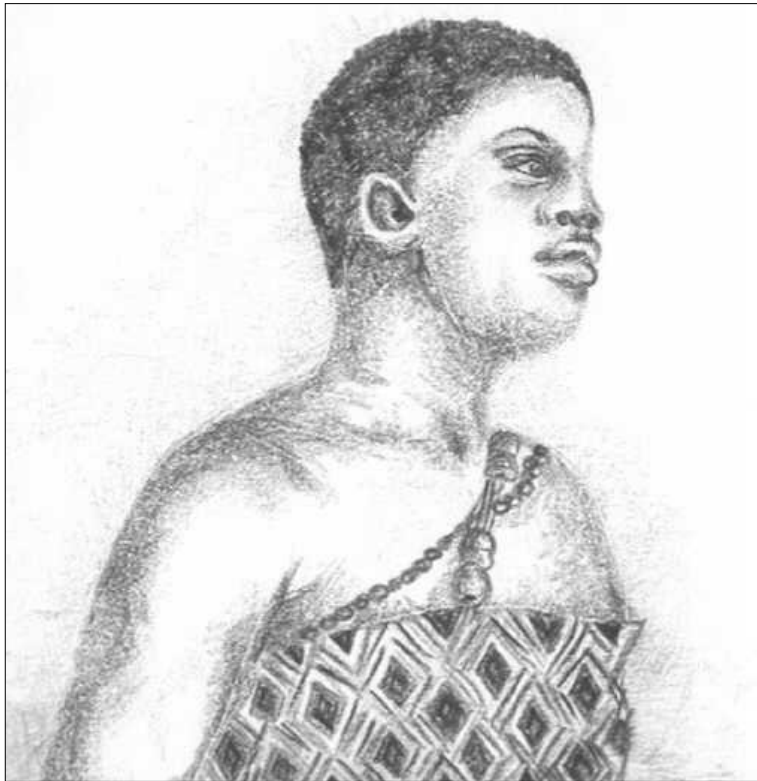
Said, "No, he's just a slave."

Well, said, "Maybe, you feed him a little better than you do the rest of them."

Said, "No, he eats out there in the galley with all the rest of them."

Well, said, "What makes him so much up and at it?"

Said, "I've always wondered myself, till I found out something." Said, "You know what I found out? That his father is the king of the tribe." And though he's an alien, yet he knows he's the son of the king. Amen.



Brother, though we be alienated in this world where sin and chaos is, yet stick out your chest and throw up your eyes. Yes, you're sons and daughters of a King. What kind of a person ought... He did that to keep up the moral of the rest of them. And that's what we got to do who's borned again of the Holy Spirit, keep up a good courage. What kind of a people we should--we should be knowing that our heavenly Father is the King. Only one thing the slave never knew, he'd ever go back home again. But there's one blessed thing, we know we're going home someday. Amen.

Jesus said, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself. And where I am there you may be also; and don't let your hearts be troubled. Don't think about anything else, but keep your mind on these things."

MAMA, I WANT TO SEE GOD"

GOD IN HIS WORD - OAKLAND.CA 1957

Some time ago there was an old fisherman down on the river where I live. And the little boy used to go fishing with him. This little boy was a Christian boy, and he went to Sunday school. So one day he asked his mama; he said, "Mama, is there any way that we could ever see God?"



"Why," she said, "honey, I don't know. Ask your Sunday school teacher." So he went and asked the Sunday school teacher, and she said, "I don't know. Ask the pastor."

And the pastor said, "No, you can never see God. No man can see God." It discouraged the little boy.

So one day, upon the river near the Six Mile Island, he was up with the old fisherman. There come up a storm, and as the old fisherman was coming back down the river with the white, gray beard hanging over his bosom, the little boy setting in the stern of the boat... And the rhythm of the oars on the water, as he pulled the boat, there's was a rainbow came out. And oh, this old fisherman started looking to that rainbow as he pulled his oars. And the little fellow noticed that tears were running down his cheeks. And he said...Excitedly he run up to

the... towards the stern of the boat and he said, "Sir, I'm going to ask you a question that my mama, Sunday school teacher, or pastor could not answer me." He said, "If God is so great, why can't we see Him?" Said, "Can any man see God, sir?"

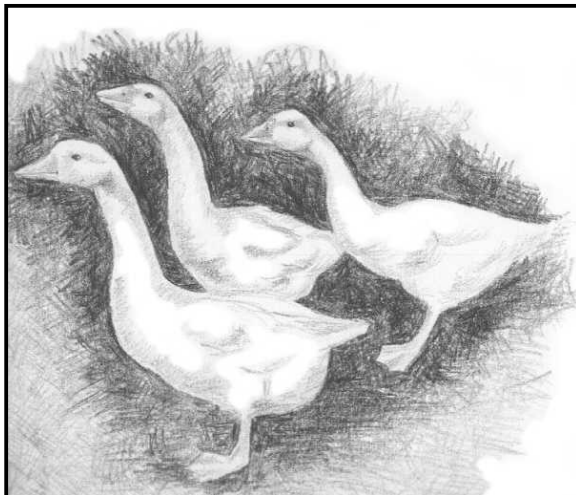
It got the old fisherman; he pulled the oars in his lap and took the little boy in his arms. He said, "God bless your little heart, honey. All I've seen for the past forty years has been God."

You see, you have to have God in here to see God out there. If you haven't got Him in here, you'll never see Him out there, but you've got to have Him.

How I love to watch Him in the sunrises and the sunsets. I like to watch Him in His universe. Let's see if He deals and dwells in His universe. How does this world stand here and can be timed for a hundred years when the moon and sun will pass each other? What controls that?

I want to ask you something. I watch wild nature, wild animals. I go way up in the northland on a hunting trip, and while I'm up there, I begin to notice the little ducks that go into the northland, and make their nest, up there in the slime, and lay their eggs, and the little ducklings are born. They're raised on that little pond.

