

WILLIAM BRANHAM

A MAN SENT FROM GOD

by **GORDON LINDSAY**
in collaboration with
WILLIAM BRANHAM



William Branham, A Man Sent From God

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Published By: William Branham Jeffersonville, Indiana, U.S.A.

Chapter 1, A Strange Challenge

The life of William Branham was a life that was lived almost continually in the supernatural realm. Truly he lived in two worlds at the same time - the seen and the unseen. In this book I will rehearse highlights from Bro. Branham's life and some of the supernatural things in his ministry. To begin, let's go to the city of Portland, Oregon.

The doors of the great municipal auditorium of the City of Portland, Oregon, were opened early that November evening of the year 1947. When the caretaker made his rounds to unlock the doors, he was somewhat puzzled to find such a large crowd waiting to get in. To him it was strange because in all his years as caretaker he had not seen so many people come to any religious meeting. Previous religious services had not attracted enough people to fill more than a fraction of the auditorium. He wondered why this meeting would attract so many, even without widespread advertising. Within a few minutes the great auditorium was filled to more than its capacity. A representative from the Fire Department ordered the doors closed, not allowing anyone else to enter. Such was the interest generated among the people by a 'Branham Meeting'.

What was the attraction in a Branham meeting that had brought together so many people? It wasn't the singing or the special music. For although both were excellent and inspiring, yet it was evident that the people were waiting with restrained impatience until the preliminaries would be over in anticipation of what was to follow. The people were anxious to see William Branham "The Man Sent From God". Concerning this man, it was said that an Angel had appeared to him in a special visitation, and gifts of healing were manifest in his ministry. The Lord Jesus, according to His promise was, in this century, "confirming His Word with signs following." The large crowd that had gathered for these meetings were hungry in their souls for "The Living God" to show Himself alive. Jesus said, "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in Him." (John 10:36-38).

The services of the first two nights aroused tremendous interest - God had indeed shown Himself alive. The sick were healed. Those bound by demon power were delivered. On the third night, our Lord Jesus, through His servant, put to silence the critics, showing that He was Lord of all.

On this night, the writer, who was directing this brief campaign, was preparing to turn the service over to "The Man Sent From God". The people

were asked to stand to their feet and sing the chorus, "Only Believe, All things Are Possible, Only Believe." While the congregation sang, a little man with modest demeanor and a friendly smile entered and moved behind the pulpit. The singing ceased, and a hush fell over the audience as it listened intently to the speaker. The people were impressed by the graciousness of the speaker as well as his evident sincerity and humility. "The Man Sent From God", taking the thought of faith, began the theme of his message. He said, "There is nothing that can stand before faith in God , and if the people here tonight will believe God with me, we shall see that God will honor that faith and confirm it before the eyes of this entire congregation."

As the audience listened, they were completely unaware of the startling drama that was about to unfold before them. For suddenly, from far back in the building, we noticed a man making great strides, apparently in the direction of the platform. At first we supposed that an emergency had arisen. But as he moved closer to the platform we realized with no little misgiving that the man was bent on causing trouble. Observing his countenance we thought him to be insane. We learned later that he wasn't insane, in that he did not know what he was doing, but was a notorious and vicious character who had previously run afoul of the law for disturbing and breaking up religious services. Jail sentences had not taught him a lesson. Once again he was determined to break up another religious gathering. But the outcome in this one was to be different for him, and for the people.

Up the steps he strode without pausing. Now he was on the platform assuming a menacing attitude that by this time was attracting the attention of the entire congregation. Two sturdy policemen standing in the wings, were about to come forward and forcibly remove the man. But "The Man Sent From God" had apparently put himself on the spot for he had just declared that all things were possible to him that believed, and God would always back up His servants who put their trust in Him. The Policemen were hastily waved back. "The Man Sent From God" was fully aware of what was happening. Speaking quietly to the audience, and requesting that the people unite with him in silent prayer, he turned to meet his challenger face to face.

The man, with contempt on his countenance, began to accuse and curse "The Man Sent From God". "You are of the Devil, and deceiving the people," he shouted, "an imposter, a snake in the grass, a fake, and I am going to show these people that you are!" It was a bold challenge and no idle threat. Spitting at the Man of God, the challenger moved to carry out his threat. Considering his size, he was will able to physically overpower God's servant. But the story of David

and Goliath comes to mind, realizing that the greater battle being set on the platform was not physical but spiritual.

As the man moved toward the Man of God, the two Policemen attempted again to come to his aid, but the little figure on the platform waved them back. In rejecting their assistance "The Man Sent From God" had deliberately accepted the challenge of his accuser. No doubt the critics expected a swift and pitiful conclusion to the unexpected drama that was now coming to a climax. Certainly they could see that there was no room for trickery. The Man of God would have to have the goods or take the consequences.

The startled congregation looked on in wonder and amazement, hardly knowing what to expect next, but fearing the worst. The seconds passed but it appeared that something was hindering the challenger from carrying out his threats. Seemingly, not being able to move, he continued to spit and utter cursing at the Man of God. THEN, softly but determined, the voice of God's servant could now be heard rebuking the evil power that dominated the accuser. Speaking so quietly, being heard only by those on the platform, he said, "Satan, because you have challenged the servant of God before this great congregation, you must bow before me. In the Name of Jesus Christ, you shall fall at my feet."

The speaker repeated the words. The challenger ceased to speak and began to struggle - trying to move forward but could not. Gradually the evil forces within him began to succumb to the Power manifested through the Man of God, in the Name of Jesus Christ. A tense battle of spiritual forces now summoned every bit of strength the man had in him. Beads of perspiration broke out on his face as he put forth a last desperate effort to prevail. Suddenly, he gave an awful groan and slumped to the floor sobbing in an hysterical manner. For quite awhile he lay there writhing in the dust, as the Man of God calmly proceeded with the service as if nothing had happened.

Needles to say, the great congregation was awed by the scene that had transpired before them, in which God so signally vindicated His Servant, and loud praises to God filled the spacious auditorium. The Policemen, startled by what they had witnessed, openly acknowledged that God was in their midst. In the healing service that followed, many miracles of healing took place as wave after wave of the glory of God moved through the building.

But who was this little man that spoke with such words of authority and whose ministry had been confirmed by such a remarkable demonstration of Divine power? His name was William Branham, Jeffersonville, Indiana, and his ministry was to have wider and wider reverberations until, at the time of this

writing the effect of it has reached throughout the world.

Strangely enough, as this campaign concluded, we heard that a few doubted. Why would God choose a man of such unpretentious background, who had such a limited knowledge of this world's wisdom? Nor could they understand the principle which Paul spoke of in 1st. Corinthians 1:26-29, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in His Presence."

Let's learn more of this man of God's choosing. Who is William Branham? From whence did he come? What was the manner of his birth? His special visitation from God and his commission to heal the sick? Come with us into the next chapter and learn of his peculiar birth, childhood, first vision, the first time God spoke to him, etc.

Chapter 2, Peculiar Birth And Childhood

Not unlike some of the Bible prophets, the birth of William Branham was marked by the Presence of the Supernatural. He was born on April 6th. 1909. The first child of Charles and Ella Branham. It was a beautiful morning in the hill country of Kentucky. In a humble log cabin the voice of a baby was heard. The parents of this child were delighted over the birth of their first son. But even from birth he would be a peculiar child. On this morning, God Himself would confirm that this child was His choice.

The young mother and father watched in astonishment as the Pillar of Fire came into the little cabin, moved across the room and stopped directly over the sleeping child. Little did the mother know that this little five pound infant would be used of Almighty God to deliver His people from sickness and bondage. God would use him to carry the Gospel all over the world. No wonder, the neighbors, who had gathered to see the new born baby, spoke of a strange feeling of awe in the room. No doubt it was caused by the Presence of the Angel, who would later speak to him and guide him through his life and ministry.

Of all the mountain folk, the Branham's were the poorest of the poor. God's ways are past finding out. In the years to come God would use this child to cast out demons, bring sight to the blind - physically and spiritually, cause the deaf to hear, cancers to vanish, and thousands upon thousands to fall prostrate at altars in tears of repentance. They would come by airplane, boat, trains, busses and automobile, bringing the sick to him. They would come from all over the world to hear him tell the story of Jesus in his simple, humble way.

It was just two weeks after his birth that the father and mother took baby William down the creek to the old fashioned, Lone Star Missionary Baptist Church. It was here that the Pastor took William in his arms and dedicated him to the Lord. Little did that Pastor realize that this child would be used so mightily of the Lord to pull down the strong holds of Satan in the Twentieth Century.

Child And Mother Escape Death

Charles Branham was a logger. As such it was necessary for him to be away from home much of the time, especially in the Fall and Winter months when the weather was bad for travelling. It was during one of these times that circumstances conspired to almost take the life of both the mother and son.

At this time, when William was about six months of age, and the father

was away from home, a terrible storm came, and the whole country was snowbound for days. There was little to eat in the cabin and soon the young mother ran out of both food and wood. She wrapped her feet in burlap sacks, went into the woods, and chopped small saplings, then dragged them to the cabin, trying to keep fire. Finally she grew weaker and weaker and had to give up. With no food or heat the mother took all the bed clothing, wrapped herself and the child in bed and waited for the end. It was then that God sent His protecting angel and spared their lives.

A neighbor who, from a considerable distance, could still see the Branham cabin, became more and more concerned over the welfare of its occupants. A number of days had elapsed and he had not seen any smoke rising from the chimney. Unable to shake his troubled thoughts, he dressed warmly and waded through the snow drifts to reach the cabin.

Arriving at the door, his fears were confirmed. There were no tracks leading from the Cabin and the door was barred from the inside. He felt compelled to 'break-in'. Forcing the door open, he entered to find the mother and child lying on the bed, wrapped in everything the mother could find in the little one room cabin. Both mother and child were near death from starvation and cold. Moving as quickly as he could through the snow drifts, the neighbor gathered wood for a fire and food for young William Branham and his mother. This was just one of many experiences where God was protecting the "Ministry" which William Branham was ordained to bring to the world.

God's First Message To The Boy

(As Told By Brother Branham Himself)

I was on my way one afternoon to carry water to the house from the barn, which was about a city block away. About halfway between the house and the barn stood an old poplar tree. I had just gotten home from school and the other boys were going out to a pond to fish. I was crying to go but dad said that I had to pack water. I stopped under the tree to rest when all of a sudden I heard a sound as of the wind blowing the leaves. The afternoon was very still and there was no wind blowing anywhere else, only in the tree. I stepped back from the tree and noticed that in a certain place about the size of a barrel, the wind seemed to be blowing through the leaves of the tree. THEN there came a Voice saying: "Never drink, smoke, or defile your body in any way, for I have a work for you to do when you get older."

It frightened me so that I ran home screaming to my mother saying that a

man had spoke to me out of the tree. She thought I was just nervous and worked up. But I never went by that tree again. Looking back now, I know that the Angel of God was in that tree, and in later years I was to meet him face to face and talk with him.

I have heard the sound of "That Wind" over and over again throughout my life. One day when my father (in the presence of another man) called me a 'sissy' because I wouldn't drink whiskey, I grabbed the bottle and started to take a drink. THEN it came again. I heard that sound like the blowing of the leaves. I looked around, but there was no sign of the wind blowing. I put the bottle to my lips again - that noise came again, only louder. Overcome with fear, I dropped the bottle and ran.

Another time my friends called me 'sissy' because I didn't smoke. Just to show them that I could smoke I said, "Give me that cigarette!" As I was putting it to my mouth, the sound of the "Rushing Wind" came down again. I threw the cigarette down and ran across the field, crying. I could hear the other young people laughing at me.

I lived with the peculiar feeling, like someone standing near me, trying to say something to me, and especially when I was alone. No one seemed to understand me at all. The boys wouldn't hang around with me because I didn't drink or smoke. The girls avoided me because I didn't go to dances. It seemed that all through my life I was just a black sheep, knowing no one who understood me, and not even understanding myself.

Chapter 3, Hardship and Poverty In The Branham Home

It has often seemed that in the Providence of God, that His chosen vessels have been ordained to live their early lives in circumstances of extreme poverty. Sometimes they have been permitted to taste deeply the cup of sorrow. No one knows how to feel for another in distress or affliction unless he has gone through similar trials himself. Rarely have those who have received an unusual calling from God been reared in homes of the rich, or have come from aristocratic families.

The Saviour Himself was cradled in a manger. When His parents took Him to the temple for circumcision, the family could only afford merely two turtle doves for the sacrifice. According to Lev. 12:8 this was to be the sacrifice if the parents were too poor to afford a lamb.

Because he appeared in such rude garments and his preaching was so rugged, the critics in those days questioned the authority of John The Baptist, the forerunner of Christ's First Coming. He lacked the style and polish of the ecclesiastical schools of learning of his day.

When they questioned Jesus about John, He pointedly asked, "But what went ye out for to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft clothing are in King's houses." In other words the Lord was showing them that they should not look for Prophet's of John's stature to emerge from an environment where they had been pampered and sheltered from the stresses of life.

Humility and sturdiness of character are developed best amid the rugged life that comes from hardship, suffering and poverty. Let's stop here and let Brother Branham, in his own words, tell us of his home, his childhood days and his father's struggle with poverty...

I've seen dad come from the log woods so sun burnt that mother would take scissors and cut his shirt loose from his back. He worked hard for seventy-five cents a day to make us a living. I loved my father, even though he drank. Sometimes he gave me a whipping, but I never got one but that I needed another. He used to keep the Ten Commandments on the wall with a large hickory switch over them. I got my education out in the woodshed when I did wrong.

It's no disgrace to be poor. But it's hard sometimes. I remember that I didn't have proper clothes for school. I went one whole year without even a shirt

to wear. There was a rich woman who lived nearby that gave me a coat with a sailor emblem on the arm. I would wear that coat and because I had no shirt on I would button the collar right up around my neck. I would get really hot. The teacher would say, "William, why don't you take that coat off?" But I couldn't; I didn't have any shirt on. So I would fib and say, "I'm chilly." She would say, "All right, sit over there by the fire." And I would sit there while the perspiration would run down on me.

Well, it was pretty hard going. My toes would stick through my shoes like turtle heads. But then, one day I got a "shirt". It was a girl's dress which belonged originally to my cousin. It had a lot of curlicue stuff (ruffles) on it. I cut the skirt part off and just wore the upper part. I put it on and you should have seen me strut going to school. Then the other children got to laughing at me. They said, "You've got on a girl's dress." I had to fib again. I said, "No I haven't, that's my Indian suit." But they didn't believe me and laughed again - I went off crying.

There was a boy that lived near us, who was selling those little PATHFINDER magazines. After he sold so many they gave him a prize - a boy scout suit. My, how I liked that suit. it was wartime then (WW1) and everybody that was big enough was in uniform. I always wanted to be a soldier. I was too little then. Even in this last war (WW2) I wasn't large enough to go. I have four brothers that went. But God has given me a uniform anyway - the armor of God - so I could go out and fight against sin, sickness and disease that's binding the people.

But how I admired that Scout suit, with its hat and leggings. I said, "Lloyd, when you wear that suit out will you give it to me?" He said, "Yeah, I'll give it to you Billy." But, my, that suit lasted longer than anything that I ever saw. it seemed to me that he would never wear that thing out. Then I missed it for a while and so I went to him and asked him for it. He said that his mother had cut it up to make patches for his dad's clothing BUT there was one legging left. I said, "Bring me that!" So I took it home and put it on. I thought that I was a real soldier.

I wanted to wear it to school and I didn't know just how to do it. So I pretended that one of my legs was hurt and I put that legging on as if I were protecting my injured leg. But at school the teacher sent me to the blackboard. I tried to hide my leg that didn't have a legging, and all the children got to laughing at me. I started crying and the teacher made me go home.

I remember how with my brothers we struggled together and how hard it

was for us - not enough food to eat and not enough clothes to wear. In school we wouldn't eat our lunch with the rest because they had nice things to eat but we couldn't didn't have very much. Sometimes we would get a real treat - mother would give us Pop corn in our school lunch.

You know it was a great struggle for mother and dad to raise so many children during those poor times. Being sort of a daddy's boy - I admired him. When I saw him roll up his sleeves and I'd see those big muscles, I used to think, "My father will live to be a hundred years old." But he was only fifty-two years old, still ungreyed, curly-haired man, when his precious head lay across my shoulder and God took him home.

Chapter 4, The Conversion Of William Branham

His Conversion

Not being born again, the strange and peculiar experiences in his childhood and teen years would at times trouble the young man. He was already aware of the Light that stood over him at birth, the visions, the Voice in the Whirlwind and the strange rushing sound of wind when he tried to smoke and drink whiskey. Some people had told him that "these things" were of the Devil. This troubled him more because up to this time in his life he had no knowledge of what the Scriptures taught about it.

William Branham, the boy, though he had these remarkable manifestations in his life, yet he was not converted. For a time he still resisted the call of God on his life. At the age of fourteen he was seriously wounded while hunting and had to spend seven months in hospital. God dealt with him then, but still he did not take heed. Nevertheless the urgency of the call became more and more conscious to him. Inasmuch as his parents were not Christians he did not get any encouragement from them. As he became older the enemy tried to stifle that 'still small voice' that was ever speaking to his heart.

He Goes West

When he had reached the age of 19, he decided that he would go out West to work on a ranch. In September of 1927, he told his mother that he was going on a camping trip to Tunnel Mill, about fourteen miles north of Jeffersonville. He told her this, knowing that if she were aware of his true intentions to go West, she would plead with him not to go. When his mother finally heard from him, instead of being in Tunnel Mill, he was far away in Phoenix, Arizona. In reality, down in his heart, he knew that he was running away from God.

Of his experiences in the West and the call of God which was ever upon his heart he says.....

I remember the first herd of cattle I helped drive out of the mountains. I thought I was a real cowhand. When evening came I rode off that horse, got my blanket and used my saddle as a pillow. And there was an old guy there we called Slim. And another guy from Texas with a guitar, and they were playing songs. Old Slim was playing a comb with a piece of paper behind it. The herd was all settled down for the night. And after a while they begin to play "Down At The Cross Where My Saviour Died; It was down there for cleansing from sin

I cried." My heart begin to jump. I took the blanket and pulled it over my head to keep from hearing it because I was a sinner.

I lay there pretending I was asleep. But when I pulled the blanket down, I thought, "Now, it'll all be over, because they've stopped playing their music and gone to bed..." But when I looked up, them big stars was hanging just above me. Something said: "Who put them up there and Who's holding them in place?" Just then the wind come through those whispering pines and it seemed like there was a voice that said, "There's a land beyond the river that they call the sweet forever. And we only reach that shore by faith's decree." I got my blanket and pulled it around my hears again.

Brother, God is so great He will find you, I don't care where you are. Don't try to hide from Him. you're fighting a losing battle.

And a 'losing battle' it would be for William Branham. This life, chosen of God, would eventually succumb to the Heavenly Fathers Will. Almost beaten into the dust from whence he came, Bro. Branham would rise on wings of faith to serve his God.

A Sad Message Arrives

One day the young man received a letter from home informing him that one of his brothers was very ill. It was Edward, the one next in age to him. He did not think the illness was serious and believed everything would be alright. However, one evening a few days later, he returned to the ranch from the city, and as he was coming through the mess hall, there was a message given him which read, "Bill, come to the north pasture. Very important." He immediately walked out to the pasture and the first person he met was an old Lone Star ranger whom they called "Pop." He had a sad expression on his face and he said, "Billy boy, I have sad news for you." At the same time the foreman came walking up. They told him that his brother, Edward, had died.

You can imagine the shock this was to the young William Branham as he realized that he would never again see his brother alive in this world. Events begin to move swiftly from then on. Each time he resisted God, tragedy or sorrow of some kind would come to him. When he yielded and obeyed God, the Lord would bless and prosper him. Would that we all could learn by what others suffered, rather than by our own bitter experiences.

In his own words, Bro. Branham explains his thoughts at the time and how he felt.....

When I realized the news of my brother's death, for a moment I could not move. It was the first death in our family. I remember wondering about whether or not he was ready to die. As I turned to look across the yellow prairie, tears ran down my cheeks. I remembered how we struggled together when we were lads and how hard it was for us - not enough food to eat and not enough clothes to wear. BUT , Oh how I remember that day when mother gave us Pop corn in our school lunch. That was a real treat. So to be sure that I got my share of it, I went out before noon and took a good handful before my brother got his share. How I wished I could have told him that I was the one who took it. Thinking of these things, there on that prairie, God began to deal with me again - but as usual I kept pushing it to the back of my mind.

I made ready to return home for the funeral. During the funeral services, Rev. McKinney of Port Fulton church preach and exhorted those not right with God to accept Him as their Lord and Saviour then and there. God began to deal with me again. Oh, how I grasped my seat, resisting the call of God.

After the funeral, I wanted to go back to the West but mother begged me not to go. I agreed to stay if I could find work. I did get work with the Public Service Company of Indiana.

Sickness Strikes

About two years later, while testing meters in the meter shop at the gas works in New Albany, I was overcome with gas, and for weeks I suffered from it. I went to all the Doctors I knew. I could get no relief. I suffered with acid stomach caused by the effects of the gas. Finally, two specialists in Louisville, Kentucky said it was my appendix and advised surgery. I didn't understand it because I had no pain in my side. Still, they insisted on surgery. Agreeing to have it done, I insisted that they use local anesthetic so I could watch the operation.

After surgery, when they were taking me from the table to my bed I felt myself getting weaker and weaker all the time. My heart was hardly beating. I felt death upon me. My breath was getting shorter. I knew I had reached the end of my road. Oh, friend, wait until you get there, then you will think of a lot of things you have done. I knew I had never smoked, drank, or had any unclean habits, but I also knew I was not ready to meet God.

God Speaks In The Hospital room

It began to grow darker in the hospital room, as though it were a great

woods. I could hear the wind blowing through the leaves, yet it seemed a great way off in the forest. You have probably heard of a puff of wind blowing the leaves, coming closer and closer to you. I thought, "Well, this is death coming to take me." Oh! my soul was to meet God; I tried to pray but could not.

Closer the Wind came, louder and louder. The leaves rustled and all at once I was gone! It seemed that I was back again a little barefooted boy, standing in that lane under the same tree. I heard that same Voice that said, "Never drink or smoke." And the leaves I heard were the same that blew in that tree that day so many years ago. But this time the Voice said, "I called you and you would not go." The words were repeated the third time. Then I said, "Lord, if that is you, let me go back again to earth and I will preach your Gospel from the housetops and street corners. I'll tell everyone about it.

When this vision had passed, I found that I felt better. My surgeon, who was still in the building, came into the room and looked at me with a surprised look. He said, "I am not a church-going man, my practice is so great, BUT I know God has visited this boy." After a few day I was allowed to return home. This time I would not forget the call of God's warning.

I started out to seek and find God. I went from church to church but found nothing to satisfy the hunger and thirst in my heart.

One night I became so hungry for God and a real experience that I went out to the old shed, at the back of the house and tried to pray. I did not know how to pray, so I just begin to talk to Him as I would to anyone else. All at once there came a Light in the shed and it formed a cross. A Voice from the cross spoke to me in a language I could not understand. It then went away. I was spellbound. When I came to myself again, I prayed, "Lord, if that is you, please come and talk to me again." I had been reading my Bible since I had returned from the hospital and I had read in 1st. John 4, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

I knew that something had appeared to me, and as I prayed it appeared again. Then it seemed to me that there had been a thousand pounds lifted from my soul. I jump up and ran to the house and it seemed as though I were running on air. Mother asked, "Bill, What has happened to you?" I replied, "I don't know but I sure feel good and light." I just couldn't stay in the house any longer. I had to get out and run.