Them great big ducks by the time fall of the year comes, and the first time there comes a snow across that mountain, and they freezes, that cold breeze comes down into that pond there's a certain little duck on that pond. He never left there in his life. He was born there. All he knows is that pond, but he will run right out on that pond, stick that little honker up in the air, make three or four honks, and every duck on the pond will come right to him. And he will raise off of that pond, and go just as straight to Louisiana, as he can go without a compass.



Brother, if God isn't in His universe... Surely we ought to have as good intelligence as a duck, but you see duck knows his leader, but man doesn't. God gave a duck an instinct to get away from there, and get away from the freeze, and the duck listens to his leader. But God gave man a Leader, the Holy Spirit, and we turn Him down. No wonder we're in trouble all the time.

FOLLOWING FOOTPRINTS

WHAT DOES THOU HERE - JEFF.IN 1959

Oh, I just love that. I love His Name. You know what caused me to think that, that have that little lady to sing it, she's a little school chum to my little girl, Rebekah. I was back the other morning doing something in the room, and I heard that singing, and I thought, "Well, I'll just have her to sing that at church sometime."

On the road down, I'd taken the children to school, and I spoke to her about the singing. And she said, "I just raised up some..." I might not say it in the same words. But she said, "I raised up the other night, or--and was in the bed, and was thinking of that song. And I got such a blessing."

Well, I thought that's outstanding for a teenage girl, talk about the Holy Spirit blessing them, especially in this community in this city. We need more teenage girls like that. We do. And this other little girl that just sang too, here a few minutes ago, I don't know her name, but enjoying those little children, little teenage girls singing.

You know, the walk that we make makes an example for others. It really is.

An old story of some years ago in England... There was a man; he thought he would go out and have a little friendly drink at Christmas time just for fellowship. And he went out among his neighbors, and he was exchanging presents. And everybody would say to him, "Now, John, just take a drink of this." And a little sip here, and a little sip there, and he got really intoxicated. And on his road home, there'd come a snow of about six inches. And--and his little boy was following him. He couldn't pack him; he was too drunk. And he was on his road home, and he happened to turn around and noticed his little boy just almost wallowing in the snow. And he said, "Son, why are you wallowing in the snow?"

He said, "Daddy, I'm trying to follow your footsteps."

And he picked the little lad up in his arms and said, "God, from this day on, I'll

never take another drink."

Somebody's going to follow your footsteps. Let's walk that straight line from the cradle to Calvary. That's the footsteps let's have them to walk in.

Now, I know tonight is Communion night, and I'll just have a short time to speak to you in the Word. I--I love to talk about Him, because He's so real to me.

I was reading a little article some time ago, thinking back to the girls again, it happened out in the west. There was a... One howling stormy night, and the winds high, and there was a--some peoples had a prayer meeting. And the one that led the prayer meeting was a very attractive little lady. Not thinking about the dangers she would be in, but she lived kindly cater-cornered across the little city.

And usually on the streets there was lots of people at the time of night, when the prayer meeting closed, their songs had been to the Lord, and their hearts were happy. And I guess altogether they felt about like Brother Beeler did awhile ago when he was testifying: Just so happy they couldn't contain the joy, and just having to leave it roll out some way.

After the last "Amen" had been said, they all made their way to their homes. And the little young lady picked up her coat, and pulled the collar up, and latched over the front of it, and started down the street. And she come to find out that the cold night had run everybody into their own fireplace. And she found herself alone on the streets. And it seems to be like a danger begin to haunt her. You know, I'm so glad that the Holy Spirit can warn us of things that's coming, escape those dangers.

And she had never thought of being afraid, and she just got to singing that old song, "No, Never Alone." And as she went on across the city, seemed like no one was going to bother her, but all of a sudden there arose that great fear again. And she happened to look standing close, and there stood a real hideous looking man looking right at her, holding his arms out like this, coming towards her.

There's no way to get away. And it's a true story. So she could not run; he'd catch her. There was only one thing to do. She couldn't scream; the winds was blowing so hard, almost lifting her body from the street. She'd never make anyone hear, and the snow just a blinding. And there was only one thing to do; that was pray. So she begin to, under her voice, whispering a prayer to God.

And she said she never knew where it come from here, but all of a sudden by the side of the door stood a great big dog, and he had his bristles up.



And he walked out to her side, and come on the side which the man would be on, and begin growling viciously as he passed on by the man. And as soon as the man went on down the street, the dog turned, and went back, and laid down in the door.

God will care for His own. God, sometimes He works through even a dog or an animal, or some other way to show His glory and His protection. I'm so happy that I know Him in the forgiveness of my sins, and with the assurance that my sins are under the Blood as I confess them daily to Him.

CHOOSING A WIFE

REVELATION CHAPFOUR PT 1 - JEFF.IN 1960

Reminds me of a little story. I just must say it 'fore we go on. Out west here sometime ago, many years, there was this great Armour and Swift Packing Company. How they do, they come out there and buy cattle and buy ranches. And they're worth a lot of money, and buy up all the small ranches, and have millions of acres of ranch like that, run these big, fine Hereford cattle in sections...?... Own their own railroads and things that brings them cattle from one pasture to another. And Armour and Swift had a big ranch, and one day they had a foreman there, the--the superintendent, it was, of the ranch, he had about four or five daughters. And they found out that one of the big Armour brothers was--or not brothers, but sons, were going to visit the ranch. And he was a--a young, single man. And all these girls was sure was going to vamp this boy as soon as he--he come. And so they all was getting ready and making everything ready to come.

When he got there, they was going to meet him. They put on an old frontier day, with their little dresses on, with their fringe on it, and 44's on each hip, and them hats on the back of their head, you know. And they was going to be regular westerners, and each one of the girls was going to get... One of them was going to get this boy.

And they had a--a little cousin there that her mother was dead and her father was dead. She was a cousin, and she almost was the slave to all that was there. And all the dirty work, she had to do it, washing the dishes and everything. And she had no clothes; she had to take hand-me-downs.