I knew then that if God wanted me to preach he would heal me, so I went to a church that believed in anointing with oil. They anointed me, prayed the pray of faith, and I was healed instantly. I saw then that the disciples had what a

lot of the ministers do not have today. The Disciples were baptized with the Holy Ghost, enabling them to heal the sick and do many mighty miracles in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

After The Lord healed me, I began to pray for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. One day about six months later God gave me the desire of my heart. On that day as I knelt in the woodshed to pray, a Light came in and formed a Cross. It was then that something swept over me and I experienced an exquisite feeling I had never known before. It felt like rain pelting down over my body. I knew then that God had baptized me with the Holy Ghost. He spoke to me in that Great Light telling me to preach the Gospel, pray for the sick and He would heal them regardless of what disease they had. Obedient to His Voice I went forth preaching and praying for the sick, and the Lord has confirmed His Word with signs following.

The Pillar of Fire Appears

And preach he did. The fame of him began to spread throughout Indiana and Kentucky. The element of the Supernatural followed him in Public and Private life. He began to hold services in a tent. For a young Baptist preacher, William Branham's tent meetings were quite successful, drawing crowds of up to almost 4000 in one service. It was at the end of one of these successful meetings that God came on the scene and confirmed the ministry of His Servant and gave him his commission for these last days. It was June 11, 1933, a hot summer, Sunday afternoon. Again almost 4000 people had gathered to witness a Baptismal service being conducted by the little Baptist preacher. Some had come only to mock BUT they were about to witness something they would remember for the rest of their lives.

As Brother Branham was about to baptize the seventeenth person he heard a Voice which Said, "Look Up!". And at that moment a blazing Star came whirling down out of the heavens with the sound of rushing wind audible to all. It hovered right above the Prophet. As many ran in fear, and others knelt in prayer, a Voice spoke from there, and said, "As John the Baptist was sent for the forerunner of the first coming of Christ, you have a Message that will bring forth the forerunning of the Second Coming of Christ." The Prophet stood in fear and trembling before God.

Judgment On One Who showed Lack Of Respect

And I went back, and all the people there, the foundry men and all them, the druggist, and all of them on the bank. I had baptized about two or three

hundred that afternoon. And when they taken me out, pulled me out of the water, the deacons and so forth went up, they asked me, said, "What did that Light mean?"

A big group of colored people from the Gilead Age Baptist Church and the Lone Star Church down there, and many of those was down there, they begin screaming when they saw that happen, people fainted.

A girl I tried to get out of a boat there, sitting there with a swimming suit on, a Sunday school teacher in a church, and I said, "Won't you get out, Margie?"

She said, "Billy, I don't have to get out."

I said, "That's right, you don't have to, but I'd have enough respects for the Gospel to get out where I'm baptizing." She said, "I don't have to."

And when she set there snickering and laughing at me baptizing, 'cause she didn't believe in baptizing, so then when the Angel of the Lord come down she pitched forward in the boat. Today the girl's in the insane institution. So you just can't play with God. See? Now, later on... A beautiful girl, went to drinking later on, was hit with a beer bottle, cut all of her face down. Oh, a horrible-looking person! And there that happened.

Chapter 5, A Happy Marriage and a Fateful Decision

After his conversion and call to the ministry there began a happy period of his life when God's blessings rested upon the young man, and everything seemed to go just right. He began a tent meeting in his own home town in Jeffersonville, and for a young preacher of twenty-four years of age, just entering the ministry, the campaign was remarkably successful. It was estimated that as many as three thousand people attended a single service and large numbers were converted.

The Pillar Of Fire At Public Baptismal Service

At the baptismal service which followed the revival, some 130 persons were baptized in water. It was on June 11, 1933, as Brother Branham was baptizing converts in the Ohio River at the foot of Spring Street in Jeffersonville, that a strange Light, like a star, suddenly came whirling down and hung over his head. There was an estimated four thousand people sitting on the bank watching, many of whom were witness of this unexplainable phenomenon. Some ran for fear; others fell in worship. Many pondered the meaning of this remarkable occurrence. As it was with Saul of Tarsus (Acts 9:3-7), so it was with Brother Branham, a Voice spoke from the Light and said...

"As John the Baptist was sent to forerun the First Coming of the Lord so you are sent to forerun his Second Coming..."

Many years later, Bro. Branham had these words carved on the inside of the door of his home in Tucson, Arizona.

As the news of Brother Branham's unusual ministry began to spread people came from near and far. In the fall of 1933, the people who were following the ministry of William Branham built him a Tabernacle, which to this day retains the name of "Branham Tabernacle". The next few years was a fruitful time in which God's blessing rested upon him as he increased in favor with God and man.

Marriage

It was during these years that he met a wonderful Christian girl, Hope Brumback. After some months of courtship the young lady accepted William Branham's proposal and the two were married. The following narration is by Bro. Branham himself as he, in his simple, but always dramatic style, tells the story of his bashfulness, the proposal by letter, his marriage, and the events that

followed:

I was just a little country boy and was real bashful. Considering how shy I was, you probably wonder how I ever got married.

I met a fine Christian girl, I thought she was wonderful. My standard for a woman called for one that didn't drink or smoke cigarettes. It was hard to find such a girl then and it is worse than ever now. I loved this fine girl and I wanted to marry her, but I didn't have nerve enough to ask her. But I knew I had to ask her soon - she was too good a woman to waste time with me - she would get someone else. I only made twenty cents an hour and her daddy made several hundred dollars a month. Every night when I would see her, I would say, "I'm going to ask her tonight." And then a great big lump would come up in my throat and I just couldn't do it. I didn't know what to do. You know what I finally did? I wrote her a letter and asked her.

Well, that letter had a little more romance in it than "dear Miss." I did my very best to write a good letter, although I'm sure it was poor. So in the morning I got ready to put it in the mailbox. But then the thought occurred to me of what would happen if her mother got it. But I was afraid to hand it to her. Finally I got up enough courage to put it in the mailbox on Monday morning. Wednesday night I was supposed to meet her and take her to church. All that week before Wednesday I was really nervous. Wednesday night I went to see her. As I was going over to her place I thought of what would happen if her mother came out and said, "William Branham!" I knew I could get along alright with the girl and with her father, but I wasn't so sure of her mother.

Finally, I went to the door and called for Hope, the girl's name. She came to the door and said, "Will you step in?" I said, "If you don't mind I'll just sit on the porch." I made sure that they wouldn't get me inside. She said, "All right, I'll be ready in a few minutes."

I had an old Model T Ford, but she said, "It's not far to the church, let's walk." This alarmed me and I was sure something had happened. She went on to church but she didn't say anything. I was so nervous that night I didn't hear what the preacher said at all. she just kept me in suspense!

After we left the church, we started walking down the street - it was a moonlit night. But still she didn't say anything. At last I decided that she hadn't gotten the letter. This made me feel better. I thought that perhaps the letter had been misplaced by the postman. Then she turned to me and said, "Billy, I got your letter." Then I thought, "Oh, what am I going to do now?" Finally I asked, "Di-di-did you read it?" She said, "Uh-huh." Well, she just kept walking on. I

thought, "Why don't you say something?" I got more nervous than ever.

We were getting close to her house. But that's all she said, "Uh-huh." Now we were at the steps. Then we were almost to the door, and I thought, "Boy, don't get me on the porch, 'cause I might not be able to outrun them, so you tell me now." And so I kept waiting. Then I said, "Did you read it ALL?" And she said, "Uh-huh". I said, "What did you think about it?" She said, "Billy, I would love to marry you. I love you!" God bless her soul. Now, she's in Glory.

Then she reminded me that we'd have to tell her parents. I said, "Honey, listen, let's start this hour with a fifty-fifty proposition. I will tell your daddy if you'll tell your mother." I was rooting the worse part of it off on her, to begin with. She replied, "All right, but you tell daddy first."

I agreed to speak to her father on Sunday night. When the time came I kept putting it off and it was getting late. Hope kept looking at me and then at her daddy. Mrs. Brumback was crocheting and Mr. Brumback was sitting at his desk, typing away. I thought, "Oh my, what if he says no." I started out the door, saying, "Well, I guess I'd better go."

I walked toward the door; Hope came behind me. She said, "Aren't you going to tell him?" "Well", I said, "I'm trying to, but I don't know How I'm going to do it." So she suggested that I call him outside. She walked back and left me standing there. I said, "Charlie, could I talk you just a minute?" Mrs. Brumback looked up! She looked at Charlie; She looked at Hope and then to me. Charlie went with me out on the porch.

I said, "Sure is a pretty night, isn't it?" Charlie said, "Yes, it is." I said, "I've been working so hard, even my hands is getting calluses on them."

He said, "You can have her, Bill."

Oh, my! I said, "You really mean it Charlie?" He said, "Yes, Bill, I mean it. I would rather that you have her than anyone that I know because I know you'll be good to her, and you will love her."

I said, "Thank You, Charlie, I sure will do that." I don't know how Hope got by with her mother but we got married. I don't believe there was any place on earth that was any happier than our little home. It was wonderful. We didn't have much furniture in that house - a folding bed, an old rug and breakfast set, old stove that I bought from a junk dealer and put new grates in it. But, friends, it was HOME, and I would rather live in a shack and have favor with God than live in the best houses there is.

Everything went lovely. My wife saved her pennies to get herself a

gingham dress. I felt so good when I would do something for her. After two years a little boy came into our home - little Billy Paul. When I first heard him cry in the hospital I seemed to know that the baby was a boy, and I gave him back to God before I even saw him.

A Turning Point In His Ministry

Bro Branham had decided to take a fishing trip. He journeyed up to Lake Pawpaw in Michigan for a few days. When his money begin to run our he had to start back towards home. On His way back as He crossed the Mishawaka River he saw a great number of people gathering for a meeting. Wondering what kind of people they were, he decided to go into the meeting. That is where Bro. Branham first became acquainted with Pentecost. With the open vision ministry that he had, he knew that 'everybody was genuine'. In spite of a few False 'Anointed Ones' in the camp, he was still interested in what these Pentecostal had.

This was a Pentecostal Convention. They were quite demonstrative, and all this was a little new to the Man Sent From God. The people sang, praised the Lord and clapped their hands with joy, as they worshipped the God of their Salvation. Then the Preacher got up and began to preach on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The longer he preached the more convinced Bro. Branham became that maybe there was something to this. He decided to stay until the following day. His decision to stay would indeed bring a 'turning point' in his own ministry, but it would also lead to heartbreak because of a 'fateful decision' of disobedience, made under pressure from others.

Not having money for a hotel room, He went out in the country and parked in a cornfield that night and slept in his old car. For breakfast the next morning he had milk and stale rolls, but that didn't matter because his heart and mind was hungering for more of what he was hearing in this Pentecostal convention.

Next morning I got up early and returned to the church. By the time he got there, quite a number of people had already gathered for morning worship.

During the Evening service there were a large number of preachers sitting on the platform. The leader said, "We haven't time to hear you all preach so we are going to ask each one just to get up and tell us your name." Bro. Branham stood up, identified himself as William Branham, Evangelist, Jeffersonville, Indiana: He sat downing, not knowing what awaited him the next day. From this point we'll let Bro. Branham, in his own words relate what

happened:

The following afternoon, they had an old colored man get up and preach. He was rather decrepit and I was a little surprised to see them choose such a fellow to preach before that great congregation. He preached from the text, "Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together." Well, that old fellow picked up about ten million years before the world was ever formed. He just about covered everything in heaven, came down the horizontal rainbow and preached on everything on earth up till the Second Coming of Christ.

By the time he had finished he was as spry as a young man. In fact he said, as he went down from the platform, "You haven't got room enough for me to preach." I realized that God had done something for that man that He hadn't done for me. When he started preaching I was sorry for him, but when he got through I was sorry for myself. These people had something that I didn't have, and I wanted it.

That night I went out in the cornfield again and slept. In the morning, since I supposed nobody knew me, I decided that I would put on an old pair of seersucker trousers. My other pair had gotten rather creased from using them as a pillow. This was the last day that I could stay as I only had enough money left to buy gas to go home. I went back to church and when I arrived the people were already singing and shouting the praises of God. I went into the service hungry for more of God. I wanted the Baptism of the Holy Ghost if God would give it to me.

Without Warning He Is Asked To Preach At The Convention

The minister in charge got up and said, "We have just had the testimony service led by the youngest preacher here. The next youngest minister is William Branham of Jeffersonville." He said, "If he's in the building, would Rev. Branham please come forward to bring the Message this morning." I was almost in a state of shock. I looked down and saw my seersucker trousers. So I just sat real still. In fact, I had never seen microphone or a public address system before, and I certainly, didn't want to get up there and preach before all those powerful preachers.

They called again, "Does anyone know the whereabouts of Rev. Branham?" But I only crouched down in my seat lower than before. The call was repeated again.

The colored man sitting beside me turned around and said, "Do you know who he is?" I couldn't tell a lie, so I said, "Yes-sir, I know him." He said, "Go get him." I said, "Listen, I'm Brother Branham, but I have on these seersucker trousers and I can't get up on that platform." But the colored man said, "These people don't care how you are dressed. They care about what's in your heart." Well I said, "Please don't say anything about it." But the colored man didn't wait any longer. He shouted out, "There he is! There he is!" My heart Sank; I didn't know what to do. But the night before out in the cornfield I had prayed, "Lord, if these are the people that I have always wanted to find, that seem so happy and free, you give me favor before them."

Well, the Lord gave me favor with them, but I hated to go up before the crowd in the seersucker trousers. But everyone was looking at me and I had to do something. So I went on up to the platform. My face was red, and as I turned around I saw the microphones and I thought to myself, "What are those things?" I prayed, "Lord, if You ever helped anybody, help me now."

I opened the Bible and my eyes fell on the verse, "The rich man opened up his eyes in hell." And I preached on the text, "And then he cried." "There were no Christians there, and then he cried. There was no church there, and he cried. There were no flowers there, and he cried. There was no God there, and he cried." Then I cried; and then the people cried. I had been a rather formal preacher, but as I preached something got hold of me and the power of God came down upon the congregation.

Invitations To Conduct Revivals

After the service was over, Bro. Branham walked outside. One preacher after another came up to him with invitations to hold revival meetings in their areas. They were wanting him to come to Texas, Florida and all around. He got a piece of paper and took down names and addresses, and in a few minutes he had enough revivals lined up to last me throughout the year. Well, he was one happy man. He jumped into his little model "T" Ford and down through Indiana he went.

When he reached home, he began to tell his wife, Hope, about his experiences at the Convention. He said, "I have met the happiest bunch of people I ever met in my life. They are really happy, and they are not ashamed of their religion." He told her how it had affected him and his ministry. Then he showed her the invitations and said, "Will you go with me?" She said, "Honey, I have promised to go with you anywhere until death separates us." May God bless her

loyal heart.

Informing his mother of his intentions, she wholeheartedly gave him her blessing. But not all would bestow their blessing on him. His mother-in-law vehemently opposed it, stating that she wasn't about to let her daughter be dragged into such "trash" as that. In spite of her mother's strong opposition, Hope's desire was to go with her husband. It was at this point that Bro. Branham made a decision. The results of that decision would follow him all the days of his life. He was later to say that the decision he made was the greatest mistake of his entire life. We'll once again let Brother Branham tell you in his own words what happened:

A Fateful Decision

And friends, what I say now, let it be for your education. Let my mistakes result in your blessing. Friends and relatives warned me against accepting what I knew was God's call to me. I allowed their attitudes to influence me. Some said that the people I had met at the convention were trashy people. I later found out, and I say it reverently, that what was called "trash," was the "cream of the crop."

I was told that my wife would not get enough to eat, that she would eat one day and starve the next. Others told me that it was my job to stay there and look after the work in Jeffersonville. I listened to them and finally decided not to leave. Little did either I or my friends realize then that in eight months the Ohio River would overflow its banks and my family would be caught in the tragedy of the awful flood.

It was at this time that the anointing of God which had come upon me, now left me. It never really returned until five years later. My church, up until that time had been a growing prosperous church, but now it began to drop off. Everything went wrong. With my church going down, I didn't know what to do. Then began the dark period of my life. In 1937 the Ohio River flooded its banks, and was responsible for the death of so many people, including two of those that were the dearest to me in all the world.

When William Branham prophesied of the 1937 Ohio River Flood, little did he realize the direct impact it would have on him and his family. Six months before it happened he told his church that, in a vision, He saw an Angel come down from heaven, place a measuring rod on Spring Street, in Jeffersonville. The measure on the rod read 22 feet. Some in the congregation made light of it. But it did come to pass with tragic results.

Chapter 6, The Great Ohio Flood Of 1937

The winter of 1937 was especially severe over the entire nation. Unusual snows fell in the Northwest and blanketed the country for many days. But it was in the East that tragedy really struck. Heavy and protracted rains fell steadily for weeks, feeding the many tributaries that flow into the great Ohio River which drains the large area west of the Appalachians.

Gradually the level of the river passed the flood stage. Large populations living on the banks of the Ohio noted this with no little apprehension and alarm, yet they saw no sign of abatement in the flood of water that sought outlet down the valley. Day by day the waters continued to rise. Dikes and levees were strengthened, but the people knew that a break-through need occur at only one point to allow the water to fan out and flood the vast areas of farmland and even the cities that had been built along the river.

On the north bank of the Ohio River, opposite Louisville, Kentucky, is the city of Jeffersonville, Indiana. Of all who lived in the city, to none perhaps did the ominous threat of a flood appear at a more inopportune time, than to William Branham. His wife had contracted a serious lung infection while shopping across the river at Louisville. Because of this circumstance, his whole attention and interest was centered on her recovery. But now news reached them, as well as the other inhabitants of the town, that the crest of the flood was slowly moving downstream, and to all appearances the softened levees could not take much more. It appeared that Jeffersonville was doomed; still many of the people stayed on.

Remember, it was six months previous that William Branham had prophesied to his Church congregation that he saw a Angel come down from heaven with a large measuring rod and measured 22 feet of water on Spring street in Jeffersonville. Now the reality of his prophecy was dawning - no doubt those who laughed at the prophecy, now watched in fear as the flood waters began to rise.

As night fell, William Branham was on duty, working with the rescue squad as they patrolled the angry waters of the rising river. At midnight their worst fears were realized. The whistles began to blow, warning everyone to leave the city. Sirens at the fire stations screamed out into the night. The Branham family, and thousands of others were forced to flee for their lives.

The wife, being seriously ill and in no condition to be taken out into the storm, had to be removed to a temporary hospital set up by the government,

which was located on higher ground. The exposure resulted in both of their babies becoming seriously ill with pneumonia. The father took them to the hospital also, where they were taken care of on hastily improvised beds, where scores of other victims were awaiting the attention of the overworked staff. It was a terribly poor place for a hospital, and to make matters worse the doors kept swinging back and forth; people were rushing in and out, crying hysterically, their homes having been swept away in the strong current.

Much as he wanted to stay by his loved ones, the young minister realized that he had a responsibility to go back and assist the rescue squad which had been working frantically night and day. Tragedy was being enacted at many points as the waters relentlessly poured through the city and out over the countryside.

He was told to go to a certain street where the water had shaken the houses from their foundations. Maneuvering his boat down through the raging waters of this area, the young minister's attention was diverted to a pitiful scene. A mother and her children, standing on the upstairs porch of a house, were waving frantically, and calling to him for help. At this dramatic moment in the narrative, we shall let Brother Branham describe in his own words the things which happened:

I heard someone screaming, and looking up, saw a mother with her children standing on the upstairs porch of a teetering house, the big waves dashing against it. I had lived on the river practically all my life, and I thought perhaps I could help rescue the woman, even if it meant risking my own life for her and her little children, so I started toward the house. After I finally got them all into the boat, the lady almost fainted... She kept moaning something about her baby and I thought maybe she had left her baby in the house. So after I had gotten them safely on high ground, I tried to go back. But it was too late; the water was coming too fast now, and I was caught in the current.

Oh, I'll never forget how I felt then. So many things passed through my mind; how I tried to live a good Christian life, preach the word, do the best I knew how, but it seemed that everything was against me now.

When I finally got my boat under control and landed it, I tried to make my way to the government hospital (it had been four hours since I had left), but upon arriving found that the water had broken in behind there and all the people had to be evacuated. I didn't know where my wife was and no one could tell me. Oh, how sad I was in that hour. I kept inquiring and was finally told by an officer that they had been sent out on a train that was going toward Charlestown, a city

about 12 miles above Jeffersonville, where I rushed quickly to see if I could get to them.

A little creek just above us had overflowed its banks, making about five miles of swift rushing water between there and Charlestown; washing the farmers' homes away, and I knew that the train would have to go right through this territory. I had no way of knowing whether it had gotten through before the water broke or whether it had been washed off the track...

For quite some time I was able to learn nothing, but then I heard that the train made it through. I got a speedboat and tried to go against the waters, but it was just too much. The water pinned me in and I was marooned in a place called Fort Fulton with several friends for almost two weeks. Our food supply was very low and I was still in the dark about my wife and babies.

As soon as the waters went down enough for me to get my truck through, I went out to look for her. I didn't know whether my wife, babies, mother and brother were dead or alive. There God kept talking to my heart, and I could just imagine what it must be for those that have no hope in such an hour.

The next day I crossed the waters and began my search in Charlestown. No one there knew anything about a train coming in, or had heard of anyone by the name of Branham. Heartsick and burdened, I began walking down the street, not knowing what to do or where to go. It was then that an old friend, Mr. Hay, walked up to me. He threw his arms around me and trying to encourage me, he said, "Billy, we'll find them somewhere!"

I went down to the office of the train dispatcher and inquired when the train had come through, and where it had gone; but he was no help either. It had been two weeks before, and there had been more and more washouts, and he thought it went farther up in Indiana somewhere. An engineer standing nearby spoke up and said, "Oh, I remember that case. A mother with two little sick babies. We put them off at Columbus." He said, "Young man, you can't possibly get up there, as the waters have all trains cut off."

But I was going to find her anyway. I just started walking down the road, crying, with my hat in my hands. Oh, my! This brings back vivid memories again to think of it. But I hadn't been walking long when a car pulled up beside me, and the voice of a good friend exclaimed, "Billy Branham! Get in. I believe you are looking for your wife and babies!" I answered, "Yes." He said, "They're at Columbus in the hospital. Your wife's nearly dead.

"Is there any way we can get there?" I inquired frantically.

He answered, "I can take you there; I have found a way through some back lanes, by-passing the water." We got to Columbus that night.

His Wife Is Escorted Into Glory

I rushed down to the Baptist Church, which was being used for a hospital, screaming her name. I found her. Oh, my! She was almost gone! I asked about the babies; they were both very low, being kept at my mother-in-law's home. I knelt down by the side of the cot where Hope was lying. Dark eyes, expressive of intense suffering, looked up at me as I took her pale, thin hand in mine and prayed the best I knew how. But seemingly to no effect; there was no answer somehow. She got worse.