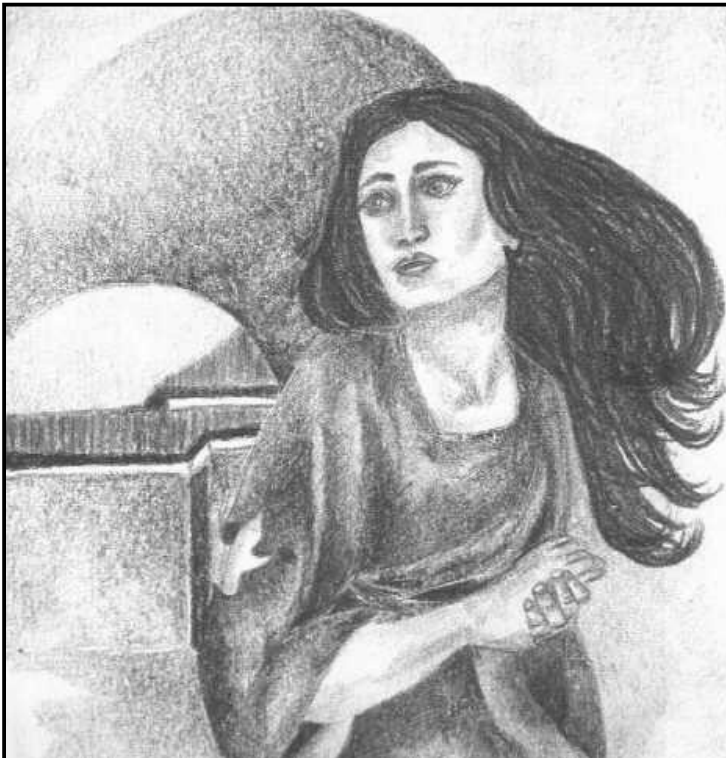
And so when the time come that the boy was to arrive, they all got in their buckboards, and away down to the station they went to receive him. And they was shooting the guns, and the horses nickering, and everything. And they brought him out to the ranch. And that night they had a big shindig. And they got out there on the haystack and the corral fence, and they--they sang, and they danced, and all through the night. He was there for two or three days.

This little cousin... Now, I'm going to liken this to something now. Our cousins that's all dressed up, big spires and fine churches, and looks like if there's any dirty name it has to be give to the Pentecostals, and something that's wrong. They do the wrong things too, but it never heard about. You see? They're kind of classical, so they don't hear about that. But let some Pentecostal minister make a mistake one time, and, brother, I'm telling you, they'll pack her across the country in every newspaper. Yes, sir. Let some Pentecostal brother pray for a child, and it dies, every newspaper in the country will pack it: "Divine Healing Is Fanaticism."

Well, then why not put every case in the paper that the doctor loses? "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." See? So if they'd do that, they wouldn't have enough room in the columns in the papers to write all the dead. If I'd go out here in the graveyard and say, "Everybody that ever died under Divine healing stand up," and then say, "Everybody ever died under medical treatment stand up," it'd outnumber them a million to one. And that's exactly right. So if they're going to criticize one, criticize the other. That's right. But they kill millions a year with medicines and operations; you never hear a word about it. See?

So this little girl, she had all the rough work to do. So when, all at once, the boy... One night when supper was over, and they'd had dances, and each one of these girls had prettied all up, you know. And this poor little girl had to have a little, old ragged dress on. And one night she was setting in the mess hall after supper was over, and she'd washed the dishes, and she run out through the back yard to throw the dishwater out. She--when she turned around the corral fence, there he stood, leaning at the corral fence; he said, "Hello."

She was so ashamed, because that was the superintendent's boy, the son of the owner of the ranch. She held the dish down--pan down, so he wouldn't notice she was so ragged, started backing off with her bare feet, looking back, like this.



And he walked up to her, said, "Don't be afraid of me." Said, "I want to tell you something." He said, "I come out here for one purpose; I come out to find a wife." And said, "I've been looking everywhere." Said, "I didn't want to marry any of the girls back there in the city; I want to get what I thought was a real wife." And said, "Of all that I've seen, I've been noticing you around here. And I found out through some of the hands that you're a cousin."

Said, "That's right, sir."

Said, "I want to ask you something. Will you marry me?" Why, she didn't know what to do. She was so beset; she didn't--she didn't know how to answer the man.

Oh, I just about imagine how she felt, don't you? When me, a sinner once, no good for nothing, drunkard's child, Jesus Christ said, "I want you for Mine." How could He ever come to somebody like me? How could He ever say, "I'll give you a home in heaven"? How could He ever say, "I'll save you"? Such a wretch as me, how could it ever be? But He did it.

She said, "Sir, I--I'm not... I--I'm not worthy. I couldn't make a wife to a man like you," said, "because you are used to great things. And I know nothing about them; I'm poor."

He said, "But you are my choice."

And wasn't it nice when Jesus told you that... You knowed you wasn't worthy to be a Christian. You... There wasn't nothing you could ever do, but He... It's nothing... He--He just chose you. See, He... It's His goodness, His mercy that He chose you. You didn't choose Him, you know; He chose you. That's right.

She said, "I--I don't..." She said...

"Don't look at your clothes. I don't look at your clothes; I look at what you are."

He said, "Will you marry me?" And finally the agreement was made. He said, "One year from this day, I will return. You be ready. Have the wedding garment on, for I will return and marry you right here on these grounds. And I'll take you to Chicago to Outer Drive, there where you'll have a castle to live in. All this dishwashing will be over, and things, then."

When the sisters, or the cousins, heard about that, they said, "You poor, little, ignorant fool, why, you know that man didn't mean that."

And isn't that just exactly what they say today? "How could a bunch of holy-rollers, a bunch of people that hardly can write their own name, how would they ever be the church? How would a group like that ever be?" But that's just all right, when we got engaged and felt that betrothal kiss of Jesus Christ on our hearts to take away our sins, Something tells us that He's coming back again just as...?... Someday He'll come back.

All year she worked, slaving, saved her little seventy-five-centses, whatever they give here for her wages a day. And she was saving up her money to buy her

wedding gown to make everything ready. Oh, that was all of her thoughts, making ready. And he has... ("She has made Herself ready.") She got her clothes, her wedding clothes, while her cousins laughed at her and made fun of her. Finally it come to the finally the day. She dressed herself in her wedding garment (Oh.), got all ready and cleaned up. And her little cousins come around and bowed by her, said, "Well, you silly little thing. Why, you know he didn't mean that. He wouldn't speak to a--or marry a girl like you." But she made herself ready anyhow.

So it come along late in the evening, and they begin to mock and make fun of her. She stood right at the door, waiting, anyhow. And so she... He said, "What time did he say he'd be here?"

Said, "He didn't say." But said, she told--he told me the night that he marry--that he gave me the engagement ring. He said, he told me, "It would be about one year from now." Therefore I've got a hour left." Amen, just kept waiting. "I got one hour left, thirty minutes left, ten minutes left." And they laughed, and made fun of her, and called her everything.

But finally, right at that crucial hour, they heard the sand turning under the wheels, the horses a coming. What a thing it was to see that little bride that made herself ready, jump out of the door, and run down through the rose-covered trellis out there, to fly into the arms of the man that she loved, and to be her husband, to pick her up in like that, and be married and ride away.

Some of these days, brother, those who are making fun and saying, "holy-roller and--and Pentecostal," and things like that... We're waiting; we still got a little time. They say, "Aw, there's no difference what there ever was." Don't worry, we got a little time left. And at that moment that He promised, He'll be here. And some of these days we'll take a flight and go away. Just be ready. Keep the wedding garment on. Keep all cruel out of your heart.

THE STORY OF THE TWO FIRE CHIEFS

TAKE ON THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD - SANTA MARIA CA 1962

A great fire broke loose down in Jeffersonville, here not long ago. The Pfau Army, or, the Company begin to burn down, and they sent and got the fire department. And the Jeffersonville Fire Department standing around like a boy with a little hose, the chief walking around there with a cigar like a de-horned Texas steer, walking around there saying, "Squirt a little water up here. Squirt a little water up here, boys. Come on, come on." Everybody seen he was chief. "Squirt a little water up here."

"Well," they said, "we got to get another fire department. It ain't sufficient." Sent down to Clarksville. Here they come: bang, bang, bang. Got up there, and that chief walked out. Shook hands with the other chief, doing honor one to another.

And how can you have faith, when you have honor to one another? Oh, my. Some great man, bishop, great big guy, presbyter, nothing. We are brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. There's nothing big among us. It's what's in us that's big. It's God, the Holy Ghost in every one of us who believes. No great holy bishops and holy fathers; it's the Holy Ghost that's in the people. Yes.

So along come this Clarksville Fire Department. "Good evening, bishop." Yes, like that. The building burnt right on down.

After while they called Louisville. Brother, they had something then. I can just stand there now and see that old hook and ladder coming across there. And them going along there, saying, "Break out that window. Squirt a little water in there." When that Louisville, big trained army of fighters come up there, they swirled that truck around there in the street, brother. They cleaned off half the sidewalk when they turned. Who was at the end of the ladder? They had a power lift that threw it up. Who was on the end of the ladder? The fire chief himself. Amen. When they... He had the hose in his hand and an axe in the other hand. Said, "Let her go." And they pulled that lever.

Who went first? The fire chief. When it hit up against the wall... He took that axe before the ladder got against the wall, and slammed it through the window. Said, "Come on, boys." Not, "Go on, boys, come on, boys." Hallelujah. That's what Christ done. The Word come, lived as a human, conquered death, hell, grave, never said, "Go on." He said, "Come on. I'm with you." The fire was out pretty soon.

That's what it is--the great Conqueror. We don't need no great intellectual giant denominations. "I belong to the biggest church in the city." Nonsense. I belong to

the littlest one, but it's the One.

I've been in the Branham family for fifty-three years: never did ask me to join the family. I was borned a Branham. That's right. That's the way you're a child of God. You're borned a child of God by the new birth. A Chief leading through every battle, our great Chief leading the way back home...

DOING SOMETHING KIND

PARADOX - JEFF.IN 1961

Here sometime ago, a minister friend... I just heard this told; I believe it. One hot afternoon down in Georgia, he was visiting with this--a druggist. The old druggist was a fine old Christian brother, full of the Spirit of God. And he said, "Come in and set down, and let's have a--a coke." They was setting there drinking their coke. He said, "I want to say something to you, and you perhaps will not believe this."

"Well, let's hear it first," said the minister.

He said, "I have always tried to do my best for God." He was a deacon in a church. He said, "I've always tried to live to my calling and do that which was right." He said, "I've never cheated anybody. I've always testified for my Lord everywhere I could." And said, "I've... To... My drugs here," said, "I've tried to carry the very highest class that could be bought'n. I've never overcharged anybody. I've tried to do everything was right, that I knowed how to do to serve the Lord." He said, "I'm going to tell you what happened."

Said, "My son, who's studying to be a druggist too, to follow me, he was in the front of the building there one day." And said, "It was during the time of the depression." Said, "A little lady walked into the--the door." And said, "You could see what her trouble was. And she was to be a mother. And her husband, and both of them, poorly dressed," said, "they give the prescription over to my son," and said, "to have it filled, for the woman was in need of this certain thing that the doctor had prescribed for her. And said, he said, 'This will be so much, such-and-such,' when the to-be father asked 'How much will it be?' 'So-and-so.' He said, 'Sir, I will not be able to get the prescription fulfilled, or filled,' he said, 'because that I haven't any money.'"