An intern asked me, "Aren't you a friend of Dr. Sam Adair?" I said, "Yes." Turning to look at me he said, "I must tell you, Reverend; your wife is going." I was just a young man - I pleaded, "Surely not." With a sad look on his face he said, "Yes", and turned away.

Having given up all hope of survival for my wife, Dr. Adair gave me permission to take Hope and the babies home. I returned to the house, and tried to clean it up as best as I could from the results of the flood. My heart was heavy but I tried to make the place as comfortable as possible for them. I fought a hard battle to save them. No specialist could do anything for them... It was just useless; they were too far gone. But I'm sure my wife didn't know this at the time.

She was brave all the way through. We returned her to the hospital so she could get the right kind of treatment. Nothing would do any good. We took an X-ray and found tuberculosis creeping deeper and deeper into her lungs.

One day they called me from work... (I was working, trying to get out of debt. I had to go hundreds of dollars into debt.)... I was told, "If you want to see your wife alive, you'd better come now!" I got into the car and rushed to the city as fast as I could. I rushed upstairs and down the hall, and the first person I saw was my little friend, Dr. Adair. We had been just like brothers, all our lives. I knew when I looked at him that he had bad news. He said, "I'm afraid she's gone now." He covered his face and went into the little anteroom. I struggled to hold myself together; I pleaded, "Come, go in with me, Doc." "I can't," he answered, "she was just like a sister to me. I can't go back in there, Bill."

I started in alone, and he called a nurse to go in with me. When I saw her I felt, too, that she was gone. The sheet was pulled up over her face. I pulled the sheet back. She was only a skeleton of her former self... so thin and pale... Oh,

my! I took her in my arms and began to shake her. I cried, "Honey, answer me!... God, please let her speak to me once more." She was already crossing over the line...

But suddenly she turned to look back at me. She opened those big, lovely, soft brown eyes. She started to raise her arms to receive me, but she was too weak; so I got down closer to her. I knew she wanted to tell me something. Friends, let tell you a little of what she told me. It will be in my memory until the day I meet her.

She said, "I was almost home. Why did you call me? I was being escorted Home by Heavenly Beings" I told her I didn't know I interrupted anything. She began telling me about the paradise I had called her from, how it looked... lovely trees and flowers, birds singing, not a pain in her body. For a moment I thought that perhaps I shouldn't have called her... (But, bless her heart... she's been enjoying that place a long time now.) She revived for a few moments and told me how she was being taken home by some Angelic Beings. She heard me way off in the distance calling. Friends, there is a land beyond the river, somewhere in the far beyond. Maybe millions of light years away, but it's there... and we're traveling that way. She described how beautiful it was. She said, "Honey, you've preached of it, you've talked of it, but you can't know how glorious it is." She wanted so much to go back.

She studied a moment and then said, "There are two or three things I want you to know." Weakly whispering she told me of the time that she had asked me to buy some chiffon stockings for her. I had bought rayon - I didn't know the difference. Not wanting to embarrass me, she gave them to my mother and bought the right kind herself. In her dying hour she wanted to make it right.

Her life was slowly ebbing away, but there were things that she just want to tell me. She said, "You remember the rifle you wanted to buy in Louisville and we couldn't afford it?" (How well I remembered... I've always been a hunter, and when I saw that particular rifle I thought how much I would like to have it.) "Yes," I said, trying to keep the tears out of her sight. Still whispering she said, "I've been saving my nickels and dimes to buy it for you. It's just about over for me, but when you get home you'll find the money lying under a paper on top of the old sideboard."

You'll never know how I felt when I found that six or seven dollars she had been putting back all that time for that rifle. I bought it and still have it, and intend to keep it as long as I can, and then give it to my little boy.

Her Last Words

"Don't think I'm beside myself", she whispered. "Billy", she said, "Do you know where we made out mistake?" Kneeling down beside her I said, "Yes, Sweetheart, I do."

She said, "We should have never listened to Mama. Them people were right. Promise me that you'll go to them people and raise my children like that." Then she nearly broke my heart when she said, "Promise me that you'll not stay single. Marry some good, Christian girl to raise my children." Turning to the nurse she said, "I hope you will have as good a husband as I have had." Looking back to me she said, "Bill, God is going to use you."

I said, "Darling. when you get up to the New Jerusalem... look for the east side of the gate and start calling my name... When you see Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Paul and Stephen and all of them coming up, I'll be there, Darling." She pulled me down to her and kissed me good-bye... Then she went to be with God.

Friends, let these things be for your education. Let my mistakes result in your blessing.

Chapter 7, Despair Then A Visit To Heaven

Death Strikes Again

Concerning our Lord Jesus Christ, it was written that "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered. And being made perfect He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." (Hebrews 5:8-9). Even so it was with God's Servant and Prophet to this Age - He would learn obedience through the things which he suffered. When God was finish with him, that little bundle of clay called William Branham would be ready for The Master's Hands, to be conformed to His will.

From the lips of his dying, young wife, he was reminded of his disobedience in refusing to go forth and "Do the work of an Evangelist, and make full proof of the ministry." Now, God had taken from him 'the desire of his eyes' but once more the Lord would allow death to knock at his door.

Again we ask Brother Branham to continue his narration of the story.....

After Hope had passed away, I started home to see about the babies. How desperately I sought some peace of mind. I went to my mother's... I went to our house, Hope's and mine, everywhere, nothing satisfied me. I couldn't rest. Many of you people know what I mean. That night I finally went to bed and tried to sleep. Sometime during the night somebody knocked on the door. A voice called out in the darkness, "Billy, your baby is dying"

I'll never forget that night when I heard those words. I thought, "Oh, no! Not my baby!" As if it weren't enough that I had lost my wife that day, the friend had come with the news that my baby girl was dying. When we got into his little pickup truck to go to the baby, I thought life was at its very end. How could these things be!

When we arrived at my mother-in-law's house, we found the baby very near death. Dr. Sam Adair had come to the home and examined her. He told me that there was nothing that could be done that he knew of, but we rushed her to the hospital anyway. She had spinal meningitis which she had contracted from her mother. There was no chance at all for her ever to be well. They moved her to an isolated area in the basement of the hospital. I was told that she would be dead in a matter of hours. I can't express with human lips how that tore me up.

Dr. Adair told me that I shouldn't go near her because I might carry the germ to my little boy, Billy Paul. But I just couldn't stand it any longer. Thinking of her mother laying in the undertaker's establishment, I had to see my baby. I

tell you, friends, the way of the transgressor is hard.

When the Doctor left the room I went down into the basement. I saw the little darling lying there. When I think of it now it just breaks my heart. As I walked in I looked at her and she tried to look at me. The flies was in her eyes. She was about eight months old, just big enough to be plump and sweet. The poor little thing had never come out of the spasm the meningitis had caused. One of her legs was drawn up and one of her arms was drawing. Her little leg moved up and down. Oh! Such a pitiful sight.

There laid my little darling, dying. I tried to talk to her. It was tragic - the agony was so great that one of them pretty, little blue eyes had crossed. It seemed as if my heart was breaking. I knelt down beside her and tried to pray. I said, "Lord, what have I done? Haven't I preached the Gospel on the Street corners? Don't hold it against me Lord. I never called them people "trash". Forgive me, Lord. Don't take my baby."

And while I was praying, it looked like a big black sheet came down. I knew then that He had refused me. Now, there was the hardest and most treacherous time of my life. I knew I had made a bad mistake in not turning loose of everything and going out into evangelistic work. I believe that the gift was ready to be manifested then, but I had neglected going.

But that dark curtain hung between and my baby was sinking. I raised up to look at her and said, "Sharon, don't you know daddy?" Truly I believe she knew I was there. It looked like she was trying to wave her little hand and her lips were quivering as though she were going to cry. You that have children know how I felt in that hour.

When God refused to talk to me then the Devil began to reason with me in my mind, trying cause me to doubt the Love and Goodness of God. He pointed to a dead wife and a dying child, hoping to turn me aside from serving God. But then, down on the inside, he stuck that Seed of Eternal Life. Faith took over. I raised up and said, "Lord, you gave her to me and now you're taking her away from me, blessed be the Name of the Lord! If you take even me, I will still love you."

I prayed and laid hands upon her. But the angels came a little while later and took the little darling to be with her mother. I returned home, desolate and weary. Two days later we buried her in her mother's arms. I remember standing heartbroken and in despair at the graveside. It was unendurable. Somehow the leaves blowing on the trees reminded me of the old song:

There is a land beyond the river that they call the sweet forever, And we only reach that shore by faith's decree. One by one we reach the portal, there to dwell with the immortals, When they ring those golden bells for you and me.

I know that some day the grave shall burst open, because there is an empty tomb in Jerusalem. I know that some day it shall be opened also because they believed in Jesus Christ their resurrected Redeemer.

The Depths Of Despair Then A Visit To Heaven

I returned to work, trying to do all I could to pay off the big bills and debts I owed. I'll never forget one morning when I was reading a pole meter on highway 150 near New Albany. I was singing to myself, "On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame." The sun was shining brightly that morning and the pole cast a shadow on a hill in front of me. It was at such an angle that the crossbar and my own body hanging by its safety belt also formed the shadow. There was the cross all over again!

Despondent And Despairing Over Death Of Loved Ones

I wanted so much to go and be with the family in the land beyond this river of life. My life on earth held nothing for me anymore. All that I had to live for was in the next world; without them my broken heart could not find the courage to keep up the struggle. But I know now that in all I went through, God was protecting 'His Gift' - not me, His Gift. He had a plan and it must be worked out. I am sure it took every tragedy and deep sorrow that I had to go through to bring me to the place where He could use me.

But at that moment, at the top of that pole, my grief was overwhelming. I got beside myself. I pulled off my rubber glove and I said, "Lord, I hate to do this. I'm a coward." Reaching out to grab that twenty-three hundred volts power line, I said, "Sharon, honey, daddy will be with you in just a little while." Then something happened. When I come to myself, I was sitting on the ground, with my hands up to my face, crying. It was God's Grace. It was God protecting His gift - It was ordained to be manifested in this Age.

Sitting there on the ground, Perspiration was breaking out all over me; I was trembling. I just took off my spurs, quit and went home. I went into the house, desperately hoping for something that would take my mind off my grief. But what could an empty house do?... a house with everything still fixed just as she had left it. Everything I looked at reminded me of her.

As I walked despondently around the house, my eyes fell on some mail that had come in. On one envelope I read these words: "Miss Sharon Rose Branham." My heart broke afresh. It was a letter from the bank and a small check that had been sent to my baby... Her little Christmas savings had been returned; I think it amounted to about \$1.80. Oh my! There it was, all over again. I started crying and knelt down on the floor. I was so blue; everything seemed too hard to bear. While kneeling there, I thought, "Lord, if you don't help me, I don't know what I'll do!"

Being a game warden, I always carried a pistol with me while on duty. I reached over to the side where I had laid it down and pulled the pistol out of its holster. I said, "Lord, I can't go this anymore, I'm dying. I'm so tormented." I pulled the hammer back on the gun, put it up to my head, kneeling there on that cot in that dark room. I said, "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come, Thine will be done," and I squeezed that trigger as hard as I could, I said, "on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." But the gun wouldn't go off!

And I thought, "O God, are You just tearing me to pieces? What have I done? You won't even let me die." And I throwed the gun down, and it went off and shot through the room. And I said, "God, why can't I die and get out of it? I just can't go no farther. You've got to do something to me." And I fell over and started crying on my little, old dirty bunk there.

And I must have went to sleep. I don't know whether I was asleep or what happened.

A Visit To Heaven

In this experience I thought I was going down along through the prairie, singing that song, "There's a wheel on the wagon is broken, sign on the ranch, `For Sale.'" And as I went along, I noticed an old covered wagon, like an old prairie schooner, and the wheel was broke. Course, that represented my broken family. And as I got close, I looked, and there stood a real pretty, young girl, about twenty years old, white flowing hair and blue eyes, dressed in white.

I looked over at her, I said, "How do you do?" Went on. She said, "Hello, Dad." And I turned back, I said, "Dad? Why," I said, "how, Miss, can I be your daddy when you're as old as I am?"

She said, "Daddy, you just don't know where you're at."

And I said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "This is Heaven." Said, "On earth I was your little Sharon."

"Why," I said, "honey, you was just a little baby."

She Said, "Daddy, little babies are not little babies here, they're immortal. They never get old or never grow."

She said, "Mama's waiting for you up at our new home."

And I said, "New home?" Brenham's are vagabonds, they don't have homes."

She said, "But you got one up here, Daddy."

Then she said, "Mother wants to see you."

And I turned and looked, and there was great big palaces, and the Glory of God coming up around them. And I heard an Angelic choir singing, "My Home, sweet Home." I started up a long steps, running just as hard as I could. And when I got to the door, there she stood, a white garment on, that black hair, long, holding down her back. She raised out her arms, as she always did when I come home tired from work or something. I caught her by the hands, and I said, "Honey, I seen Sharon down there." I said, "She made a pretty girl, didn't she?"

She said, "Yes, Bill."

Then she put her arms around my shoulders and started patting me. She said, "Stop worrying about me and Sharon. We are better off than you are."

I said, "Honey, I can't help it. I've been so lonesome for you and for Sharon, and Billy cries all the time for you." I said, "I don't know what to do with him."

She said, "It'll be all right, Bill. Now don't worry about us no more. Will you promise me?"

Then she asked me to come in a sit down. She directed me to a certain chair. I remember I tried to buy a chair one time. We just had them old common wooden-bottom chairs for the breakfast set - the only chairs we had. And we could buy one of these chairs that you let back in the back, It was a certain kind of an easy-rest chair. And it cost seventeen dollars, and you could pay three dollars down and a dollar a week. And we got one. And, oh, when I'd come in after working all day, and preaching till midnight around the streets and wherever I could preach, I would sit in that chair.

And one day I got behind on my payments. We couldn't make it, and it got day after day, and finally one day they come and got my chair and took it

back. That night, I never will forget, she had me a cherry pie baked. Poor little old thing, she knew I was going to be disappointed. And after supper I said, "What's you so good about tonight, honey?"

And she started crying. I knew there was something wrong. I had an idea 'cause they had already sent me a notice they was coming to get it. And we couldn't make that dollar payment a week. We couldn't, just couldn't afford it. She put her arms around me, and I went to the door and my chair was gone.

She told me up There, she said, "You remember that chair, Bill?"

And I said, "Yes, honey, I remember."

She said, "Well, they won't take this one, this one's paid for." Then She said, "Sit down just a minute, I want to talk to you." And she said, "Promise me, Billy, promise me that you won't worry anymore. You're going back now." But Promise me you won't worry."

And just then I come to myself - it was dark in the room. I looked around, and I felt her arm around me. I said, "Hope, are you here in the room?"

She started patting me. She said, "You going to make me that promise, Bill? Promise me you won't worry no more." I said, "I promise you."

She patted me two or three times, and then she was gone. I jumped up and turned on the light, looked everywhere, she was gone. But she just gone out of the room. She isn't gone, she's still living. She was a Christian.

Since that time God has given me the strength to carry on. I continued to preached and work at different jobs. Then in 1946, after severe trials and testing's, the Lord graciously came on the scene and commissioned me to take a Message of Divine Healing to the world. For all He has done for me I humbly thank Him.

Chapter 8, Remarkable Incidents Preceding Angel's Visit

The man William Branham had passed through the refining fire and the metal was now ready for the Masters use.

The time was now drawing near when God was to reveal Himself to William Branham in a manner that would not only radically affect his own ministry, but the result of it was to have a profound effect upon the Christian world.

God was about getting him ready to spearhead one of the greatest revivals the world had ever seen. By the Grace and Call of God, He Became A Giant in the Ministry of Divine Healing. Yet, His ministry was More Than Spiritual Gifts for physical healing.

It would be a sign that would be spoken against by some, but to other multiplied thousands it would be a cause of praise and thanksgiving to God, and to some it was to provide an inspiration that would cause a hundred-fold increase in their ministry. Such was the Anointing upon God's Servant and Prophet, William Branham

The supernatural became a constant everyday thing with this man. Even Devils and Demons recognized this God-ordained and God-anointed Ministry. It is a notable fact in the Biblical narrative that while have been those who have been specially commissioned of God, demons oddly enough have often given this recognition without delay. The first miracle involved in the ministry of Christ, as recorded in the book of Mark, concerns an odd testimony, coming as it does from an evil spirit.

Jesus had returned to the City of Nazareth to preach the Gospel to those of his home town. The people of that city, however, far from recognizing the identity of the remarkable Person Who was in their midst, strongly resented His apparent change of vocation from a carpenter to that of a Prophet. But the recognition that they withheld, was quickly acknowledged by the demon that possessed the man who was in their synagogue, and who cried out in the presence of Christ, "I know thee who thou art, thou Holy One of God." Similarly, the legion of demons in the maniac of Gadara, as He drew near, cried with a loud voice, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of the Most High God?"

Again the Apostle Paul, as he began his missionary work in Europe, in

the City of Philippi, instead of being accorded a prophet's welcome, was taken by rough hands and thrust into the inner stocks of a prison. But the spirit of divination in a little girl was quick to discern who Paul and Silas were, and it cried out saying, "These men are servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation." But what was the testimony of the religious leaders? They condemned him as a spreader of 'false doctrine' - a madman. They failed to realize that there was a change in dispensations "from Law to Grace" - a NEW Message was coming forth. So is it today, the religious people - not spiritual people, but religious people - fail to recognize that we're changing dispensations, from Grace to Judgment - A NEW Message has come forth to give Rapturing Faith. The old denominational tradition will never meet the need of the hour.

To mention but a few of them. Some others are related in the visions recorded in the latter part of this book. However, one incident that occurred was of such an unusual nature, and because mention has been made of it by Brother Branham on occasions, we shall take note of it at this time. When we consider Bible History, it is not surprising then that the gift which had been destined for the ministry of William Branham, should be recognized by spirits of divination even before he fully understood the purpose of the gift himself. On one occasion as he passed by an astrologist, the woman upon seeing him, motioned him to come over to her, as she wished to speak to him. When he came near she said, "Say, do you know that you were born under a sign and have a gift from God?" Other experiences of such a nature occurred and disturbed him for a time, but later he understood.

As neither Christ nor Paul accepted nor valued the testimony of demons, and rather commanded them to hold their peace, so Brother Branham, of course, does not endorse in any sense the so-called pseudo sciences of astrology or fortune-telling of any kind, even though on occasions their testimony confirms the gift of God. The Lord has plenty of ways of substantiating and vindicating the ministries of his servants without depending on the evidence given by demons. And, of course, the Scriptures speak strictly against the children of God consulting such sources. (Isa. 47:13-14) But it's sad to think that Devils and Demons would rise in judgment against religious leaders and condemn them for their unbelief.

It was in Little Rock, Arkansas that a man had brought his wife to Bro. Branham, asking him to pray for her deliverance. She was insane and at times violent. They had brought her from an institution and took her into the basement of the church. Four men came with her husband to help control her. Before

arriving at the church where Brother Branham was preaching she kicked a window out of the car.

Going down into the basement, the Prophet of God found a heavy set woman, young, with her hands and feet sticking right up. She hadn't been on her feet in two years. Her arms and legs were bleeding. The young husband explained to Bro. Branham that two years previous, immediately after the birth of her first child, she lost her mind.

When Bro. Branham went near to pray for her she lashed out at him - he lost his balance and fell to the floor. Quickly, he jumped up and moved to the side. She followed him, crawling on her back like a serpent. She hit her head against a bench and tore the flesh off. Picking up a stick which she had broken from the bench she threw it at her husband and Bro. Branham.

She crawled right up, and said, "William Branham, you have nothing to do with me." And her husband looked over and said, "Why, she don't even know who she is herself. She don't know you." Brother Branham said, "That's not her; that's the devil. That's that devil." Looking toward the woman, he prayed this prayer: "Satan, you realize and do know that I have no power over you, but my Lord does, for He triumphed over you at Calvary. And by a Divine gift given to me by an Angel, which told me to get the people to be sincere and nothing would stand before the prayer. In the Name of Jesus Christ come out of her."

Nothing happened. Her husband standing there in old overalls, threw his arm around Bro. Branham's neck and said, "What must I do with her, Brother Branham?" He instructed the man to take her back to the institution and he believed she would get well.

On the road back that night, they never had one bit of trouble with her. The next morning when they come in to get her, she was setting up and spoke to the matron. And the second day she was dismissed from the hospital, perfectly normal and well.

At another time Brother Branham was in a large city for three nights of services. The first one to be prayed for was a small child, whose feet had been drawn up by polio, causing him to have to walk on his toes. Suddenly it seemed as if a bright light had been turned on him. Evangelist T. L. Osborn, who was present at this meeting, thought that a worker back stage had turned a spotlight on Brother Branham, but looking up they discovered it was the Pillar of Fire casting it's Light over Brother Branham and the child.

Bro. Branham himself thought someone had turned on a spotlight. He

opened his eyes and looked up, and lo, a Star of Light stood before him. Recalling this incident he says, "I dropped the little boy or either he jumped from my arms - I did not know what happened, for it seemed that every nerve in my body was paralyzed. As he hit the floor his feet became normal, and for the first time in his life he walked naturally off the platform. What God did was marvelous in our eyes. We rejoiced greatly because that many people gave their hearts to Christ that night.

When William Branham reached the place where he determined that his life would be wholly surrendered to God, and that he would do whatever God wanted him to do, the Lord began to bless his ministry above and beyond any other. It was then that the most remarkable visitation of his life (up to that time) occurred, when the angel in person visited him and gave him a solemn commission from the Most High. The story of this climaxing experience will be told in the following chapter by Brother Branham himself.

Chapter 9, An Angel From The Presence Of God

The remarkable angelic visit received by Brother Branham has caused no little wonder among many of the people of God as well as the un-saved. As it was in the days of our Lord Jesus, so is it today, some believe and some don't believe. As it is written... "...As many as were ordained to Eternal Life believed." But the overwhelming majority of the people who attend the Branham meetings were fully convinced of the reality of the angelic visitation.

It so happens that God has chosen diverse and sometimes very mysterious ways in which to reveal Himself to His servants specially called for some important dispensational purposes. To Moses, deliverer of Israel, He appeared in the Burning Bush. To the children of Israel He was found in the Pillar of Fire by night and the Cloud by day. Samuel heard Him as a Voice calling in the night. To Elijah He was the Still Small Voice. To Abraham He appeared in the Theophany manifested in human form, and Paul saw Him in His resurrection glory - the Pillar of Fire, a blinding Light as also did John, the Beloved.

Perhaps, however, the most usual supernatural visitation in Biblical times was by an angelic visitor. Thus Angels appeared to Abraham, to Moses, to Joshua, to Gideon, to David, to the Prophets, to Zechariah, to Mary, to the Shepherds, to the Apostles, and others. In most cases supernatural visitations were not mere visions, but were an actual appearing of an Angelic being. Thus the story of the Angel's appearance to William Branham is not without full Bible precedent.

Indeed the truth of Angelic ministration to mortals is quite in line with the Word of God. It has been recognized generally that as a result of the Pentecostal Revival (early 1900's), the gifts of the Spirit have been restored back to the church. But, what about the ministry of Angels? The Bible says in Hebrews 1:14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Angels Minister To God's People

Though ordinarily we cannot see Angels, it is evident from the Scriptures that they are in the company of the children of God much of the time. No doubt, if we fully realized that there were heavenly persons in our vicinity who are daily watching our conduct and our thoughts, it would have a profound effect upon our lives. Yet such is indeed the case. In (Matt. 18:10) we find Jesus

exhorting us to be, in our spirits and attitudes as little children. Then in verse 18 he stated that "Their Angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

In Psa. 34:7 it is written... "The angel of the Lord encampeth round them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Again in Hebrews 1:14 we read concerning Angels: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of Salvation."

We could cite the great number of Scriptures which deal with the earthly ministry of angels, but that is not necessary. The Bible says, "Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses let a thing be established;" and we have already given numerous references. The fact is that practically all Bible teachers believe and teach the actuality of such a ministry.

Why then are not angels seen more often? According to our Scripture references, Angels appear in a visible form, NOT to all Believers, but to those chosen for special ministries such as Prophets. Such are ordained from the womb and built in such a way so as to live in 'two worlds' at the same time - the seen and the unseen. The fact remains that ALL Believers do have what we call, "Guardian Angels".

At times, God has, for some reason, permitted Believers other than Prophets to see Angels. Elisha, the Prophet could easily see the mountains around his besieged city, filled with a host of horses and chariots of fire; But the young man with him could not see it. The Bible records that Elisha prayed and asked God to open the young man's eyes (spiritually) that he might see. In answer to the Prophet's prayer God permitted the young man to see the heavenly host of the Lord. (2nd Kings 6:17)

To peer beyond the veil and perceive such highly refined beings as Angels we must needs be very sensitive to the Spiritual realm. Even then we must proceed with caution, realizing that Satan and his angels also disguise themselves as "Angels of Light" (2nd Corinthians 11:14-15). Any experience with the Supernatural should be "tested" with the Bible to make sure it's entirely Scriptural.

There are numerous cases on record where people just before their passing from this world, have witnessed attending angels. Apparently from the words of Jesus, it is one of the duties of angelic beings to transport the human spirit, when it leaves its crumbling tenement of clay, into the dimension where the righteous are awaiting the resurrection. (Luke 16:22). It appears that when the grosser human senses fail, the senses of the spirit become quickened and are

able to witness things that ordinary mortals cannot. I refer you to the account already given in a previous chapter of Sister Branham's passing into the other dimension. She spoke of two beings in white who were waiting to escort her beyond time into eternity.

A Living Witness Of Bible Days In The Twentieth Century

For a detailed account of the coming of the Angel to Brother Branham I refer you to Gifts Of Healing Plus - On that page scroll down to the heading "An Angel Appears. With the coming of the Angel to William Branham, we could say that Bible days had returned to the church again. Concerning such visitations there is one point that is fundamental - An angel of the Lord will never reveal anything but what agrees strictly with the Scriptures. Paul warned us that "If an Angel came and preached any other Gospel other than what was already preached, let him be accursed." But the Angel that came to Brother Branham always took the prophet back to the Scriptures.

For "The Man Sent From GOD" the supernatural was becoming more and more a part of his everyday life. But at times all these things left the young William Branham frustrated, not knowing the full purpose of God for his life and ministry. Up to this point God had blessed him in his ministry but he did not fully understand the "purpose" of God sending this kind of a "vision ministry". The world had already received a witness of signs and wonders healing ministries, but this ministry was different. In Scripture this type of ministry is called an "Open Vision Ministry". In 1st Samuel 3:1 we read,

"And the Word of the Lord was Precious (rare) in those days; there was no open (frequent) vision."

It was then that God raised up the Prophet Samuel with a Frequent Vision ministry. And the Ministry that God had given William Branham was comparable to that of the Old Testament Prophets and our Lord Jesus Christ. It was indeed a Ministry of Open and Frequent visions.

No wonder that this young 'Kentucky hillbilly' from the backwoods was puzzled as to WHY God would commission him with such a ministry. WHAT was he to do with it? WHERE was he to go with it? HOW was God going to use it to fulfill what the Voice said in 1933 when the Pillar of Fire came down on the Ohio River? There were many questions that William Branham sought answers for. All these things came to their climax when in May of 1946, as he was walking under a large maple tree a Mighty Rushing Wind struck the top of the

tree, moved down towards him, causing him to stagger under the impact. That was another 'turning point' in his life. He was driven to desperation to understand his peculiar life and ministry.

He cancelled plans for the fishing trip that he and some brethren were about to take that afternoon. Instead he said good-bye to his wife and children and headed for his cave, determined to find the answers to his questions. It was there in

During this first of many visitations, the Angel conversed with Brother Branham for about half an hour, explaining the ministry. However, the results of that Angelic visitation to William Branham brought forth a steadily rising tide of revival that sounded out throughout the world. The Angel told Bro. Branham that he would be given "Two Signs" to take the Message of Divine Healing around the world. As we shall see in other chapters and pages in this Web Site that this part of his ministry was fulfilled, above and beyond all human expectations.

In 1955 the Angel came in person to Bro. Branham again and gave him further instructions concerning his ministry. He was shown that his ministry to the Bride of the Lord Jesus would come to its climax in "Three Phases or Three Pulls". The Third Pull would be the climax and final phase of his ministry.

And climax it did! In February 1963, Seven Mighty Angels came and commissioned him to Preach the Mystery of the Seven Seals of Revelation chapter 5 through 8. referring to this series of meetings, Bro. Branham said, "Of all the services I have ever had in my life, I believe this week has been the most glorious time of all my life in services. I have seen great miracles performed in healing services, BUT this is beyond that."

Indeed he had seen God do marvelous works during the first Two Pulls (phases) of his ministry but to him the Breaking of those Seven Seals was most important. Come with us into the next chapter as we go back and rehearse the things that transpired in his ministry after the first visitation of the Angel in 1946. Without a doubt we must confess that "There has been a mighty Prophet in the land."

When the Angel commissioned Bro. Branham in 1946 he said that Jesus was coming very soon, and that this commission was one of the signs of the nearness of His coming. He was told that if he would be sincere and get the people to believe, nothing would stand before his prayer, not even cancer. The Angel told the Prophet that he would be with him where ever he went. Indeed the Presence of that Angel from the Presence of God has been felt around the

world. The effects of that Ministry shook the Church to discover its very foundations. Yes, this Open Vision Ministry became and remains a challenge to the Faith of all professing Christians everywhere. May your faith be challenged in these pages to find its foundations not in a denominational, inter-denominational or non-denominational church, but in the Living Word (the Lord Jesus Christ) made manifest in this Age.

Chapter 10, Beginning Again With A Fresh Anointing

After the visitation of the angel, Brother Branham returned to his home with a Fresh Anointing upon his life and ministry. The Angel, by showing him the Scriptures, answered his questions and dissolved his doubts. He knew now that this was a Scriptural Ministry, fulfilling end time prophecy.

On Sunday evening he spoke in his tabernacle at Jeffersonville and told the Saints of the coming of the Angel and his commission. The people of his church believed in him and loved him. It is to them we go at this time for the continuation of our story of the course of events which were now unfolding rapidly and would soon plummet Brother Branham onto the stage of a national and international ministry.

Branham Tabernacle Witnesses The Supernatural

Just before beginning his world-wide ministry, Brother Branham would serve one more year as the full time Pastor of the Tabernacle in Jeffersonville. That year would indeed be a year of visions and everyone of them came to pass before our very eyes. But the "special signs" which he had received during the visitation of the angel, he told his congregation of this only a few days before he left us to go to St. Louis.

The Congregation of the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville, along with thousands of others around the world, believe that William Branham is a Prophet sent from God fulfilling the Prophecies of Malachi 4:5-6; Luke 17:30 and Revelation 10:7. We believe that as John the Baptist forerun the First Coming of Christ, "To make ready a people prepared for the Lord", so William Branham was sent to forerun the Second Coming "To made ready a people prepared for the Lord" - even a people prepared for the resurrection and Rapture.

Most of the Saints here in Jeffersonville have known Bro. Branham since he was a school-boy. Around the world and especially at his home church, he was known and loved for his genuine humble ways. It is true that he has always lived a clean, moral, quiet life, but there was always something else about him that made him a little different from the others he grew up with. Now, for about a year after the coming of the Angel, many here watched in amazement as God through an "Open Vision" ministry unfolded His mysteries, some of which have been more or less hidden since Apostolic days. There are just too many witnesses to the Supernatural to say it wasn't so. This thing wasn't done in a corner.

After his conversion when he began preaching here, we erected a large tent for him and people came from far and near. We realized even then that God was with this man in a special way. From the early days of his ministry many signs and wonders followed him. It seemed that they increased as he moved from one phase of the ministry to another. Being a part of his local church in Jeffersonville, we were privileged indeed to have seen and heard the things of God firsthand.

It was on Memorial Sunday night in the year 1946, speaking in the tabernacle, that he told of his meeting with the angel, and how the angel told him of the Gift of Healing that he was to take to the peoples of the world, that many thousands of people would be coming to him for healing, and that he would be standing before thousands in packed auditoriums.

Now for a carnally-minded person this seemed absolutely impossible, as this boy was a humble worker, a very poor peasant type, and uneducated. But we had seen other visions of his come to pass, and he spoke this with such certainty, and openly declared it to every one, that we were sure this would come to pass also. He also stated that the angel had declared to him that he would be able to discern disease by supernatural power, and then if he would stay humble that he would be able to discern the thoughts of people's hearts and know their lives - past, present and future. The Angel further told him that even though this was the Spirit of Christ working through him he would be greatly misunderstood. Continuing to explain the impact this ministry would have on the world, the Angel informed Bro. Branham that he was called from birth for this purpose, and that the last days were here; also that this was the sign of the last days, and by this gift God was calling the Bride of Christ back to the Word.

Concerning the "two signs", we recall in Scripture that previous to sending the Prophet, Moses, to bring Israel out of Egypt, God commissioned him in the mountain and gave him "two signs" (Exodus 4:1-9). One of the sign was in his hand as was also one of the sign given to Bro. Branham - It is a Scriptural Sign.

The second sign William Branham received (knowing the very secrets of the heart) was indeed Scriptural. Two references will suffice to prove our point: In the Old Testament (Genesis 18:9-15) three heavenly Messengers came to Abraham while he was sitting in the door of his tent. Abraham called 'one' of the Messengers "LORD". It was this "One" who discerned what Abraham's wife, Sarah, was thinking in her heart while she was in the tent behind Him.

In her heart she had laughed when she heard this "One" Messenger say

that she would have a son in her old age. He said, "Why did Sarah laugh?" She quickly denied it but HE said, "Nay, but thou didst laugh." This Messenger also knew their names. Instead of calling them Abram and Sarai, He called them Abraham and Sarah. Just prior to this visitation God had appeared to Abram and Sarai and changed their names.

In the New Testament we recalled the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was the WORD made flesh to dwell among us (John 1:1-3). Hebrews 4:12 says, "For the WORD of God is Quick and Powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a Discerner of the Thoughts and Intents of the heart." In speaking to the "woman at the well" in John 4:5-25,29, Jesus discerned the very thoughts and intents of her heart, telling her "all things that she ever did". She ran through the city saying, "Is not this the very Christ?"

When Jesus met Nathanael for the first time He said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Nathanael said, "How knowest Thou me?" Jesus responded with these astounding Words, "Before Philip called thee, I saw thee when you were under the fig tree." Seeing this sign Nathanael said, "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

Without a doubt, this Prophetic End time Ministry is Scriptural. Yes, this Age has seen manifested a Life and Ministry which is comparable to Old Testament Prophets like Moses and Elijah. Because of the "Sign" of knowing the very "Secrets of the Heart", this Ministry can also be compared to that of our Lord Jesus Christ. Most assuredly we believe that William Branham was "A" son of man (prophet) Revealing (Luke 17:30) "THE" Son of Man, the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course Brother Branham, being very humble in all his ways, he does not profess to be a great person. He takes no glory to himself, but gives all the credit to Jesus Christ who saved him and called him. We challenge our readers to study and compare for themselves and "the Lord give you understanding in all things".

Telegram Arrives While Service Was In Progress

News of the Angel's visit to Brother Branham spread quickly. On this Sunday night after the appearance of the angel, Brother Branham was ministering to us in the tabernacle at Jeffersonville, when someone came in and handed him a telegram. It was from St. Louis and it asked him to come and pray for a young girl who was dying. Her name was Betty Daugherty.

The news of what had happened had gotten as far as St. Louis, and now

he was asked to come and minister to the girl. This would be the beginning of the fulfillment of what the Angel had told him a few days before. After this we would see him less and less in Jeffersonville. He would return only to preach and record some "special message" that the Lord had laid on his heart for the people.

At the time he received the telegram from St. Louis, Brother Branham worked daily for a living, making only enough to keep his family. He had no money to pay for the train ticket. So we took up an offering to pay his expenses for the trip. We got enough money to pay his way over and back by train coach. He borrowed a suit of clothes from one of his brothers, and a coat from another brother, and at near midnight we put him on the train at Louisville, Kentucky, where he started for St. Louis.

The Healing Of Betty Daugherty

Throughout his journey, Bro. Branham was very calm, knowing that God would not fail him. He knew in himself that the Angel told him that people would call from many miles away seeking his prayers for the sick.

When he arrived at the station in St. Louis he was greeted by Rev. Daugherty, a pastor in the city, who had sent for him to minister to his little daughter, who lay dying with some unknown trouble. The best physicians of the city had been called and they were wholly unable to diagnose her case.

Brother Daugherty said with a weary "We've done all we know to do; our doctors have done likewise. We have prayed and prayed, and many ministers and congregations of the city have fasted and prayed, but seemingly to no avail." Then Brother Branham walked with the father to his home where the dying child lay. He was greeted by the mother and grandfather of the child. Many friends were in the house praying at that time. He looked at the pathetic sight, and the tired parents looked upon him so earnestly as if to say, "Can't you help us?"

Tears rolled down our brother's cheeks as he moved slowly toward the bed. What a sad sight to see a little curly-headed girl, nothing but skin and bones, clawing at her little face like an animal. She was screaming at the top of her voice, which by then had become very hoarse because this had been going on for three months. Brother Branham knelt in the room and prayed with the rest of them. But after prayer was made, seemingly the child was no better.

Brother Branham then asked for a quiet place to pray by himself, so he could see what Jesus Christ would have him to do. He realized that of himself he could do nothing. You will recall reading in the Fifth chapter of John when Jesus healed the lame man at the Pool of Bethesda and left the multitude of lame and

blind and halt without healing, He said to the Jews, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do, for whatsoever things he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." This is true in the ministry of our brother. Often he sees the thing by vision. It is first shown to him by God and then he merely acts out the drama that he has seen.

Deliverance Comes!

Rev. Daugherty took Brother Branham down to the church. For some three hours, Rev. Daugherty, his father and Brother Branham prayed. After this they returned back to the home to find the scene the same as before. Brother Branham then went into a room by himself to intercede for the child but still nothing happened - no vision came. Then he would walk up and down the street, and finally he sat in the pastor's car that was parked nearby. After a while the car door came open and Brother Branham stepped forward toward the house, this time with a stern look. Something had happened!

Going directly to the house, he was met at the door by the father and grandfather, who, taking one look at his countenance, knew something had happened. He asked them, "Do you believe that I am God's servant?" "Yes," was the cry of the family. "Then do as I tell you, doubting nothing." To the mother he said, "Get me a pan of clean water, and a white cloth. Your child shall live for God has sent his Angel to me and told me that your child shall live."

While the mother was getting the water, the father and the grandfather were asked to kneel, one to the right and one to the left of Brother Branham at the foot of the bed. When the mother returned she was asked to stroke the damp cloth over the face, then the hands, then the feet while Brother Branham was in prayer. Then he said, "Father, as thou hast showed me these things so I have done according to the vision that thou hast given me. In the Name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, I pronounce this child healed." The evil spirit left the girl immediately. She is a normal, healthy child living in the same community today. People of the city flocked to Brother Branham but he withdrew himself, promising he would return later, which he did, within a few weeks. The City of St. Louis was privileged to witness the beginning of a world-wide prophetic ministry.

Testimony Of The Father - Rev. Robert Daugherty

"Our little girl, Betty, had been sick for three months. We had two noted doctors of the city, but seemingly they could not find the cause of her sickness. We also had many outstanding ministers of the city and country around, praying

for her. She steadily grew worse. Then we sent to Jeffersonville, Indiana, for a man by the name of Rev. William Branham, who has the gift of Divine healing.

Brother Bill, as he is called, came to us at once. After hours of praying, he came in and told us that the Lord had showed him a vision of what to do for our little Betty. She was mere skin and bones and shook all the time as if she had palsy. Brother Bill asked us if we would believe God and would obey what He said to do. After he had prayed and called over her the Name of Jesus, our little girl was immediately healed. That has been about 10 months ago. Our little Betty is now in perfect health and is as fat as she can be. I will be glad to write to anyone in question of her healing, or any of the healings that took place during the revival which Brother Branham held there in St. Louis in 1946.

Chapter 11, His First Healing Campaign St. Louis, Missouri

On the 14th day of June, 1946, Brother Branham, his family, and two sisters from his church left Jeffersonville for St. Louis where he was to begin his first healing campaign. It was a beautiful morning and a sense of excitement filled their hearts. Bro. Branham himself would recall many times, his last service at the Tabernacle before going into the Evangelistic field to fulfill the recent Words of the Angel and the vision which the Lord gave him one Sunday morning in 1933, just before he laid the cornerstone for Branham Tabernacle. In that Vision the Lord told him to "Do the work of an Evangelist and make full proof of the ministry committed to him". Neither did God's Servant forget the 'special' in that service, sung by some sisters at the Tabernacle: "They come from the East and West; They come from the lands afar; To feast with the King, to dine as His guest; How blessed these pilgrims are!"

At four o'clock they reached the City of St. Louis, where the party had pre-arranged to meet Rev. Daugherty at the end of the large McArthur Bridge which spans the Mississippi River. His car was there, posted with signs of the coming revival. Brother Daugherty met them and took them to his home. The party was greeted by the family, including little Betty, who had been healed a few days before.

That evening they all went to the large tent where Brother Branham was to preach. As he explained to the congregation what God had done for him, the people listened with evident interest and attention. Eighteen people were prayed for that night. Among these was a man that had been crippled for years. After prayer was made in the Name of Jesus, he arose clapping his hands and walked unaided. A blind man was healed and several had deaf ears opened.

On the following morning Brother Branham was asked to make a sick call in the psychopathic ward of the St. Louis Hospital. The insane woman was restored to normal and later obtained her release. They drove over to Granite City, Illinois and found a woman weighing about 83 pounds suffering with cancer. After prayer God touched her body and she was then asked to dress and go home. At the next home they visited there was a lady who had been paralyzed in her right side for about a year. Brother Branham prayed for her and then commanded her to rise in the Name of Jesus Christ. She obeyed and immediately raised her right hand above her head and stood alone. Then she walked back and forth across the room, clapping her hands. Her voice, which had been gone, was

restored, and she was able to speak.

When the party returned to the tent that evening they found it crowded. Many stood outside in the rain and others were in cars parked nearby. Again the service was blessed, with a number of wonderful healings taking place.

As the meetings continued from night to night miracles of even a more outstanding nature took place. Heavy unseasonable rains were falling but it did not deter the people from attending. They brought old newspapers with them and used them to cover the wet seats. More chairs were provided, and these were quickly filled with many left standing. On Sunday evening a colored minister, who was totally blind in both eyes and known by many in the congregation, came forward to be prayed for. After prayer Brother Branham held out his hand, and the colored man called out, "Reverend, I see your hand." Then he looked up and saw the lights. He cried, "Praise the Lord, I can count the lights in the place and can see the cross-arms they are hanging to." The people glorified God for this great miracle, for many of them had known this colored minister to be blind for approximately twenty years.

A woman that night that rejected the call of the Spirit left the meeting, but had gone only a few steps when she suffered a heart attack and fainted on the sidewalk next to a tavern. Brother Branham went out and prayed for her, after which she arose and confessed how she had resisted God's call to her heart.

The services had only been scheduled for a few days, but now several ministers of the city came to the room where he was, urging him to continue the meeting for longer than he had planned. After kneeling down and asking God for Divine guidance, Brother Branham said that the Lord willing he would continue. The interest in the meetings increased from night to night, and police appeared to see that all was in order.

Testimonies of healing were now coming in. One of the first to be prayed for in the campaign was a little lady about seventy years of age, whom the party had noticed had a cancer on her nose about the size of a small egg. Now, less than a week later, she returned to tell that it had gone. Many other testimonies were given. Of course the testimony of little Betty Daugherty, who demonstrated that she was now sound and well, was very impressive. A minister who could not raise his arms was prayed for. He then raised his arms in the air and praised God. Many deaf and dumb were healed in the meetings and demonstrated that they could hear by repeating words to the congregation. A woman being able to walk without braces praised the Lord. A woman suffering with lock-jaw and arthritis was instantly healed. She was able to open and shut her mouth easily. And so the

healings multiplied and were beyond count.

With the great number to be prayed for increasing nightly, Brother Branham often would pray until 2 o'clock in the morning. This practically became a custom for him from that time on for many months. So great was his compassion for the sick that it was difficult for the evangelist to leave the people.

We saw indeed the Spirit of the Living Christ made manifest.

The campaign continued until June 25. On the following morning he returned to Jeffersonville, Indiana. He had received another telegram from a little girl's parents, who said that their daughter was in a serious condition. When Brother Branham appeared at the hospital room he prayed for her and Jesus touched her body. She then dressed and went home, sound and well.

Sometime later Brother Branham returned to St. Louis to speak in the Kiel Auditorium for a one-night meeting. Some 12,000 packed into that great building to hear him at that time.

Chapter 12, Dramatic Events Following The Angel's Visit

Immediately following the St. Louis campaign great signs and mighty works of God began to multiply in the ministry of Brother Branham. In a space of three months so many things happened on the phenomenal side that the recounting of them would fill several books. How the matter became so widespread in so short a time is still hard to understand, and is in itself a phenomenon. Inside of six months people were coming or writing from beyond national boundaries. Some, not knowing him or his name, saw Brother Branham in a vision and came to Jeffersonville to inquire whether there was anyone by that name there. Townspeople would refer them to the tabernacle. Then those who attended the Branham Tabernacle on a regular basis, with happy hearts would tell them the story. We shall narrate a few of these remarkable events which took place during the next few months.

Raising The Dead

In the course of the summer, Brother Branham was invited to Jonesboro, Arkansas, to the Bible Hour Tabernacle, where Richard Reed is pastor. People had gathered to the little city from twenty-eight states and Mexico, and some 25,000 people, it was estimated, attended the meeting. They were living in tents, trucks, and trailers, and some were sleeping in their cars. It was said that for a distance of 50 miles about there were no hotel accommodations available.

On the last night of the services, just as the Evangelist came to the platform, with thousands packed in and around the tabernacle, an ambulance driver standing to the right yelled and motioned to attract his attention. He said, "Brother Branham, my patient has died; can't you come to her?" Someone said: "There's about 2000 people standing between him and the reserved ambulance row; he cannot go." Then four stout men stepped up and as they started taking him out it was a moving sight to see the people pushing, trying to get near him. The Evangelist was taken to the ambulance row, and inside one of the ambulances he saw an old man kneeling on the floor, his overalls patched in many places. In his hands he clutched an old torn hat sewed with twine cord, and he said, "Brother Branham, mother is gone." The Man of God walked close to the still form and took her by the hand. Her eyes were set and she lay still and breathless. Brother Branham, as he discerned the woman's problem, looked back at the husband and said, "She has cancer." The man replied, "That is true." and kneeling on the floor he started crying, "Oh God, give me back mother." Then all

was silent in the ambulance for a few moments.