Well, he said, "My son said, 'Go right down the street there, just a half a block, or a block, and turn left, and you'll see where the--the place is where they have charity. And you go there to the county, and they will perhaps give you the money to have an order, that they'll pay for this prescription, because it's got... The lady has to have the--the--the medicine right away.'" And said, "He went out of the place, started..."

And said he listened to his son. "And something said, 'Oh, no, don't do that.' Said, 'That woman needs that.'" Said, he happened to think, "'That long line of people down there, it's hard for a well man to stand in the line, let alone a mother in that condition.'"

Said, "I said to my son, 'Go, call them; tell them to come back.'" He said, "And I rushed to the door, and said, 'Come back. Come back.' They come back. And I said to my son, 'Fill that. There's no charge.'"

And said, "My son give me the prescription, and I went over and had it filled, and filled it up the best that I could, and brought it out to give to the lady, and tell her that. There would be no charges on this. That was all right, 'cause she was in need of it real bad, and--and I'd get by without it, so, the money for it."

So said, "I just started to lay the medicine in her hand. And when I did, I looked at the hand; it was scarred." Said, "I looked up, and I was putting it in Jesus' hand." Said, "I learned then that the Scriptures, what it meant, 'Insomuch as you've done unto the least of these, My little ones.'"

Said, "'Do you believe that?' this fellow said to me. Why, sure, I believe that." It was a paradox, incredible, but it's true.

How about the great Saint Martin of Tours, France, when he, being a soldier, was one night coming down a cold, dark street, and there was a... In this cold dark street laid an old bum, laying on the street, freezing. His blood was freezing in his veins. And Martin, yet not a Christian... And anyone who's read Bible history, knows of Saint Martin. The historian the other day that was trying to get his card, that's the one I picked for the--for the third church age, Saint Martin, because he had signs following. And Saint Martin looked down before... He was a soldier, and there laid this old man, laying in the street, freezing. And he looked, and he had one coat; without the coat, he'd freeze. He took his knife and cut the coat in half, and wrapped the bum up in it, put the other half around himself, and went walking on.

That night, when he got into his room, and had set down, he heard Someone come into the room. He looked; here come Jesus, wrapped in that piece of coat. That was his call to the ministry. He become a saint. He spoke in tongues. His school was trained. He trained his people right with the Word of God. He didn't care about what the first Church of Rome or any of them said. He stayed right with the Word of God. He taught them; speaking in tongues, and laying hands on the sick.

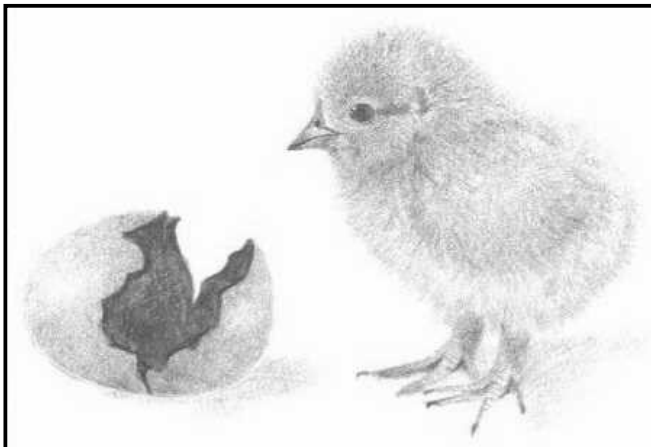
They raised the dead. They casted out devils. One man, his friend, had been killed, and he went and laid his body over him (asked if he could see him a few minutes); he and his buddy come walking out together. Why? It was a paradox. Sure, God did it.

I believe in paradoxes. Yes, sir. I believe. I believe in them with all my heart. It was a paradox when all the smart men there was in the world, and God put the key to the Kingdom in the hands of the one that was considered the ignorant and the unlearned. That's right. One of the smartest men in the world in that day was Caiaphas, the high priest; another was the emperors and the kings, and the great men of the earth, like presidents and so forth, all these great men. And what's the most important thing in the world? Is God's Church. God made the earth; He made it for a purpose: to take a Church out of it, a Bride. And that's the most important job in the world.

"PECK IT. KNOCK A HOLE IN IT"

GREATEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT - JEFF.IN 1962

Like a chicken in a egg, what if he's afraid to peep? What if he's afraid to pip the egg? What if the little chicken inside the egg, a little bird was afraid to hit the egg shell? What if he'd heard a sound on the outside, said, "Don't hit that shell; might hurt yourself"? But nature itself in the bird tells him, "Peck it. Knock a hole in it."



Let all the old organizations say, "Days of miracles is passed. You're going to hurt yourself. You are going into fanaticism."

Peck right against the shell just as hard as you can. Hallelujah. "Satan, get away; I'm coming out of here; I'm not laying here anymore; I'm not setting here any more; I'm not on this old devil's ground no more; I'm pippin' my way out this morning. Amen. I'm a eagle." Amen. Hallelujah.

With that little old eagle, that trip-hammer neck back there pecking against that shell, no matter how hard the shell was, it pecked right on through it. First thing you know he could flop his wings a little. He was all right.

Peck your way out; that's right. How do you do it? Blasting it with THUS SAITH THE LORD, THUS SAITH THE LORD, THUS SAITH THE LORD; finally he begins to smell some fresh air. THUS SAITH THE LORD, got your head on the outside. THUS SAITH THE LORD. Push hard now, you're coming out. He never goes back to the shell again. Amen. He's free. Oh, my. That Word, once gets set down through all those senses, and consciences, and things, till It gets settled down here, and that mind opens up and lets it (oh, God, have mercy), there's never nothing to bondage it again. You're free. He who the Son has made free is out of the shell.

Your denomination can never call you back; the devil could never do anything more to you; he hiss and howl at you, but you're on the highway running just at high speed (Oh, my.), running up the King's highway, anointed soldier of the cross. All you eagles with faith proclaim "Jesus the Light of the world," run up the King's highway.