Next the voice of Brother Branham was heard praying, "Almighty God, Author of eternal life, Giver of all good gifts, I beseech Thee in the Name of Thy dearly Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, give this woman her life again." Suddenly the limp hand tightened on the hand of Brother Branham, and the taut skin across her forehead began to wrinkle. Then with a little assistance from Brother Branham she sat up. The astonished husband saw what had taken place and threw his arms around her and cried, "Mother, thank God, you're with me again." Brother Branham slipped to the door of the ambulance to return to the platform. The driver of the ambulance said, "Sir, there are so many people standing against the door that I can't get it opened." Then he let him out another way, at the same time holding his coat against the window so no one would see him leave.

The Blind Girl Who Had Lost Her Father

When he arrived at the lot it was packed full of people standing in a drizzling rain. He started pushing his way through the crowd. None of them paid him any heed for they had never seen him before. Day and night the tabernacle was packed, and few left the building unless it was for sandwiches or some necessary reason. All of a sudden he heard a pathetic cry, "Daddy, daddy," someone was calling. Looking up, he saw a blind colored girl pushing through the crowd. She had lost her father and no one was trying to help her find him. This pitiful sight touched the heart of the Evangelist, and he stepped into her path so that she would have to touch him.

"Excuse me please," said the colored girl as she realized she had run into someone. "I am blind and have lost my father and I can't find my way back to the bus." "Where are you from?" asked Brother Branham. "From Memphis," she said, "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I came to see the healah," she replied. "How did you hear of him?" said the Evangelist? "This mornin' I was listenin' on the radio and I heard people talkin' that had been born deaf and dumb. I heard a man who said he was from Missouri; said he'd been drawin' the blind pension for twelve years and now he could read the Bible. Sah, I've been blind since a little girl; cataracts blinded me. The doctuh says they're wrapped aroun' the optical nerve of my eye. If he should try to operate I would be worse off and my only hope is to get to the healah, and then God will heal me. I am told this is his last night heah. And they say I can't ev'n get near the buildin'. And now I have lost my father in the crowd, will you please help me to get to the bus suh?"

Of course the girl being blind couldn't see to whom she was talking and none of the people near her had recognized the man as William Branham, and they were wondering who he was and why he was paying so much attention to this colored girl. But, to test her faith, Bro. Branham said, "Do you believe those things that you have heard, especially when we have so many fine doctors today?" She replied, "Yes-suh, the doctors have failed to do anything for me. I believe the story of the angel that visited Brother Branham is true. If you will only help me where the man is, then I'll be able to find my father."

This was too much for God's humble Servant. He dropped his head while tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, raising his head, he said, "Little Lady, perhaps I'm the one you're looking for." Then she grabbed him by the lapels of his coat. "Is you the healah?" she cried. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she begged, "Don't pass me, suh. Have mercy upon me, a blind woman."

One would be reminded of blind Fanny Crosby who wrote, "Pass me not, Oh Gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry; while on others thou art calling, do not pass me by." Of course she had heard of other blind being healed, and had come believing that she too would receive her sight if she could get to Brother Branham. But said the Evangelist, "I am not the healer, I am Brother Branham; Jesus Christ is your Healer." Then after he asked the blind girl to bow her head, he began to pray:

"Lord, some 1900 years ago, an old Rugged Cross was dragging the streets of Jerusalem, dragging the bloody footprints of the Bearer. On the road to Calvary, His frail body fell under the load of the Cross. Then along came Simon of Cyrene, and helped Him bear it. Now, Lord, one of Simon's children stands here staggering in the darkness. I'm sure you understand..."

At that moment the girl screamed. "I was once blind; now I can see." The men who were coming for Brother Branham were drawing near. All the people's attention was on the young man whom they now recognized as Brother Branham. As they rushed toward him another heart moving thing happened. An old man with a twisted leg, leaning on a crutch, had been watching this drama, and he cried out, "Brother Branham, I know you; I've been standing in this rain for eight hours, have mercy on me!"

"Do you believe and accept me as God's servant?" he was asked. "I do." He answered, "Then in the Name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, you're healed! You may throw away your crutches." And immediately his crooked limb was made straight. His leaping and screaming drew the attention of the whole crowd and they began to press forward to touch some part of Bro. Branham's clothes.

Yes, Bible days were here again.

Up until this time Brother Branham had received very little remuneration. He had never personally taken up an offering in his own tabernacle. He had worked as a game warden to support his family. The old suit of clothes that he had worn that night was torn and patched. He had discovered that one of the pockets had been badly torn and his attempt to repair it was rather amateurish. So he held his right hand over the pocket, giving his left hand when meeting other ministers. But the people did not notice the ragged coat that night. They were crying and pushing and trying to touch that worn garment, and as they did they were healed. It reminded one of the days of Jesus, when faith was high and everyone who touched the hem of the garment of the Saviour was made whole. To God be the Glory, GREAT things He hath done!

Strange Incident At Camden, Arkansas

A few days after this meeting Brother Branham went to Camden, Arkansas, to conduct a meeting in the city auditorium.

While he was explaining his calling and ministry to the People a great bright light came into the building and settled over his head. A photographer who happened to be there took a picture of it, and lo, the light showed in the picture! Some might have supposed that the photograph had been retouched, had it not been that many hundreds of people present, witnessed the unusual phenomenon themselves. Many were healed and led to Christ in that meeting.

The following morning, while being taken by a group of men from the building to his car as hundreds were pressing forward to touch him, a voice was heard crying, "Have mercy upon me, thou man of God." Standing off from the crowd was a blind gray-headed colored man, accompanied by his wife. His hat was in his hand in reverence. Brother Branham stopped. "Take me to him," he said. Because of widespread segregation, one of the men said, "Brother Branham, you are in the South; don't leave the white people to go to the colored." Brother Branham replied that the Spirit of God was speaking to him to go to the man. As he drew near where the colored man was, the men drew a ring of arms around him so he could get through. The wife was saying, "De parson is comin' toward you; be quiet."

The colored man raised two feeble shaking arms, felt of Brother Branham's face and said, "Is dis you, Parson Branham? I nevah heard of you before in all my life until last night. I had a good old Mammy that's been gone many years. She had heart-felt 'ligion too. Her nevah tole me a lie in her life, parson. Now I'se been blind many years, and las' night it seemed she stood near

my bed, parson, and said, 'Honey-chile, you go to Camden, Arkansas; there you'll find the Lawd's servant; his name is Branham and you shall receive your sight.' Parson, I immediately 'rose and put on my clothes, caught the bus, and wife and I have come over a hundred miles."

Brother Branham listened to the story, raised his eyes now filled with tears and said, "Father, I thank You for being merciful to the blind." Then he touched his hands to the colored man's eyes saying, "Open your eyes, Jesus Christ has healed you." And lo, the colored man could see!

Many other things happened of the same nature. On occasions the Spirit of God would speak to him about some sick person who had been on a bed of affliction for years. When this happened, invariably when he went to them they would be delivered. Many of these persons appear in his meetings from place to place, testifying now that they are well and strong.

On one occasion while in Santa Rosa, California, a man came into the building, and seeking out Brother Branham asked him to spell his name. When he had done this the man held a piece of yellow paper in his hand and said, "That's it, mother." He said that he had come from a Pentecostal Church, and he claimed that 22 years ago, while he and his wife were praying, the Holy Ghost spoke through him saying, "My servant, William Branham will come up this West coast bearing a gift of Divine healing in the latter times." They believed that it was a prophecy that had been given. And when they had heard Brother Branham's name they dug out that old prophecy and there it was written.

Thus is concluded the account as supplied from information given by those of Brother Branham's congregation at Jeffersonville.

The following chapter by Rev. Jack Moore, Co-Editor of THE VOICE OF HEALING, is an illuminating account of sketches and highlights in Brother Branham's meetings during the next few months in the course of the narrative.

Chapter 13, Sketches From The Branham Meetings

By Rev. Jack Moore

"God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, He plants His feet upon the sea and rides upon the storm." - Cooper.

From this lovely land of Louisiana, where once stood forest after forest of tall, stately pines - unsurpassed anywhere in the world perhaps - an early pioneer Pentecostal evangelist wrote a little book entitled "The Coming of Jesus and the White Throne Judgment." In this book he tells how the rhythmic pulsation of these swaying evergreens sounded like silvery strains of chanted psalms to the listening ear... and only those who have been privileged to hear this kind of music will fully understand how that to him they seemed to sing, "He's coming soon... He's coming soon."

Now this old soldier, with many others of yesterday, has laid down his armor. May God rest their gallant souls. The trees, too, are mostly all gone; their voices are all but silent. But the message of their song lives on. His coming is nearer than when we first believed, and another wind is blowing through the land...

"There's a wind that blows full of grace and power, As in Creation's most wondrous hour, When God gently breathed on a form of sod And the first man lived by the Breath of God."

The wind is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. On Pentecost it came as a rushing mighty wind. (These men lived again by the breath of God.) Even so, many today are being awakened from the sleep of spiritual death by this Holy Spirit refreshing. A fresh breath of God has blown across the spiritual landscape of the twentieth century.

The Psalmist David cried out, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" For a season, because of sin, man was reduced to a stunted state of spiritual poverty, beyond all hope of redemption... until Jesus came. And now He is the Hope of His people and the strength of Israel. In his full restoration, man will be higher than angels and archangels. Even so in this twentieth century, through the Holy Ghost, some have been used in such a special way as to cause the inebriated cities of our flourishing America to become God-conscious for a season. And it is this thought that leads us to center our remarks upon a man greatly beloved and wonderfully used of God, William Branham.

Brother Moore's First Meeting With Rev. Branham

Words can but fail us as we look back to the time of our first meeting with our dear brother. Though we had dreamed of someday seeing something like this, it seemed that we were still napping and were not aware of the rousing Biblical melodrama that was taking place in the state just north of us until some of our brethren attended the Branham meetings in Arkansas and brought back the incredible reports of what they saw. This sounded good, but the half had not been told us; we were destined to encounter some of the most precious experiences of our lives. In the providence of God the Evangelist was sent to bless us with a brief sample of his touching ministry. The air was laden with fascinating stories about this unusual little Man and his "gift." How could we conceive of them all? One spoke enthusiastically of the "vibrations" on his hand by which he could tell any person whether or not they had a "germ disease" and what it was; another told of the inspiring sermons he was able to preach, and yet he declared he was "not a preacher"; some even claimed to have seen cancers which had passed from diseased bodies a given number of hours after prayer, and still others painted glowing pictures of deaf and dumb children speaking in the microphone, cripples shouting and dancing, endless prayer lines subsiding only after the weary evangelist had slumped in exhaustion and been carried away from the clamoring crowds; vast audiences keeping heads bowed in reverence for hours while no sounds penetrated the atmosphere except the stifled wails of the sufferers, the tender, earnest voice of the praying evangelist, soft strains of "Only Believe" and the frequent outbursts of praise as a healing took place. One lady who followed his meetings for hundreds of miles, in making a tearful attempt to describe the humility, compassion, and meekness of this phenomenal character, declared that when she looked at him she could not see a human at all, but Jesus. Everyone agreed that "you could never be the same after seeing him." Yet for all this we were totally unprepared for what actually happened to us. Did it not all seem too fantastic to be true?... But it was true, and more, as we were so soon to learn.

Surprise and bewilderment were among our mixed emotions that first Sunday evening of Brother Branham's visit to us when we arrived early at our large frame tabernacle and found the building so congested that we could hardly get in. This had never happened before on the first night of any meeting... but this was a Branham meeting! A steady stream of traffic had wound its way through Arkansas hills and Louisiana valleys that day, reverently tracing the path of this 20th century prophet, whose prayers could cause diseases to be accursed, broken homes to be reunited, drunken fathers to repent, prodigal sons to return,

feuding churches to stack arms and make peace, and lukewarm Christians to be rekindled by the fire of their first love.

We managed to secure a large high school auditorium, but we were forced to move back to the church after only two nights, due to the ravaging press of the throngs which descended upon the school, even during the school hours. We were privileged to keep only five glorious days and nights of this celestial vigil, but the effect of those memorable days lives on today.

Transported Back In Time

The people were left humbled and tendered, because they knew that Jesus of Nazareth had passed our way in His servant. For that Holy pause we had seemingly turned back the pages of time and joined the admiring host of followers that shuffled along the dusty trails of Galilee in faithful devotion to a lowly Carpenter who claimed to be the Messiah of Israel. In our visionary procession we had passed by the place of the tombs which erupted a naked demoniac, screaming and hissing his objection to the presence of Christ, but sat at His feet a moment later clothed and in his right mind;... We were among the jostling mob around Jesus when He asked the abrupt question, "Who touched me?" and saw a trembling little woman cast herself at His feet and declare before all the people for what cause she had pulled at the border of His robe and how she had been healed immediately; and then we followed on to Jairus' house and saw the raising of his daughter...

We heard the plain words of a deaf and dumb child after his tongue was loosed by the Master's touch, and laughed to see the lame man leap for joy... We clamored for a seaside seat with five thousand other men who had forsaken the anvil and the hammer and closed the doors of their shops to spend the day hours in rapt listening to the wonderful teachings of this Divine Philosopher... We wept with the women as we gazed on His beautiful face and recognized the sorrow and grief there that spoke of a broken heart, and felt that melting, warming sensation that one glance from His kind eyes could bring to the soul. Yes, Bible days were here again. Here was a man who practiced what we preached.

I say this, not to exalt any human, but only to emphasize that our deep appreciation for our brother stemmed from the fact that his ministry seemed to bring our Lover Lord closer to us, and to better acquaint us with His living works, His personality, and His deity than anything had before... and what better thing could be said of a human?

New Experience

The hallowed feeling that came over us as we saw the wonderful triumphs of faith made us anxious to help in any small way that we could... (With God's Servant we claimed the promise of deliverance for the little crippled or afflicted child; We joined our prayers with his for the sick, the lonely, the suffering and the dying.) There were times when before we (the preachers) got "prayed-up" that through the faith of this "Man Sent From God" the work was done. Oh, how weak we felt in the Presence of this powerful Ministry!

So from church, friends, loved ones and home we departed to lend our mite of assistance to this spectacular ministry, the first destination being San Antonio, Texas. Hundreds were prayed for and delivered during these great days in the San Pedro Playhouse, saints were revived and sinners converted. We can never forget some of these moving scenes. It is without fluctuation that Brother Branham wins the hearts of the people wherever he goes, and as we were to later learn, these touching farewell scenes would be similarly re-enacted many times before our eyes.

We would not forget the students of International Bible College, who with their leader, Brother Coote, helped the sponsoring pastor, our lovable Brother Stribling, and all became so attached to the Evangelist. It was heart-rending to see them say good-bye. This is one of many sad events which will never be known in heaven... parting and farewell.

Significant Message Given In Spirit

Two incidents stand out as we look back on this meeting. An indelible picture in my mind recalls a middle-aged man feeling his way through the prayer line, stone blind for 30 years. As he nears the Evangelist I hear him say, "I feel my eyes getting warm!" When prayed for he was told to look up, and for the first time since a child, he says, "I see a light!" I cannot soon forget the expression upon his face as he stood and gazed for several minutes with a smile of gladness across his face. Praise be to the Lord Jesus Christ!

The next incident was a stirring message given in the Spirit and interpreted, almost identical to two others which were to be given in other Branham meetings in different places, a sure testimony of the authenticity of this anointed ministry. It was uttered with such rousing force that it almost seemed unearthly, and this was the gist of the message...

"As John the Baptist was sent as a forerunner of the Lord's First Coming, so was He sending forth this Evangelist to move the people and prepare them for His Second Coming."

Months later we heard this same message interpreted amidst a large crowd of people attending the Branham meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma, by Sister Anna Schrader whom we later learned to appreciate deeply. Truly, these words penetrated our hearts. More than ever we were made to realize that we are living in the "last days". At another time the Spirit of the Lord moved on our Sister Schrader with the following Prophetic 'warning' Message to all of us:

"And these are your days; these are your times. And these are My hours to work with men. I will tell you what I shall do with my vineyard. I will remove the hedge thereof, and it shall be trodden down. I will not send my ministers again AFTER THIS TIME to prune and to dig and to burn off the rubbish. For this is that time. AFTER THIS SEASON OF REDEMPTION is past, NEVER AGAIN will I move in the earth in the body of Christ as I am moving now.

For what I do now, thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter. Therefore, gird up your loins with Truth and be strong, and keep your feet shod with the Gospel of peace, with the shoes of Salvation and Deliverance. And go forth, FOR EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE SHAKEN WILL BE SHAKEN. And that which CANNOT be shaken shall remain. And that which shall be shaken will be removed out of the way... Thus Saith The Lord!

How could the spiritual mind witness these things of God and not be moved to humility and repentance. Such was the atmosphere that permeated the Branham meetings.

Evangelist Moves Westward To Coast

The next meeting we were in was in Phoenix, Arizona. Here we met for the first time our friend and brother, who was later to become a member of the Evangelist's party, Brother John Sharritt, a lovely brother and prominent businessman. The Phoenix meeting was well attended and many signs and wonders were done in the Name of Jesus. On our return from the coast we stopped again in Phoenix with our Spanish brethren, where a prayer line seemed endless. My how those minds which had been trained to Catholicism responded to our brother's ministry! He prayed for them without rest for about eight hours.

From the Capital City of Arizona, we moved west to Los Angeles and Long Beach. The services began in Monterrey Park in a beautiful church which was crowded from the beginning. From here we moved to Municipal Auditorium in Long Beach. The service had been announced for 7 p.m., but in the late afternoon, in the midst of a service of another group, the sick, crippled, insane (some in straight jackets), began to pour in. The Old-Fashioned Revival Hour

speaker (Rev. Charles E. Fuller) sensed this and was glad, it appeared to the writer, that it was someone else's faith that was being challenged and not his. Many were delivered and saved.

A brief stay in Oakland was followed by a gracious meeting in the capital city of the great state of California, Sacramento, and here a new chapter in this story should begin, for while the rest of the party was motored from Oakland to Sacramento, I boarded a plane for Ashland, Oregon, to see our good friend of many years' standing, Gordon Lindsay, and tell him about what God was doing. He was in current revival in his church in Ashland... But what could you guess?... He believed the true report, closed the meeting for the time and drove with his wife, his evangelistic party and myself down through rugged northern California to Sacramento to be in the Branham meeting. It is without hesitation that I say this was the first step in a process that changed the course of Bro. Lindsay's life completely, and consequently, perhaps, the lives of many others, for he initiated and became the editor of THE VOICE OF HEALING magazine, reaching tens of thousands, where he once only touched the lives of a single congregation. Bro. Lindsay's testimony appears in another chapter of this site.

From wonderful meetings in Fresno we journeyed eastward back to Phoenix and the Indian Reservation. "The Indian Reservation"... the mention of those words brings back memories of dramatic scenes and incidents enacted by these superstitious, tribal natives that would fill a book. I wish all my readers could have stood with me before this clamorous congregation that night and watched the general transformation of a motley sea of brown, leathery faces from an expression of dubious curiosity and bewilderment to that of exhilarated admiration. Bless their hearts. After all, they are the original Americans, but I fear they have been sadly neglected and pushed aside. Brother Branham called the Indian "The True American".

It was a joy to help the missionaries by bringing a man whose revitalizing faith in God could bring about miracles the Indian could see for himself... for he must see to believe... and that is exactly what happened.

The church was packed out and many stood outside so the evangelist preached through an interpreter from the steps of the church to a not-so-sure audience, but soon the prayer line was formed and the power of the Lord was present to heal. Here we and they were privileged to see a real display of faith... miracle after miracle took place right before our eyes. The demonstration of just a few of these miracles was all the Indians needed to convince them.

Presently, we noticed a bit of confusion as numbers of them began to get

up and leave abruptly... then saw the explanation of this a little later when they began to file back in, bringing others with them. Seeing had meant believing to the Red Man, and he had left the scene of the marvelous to go and bring in his sick and invalid loved ones who had been left in the huts.

I would mention an elderly woman who was hobbling through the prayer line on home-made crutches of broomsticks. When she came in contact with the Evangelist, she never waited for our brother to pray for her, but just handed him her crutches, straightened up and walked away. Such simple, childlike faith!

The Florida Coast

January of 1948 found us leaving the Canadian revival and journeying southward to the winter paradise of Miami, Florida. However, our motive was not a winter vacation, as was that of the convulsive mobs who soaked their money in the horse races, beach extravagance and general sinful revelry, but to minister to the needy who populate, yes, even as beautiful an Eden of Nature as this. They came by the droves, forming a truly varied audience, representing almost every state in the union, and some foreign lands, and bringing some of the most pitiable examples of human suffering we had seen. Not all, of course, but many of them went away whole.

Here it was our privilege to meet Avak, the young Christian Armenian, who had been called and anointed in his native country with a similar experience to that of Brother Branham. Heaven smiled on us one night during this campaign when we were privileged to meet Rev. F. F. Bosworth, a veteran of the healing ministry in earlier days, of whom we had heard and read for many years. It was "love at first sight" for Brother Bosworth and Brother Branham, as well as the rest of us, and it was our later pleasure to have him work with us in the evangelistic party.

A panorama of beautiful scenes unfold as I review this memorable period in my mind... not only the beauties of nature which we enjoyed in this picturesque country, but the enchanted hours we spent in traveling up the coast and across the Tamiami Trail, in the company of our lovable Brother Branham, my wife and daughter, Anna Jeanne and her beloved friend, Juanita. A foretaste of Heaven!...

We feasted on the Word as our brother expounded its goodness to us; the sisters wept as he paralleled the mysteries and struggles of earth-life with the glories of heaven, then he wept as they sang their beautiful songs of Jesus and heaven. Here was a man who lived on earth and in heaven too... He had treasures

on the other side that often called his thoughts away from his meager terrestrial surroundings to the perfected celestial realms, and it seemed that his words were able to transport those in his company to the heavenlies with him. Heaven was never nearer than when they sang through tears...

"There waits for me a glad tomorrow,
Where gates of pearl swing open wide,
And when I've passed this vale of sorrow,
I'll dwell upon the other side.
Someday, beyond the reach of mortal ken,
Someday, God only knows just where and when,
The wheels of mortal life shall all stand still,
And I shall go to dwell on Zion's hill.
Someday my labors will be ended,
And all my wanderings will be o'er;
And all earth's broken ties be mended,
And I shall sigh and weep no more."

Nor could we feel more passionately the love of God than when, accompanied by the rhythmic beat of the great Atlantic surges, we heard in melody...

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.
Oh, love of God! How rich and pure,
How measureless and strong;
It shall forevermore endure,

The saints' and angels' song."

How could we know that so very soon our brother would be called from us to pass through the dark shadows of the valley of death, no longer able to bare the load that had exhausted his physical capacities, and that even the memory of these days would comfort him during long months of struggle with strained nerves and mental expression. That late evening, when we gazed out across the broad expanse of salty-white breakers toward the last rays of a glowing setting sun, and the evening breeze carried the sweet harmony of the girls' voices in words like this...