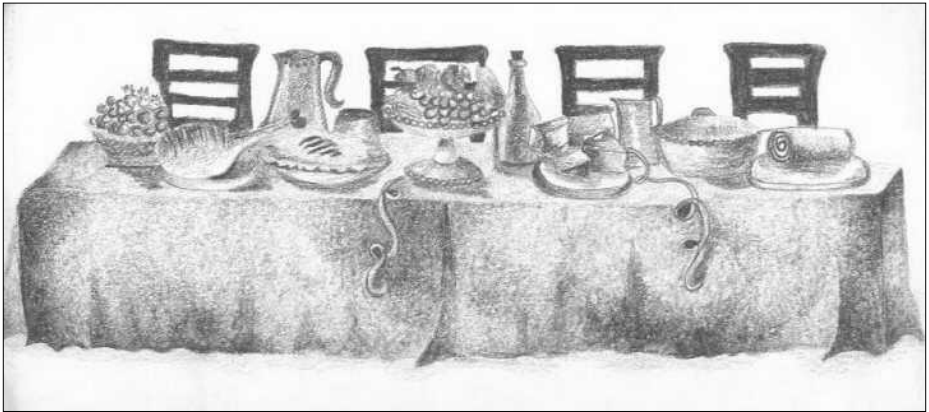
A CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR TWO

FALLING APART OF THE WORLD - JEFF. IN 1962

Closing I want to say this little story for Christmas, so that the kiddies might catch it. And if I've offended you by staying too long... A little lady yesterday... Brother Brown preached about a hour, very wonderful sermon, that anointed man. She said, "He just simply held them too long." Paul preached all night. They set there till they got so sleepy, and probably setting hours after hours, and one fellow fell off and killed himself. And Paul just stretched himself over him, said, "Don't worry." Just listen at the right thing.

There was an old shoe cobbler, and I believe it was in Germany where he--he'd make their shoes. And one day while... In his spare time he used to pick up the Bible, and he would read It. He'd read the context and the text in the Scripture, and he got real deeply sincere. He said, "You know," he said, "I--I... When this Christmas comes around, I'm not going to light up any Christmas tree." But he said, "You know what?" He said, "I'm going to get a--a big dinner, and I'm going to cook my--roast my lamb, and I'm going to get my cranberries, and all my sauce and things." And he was just by himself. And he said, "I'm going to set it on the table. And I'm going to invite Jesus to come set across the table from me. I want to know God's Messiah and what I can do in respects." He said, "I--I'm going to do all this. And then I'm going to set down at the table, and I'm going to ask the blessing; and I'm going to thank God for what He's give me. And then I'm going to say, 'Lord Jesus, won't You come and set down across here, just for Christmas dinner with me?'"

The simplicity, God always hears that, sincerity. And the old cobbler saved up his money to get such a dinner, you know, and would be invited to the King of kings. And he set it down, and he had it cooked, and he set it out on a table. And he cleaned himself real good, and he groomed himself, and combed his hair. And he set down at the table, and set a chair for Jesus, and some more chairs setting around. "It might be for the apostles," he said, "if they might come in."



So the old fellow bowed his head, and he asked the blessing, and--and thanked God for the food. And he said, "Now, Jesus, won't You come and dine with me for this Christmas dinner? And he started eating and watching the chair. No one come. He eat a little bit more, and he said, "Lord God, I've invited You to my home. Won't You come and be with me?" And he started to reach over and get something to eat, and someone knocked at the door.

And he went to the door. He was an old man, stooped in shoulders, ragged. He said, "Kind sir, I'm cold, would you let me get warm?"

And he said, "Step in." And he came in, and he smelled that aroma of the food; his mouth kind of watered; he turned around. Will you set down?" Said, "I'm expecting company, but would you set down and just eat with me till the company comes?"

He said, "Thank you. I would be glad to." And he set down, and they had dinner. The old man thanked him, got up and went.

And the--the cobbler turned around; he said, "Lord God, why did You disappoint me?" Said, "I made everything so ready. I did all that I knowed how to do. (If you'll just do that...) I done all that I know how to do, and thought You would come in and dine with me." And he got to weeping; he run and fell across the bed. And he was laying there on the bed, weeping. "I--I--I done everything that I thought was right, Lord, and why didn't You come to dine with me?"

And a voice came to him, and he remembered the Scriptures, "Insomuch as you have done unto the least of these My little ones, you have done it unto Me."

THE CHIEF ENGINEER

TURN ON THE LIGHT - PHOENIX.AZ 1964

Just reminds me of a fellow in Florida not long ago. He was talking, said he had a Chevrolet car that went out on him in Florida, and said he took it to the garage. And this mechanic was going along there, and he got everything set together, and he couldn't get it to start. And it was nervous running around all over the building picking up this, and the man standing, said, "I'm waiting on my car, sir. I'm late. Can't you get it?"

He said, "I'm doing all I can do," real nervous and carrying on. And he walked along.

Directly a well-dressed gentleman walked up and looked at him a few moments, and he said to the mechanic, after he let him butt his head around a little while; he said, "Why don't you just touch this? You're not getting any current."

So he said, "I never thought of that." So he just turned that other little thing, ever what it was there, and he got the--the current in; the car started.

He turned around and said, "Who are you?" You know who he was? The chief engineer of the--of the General Motor. He made the thing. He designed it.

In this hour, brother, when we wonder what's the matter with our revival, what's the matter? We got the material and everything; we got the mechanics, but where is the Dynamics? That's what we need to move Jesus Christ in on the scene. What's the matter? I tell you, there's One here today (Hallelujah.), called the Holy Ghost, that can touch the Dynamics. He is the Dynamics of the mechanics.

We stand today, us Pentecostals, one of the greatest churches in the nation, thousands times thousands added each year, but where



is that Holy Ghost? We've accept it by speaking in tongues, and we seen how it's acted. Methodist accept it by shouting. Luther accept it by faith, and so forth like that. That isn't It. It's the Word. It's the Word turned on, the Light turned on the mechanics and they become Dynamics. They're Dynamics, when the Dynamics, when the Dynamic comes to the mechanic. It starts the thing rolling. That's right. Take the Word. If there's one little thing missed up on It, it won't start. Lay aside every weight, every ism, every creed, that the Dynamics, the Holy Spirit, might flow through the Word and vindicate the Word that's promised to this day; then the great Church of God will rise to her feet like a jet propelled plane, take off to the skies to meet her Master. That's exactly right. Until we do that, it won't work. That's what about. Yes, sir. Who'll do it? Who'll keep it in this day that we're thinking about? Remember, remember, brother.

Now, it reminds me of another little story. Not going back to stories, but a friend of mine was standing in Carlsbad, New Mexico, when we was there holding a meeting up at Carlsbad. And there was a bunch of people went down into this cave.

Oh, I--I never did like that stuff, down there where it's deep, and about a mile in the ground. I--I'm satisfied up here. So they went down through... I want to go higher, not lower. So I...

They took... This fellow, went down in there. And he was a man friend, and his little girl and little boy went down with them. And they went way down into a big basement, oh, I guess, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, went down there. And the man there by the switch, all at once [Brother Branham snaps his finger--Ed.] turned off the switch. And it was so black and dark till you couldn't even see your hand moving down in front of your face. A little girl, a little thing, was real scared. She begin to scream to the top of her voice, "Oh, it's dark! It's dark! It's dark!" hysterically screaming.

Her little brother happened to be standing. He screamed out in the darkness, he said, "Fear not, little sister, there's a man here who can turn on the light."

Hallelujah. What's the little Church going to do? Don't worry. There's a Man here today that can turn on the Light; that's the Lord Jesus Christ (Oh, yeah.), the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHANGING COATS

THINGS THAT ARE TO BE - RIALTO.CA 1965

Christians, I may never see you again. It's been years since I been here. May never see you again. Line up with God's Word. Look in the mirror.

Like a little boy one time, that'd been out in the country. He never seen a mirror. He come to his--his auntie's house. He started walking up the steps. He seen a mirror; and he seen a little boy in the mirror. He kept walking up, looking. And he'd wave, and the little boy'd wave. And he kept looking. He never seen himself in a mirror. So when he got close enough to it, he turned around and said, "Why, mama, that's me."

How do you look in God's Mirror? Does it reflect a daughter or a son of God? Is there something which you hear that--does it make you hate the man that's saying it, or is there something pulls, say, "I know that man's right, because that's in the Scripture." Then that's the vitamins needed for this body that's ordained to be there, a house that that other one's going to need when you get there. See? This house... If we have borne the earthly...

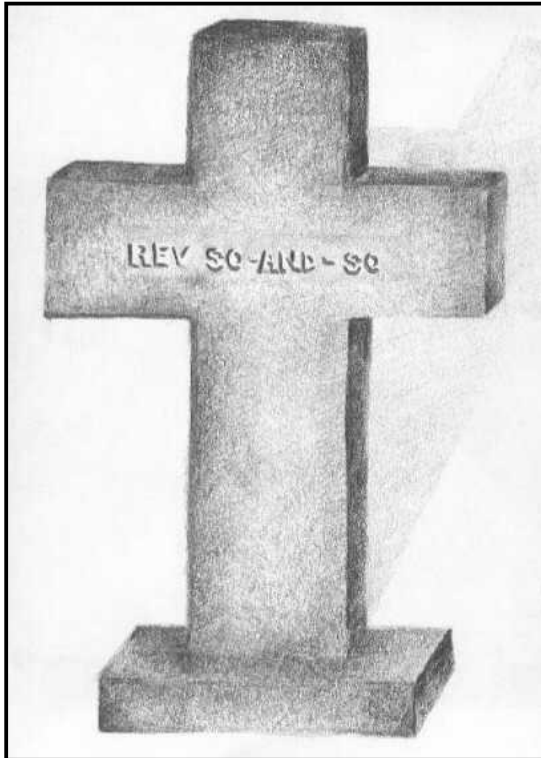
Now, remember, we think so much of this body. We put so many clothes on it. We do so many things that's unnecessary, change after change after change and all these things and... And why, it's just everybody. Just let somebody start something. You paint your steps red and watch the Joneses paint theirs red. You change from a Chevrolet to a Ford, and they just can't stand it. It's matching time. You let the--you let a woman come to church, certain type hat on, watch all the women get that, especially the pastor's wife. See? Just watch what happens. Now, that is true. That is the absolutely truth. It's matching time. Brother, it ought to be matching time at...

All them--all them things is--is for a purpose. I don't care whether my coat matches my trousers, and I have a hard time. My wife, or my daughter-in-law, or somebody has to tell me what kind of--of a tie to wear with it. I--I don't care whether they match at all. I want my experience to match God's Word. That's the thing, 'cause that's where I aim to live, not down on the corner yonder with the Joneses, but yonder in glory where Jesus has gone to prepare us a place. Yes, we want that. Yes, sir.

Keep from all this... This old earthly tabernacle here, you know what it is? This body is like an old coat that you wear, a coat that you once wear. But now, you have one so much better, you don't use it any more. What do you do? You hang it in a closet, for you've got one better. You've got a better coat. It's more up to date than the one you used to wear that's worn out. What? It is that garment. You are

the inside of that.

Remember, that garment only done what? It bore your image. See? But you don't need it anymore now. You've hung it up. It's a rag. And that's the way this old body is. You... It's bore the image of the heavenly, yet it is not you. You are on the inside of that body. You, the Spirit of God, is on the inside of that body. That's what makes the outside come into subjections, because the inside is pulling it (See?), bringing it in the line with the Word of God: your inside, you, yourself, your being. This body's just an old coat, and someday what will you do with it? For you was--was only in the garment for a while. That is like the earthly garment, this body, your--your real body, your real self is on the inside of this old coat, that you call William Branham, or Susie Jones, or whoever it is. See? Someday it will hang in the earth's hall of memory of you. You'll put it out yonder in the grave, and somebody will put a tombstone up, "Here lies Rev. So-and-so, or John So-and-so, or So-and-so." It'll lie there as a memorial of you. The people just seeing you in this, and what you was, your real you, was on the inside of that.