"Looking toward the sunset, Life seems to fade away, Shadows of night behind me, waiting to end the day. Somewhere beyond the lingering blue, Hope finds a way to keep shining through Faith looks beyond the sunset, where dawns eternal day."

Could he feel that the time was near when word would go out to his loved ones and many friends that the sun of his short life was sinking fast? Somehow I think he must have known, for he often spoke of going.

The Great Pensacola Meeting

The spring of 1948 brought record of some of the greatest meetings yet, among them the Pensacola, Florida, revival. We love to think of this time. Much preparation had been made. Several groups had united together for the campaign, including all the Full Gospel churches that we know of in that locality, under the guidance of our lovable Brother Welch. A huge tent had been erected in a convenient location; multitudes gathered from surrounding communities and states, as far away as Michigan. Despite a storm in which the tent collapsed, and inclement weather, the great crowds and wonderful spirit prevailed to produce a heavenly five days.

One of the spectacular scenes came on a Sunday afternoon. We had announced that this would be a service especially for the un-saved. When the Evangelist had finished his life story, several hundred people, at least 1500, with melted hearts and tear-wet faces answered the invitation for all who wanted to become Christians. Only the Recording Angel knows the equal of this scene.

Many received healing in this meeting that never came in contact with the Evangelist. Faith soared high, and even long after the weary Evangelist had been carried out, a line of 20 or 25 local ministers, with differences and prejudices forgotten, prayed for the unending line of hundreds seeking healing. Great Day!

But the strain was beginning to show on the Evangelist. For many months, it was apparent that our Brother Branham would be compelled to pause for rest and recuperation, and spared the strain of hearing the problems of every individual. In every prayer line, after hours of praying and seeing visions, he was just as sincere and patient with the last one as he was with the first. But his frail little body was crumbling under the heavy burden.

From Kansas City, we went to Sedalia, Missouri for a few days. In spite of near collapse of the evangelist, God blessed multitudes of sick and suffering.

The scheduled meet in Masonic Auditorium, Elgin, Illinois, lasted several days, bringing a stir to the Fox River Valley as perhaps never before. As the meeting closed, we saw that the strain was too great, and time must be called or the Evangelist would soon become a casualty in the warfare for Jesus. We said good-bye to the party at Elgin and turned toward the warm, hospitable south, not aware that we would see no more of our beloved Evangelist for many months during which time his life and valuable ministry would almost be snuffed out.

But thanks be to God, we are glad to say that our Beloved Brother did return to the field and led us in the greatest revival in the history of our church in Shreveport, with Evangelist William Branham a better, healthier, stronger, more gifted evangelist than ever, with increased faith and anointing to preach the Gospel.

Chapter 14, Gordon Lindsay Enters The Branham Story

It seems necessary at this point, for the sake of continuity, to explain the manner in which the writer came to enter the Branham story. At the time I had already known Bro. Jack Moore for a number of years. God used this Brother to introduce me to the greatest ministry I have ever seen in my lifetime.

At the time I was Pastoring a church in the city of Ashland, Oregon. I had the pleasure of seeing that church grow into a thriving and prosperous assembly. It so happened that while Bro. Moore was witnessing the Power of God in the Branham Revivals, we were in the midst of a revival with Evangelist J. E. Stiles, in which some fifty received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. At that time, we were all impressed that God would soon reveal to the church - how soon we could not say - a new ministry of power in which mighty signs and wonders and miracles would take place. In fact, in years previous God had shown us by the spirit of prophecy that this would happen.

So it came to pass in the Providence of God, as the Stiles meeting came to a close, that on the 24th of March, 1947, we received a letter from Brother Jack Moore which read as follows:

Dear Brother Gordon:

I know you will be surprised to hear from me here in Oakland, California, but this is what happened. We had a Brother Branham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, a Baptist minister who has received the Holy Ghost, and has great success in praying for the sick on such a scale as I have never before seen. We had a meeting in Shreveport, the like of which has never been before. So Brother Young Brown and myself came along with him out here to fill some engagements he had made.

We haven't found buildings large enough to take care of the crowds. Last night was our first night here, and the building was packed out and all standing room was taken. We will be here through the 25th and then go to Sacramento for three nights. So we will be in this country for several days and I would surely like to see you and would like for you to see what this brother is doing...

With deep regards,

Jack Moore.

We read the letter slowly several times with mingled emotions, and

finally took it and read it to Brother Stiles. His own spirit witnessed with us on the matter and we both determined to make the trip down to Sacramento and observe the unusual ministry of this Evangelist that my friend had written about. Within the next day or so Brother Jack Moore flew up by plane to Ashland to pay us a visit, and the following day we all went by automobile to Sacramento, a distance of about 300 miles. When we arrived, we found the church where the meeting was to be held, though located out toward the edge of the city, was already filled with people.

Certainly the service that we witnessed that night was different than any we had ever been in before. Never had we known of any preacher calling deaf mutes and blind people to pray for, and then to see those people delivered on the spot. The last one that was prayed for that night was a little cross-eyed child. I saw the mother and the girl sitting disconsolately at one side - there were so many to pray for, and it seemed the evangelist would never get to them. Time came for the service to close, with many yet desiring prayer. The Evangelist was preparing to leave and had reached the steps of the platform, when he happened to look back and see the child. Instantly his compassion went out to her, and he took her, put his hands over her eyes and prayed a brief prayer. When the child looked up, lo, her eyes had come perfectly straight!

We Meet William Branham

The following morning we had the pleasure of meeting Brother Branham. What we had heard and seen the night before, and the impressions that we had when we met him, convinced us that here was a man, who, though humble and unassuming, had reached out into God and received a ministry that was beyond any that we had witnessed before. Here was a simple faith that brought results and seemed on the order of that which we had long considered necessary to bring about the revival that we were sure God intended should come to pass before the Coming of Christ.

Indeed Brother Moore, having witnessed the unusual power of the ministry of this Evangelist, saw the advantage of the inspiration of such a ministry being made available to all God's people. For indeed when the Angel had given Brother Branham charge, he straightly told him that his ministry was to be to all people. Because our associations had been in the larger Full Gospel circles, it had suggested itself to Brother Branham and Brother Moore, that perhaps I might be the one to introduce him to the ministers of these groups. Thus it was that we found Brother Branham immediately willing to consider our invitation for him to come north and hold some campaigns the following fall in

Oregon and adjacent states.

We returned to Ashland, convinced that God was in our trip and that this was the ministry that would reach the masses. We began to look forward to the possibility of arranging several brief campaigns for Brother Branham in the region of the Northwest.

It was our desire, however, to get into a few additional meetings with Brother Branham before the Northwest campaigns. Our church gave us permission to visit a forthcoming campaign at Tulsa, Oklahoma. The assent of the congregation was unanimous, but all were very solemn that morning as if they had a presentiment that we might not be their pastor much longer.

In June, 1947, we left for Shreveport, Louisiana. Brother Moore was ready when we arrived and with several others we drove North to Tulsa. That evening we again had opportunity to observe the ministry of this man. The large church auditorium was packed to the doors and many wonderful things took place that night. There were so many to be prayed for that the service ran until two o'clock in the morning. Thus it had been for the past year. What a shame, we thought, that with millions of sick people, so few were really exercising mastery over demons and disease, and that this little brother had to pray for the sick until he was physically exhausted.

Up till this time, few union Full Gospel campaigns had been undertaken. Doctrinal differences and other reasons had caused one group to be suspicious of the other. If all were to get the benefit of these great services, we saw it would be necessary for the campaigns to be organized on the inter-evangelical basis, where all concerned would agree not to precipitate debate on controversial subjects, but would join together in a united effort to bring this message of deliverance to all the people. Could this be effected? We thought it could. Brother Branham was enthusiastic about the idea, for indeed the uniting of believers had been the burden of his heart from the time that the angel had visited him. Before we left Tulsa, definite plans were made for a series of meetings to be held in the West that fall.

Two months later, while on a trip to the General Council at Grand Rapids, Michigan, we stopped over at Calgary, Canada, where Brother Branham was holding a seven-day meeting. We had opportunity to assist in the prayer line, and there had a close-up view of the ministry of our brother. In one instance, we watched as he talked to a man lying on a cot. At first there was no sign of an intelligent response from the man. Explanation then came from the wife standing by, that the man was not only dying of cancer, but was deaf and could not hear

what was being said. Brother Branham then said that it would be necessary for the man to receive his hearing so he could instruct him concerning the healing of his cancer. There was a moment of prayer. Suddenly the man could hear! Great large tears rolled down the cheeks of that man whose face all evening had been so expressionless and impassive. He listened with deep interest as he was told of his deliverance from cancer.

Another case was the healing of a deaf mute child. After prayer it was evident that the boy could hear. The startled expression on his face as he heard the sound made it clear to every one that the deaf spirit had been cast out. The next night I saw the mother again, and happily she told us that already her boy had learned several words. (Elsewhere in this volume is a newspaper account of the Calgary meeting.)

God's Purpose In Raising Up William Branham

We left Calgary with some other friends who were traveling with us, and continued our trip East. A few days later we stopped at Oberlin, Ohio, home of Oberlin College, founded by Charles G. Finney. This great man of God lay buried in a cemetery plot near Oberlin. Finney would scarcely recognize Oberlin now. True, the beautiful campus buildings reflected material prosperity, but the Gospel that Finney had so ardently proclaimed two generations ago had few advocates there now. The blighting scourge of modernism and a social gospel had taken over. There would be no joy in Oberlin, if Finney were to return and preach his dynamic sermons in the halls of that now ultra-modern university.

We asked ourselves what was the matter. Why in the space of two generations had such a complete declension taken place. We then were reminded of the days of Joshua. Israel served God during Joshua's lifetime and also during the lifetime of those who outlived Joshua, and "who had seen all the great works of the lord that he did for Israel... and there arose another generation after them which knew not the lord, nor yet the works that he had done for Israel. and the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the lord and served baalim." (Judges 2:7-11)

His Ministry Compared To That Of Gideon's

There it was. It was evident that faith in God cannot be transmitted from generation to generation without new manifestations of the power of God. Each generation requires a 'fresh' Anointing and without it they drift into formalism and worldliness. The generation that followed Joshua still had their priests, but apparently these knew nothing of the power of God. The main result of their

powerless ministry was that "every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

But then as now there will always be those, such as Gideon, who will not accept the devil's plausible explanation that the days of miracles are past. An Angel appeared to him and said, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." But Gideon replied and said, "If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? And where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? But now the Lord has forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites." (Judges 6:12-13) Gideon was not like the religionist of our day, who is perfectly satisfied with a non-miraculous gospel, and cleverly explains the absence of miracles in his ministry by saying that the "days of miracles are past," and that it is now the will of God for Christians to be oppressed by sickness. Gideon refused to fool himself; he faced the facts.

If God be with us, where were the miracles, he wanted to know. Notice that the angel did not say, "Gideon, you are excited; the days of miracles are past." The Angel honored Gideon's faith by performing a miracle right there. As he touched the sacrifice that Gideon had prepared, "there rose up fire out of the rock, and consumed the flesh and the unleavened cakes."

Indeed the angel of the Lord told Gideon to "go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites; have I not sent thee?" When the Spirit of God came on this man of faith he became a different man, and all Israel was soon to witness a mighty deliverance wrought through the power of the supernatural.

Gideon was quite startled when the Angel commissioned him to go forth as Israel's leader. He came from a poor family and he was the least in his father's house. Still, Gideon was God's Choice. After God had blessed Gideon with victory he still remained humble, and refused to accept the offer to be ruler over Israel. He told the people, "The Lord shall rule over you." He restored harmony among his jealous brethren, and during many years that followed there was peace and quiet in the land.

A parallel to the story of Gideon is apparent in the life of William Branham. Both men were born in very poor families, and neither had any ambition to become great. Each received a visitation and commission from the angel of the Lord. Each believed that if God were with His people then the days of miracles could not have ended. Both of these men received a special endowment of the Spirit. Both disdained becoming a ruler over God's heritage,

and both labored to bring harmony among God's people.

With a very small army God gave Gideon victory over a host of the enemy. With no backing of human organization and having few natural qualifications, William Branham obeyed the call to minister the gift that God gave him, and multitudes flocked to hear him, many being delivered from the enemy's afflictions. Gideon suffered from the opposition of jealous brethren and the carnally minded. Such has also been the case with William Branham. Each of these men responded to those who spoke against them with gentle forbearance and patience, and God vindicated both in His own time.

His Ministry Compared To That Of Elijah's

Even more than Gideon's ministry, that which God committed to William Branham is especially comparable to the Ministry of the Prophet Elijah. In fact, according to Malachi 4:5-6 there is promised an "Elijah-type" ministry for the last days. For a further study of this promise I refer you to *A Prophet To The Gentiles*.

Like Elijah of old, William Branham just appeared on the scene. He did not arise out of 'mainstream' Pentecostal, Evangelical circles. Like Elijah, William Branham was a man of the wilderness. Like Elijah, William Branham had a Powerful Anointing upon his Ministry. He challenged the people to believe God. Like Elijah, William Branham fearlessly called out against sin in the churches and among the clergy, screaming "Repent or perish!" He took sides with no denomination. He, like Elijah, was on the Lord's side. As Elijah indicted Israel for its sin, so also God used Brother Branham to indict America, the nations and the churches for its unbelief. Like Elijah, William Branham was given Authority over devils, demons and unbelief, that he might fully carry out his commission.

A parallel in conditions existing in the days of Gideon and Elijah and our day is also apparent. A couple of generations ago (The early 1900's - 1944) the Full Gospel movement sprang into existence, attended by many signs and wonders. But now a new generation has arisen, and all they know is denominations, inter-denominational and non-denominational groups, Charismatic's, following the leadership of men. They take part of the Word (interpreted by man) and refuse other parts. In many churches the tendency has been to seek substitutes (emotionalism or sensationalism) for the power of God and to gravitate to a purely human level of worship riddled with worldliness - a form of godliness, denying the true Power of God.

On our return to Oregon it was impressed upon us with great force that the manifestation of the power of God was the only answer to the question, "How can we reach this generation with the message of the Gospel in the brief time that remains before the coming of Christ?" Indeed, the ministry committed to William Branham would meet the need of the hour: To testify of Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday, today and forever; To give proof of His Healing and Resurrection Power; To call an Age to repentance; To direct the Believer back to the Word for Rapturing faith; To deliver a Message of warning before judgment. Nothing less than a Prophetic Ministry was what we needed and in the Commission God gave William Branham our need was met and God's Word was fulfilled.

Chapter 15, Branham In The Northwest

The time soon arrived to begin the Northwest meetings. We still had the task of pastoring at Ashland. Fortunately the Lorne Fox Evangelistic party came to our church at that time and the meeting proved to be one of the most outstanding Ashland had ever experienced. What little time was available, we used in completing arrangements for the Branham campaigns, which were to begin first in Vancouver, B.C., and then to go south to the States. The three pastors of the main churches of the city, sponsoring the meeting were Rev. Walter McAllister, Rev. W. J. Ern Baxter, and Rev. Clarence Hall. Much of the success of this meeting was due to the fine work of preparation made by this local committee. Rev. Baxter, who was later to become a member of the Branham party, described the meeting in the following words:

"Scenes of indescribable glory were witnessed during the all-too-brief, four-day, city-wide campaign with Rev. William Branham. As in other cities, so in Vancouver, the largest available auditoriums were inadequate to accommodate the teeming multitudes that waited on the ministry of our brother. Surrounding towns and villages seemed to literally empty into Vancouver, until the whole city was conscious of the spiritual impact of thousands of praying, believing people. Ministerial delegations from various cities attended with a view to securing the ministry of Brother Branham for similar meetings in their various fields of labor. Thousands were unable to gain access to the meetings, and this in spite of a transportation strike involving all streetcars and buses.

"The Vancouver meetings were preceded by three mass prayer meetings, and three great preparation services on the day before the meetings commenced. Right from the beginning of negotiations for the coming of Brother Branham to Vancouver, a salutary spirit of unity and cooperation prevailed among the Vancouver ministers. This gracious spirit continued, and in fact increased throughout the meetings, and continued for many years, finding expression in fellowship groups and meetings. We have noted this to be one of the outstanding features of Brother Branham's ministry in other cities, also. And how desperately it has been needed.

"Long after the meetings finished, many testimonies of healing continued to come to the attention of local pastors, and many marvelous works were wrought by the immediate action of the Holy Spirit at the time of prayer. To undertake any kind of a report on the healings experienced would be an impossible task, for should one speak of crossed eyes straightened, or of bed-

ridden invalids raised, or of the deaf hearing, or of the dumb speaking? Or should one seek to recount the thrilling testimonies of those relieved of cancers, tumors and goiters? The task is too great, and when seemingly completed, it has only begun. Final records will only be read when we stand before the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Despite the transportation tie-up, the large auditorium seating several thousand was filled every night - indeed on the last day the doors were closed at five o'clock. It was evident that few men ever were able to do as much good in four days as Brother Branham did in Vancouver. Many ministers attended and returned to their churches enthusiastic and inspired over the remarkable demonstration of the power of God which they had witnessed.

The next meeting was in Portland, Oregon, and began on Armistice Day. Services were held in various auditoriums, but no building was found that was able to take care of the crowds. For the last three nights the Municipal Auditorium was engaged, but on the final night even this spacious place was crowded out. Hundreds of ministers attended, and religious services in Full Gospel circles practically ceased except at the auditorium where the services were going on. The account of the dramatic challenge of the demon-possessed man which took place in this meeting appears in the first chapter of this site.

From Portland we went to Salem. The large armory was packed out and so were all its separate lower rooms which were fitted with loud speakers. Rev. Walter Fredrick, chairman of the local committee, had this to say:

"From Salem, Oregon, we too wish to sound out a note of praise to God for the mighty visitation from God during the Branham meetings. People came from the States and Canada. Never in the city's history has such a crowd thronged a place for religious meetings. Salem was stirred and made God-conscious. Many were the miracles of healing, and as is the case with nearly all of the Branham meetings, testimonies of deliverance continued to come in long after God's servant had left the city."

From Salem, Brother Branham went to our own City of Ashland where the local armory seating 1200 was jammed out. The following week the party drove over to Boise where a powerful three day campaign filled the largest auditorium in the city. In the 14 days of services, with only a comparative small amount of newspaper advertising, some 70,000 people had heard the gospel of healing and at least 1000 of these were ministers.

In these meetings we might mention that Brother Branham's strength was far below par. He attempted to commute to Phoenix, Arizona, on Sundays and

hold afternoon services in the Shrine Auditorium. Sometimes he had to be up all night. Once his plane circled for hours seeking to land, while a thick fog shrouded the field in almost impenetrable density. The results of these meetings were all the more remarkable when we consider how the evangelist was ministering beyond his strength and under such strenuous physical handicaps. In the future we were careful to see that he should not get involved in more services than could be properly handled. But even then it was apparent to us that Brother Branham had gone beyond his strength and really needed a long rest.

Chapter 16, The Voice Of Healing Born

At the close of the Boise campaign, Brother Branham expressed himself that he was very happy over the outcome of the meetings that had been held in the Northwest, and said he felt it was God's will that in the future his meetings should continue to be conducted on the same inter-evangelical basis. He asked me if I would go to Shreveport, Louisiana to confer with Brother Moore as to the possibility of arranging other campaigns on this basis. I consented to go, for I dared give no other answer to this but an affirmative.

My church again was very gracious in permitting me to go. The congregation was fortunate in securing the services of Evangelist Velmer Gardner during my absence and the church moved along at high tide. Indeed, Brother Gardner was to receive a great inspiration from the campaign we later held at Eugene. Shortly after that a new ministry of healings and miracles began to follow the campaigns held by this Evangelist.

Whether to leave my church permanently, and follow the work that seemed providentially indicated, was becoming a matter of increasing concern to me. It was not easy to make a decision to leave those one loves, especially a church that you have seen grow from a small struggling group to a strong and vigorous assembly. Finally in prayer, God spoke directly and told me to go ahead, nothing doubting, and He would see that I should be led step by step in my part of the great work he was beginning to do over the land.

Shortly after the first of the year I arrived at Shreveport, Louisiana, and talked the entire situation over with my friend, Brother Jack Moore. Together with Young Brown we drove to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where Brother Branham was resting at his home for a few days. There we had an inspiring time of fellowship. In the course of our fellowship we discussed the possibility of publishing a magazine to report on the Branham Meetings. There were some problems to be worked out. Previously, Brother Branham's meetings were being represented in a magazine edited by a good Christian brother in Texas.

The problem that had arisen was this: Brother Branham realized that since the meetings in the Northwest his campaigns had reached a scope that believers from all the various groups were now attending. Any magazine that would be used in the meetings would go into the homes of all these groups. If the campaigns were to be organized on an inter-evangelical basis, it was evident that the magazine must also be of the same character. It was therefore decided that a message should be sent to the brother mentioned above, asking him if he

felt free to establish his paper on an inter-evangelical basis, and, if so, then Brother Branham would continue to use that magazine as his official publication.

We parted for the evening and all of us placed the matter definitely in the hands of the Lord. In the morning we met Brother Branham again, and he seemed to have received a peaceful assurance. He said that he had heard from heaven that night. We carefully listened to what he told us, and in the months which followed we indeed witnessed the exact fulfillment of what he said.

Events now moved swiftly. The brother previously mentioned notified us that he did not feel he was in a position to make his magazine inter-evangelical, as had been suggested. Thus THE VOICE OF HEALING was born, and it fell upon the writer to become the editor. It was agreed at the time of its inception that in its pages there would be no discussion of minor matters of doctrine that might precipitate argument and confusion among the Full Gospel people, but it was to proclaim the message of the Great Commission, the sounding of God's last call to the un-saved, the healing of God's people, to the end of uniting them in spirit, and preparing them for Christ's Coming. At that time, THE VOICE OF HEALING was considered only as an organ of Brother Branham's own meetings. Later, because of his weakened condition, he was forced to leave the field for a considerable time, and in the Providence of God, with Brother Branham's concurrence, the magazine then became the official organ of America's great healing ministries, though of course featuring Brother Branham's ministry.

It is interesting to note that many of the dear brethren who's ministries were reported in the 'Voice Of Healing', testify to the fact that their inspiration and calling to the ministry had its inception while they attended some of the Branham campaigns. To God be all the glory.

Rumors - William Branham Was Dead

Meeting F. F. Bosworth

Arrangements had been made for members of the Branham party to join at Miami, Florida, for a six-day campaign in the early part of the year of 1948. In the meantime, a strange rumor gained circulation that Brother Branham had died. It was immediately after the beginning of the new year that the rumor was first heard, and it wouldn't die down. Up and down the breadth of the land the story was told and retold. We made every effort to reassure people that the report was untrue. Still, excited persons would write, phone and telegraph us seeking confirmation. The rumor continued to persist until the first issue of THE VOICE

OF HEALING appeared in April, 1948.

It was a remarkable example of the propagating power of falsehood, and we found it impossible even to trace its source. The rumor, unlike so many, was not malicious in its character. The origin of it no doubt sprang from the fact that the continuous labors of our brother, going as he had into the long hours of night, praying for the sick, had severely sapped his strength to the point that it was now noticeable to his audience. Many nights Bro. Branham would continue to pray, under the Anointing, seeing one vision after another, until he would have to be literally carried off the platform. Nevertheless, God was not yet through with His servant. And although it was true that Brother Branham was to go through months of sore physical trial, he was destined (by the Grace of God) to emerge the victor, with a greater ministry than ever.

In Miami, the tent had been pitched far out on the outskirts of the city. No preparation for securing united support of the churches had been made, since the campaign had been scheduled at such short notice. Most any other meeting under such circumstances would have been doomed to failure. Nevertheless, word soon got around, and the tent in a few days was filled to capacity. Many wonderful miracles took place, and the altar call on Sunday afternoon witnessed hundreds of men and women coming forward to give their lives to Christ.

It was while we were in Miami that Brother Branham met the noted Evangelist F.F. Bosworth. Brother Bosworth, back in the Twenties, held healing campaigns attended by great audiences. The largest number of people ever gathered under one roof in Ottawa, Canada, attended the Bosworth meetings there and some 12,000 sought the Lord for salvation. Many such campaigns took place over America and Canada and the newspapers from time to time featured stories of the marvelous miracles taking place in them.

Naturally, meeting with Brother Bosworth was a memorable event for the whole party. All were particularly impressed by the sweet and godly spirit of this brother who had been so signally used of the Lord. After Brother Bosworth had attended a few of the services, he said:

"Although God has given me meetings of tremendous magnitude, yet, I have never witnessed miracles taking place with such consistency so early in the campaign. In my campaigns I often have to labor for several weeks, before faith had risen sufficiently high for outstanding miracles to occur. But I see in Brother Branham's meetings, such miracles were taking place the first night."

Brother Bosworth was invited to speak at one of the evening services in Miami and later he found it possible to go with the party to Pensacola and to

other northern cities where Brother Branham had been scheduled to come. God had indeed blessed us in Miami, now we looked forward to the Pensacola Meetings. I can certainly concur with Bro. Jack Moore's statement in a previous chapter that Bro. Bosworth and Bro. Branham fell into a bond of Divine fellowship and love that was maintained throughout their lives.

Pensacola

We had made arrangements to hold the next campaign in Pensacola. But before this could be done a number of ministering brethren had business to attend to. Bro. Branham himself need a few weeks of rest, which included a trip to Phoenix.

At the day appointed, approximately a month later, the party arrived in Pensacola with Brother Branham to begin the meeting. This was to prove a most interesting campaign. It was not to be without mishap, for a high wind coming off the gulf struck the tent and caused some damage. One service had to be held in the local arena while repairs were made. However, under the expert direction of Rev. D. L. Welch, one of the cooperating pastors, the tent was repaired and re-erected and the campaign continued in the Canvas Cathedral, without further interruption.

A Never-To-Be-Forgotten Service

The climaxing service and one never to be forgotten was on Sunday afternoon. The large tent was not only filled but many were standing on the outside as Brother Branham began to give the story of his life. When our brother relates this story he doesn't just tell it, but he relives it. And not only he but those of his audience also find themselves reliving it with him.

For the space of an hour and a half, the great gathering of people was carried away as it were, as they listened with deep interest to the story of his early days of poverty and privation, his conversion and God's dealing with him, and again the tragedies in his life and finally the eventual triumphs. But never did the speaker tell this story in a more moving way than he did that afternoon.

As we observed the audience, we saw strong men freely applying their handkerchiefs as copious tears streamed unashamedly down their cheeks. The writer never saw an audience more moved. Finally, as the evangelist brought his message to a close and the altar call was given for sinners, a most remarkable scene transpired. Apparently almost every sinner in the vast congregation stood to his feet requesting prayer that he might be saved. Various estimates of the

number which responded to this one altar call were anywhere from 1500 to 2000 people. It was the greatest response in one service we had ever seen, and doubtless has been equaled few times in the history of evangelism.

It was obvious at once that there was no place to accommodate such an enormous number of seekers and there was nothing else to do but to let them pray where they were standing. Can any one present that afternoon ever forget that scene? People wept as they confessed their sins, and called upon God to have mercy on their souls. As the moments passed, here and there, those tears of repentance were turned to tears of joy and soon many shouts of victory sounded through the tent. How many names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life that afternoon, only the angels of heaven know, but it must have been a great number.

A number of startling miracles took place during the brief campaign, but there is not room to describe these. However, the circumstances concerning the deliverance of a violently insane man was so remarkable that we must give space to a few of the details concerning it.

As has been mentioned, because strong winds had forced lowering of the tent, one service of the campaign was held in the local arena. This insane young man had been brought from a state institution to the meeting that night, to be prayed for. At the close of the service, those who had brought him tried to lead him from the building, but he refused to go. When our attention was called to this, we secured the services of a half dozen men and took him from the building by force. So strong were the powers that possessed him, that it required no little exertion to accomplish this, but at length we had him safely seated in the automobile, so we thought, and left him, supposing that there would be no further trouble.

Imagine our dismay, when a couple of minutes later there was heard a hoarse cry, and turning we saw him run from the car toward a group of women and children who were standing and talking near the door of the arena. His headlong dash occurred so suddenly and unexpectedly that we scarcely knew what to do. The people at the door fled in every direction before he reached them. Then furiously he turned and charged, with arms flying, toward one of the members of the Branham party, who was standing by.

Demons have power to break chains, and to do other superhuman feats, but fortunately they are powerless before the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ! Though struck at time after time, the brother was not harmed or even touched, not by a single blow. Something supernatural parried every thrust made by the demon-possessed man.

How long this might have continued, it is impossible to say, but just at that moment two policemen who happened to be in the vicinity, hearing the shouts and cries of the women, rushed up, and seeing what they supposed was a common brawl, began questioning both. At this moment, however, the insane man, with fierce imprecations, charged the officers, and they soon found that they had more than their hands full. Over and over on the grass they rolled and tussled, and finally the officers had to resort to rather stern measures before they could handcuff and subdue their refractory assailant. A call to the police brought out a squad car, and finally the man was secured and taken to headquarters, where he was placed in a special cell for the night.

After they drove away, we shall never forget the tears of the unfortunate man's sister, who had been responsible for bringing him to the meeting. She came and pleaded with us with anguish of soul that Brother Branham would pray for him. Of course, it was impossible for Brother Branham to respond to the multitude of calls that came daily from those who would desire him to visit sick and confined people. But so urgent and grief-stricken was the sister, that finally Brother Jack Moore consented to tell Brother Branham about the case in the morning.

The following morning, Brother Moore 'started' to relate the story of events of the previous night to Brother Branham. Then occurred that marvelous manifestation of the Word (Heb. 4:12), discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. Through this 'sign' that the Angel gave him he was able to witness events that take place at a distance, and even before they happen. We are indeed reminded of the exploits in Elisha's ministry, when he beheld the plans of the King of Syria even before they took place. Or of Christ Himself, when He saw Nathanael at a distance by other than natural sight.

In this case God had already (by vision) shown Brother Branham this insane man, that he would pray for him that day, and that the man would be healed. Our Brother explained Bro. Moore every detail of what would happen. The scene of the deliverance was identified by him in the vision by the presence of a car with a red appearance, and the manner of the clothing worn by the man who would be delivered.

Arrangements were then sought with the Pensacola police for the release of the young man. But they, remembering the trouble that they had had the night before, perhaps could be pardoned for their refusal to let him go unless he were taken outside of the city limits and never returned. So finally a rendezvous was arranged on the Gulf beach, where all the parties concerned would meet.

But when Brother Branham arrived and looked carefully at the cars, he made the remark that all was not what he had seen in the vision. While he hesitated, Brother Moore decided to drive his new De Soto up some little distance from where the insane man was, as his daughter and another sister were in his car. Brother Branham then got out and walked to where the young man was standing. He noticed at once that the his clothing was exactly the same as what he had seen in the vision. But WHERE was the car with the red appearance?

Then a peculiar thing happened. As Brother Branham told it afterward, "I looked back toward Brother Jack's car. Most of the beach was of white sand. But where the car had just been parked, there was a bank of red clay. The sun reflecting from the red clay on the highly polished tan sedan caused it to appear red. I knew then that this was exactly what I had seen in the vision. Everything was in order. I approached the young man and said, 'Thus saith the Lord, the evil spirit shall leave you NOW, and you shall get well.' Instantly the young man was delivered and entered into a normal conversation."

Chapter 17, The Branham Party Goes North

The next meeting was scheduled in Kansas City, Kansas, in the Memorial Hall in the early part of April. Brother U.S. Grant was chairman of the local committee, and had made very excellent preparations for the meeting. We arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and drove immediately to Brother Grant's residence. He was glad to see us, but expressed some anxiety concerning Brother Branham, who he said had not yet arrived, though he had received communication that he would be there earlier in the day.

Rev. Grant said he knew that he had not arrived as only he had knowledge of the location of the hotel where we were to stay - this being always of necessity a closely guarded secret. (On one occasion when the location of Brother Branham's hotel became known to the public, a long line of sick formed at his door, seriously disrupting the business of the hotel.)

We ourselves were just a trifle disturbed as we knew that Brother Branham should have arrived by this time. But there was nothing to do but await further word, and we ourselves went to the hotel. We were not a little surprised when we learned from the night clerk that he had arrived and had already retired. When later we asked how it had happened that he had not gone to Brother Grant's place first, his reply was that he had been very tired and thought that perhaps it best to go to bed early and get as good a rest as possible. But we said, "How did you know to come to this hotel?" "Well," he said, "I just seemed to know." That was all the satisfaction we could get. We were not too surprised, as time after time we had similar experiences when his perception reached out, and he knew things that did not come to him through the avenues of his five senses. We shall not forget how non-plussed Brother Grant was when we told him what had happened. We do not wish to give the impression, however, that Brother Branham had the ability to use this gift at will, but only at such times as the Spirit of God would specially move upon him for its manifestation.

The first night of the meeting, some 1500 were present at the Memorial Hall. Sunday night was an outstanding service. The third night the Spirit of God was manifest in unusual power. Some reporters were present that night. Their report published in the conservative Kansas City Times, April 13, 1948, appeared the following morning. Although written in "newspaper style" we considered the write-up, on the whole, a fair appraisal of the service. A few paragraphs of the report was as follows:

"Amid 'amens' of the congregation, the Rev. William Branham, of

Jeffersonville, Indiana, conducted the third of a series of five healing meetings at the Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kansas.

"Whatever you ask God to do, He will do,' Mr. Branham said. 'No matter how near death you are from sickness, He can cure you, even now, if you will just take God at His Word.'

"A score of ailing persons crossed the stage last night and professed to have been cured of various illnesses after Mr. Branham had prayed briefly with them. The audience was moved. There were tears in the eyes of many and their lips moved as in prayer. Some mothers sobbed as they rocked restless babies in their arms. One girl from Mobile, Alabama, said her eyes were crossed when she went on the stage last night, but after Brother Branham had prayed her eyes were normal and clear. Another woman held up her hand and said a goiter had just disappeared from her neck. She said she had had the goiter for years and that a year and a half ago a physician told her only an operation would remove it."

A number of interesting incidents occurred during the Kansas City campaign. One lady came to the writer and told how she had been ill from a serious affliction, but hadn't been able to get in the prayer line, because of the great number of people. Nevertheless, her faith rose, and that night in the hotel she awoke her husband and said that she believed if she could only get in the prayer line at once, she would be healed. Her husband, a little startled, finally deciding that she was dreaming, told her to go ahead. However, in the morning, the woman awoke to find herself perfectly well! She remembered her dream, as did her husband.

The Branham Meetings Move On

From Kansas City, the Branham party moved to SEDALIA, MISSOURI where God wonderfully blessed us with souls for the Kingdom and healing for the physical body. as always many people could not get inside the building.

F Missouri we journey to Illinois. The last campaign in the East at this time was held in the famous watch center of Elgin which is located in the suburbs of Chicago. The auditorium seating about 2000 was hopelessly inadequate to accommodate the crowds that came. In fact, after the first day or so the afternoon crowds completely filled the place. We shall permit Rev. Merrill Johnson chairman of the local committee to tell the story of the Elgin campaign:

"This has been my second occasion to attend the Branham meetings. It is my firm conviction that in many ways this meeting excelled my first experience. As someone so aptly put it, 'Never since the days of the great Chicago fire has

Elgin and its surrounding cities been so mightily stirred.' For days after the meetings came to a close, the subject seemed to be on the lips of everyone. A great realization has also come to the Christians for the need of more men like Brother Branham. The Spirit of God is undoubtedly rapidly preparing the Church for its great exodus to Glory. That must be very soon.

"One cannot attend the Branham meetings without a sense of feeling what it must have been like to be living in the days of the Apostles. Words fail to describe the sudden burst of ecstasy and inexpressible awe that grips the people who for their first time experience the power of God to heal and perform miracles. What words can describe the experience of witnessing blind eyes being opened, deaf ears unstopped, the dumb speaking their first words, the cripples walking, crossed eyes straightened, and many other glorious sights.

"The sweet, unassuming and lovable character of Brother Branham so vividly portrays the spirit of Christ that dominates his life. To see Brother Branham's great love for children would touch even the hardest of persons. For seldom would a child with crossed eyes, blind, deaf or crippled pass by Brother Branham without his arms embracing them and beseeching God to perform a miracle in their little bodies; and in every instance to my knowledge God granted our brother's prayer with a miracle.

"The meeting in Elgin seems to have taken on the nature of many great camp meetings rolled into one. The throngs which came from all over the United States and Canada literally rocked this city. It reminded one of reading in the Scriptures of the throngs that pressed about Christ in the days of His earthly ministry.

"Another significant feature of the Branham meetings in Elgin was the congregational singing and special numbers. Faith soared to new heights and the blessings of God descended on the people as they worshipped the Christ in song. Many received their healings in their seats and surrendered their prayer cards without going through the prayer fines. Some of these were in the miraculous. The special singing and music rendered by the students from the Great Lakes Bible Institute at Zion, and other visiting evangelistic parties, deeply enriched the meetings. The cooperation from all who served to make the meetings a success was so characteristic of this great spiritual meeting."

From Illinois, we travelled on to TACOMA, WASHINGTON, April 12-17, 1948. Here again our Lord worked wondrously through His Servant, who was nearing the end of his physical endurance. Night after night Bro. Branham surrendered himself to God for the people's sake. So heavy was the Power of the

Supernatural upon him, that he would become physically weak.

That God might be glorified and revealed to the people, Bro. Branham persevered, moving on from Tacoma to EUGENE, OREGON. Here we witnessed a continuation of proven Signs, Wonders and Miracles. At the conclusion of this series of meetings it was absolutely necessary for Brother Branham to return to his home for a protracted rest. We were privileged indeed to have been witnessing the "greatest" manifestation of God ever seen in the earth since the days of our Lord Jesus Christ. But, oh, the price that one man, William Branham, had to pay in physical and nervous exhaustion. As our Brother left the field for rest the prayers of all the Saints were with him.

Chapter 18, The Amazing Houston Coliseum Photograph

After the wonderful deliverance from the nervous condition, Brother Branham, as the year 1948 drew to a close, again returned to the field for a series of brief campaigns. In November 1949, Brother Jack Moore and the writer received a communication from Rev. Branham, asking if it were possible for us again to take over the direction of his campaigns. And also, could we with Rev. Baxter make the trip overseas with him to Scandinavia the following Spring? After prayer and consideration we felt it to be the will of God in accepting Bro. Branham's invitation. From a personal standpoint we have always considered it a great privilege to work with Rev. Branham. Brother Branham informed us that he had only one meeting scheduled at that time--that was in Houston, Texas. He wanted us to go to Houston and then after that take charge of all further arrangements. As I was engaged in the task of preparing this book for publication and needed to be near him during the time, I consented to go to Houston.

The Houston meeting started a little slowly. However, before it was over some very remarkable things had transpired. It became apparent that our brother's ministry had, in some ways, developed greatly. This time he came not only with the 'sign' in his hand and commanding power over devils, but NOW the very 'secrets' of the heart were revealed. A new manifestation was evident before our eyes. In the working of this new 'sign', past events in the lives of people who came for healing, were revealed.

This was manifest in two ways. If those who came for healing were devout Christians, things were told them of their past life which would greatly encourage their faith, so that in many instances they would be healed without one word of prayer. On the other hand, those who had slipped into the prayer line without seeking right relations with God, or who were living careless backslidden lives, and had committed sins which had not been sincerely confessed to God, these were dealt with by the Spirit of God, right on the platform. Sins would be called out, secrets of their hearts revealed, and in practically every instance individuals so dealt with would immediately make a broken and tearful confession. Usually then, the person would receive healing on the spot.

The Amazing Photograph

About midway in the Houston campaign, a very remarkable thing occurred that proved to be a Divine vindication of Brother Branham's ministry. A certain hostile clergyman who opposed Divine healing, denounced the remarks of Rev. F. F. Bosworth (who spoke during many of the day services) and issued a public challenge through the newspapers, to debate with Rev. Bosworth on the subject of "Divine Healing Through the Atonement." Rev. Bosworth felt led to accept the challenge, and the whole matter was given front-page publicity in the Houston newspapers.

On the evening appointed as the meeting got under way, it was quite apparent that the sympathy of the vast audience was almost entirely on the side of the visiting evangelists. Large numbers of the members of the very denomination of the opposing clergyman, stood to their feet as witnesses that they believed in Divine healing and had in fact been healed. This sentiment became increasingly evident throughout the service.

Now it so happened that the opposing clergyman had secured the services of Mr. James Ayers and Mr. Ted Kipperman, professional photographers who were to take a series of pictures of him while he was speaking. Incidentally, the photographer after taking these shots, secured one picture of Rev. Branham, who spoke briefly just before the service closed.

When Mr. Ayers, one of the photographers, went that same night to the darkroom of his studio, he decided to develop the negatives that had been exposed. To his surprise every one of the negatives turned out to be absolutely blank with the exception of the one which had been taken of Rev. Branham. His surprise turned to amazement when he noticed that on this negative, immediately over the head of Rev. Branham, was apparently a supernatural halo of light. Mr. Ayers called the others of the studio to look at the negative; but when they did so, each was equally puzzled and no one could explain the presence of this halo.

The following morning the photographer sent word to Rev. Branham to inform him of the strange phenomenon that had occurred in connection with the photograph he had taken the night before. Brother Branham then explained to the young man that he was not greatly surprised. He testified that just before the picture was taken he heard the Pillar of Fire descend into the building with a sound of rushing wind. Of course this wasn't the first time for something like this to happen in our Brother's Ministry.

For example, while at Camden, Arkansas, a photographer had snapped a picture of him and when the film was developed it was found that a strange light encircled him, which, the photographer pointed out, could not be accounted for

by the lights in the building. (That picture is published in this book.) Many other such things had occurred in his ministry. The photograph taken at Houston was without a doubt the most outstanding and spectacular of these supernatural manifestations, because of the unique circumstances under which the photograph had been taken.

Houston Newspapers Report The Meeting

The same morning that the photographer brought the news of the strange phenomenon which appeared on the photograph, the Houston newspapers carried full reports of the service on their front pages. (Of course, at this time the newspapers had heard nothing yet about the photograph.) It is interesting to note that Mr. Ayers, one of the photographers who had been secured by the opposing clergyman, himself had made skeptical remarks - which remarks were included in the reports by the newspapers. That the picture should come from this photographer makes the whole matter the more astonishing, and confirms its absolute authenticity, if indeed any more evidence were needed.

Below we include some greatly condensed reports of the meeting as they appeared that morning in the Houston newspapers:

(From The Houston Chronicle, Jan. 25) (Condensed)

"They lay on cots under the glare of the great lights of Sam Houston Coliseum Tuesday night - the lame, the sick, the infirm, the ones whose hopes for physical health had almost gone. They lay there quietly, some of them uncomprehendingly, as the theological argument swirled about and above them.

For it was they who - Rev. F. F. Bosworth, an out-of-town evangelist, said - could be cured of their infirmities by the divine healing power passed on through Rev. William Branham, Rev. Mr. Bosworth's partner. But Rev. W. E. Best, pastor of the Houston Tabernacle Baptist Church, contended that any such "miraculous healing" had ceased with the apostles. And he challenged Rev. Mr. Bosworth to prove otherwise.

Rev. Mr. Bosworth, amid cheers and shouts of "amen" from the audience of 8000, quoted numerous passages from various sources, which, he said, proved that Christ died not only for the sins of man, but for physical sickness also. Over and over again he quoted a Bible passage: "Christ took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." Each time he repeated it the crowds sent up a great shout, and faint smiles broke out on the faces of some of those lying on the cots.

The audience could hear Rev. Mr. Best's rapid-fire sermon, and they

didn't like everything they heard. They didn't like it when he said "I deny that any man living today has the power and the gift to heal as the apostles did.

Polite Hearing

The Rev. Raymond T. Richey appealed to the audience to give each speaker a polite hearing. His instructions were: "When you agree with the speaker, say 'amen' and when you disagree, say 'no.'" For nearly four hours, the Coliseum rocked with "amens" and nos." When the Rev. Best made a point, the Rev. Bosworth would rush to the microphone on the stage from which the speakers held forth and dramatically ask those in the audience who had been cured through faith to stand.

Hundreds Rise

Each time hundreds would rise.

"How many of you are Baptists?" the Rev. Bosworth shouted.

At least 100 stood up.

"No man has the power to heal!" declared the Rev. Best.

To Mrs. W. E. Wilbanks of 712 Teetshorn, the Rev. Best misrepresented the slight, black-haired Evangelist who has been preaching to crowds of 5000 nightly.

She's A Baptist

"I'm a Baptist myself," said Mrs. Wilbanks. "Brother Branham does not claim the power of Divine healing. It is simply that faith and the spirit of God working through him that heals the people. Rev. Best is misrepresenting Baptist sentiment in attacking Rev. Branham.

Ordinarily, the way the miracle cures are developed, persons in the audience fill out cards which bear a number and their name. The Rev. Branham picks a number and prays for the cure of that person. Occasionally, he selects a person at random. Those attending are informed that it is possible they won't be reached during the evening for an individual prayer - but they come, night after night, hoping that their turn will arrive.

Woman Reborn

Mrs. Mary Georgia Hardy, 708 Columbia, said she was "reborn three years ago," but that she first experienced the wonders of faith healing 18 years

ago:

"After the birth of my second child, I was a nervous wreck, but faith healing made me well and I've had two children since," said Mrs. Hardy, who attends the Assembly of God Church at 18th and Ashland in the Heights.

Sitting next to her, Mrs. Gray Walker of 2501 Blodgett, pointed to her four-year-old grandchild, Diane Cox.

She's Well Now

"Diane was born with a clubfoot. A doctor wanted to put the foot in a cast but our Assembly of God pastor, the Rev. J. C. Miner, suggested we try prayer. We did. Gradually - over a period of weeks--the foot straightened out. Diane is well now."

One week ago, during a general prayer by Rev. Branham, Mrs. W. E. Miller, who lives on the Genoa-Alameda road, was suddenly cured of chronic sinus trouble, she said. "I was simply praying for others when it happened."

When the Rev. Best shouted there were those "who used sorcery to bewitch people, so that people are sincerely misled and say it's the power of God," James Ayers, a commercial photographer of 1610 Rusk, agreed.

"Branham puts on a show," said Mr. Ayers. "Somehow he never gets around to the cripples and the persons who have arthritis. He simply hypnotizes his audience."