But the old coat itself just born the image of the heavenly. Oh, people, have you made reservations to change coats? Have you made reservations for heaven? Remember, you must have reservations. You can't get in without them. I'm

talking to you in modern language now. But you know, if you go to the hotel and say, "Well, I had..."

"Did you have reservations? Well, I'm sorry, everything is filled up." You're out in the cold, because you failed to make reservations. And if you've come to the end of your life's journey without reservations, there'll be no one there to meet you. You'll have to step off into a dark eternity where there will be screaming, and weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. You must; you can't get into the city, you're--because you haven't got reservations. You must have them to enter this city where Jesus has gone to prepare a place for you. Remember, you must have the reservations and the garment of salvation on. You cannot...

In Matthew I've got a Scripture here (I'm watching Scriptures), Matthew 20--22:1-14. I haven't got time to read it, because it's getting too late. I've spoke too long to you. But remember, the King sent forth and made a supper. He killed all of His oxen and--and fixed the fatlings, and everything, and had a great supper prepared. And He sent out and He bid many to come. One said, "Well, you know, after all, I belong to this, and I got this. And I got to go to my farm," and one did many things. And He sent again, and they evilly mistreated them.

And finally... That was the Jewish generation Jesus was talking to; they had something else to do. Then finally, He sent him and said, "Go, just don't--just compel them. Go into the streets, and highways, and everywhere, and compel them to come in." And after that, determined that His house was--His wedding supper was going to be set. There was going to be guests there. And then He found a man in there without the wedding garment on. He wanted to hold to the old coat. And look what he said: "Friend, after I have invited you to My wedding supper, and I invited you and give you an invitation to come..."

And if you ever was in the Orient, which I preached in there many times, that wedding supper's still carried on just the way it was. The bridegroom, the--he has so many guests that he's going to have. Probably, Brother Kopp, probably you've watched it there in India. See? They just have so many guests that he's going to ask. Say he's going to ask thirty guests. Now, the bridegroom has to furnish the robes. He has to furnish them. Therefore, there's a man stands at the door, and you come up with your invitation; he examines your invitation and puts you on a garment, a robe, that... Some of them are rich; and some are poor; and some of them are different; but they all look alike when they get these robes on. They all look alike. And you have to all be alike. You ain't going be say, "I'm the Methodist over here," "I'm the Presbyterian over here." Oh, no. You ain't going in the first place. See? You've got to come by the Door. Jesus said, "I am the Door to the sheepfold."

"I'm Pentecostal." "I'm this, I'm that." That don't mean one thing. You come by

that Door. And if you come by that Door, you get the robe.

And this man, well He said, "How did you get in here, Friend?" See? It showed he come up some other way; and he come in a window, come in the back way, but not through the Door, not through the Door, the way that Jesus came, through self-sacrifice, giving your all to God, and walking to Calvary, and be crucified with Him, and rise again to wear His garment of sacrifice and death to the things of the world.

If you love the world or the things of the world, the love of God's not even in you. See? If you still have the love of the world, want to act like the world and do like the world, you're trying... You're yet... You're in the church, but a cocklebur in the patch with the wheat: shout with the rest of them; rejoice with the rest of them; all the spiritual blessings is right upon you. You say, "Well, I prophesy." So did Caiaphas; so did Balaam. That has nothing...

"I got the baptism of the Holy Spirit." That still has nothing to do with it. That's just only a temporal gift for you. The real gift is your soul down in there (See?) that was borned of God, and that controls the whole thing to the Word of God and the will of God; and there you grow up. See? Then you are a son and daughter of God. You are a child of God. And these things that you come up... Like the mother now, you're in the bowels of the earth trying to come forth. You're a son of God coming forth and you see the Word says, "I should do this; I should be borned again." "Well, I belong to a church." That don't mean one thing. See?

"I'm Methodist, my mother..." That's good for your mother.

"Well, my, I'm Pentecostal; I belong..." If you don't line with that Word, there's something wrong. See? Then you see, your real father ain't God (See?), because that real start in your soul, before there even was a spirit, it was your soul. That soul didn't come from God, then it wasn't a germ of God to begin. You're deceived. You're in a patch of weeds and bearing the world's record of the weeds, coming forth acting like the world, loving the world, is because the love of God's not in you.

And now, there'll be false anointed ones in the last days, not false Jesus; they wouldn't stand for that, but false anointed. They are anointed. Yes, sir. But they are antichrist. They are anointed with the Spirit to do the signs and wonders that Christ did, but won't line up with His Word. See? "Many will come to Me that day and say, 'Lord, have not I prophesied and cast out devils in Your Name?'"

He'll say, "Depart from Me, you that work iniquity, I never even knew you."

"I was Pentecostal, Lord. Glory to God. I shouted; I spoke with tongues; I laid hands on the sick and healed them, cast out devils.

"Depart from Me, you that work iniquity, I never knew you." See what I mean?

Oh, little children, do you feel the need of that vitamin tonight, that something... There's a body waiting yonder; there's a body waiting to be received. People, don't be deceived. Don't be deceived. The devil is a deceiver. Even the--the wedding garment, you must wear it. It must be.

Now, we're at the evening time. The earthly body is now ready to be dissolved, and we're preparing to enter in into the heavenly. And we now feel the strange call of God to go to this great Eden. And before we could be born here, our little bodies cried for something that--that had to be provided or we'd be an afflicted child here if we wasn't. God has no afflictions up there. They're every one perfectly lined up, the Bride, just exactly like the Groom was: the Word manifested in It's season. God grant tonight, children, each and every one of you. There is a heaven to go to; there's a hell to stay away from.



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