(Note: Mr. Ayres mentioned above in the Houston Press was the photographer who hours later was to discover the supernatural light above Rev. Branham's head on the photograph.)

After conferring with Rev. Branham, the writer arranged for the negative to be turned over to George Lacy, considered the greatest authority on questioned documents in that area. Mr. Lacy then submitted the negative to exhaustive scientific tests. Rev. Branham was certain that the negative was genuine but considered it wise to have absolute scientific proof of its genuineness.

After a most thorough examination, Mr. Lacy gave a certified statement (which has been photo statically reproduced in this book) that every test showed that the negative was absolutely genuine, and had not been "doctored" or retouched or been given a double exposure of any kind. Rev. Branham then gave the studios permission to reproduce copies of the photograph; he insisted, however, that he would take nothing personally from the returns of its sale,

though he would permit a certain percentage to be given for overseas missionary enterprises in which he was interested.

Another remarkable development in connection with the phenomenon that appeared on the photograph was the fact that independent testimonies came in from various people, corroborating the fact that the supernatural light appeared over Brother Branham's head. Some of these testimonies came from those who at the time had not yet learned about the photograph. A typical one is from Mrs. Grace Coursey, Rt. 1, Box 108, Cleveland, Texas, who tells how a Catholic who witnessed the light, was converted by it:

Amazing Confirmation By Catholic Convert Of The Supernatural Light

"I was sweeping the floor the other morning when a car came into the driveway at our home on a farm 56 miles north of Houston. Being somewhat embarrassed at the strewn state of my house, I said, by way of explaining to the strangers, that I worked in Cleveland as a sales-lady six days of the week, and had been attending the Branham revival many nights, so had not time to straighten my house. The man, a stranger to me, had come in answer to an advertisement of our farm for sale. When I mentioned the Branham revival, his countenance lighted up and he said, 'We have been there, too.' This is what his wife told us:

Mr. Becker (the stranger) had been suffering with a terrible stomach condition, violent cramping, etc. He took medicine every night. His wife's mother read in the Houston paper about Branham and his God-given gifts of healing, and she asked Mrs. Becker to ask her husband to go and be prayed for. Mrs. Becker doubted that he would go since he was a Catholic. She told him about it and he said he would go.

Mrs. Becker was greatly disappointed when they arrived at the Houston Coliseum and found the Baptist preacher (she is a member of the Baptist church) debating with Brother Bosworth. She feared that her husband would not believe after seeing this. Instead of being driven away from belief, Mr. Becker stated to us, 'I saw a light around Rev. Branham's head when he was standing there on the stage after the debate; it was not a flash bulb, it was a halo about his head.' When Brother Branham gave the altar call, Mr. Becker, who had always professed very staunchly that he was saved, went up to accept Christ. His wife, thinking he had misunderstood, asked him if he understood the proposition that had been made. He replied, 'Certainly I do.'

"He automatically quit the habit of using God's Name in vain. Mr. Becker went to the two o'clock service next day and received a prayer card. His number was not called that night but he was instantly healed in the mass prayer call.

"I did not know when I came here tonight to be in the service and tell this, that a photographer had taken a picture of Brother Branham that same night that Mr. Becker, the Catholic man, had seen the light around his head and believed he was sent of God with a gift of healing."

Mrs. Grace Coursey - Jan. 30, 1950 - Rt. 1 Box 108 - Cleveland, Texas.

From Houston the Branham party went to Beaumont, a city some eighty miles west. After the first night the city auditorium overflowed with people, and on the second night, two policemen and seven firemen were required to enforce the city laws governing safety regulations in the building. Raymond T. Richey chartered a train of eleven coaches which carried 700 people from Houston to Beaumont to attend the Monday night service. Only part of them could find room in the reserved section. Auditorium officials relented and permitted several hundred who could not get into the building to stand on the back of the platform during the meeting.

One of the interesting features of the campaign was the luncheon which nearly one hundred ministers and their wives attended. Brother Branham spoke to them briefly from his heart. He said that God had commissioned him to give a special message to all believers, that they should forget their differences, and unite themselves in oneness of mind and heart in preparation for the soon Coming of Christ. All that were present gave solemn heed to what he said, as it was evident that these words were the words of a prophet.

During the Beaumont campaign some 2000 came forward to confess Christ. About 3000 had responded to the altar calls in Houston; so that during those thirty days, nearly 5000 had confessed Christ as their Saviour.

Campaigns In Arkansas

From Beaumont we went to Little Rock, Arkansas. Again we were told a familiar story. Little Rock, spiritually, was a city so divided that it would be impossible to hold a great union meeting there. It had been tried before, but always failure had resulted. We were told to prepare ourselves for disappointment. The campaign started in the middle of the week. But by Saturday, lo, the Robinson Memorial Auditorium was completely full. On the last night, which was Monday, the doors were shut at 6:30 P.M., and it was estimated at least 1500 people were turned away. At noon on the last day, a

special luncheon, at which over 100 ministers and their wives gathered, breathed a spirit of unity and fellowship that a week before no one dreamed would be possible.

Of interest were testimonies of those who had been healed when Brother Branham was there some three years before. One man thrilled the audience with his testimony. For years he had been on crutches. Then when Brother Branham had prayed for him, he threw them away and walked unaided. He had been without them ever since that time.

One incident was of singular interest to Brother Moore and the writer. At the close of one of the services, as we were leaving the stage, a mother stopped and pleaded with us to pray for her little boy who was about five years of age and who was a deaf mute. She said she feared that Brother Branham would not be able to get to him. Brother Moore looked at me and said, "Let's pray for him." After prayer we took him to the piano and satisfied ourselves that he could hear the music and then walked off the stage.

The next evening, during the healing service, we looked and lo, the same woman and little boy came for prayer. She had secured a card (which were given by lot), and decided to use it, thinking that it would do no harm to bring the boy in the line again. Brother Moore and I naturally were intensely interested to know what Brother Branham would say to her as the Spirit of God spoke through him.

As he looked at the child he said, "Mother, your child 'has' been deaf," which of course was correct. Then he looked again and said words to this effect. "Someone who has faith in God prayed for your child last night. Your child is delivered." You can imagine the effect that this had upon the woman. It was true the child was hearing, and although at this youthful age, when testing the degree of the hearing is always difficult, yet he had already begun to show the fact of his deliverance by imitating various sounds. The demonstration had a great effect upon the congregation. It was plain that God was speaking, not man, and also that man was not the healer but the Lord Jesus Christ.

Afterwards we talked to Brother Branham about the incident. He just barely remembered the circumstances. God had spoken through him and revealed that someone had prayed for the child but had not revealed who had prayed. That was unimportant. What was important was that God had done the work, and to Him was due all the glory. (Months later we received a letter from the mother of the child confirming the healing. This was printed in THE VOICE OF HEALING.)

From Little Rock, we held two days services at El Dorado and two at Camden.

Of Brother Branham, we have only this to say. The scriptures in describing John the Baptist said, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." We believe this statement can also apply to our beloved brother, William Branham.

Chapter 19, The American Press Reports On "The Branham Meetings"

In recent years, few consecrated ministers of the Gospel have received much favorable publicity from the press. What they have received, if any, has usually been of a derogatory character. Nevertheless, many newspapers have taken time and space to describe, often favorably, the healing campaigns of William Branham. It would be too much to expect that every newspaper would give sympathetic reports.

Often reporters who attend such meetings come with their minds already made up, and stay only long enough to draw up an extremely sketchy report, which they intersperse with a worldly-wise and subtly cynical ridicule. However, it appears that in the Branham campaigns, interest has been of such an intense nature, that reporters have stayed in the services long enough to become at least partially convinced of what they have seen and heard.

In a number of cases, a very generous and fair account of the meetings has been given. Only occasionally has a report appeared completely skeptical. In this chapter we shall give sketches of the Branham meetings, from accounts appearing in various newspapers of United States and Canada. The first one appearing below was published in the Waukegan NEWS-SUN of March 14, 1949:

"During the three days Rev. Branham has preached, scores have claimed to have been healed. Every case of crossed eyes which was prayed for was straightened before prayer ceased; many cripples and badly twisted bodies were straightened and deaf people were able to hear.

"At last night's service, a young boy paralyzed in arms, legs and back, twisted out of shape was brought by his mother from Bensenville, Illinois, and was prayed for. Immediately after prayer, he walked straight and steadily from the platform without aid.

"Two women, who had been entirely blind with cataracts for two years, were healed at the same service. After being led to the platform then prayed for, the first was able to see and walk - and as her husband said, 'Even those bloodshot veins in her eyes were cleared up.'"

The same reporter, Fannie Wilson, writing in the Community News, a paper representing several cities north of Chicago, of date-line March 24, 1949, said:

"The main difference between Rev. William Branham and most everyone else is: to them the Bible is ancient history; to him it is just as vital and positive a force now as in the days of Jesus of Nazareth. What makes the story different is that Rev. William Branham proceeds to prove his contention.

"Not that he contends. Far from it. Rev. Branham is more humble than all the humble men you have ever seen put together. (Can you imagine a white man, born in Kentucky, lifting a little cross-eyed negro child from Market Street, Waukegan, in his arms and saying, 'Daughter, be healed in the Name of Jesus Christ?') And her eyes had become straight, even as many others had, during this service of healing and revival meetings held in the Grace Missionary Church. Among those prayed for Monday night was a prominent Waukegan physician.

"During the Monday night service alone, nine people were healed after being born deaf and dumb. Most of these were born in this community or were known here previous to their healing. One of these deaf-mutes was healed of blindness also. All became able to speak, although the sounds were similar in tonal quality to those of a child. They also seemed surprised to hear their own voices.

"One man who had come from Iowa had a cancer on his leg from the knee to the ankle, which disappeared immediately after prayer. In last night's meeting children with paralysis, spastics and those suffering from mental deficiency recovered after prayer.

"Many important and respected people of Lake County heard and saw Brother Branham "diagnose" numerous diseases. Most of all, the individual for whom he was to pray saw the effect of the disease created on the minister's left hand, until the illness was stopped after his prayer.

"The audience was reminded many times by the speaker that he himself did not have the power to perform these healings, but that they were 'acts of God' through the faith of the individual prayed for."

The Albertan Calgary, Canada August 21, 1947

"A panorama of human emotions was unveiled by some 3000 citizens who packed Victoria Pavilion Wednesday night to witness or receive help from William Branham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, in his faith healing campaign.

"The U.S. minister's reputation of having helped to heal over 35,000 people of blindness, lameness, cancer, polio, T.B., and other sicknesses since he was imparted the 'gift of Divine healing' about a year ago attracted men, women

and children of every walk of life.

"One of the first in the prayer line was a Mr. Andre of Edmonton, who said he was suffering from 'a protrusion of the disc in the spine.' He claimed to have been to scores of doctors in Western Canada, and also to the Mayo Brothers at Rochester. They said an operation of the spine was necessary, he stated.

"Then Andre, who told the ALBERTAN he could not remember when he was last able to touch his toes without bending at the knees, was approached by 'the divine healer.'

"Taking Andre's right hand in his left hand, Branham described the man's ailment, and after prayer, told him to bend over and touch his toes. Andre did so, without bending his knees. A gasp went up from the huge throng, and with a rush of voices, the crowd gave vent to their combined surprise and admiration.

"The Edmonton man, wracked with emotion, breathed a simple thanks to the minister before rushing to the microphone to tell the audience how doctors had told him an operation would be necessary for his back.

"The minister claimed to have a mysterious vibration in his left hand by which he was able to distinguish cancer, T.B., and other germs."

The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix Canada August 2, 1947

"Miss M-- B-- who spent ten years in school for the deaf here and in Winnipeg, said, 'Daddy' and 'Mamma' quite clearly after she had been prayed for by Rev. William Branham, in the Apostolic Church Wednesday evening where 800 persons had gathered to witness 'healing through faith.'

"Miss B--, interviewed by the STAR-PHOENIX Friday, said that she could hear quite well with her right ear but the left ear was still deaf. She believed that she would be able to speak normally within a short time. Her landlady said that she had been saying 'Good-morning' and 'Good-bye,' something she had not done in the three months she had been staying with her.

"While the congregation sat still with bowed heads, the hundred people to be cured filed past Mr. Branham as he prayed for them each in turn. The congregation was told that entire belief and reverence were necessary, and all must bow their heads. Those who did not were asked to leave the church.

NOTE: Bro. Branham, in some, but not all services requested that people bow their heads because in the realm of sickness he was dealing with evil spirits. Bowing their heads in faith and reverence was to prevent the evil spirit from coming back to them once it was cast out of the one being prayed for. There

have been cases where evil spirits were cast out on the platform, only to go into the congregation on someone else. - Web site editor.

"Prior to Mr. Branham's arrival, the congregation heard from other speakers who told of the marvelous work already being done through faith. One woman testified that she had been prayed for and the following morning her one deaf ear was again normal, and several other minor ailments had vanished. One of the speakers mentioned a woman from Regina, who had been able to bear only a liquid diet for months, but the morning following prayer for her, she arose and enjoyed a normal breakfast."

The Jeffersonville Post, Jeffersonville, Indiana (Branham's Home Town) November 3, 1949

"A crowd Sunday night that vied with the annual game between the Jeffersonville Red Devils and the New Albany Bulldogs attended the Branham Tabernacle at Eighth and Penn Streets, overflowed and stood in the rain to hear via loud speakers, divine moving manifestations of the Rev. William Branham, whose healing miracles are known internationally.

"From authentic sources comes the report of the healing of two cancer patients, who were told of a deathly sickness and recovery within ninety days; a person told to walk who had been confined to a wheel chair for eighteen years; of another carried to the church on an ambulance stretcher; of the deaf made to hear, all by a man who heals by the laying on of his right hand in the name of his Divine Maker.

"According to many, the day of miracles has not yet passed - even in Jeffersonville.

"From a struggling young man, who worked on a job during the day, and proclaimed the gospel on Sunday, his own faith was such to surmount all obstacles. He still suffers ridicule in some instances in his home town, from scoffers, who should do him honor as one chosen by the Supreme Being to carry on His work.

"Although not educated, as education is considered today, he has the ability and earnest fervor necessary in the presentation of the gospel. His Divine healing power today is known internationally. From Jeffersonville he will travel to Louisiana, Houston, Texas, possibly Jamaica, and then overseas."

Many other newspapers, including the CHICAGO DAILY TIMES, the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, the ST. LOUIS STAR-TIMES, the ST. LOUIS

POST- DISPATCH, carried interesting and even lengthy reports of the Branham meetings, the latter paper giving almost a full page. Not all of these reports were written as endorsements of the campaigns. Yet most of them at least were not hostile, and some, as far as newspapers go, were favorably impressed. In most cases, where the reporter had opportunity to actually witness the demonstration of cases healed, he was convinced that there was a supernatural power being manifest in the meetings.

The Evening Sun, Jonesboro, Arkansas Reporter: Eugene Smith June 12, 1947

"Although Rev. Branham claims to have received the gift some 11 months ago, he said in the interview that it was the first time he had ever had the opportunity to tell his story directly to the reporters. 'My daily services take up so much of my time that the church managers have asked me to refuse interviews with newspapers. They always have said, "You have so many seeking aid through your prayers; to publicize your presence through the papers would only add to the overcrowded prayer lines," they explained.'

"A visit to the Bible Hour Tabernacle on East Matthews will bear out his statement that his claims need no publicity. Last week the prayer lines, in which he prayed individually with the sick, paralyzed, deaf, dumb and blind, were held twice daily. This week three services are held each day. And he will never be able to get through the long list before the meeting closes Monday.

"People are pouring into town daily to beg for 'just one minute with Rev. Branham.' One day this week a bus loaded with 45 persons from Fulton, Kentucky, was present. The same day a chartered plane brought in a 34-year-old ex-GI, swollen horribly from cancer, which was sapping his life. Wednesday, Rev. Branham flew to El Dorado on a whirlwind trip to pray for a person who was reported near death.

"Residents of at least 25 states and Mexico have visited Jonesboro since Rev. Branham opened the camp meeting June 1. They represent states from California to New Jersey, Michigan and Wisconsin to Florida, Wyoming to Texas and on down to Mexico, the SUN reporter was told. The tremendous turnouts have overflowed local tourist courts and many private homes nightly, also a special dormitory has been set up in the rear of the church.

"Rev. Branham says, 'I am just a man. I have no power of healing. Jesus Christ is the only one that can heal. I pray to Him to heal those that believe. No one can be healed who does not have faith in Jesus Christ,' he explained.

"Detecting the type of ailment of those coming to him is another power claimed by Rev. Branham. 'When they put their hand in my left hand, I receive vibrations caused by the germs in the person. I can usually tell what the disease is. When the disease leaves the person, the vibrations stop,' he stated. When Rev. Branham completes a prayer for a person, he usually finishes by saying, 'I adjure thee by Jesus Christ, leave this person.'

"Rev. Branham began a rigorous schedule last summer in St. Louis. He came to Jonesboro next, visited Pine Bluff and Camden, then went to Houston and on to the West Coast. He will fly to California next week to administer to an Armenian.

"Since his October visit, Rev. Branham has shown the effects of the daily routine. He has lost 25 pounds and his eyes are very hollow and deep set. 'I have to keep my place of residence a secret in order to get any sleep at all,' he said smiling.

"The total attendance for the services during the two-weeks period is likely to surpass the 20,000 mark by Sunday, church officials state. For two days this SUN representative attended the afternoon services and spent a morning listening to Rev. Branham's story. Milling through the masses, talking to numerous people from widely scattered areas, not one skeptic was encountered. Many told stories that hardly seemed possible.

"For instance, M. N. Funk, a shoe builder from Seymour, Missouri, said he had not walked for five years and five months until he attended a service conducted by Rev. Branham at Camden, January 21. 'I lay in a hospital for nine months after falling and injuring my spine, while doing some carpentry work. Doctors told me that I would never walk again, and for five years and five months I didn't. I know it's hard to believe, but Brother Branham prayed for me and I got up and walked immediately. And I can walk just as good as you or anybody else today,' he said.

"C. C. Shepherd, pastor of the Pentecostal Church of St. Charles near De Witt, showed to the assembly Monday afternoon, a calloused wad of skin-like substance which he said was a cancer which had plagued him for 14 years. He was prayed for by Rev. Branham on Tuesday last week. He said the cancer on his neck, the result of a razor cut, was red when he went on the platform, but immediately began to turn dark. 'It just got black, dried up and came out,' he said. He had a deep pit in his neck where the growth had been.

"Mrs. Hattie Waldrop, who said her husband owned a plumbing shop at 2851 North 16, Phoenix, Arizona, came all the way to Jonesboro to testify that

Rev. Branham had brought her back from the dead. 'My pulse had stopped completely. I was suffering from cancer of the colon, heart and liver trouble with no hope of getting well, when Brother Branham prayed for me on March 4. Today I am well and healthy,' she told the reporters."

(Bro. Gordon Lindsay has talked personally with this Mrs. Waldrop and her husband and confirmed her testimony to be the truth.)

Chapter 20, Gifts Of Healing Plus

This chapter in the book "A Man Sent From God" which was written by Bro. F. F. Bosworth, has been omitted and replaced with More Than Spiritual Gifts by Bro. Gerald A. Lush. The purpose was to 'update' the material in the 'Light' of the Mystery of God which has been revealed in this Age through His Servant and Prophet, Bro. William Branham.

Much of what Bro. Bosworth wrote has been incorporated into the new chapter. In updating the material absolutely no disrespect is intended. The publishers of this Web Site greatly respect and honor the memory of our Bro. Bosworth. But we felt it necessary to 'update' some of the information in light of the fact that Bro. Bosworth did not live to see all that God did through Brother Branham.

In the 'progressive unfolding' of that ministry we have come to understand, through Bible prophecy, the significance of a Ministry that included more than Spiritual gifts. We encourage you to follow the above link to more fully understand what we mean when we say, "MORE Than Spiritual Gifts".

Chapter 21, Visions Witnessed By William Branham Transcribed From Tape Recordings

The purpose of writing these visions is for the glory of God, and His son Jesus Christ. They were shown to me by His Holy Angel and it is not for any self-praise that they are written. I have been asked by many to write them, and I have taken it upon my heart to relate a few of them. They are very sacred to me.

Some of these visions required time for their fulfillment. But always they came to pass just as they were shown to me. It makes my heart very humble to think that the Almighty would show His servant these things. I tell these things that people may believe on Jesus Christ, and be saved by believing.

VISION I, Building The Ohio River Bridge

The first vision that I remember seeing was when I was about seven years of age. This vision perhaps did not have the great spiritual meaning that the subsequent ones had, as I was so very young I could not have understood it. But it was God giving me the first glimpse of the working of this particular gift, by which I have seen many things happen before they were fulfilled.

In this vision, which came to me when I was playing with my brother, I saw a large bridge being built across the Ohio River, and a number of workmen falling off of it. I saw just how it was constructed and where it would be. This seemed impossible then, but later it came to pass just as it was shown to me.

VISION II, Warning Against Spiritualism

For full details of this vision go to [Warning Against Spiritualism](#).

VISION III, The Unity Of The Church

About two months after the baptizing on the Ohio River, when the star appeared before the hundreds of people who stood on the banks, God gave me a vision. I was getting ready to lay the cornerstone of my tabernacle. Major Ulrey of the Volunteers of America, a friend of mine, was coming over to furnish music for laying of the cornerstone.

On the day of the laying of the cornerstone, I was awakened about six o'clock in the morning. The Indiana sun was well up, and all nature was making music. I looked out the window; the birds were singing, the bees were humming; the fine perfumes of the fragrant honeysuckle were in the air. I lay there

thinking, "O Great Jehovah, how wonderful You are. just a little while ago it was dark; now the sun has arisen and all nature is rejoicing." Again I thought, "Soon this world which is cold and dark, will rejoice with nature, because the Son of Righteousness will arise with healing in His wings."

As I was worshipping God, suddenly I felt the angel of the Lord in the room. I turned over in bed and was in a vision immediately. I think that this vision, though I didn't understand it at the time, it has a lot to do with my ministry this day - in my trying to bring into fellowship the churches with each other, that they should not let sectarian ideas separate them, and that each Christian should go to the church of his choice, but at the same time have fellowship and godly love for one another.

Now in the vision I found myself standing on the banks of the River Jordan, preaching the Gospel to the people. I heard a sound behind me, like that made by swine. Looking around I remarked, "This place is polluted. This is sacred ground, where Jesus Himself trod." In the vision I was preaching against this, when the angel of the Lord took me into my tabernacle, although the cornerstone had not yet been laid. (The vision showed the tabernacle as it actually was when it was built.) I looked around. People were packed everywhere, and a large crowd was standing. In the vision I saw three crosses; afterward I placed in my church three crosses as I had seen them in the vision, the larger center one being the pulpit. I exclaimed, "Oh this is wonderful; this is glorious."

Then the Angel of the Lord came to me in the vision and said, "This is not your tabernacle." I remonstrated, "Oh Lord, surely this is 'my' tabernacle." But He answered, "No, come and see." He took me out, and I was looking at the bright blue sky. He said, "This is to be your tabernacle." Looking down again I saw that I was in the midst of a grove of trees and in the center where I was standing, was an aisle. The trees were planted in big green pots. On one side were apples, and on the other side were great plums. On the right and left were two pots with nothing in them.

Next I heard a voice out of heaven, which spoke, "The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few." I asked, "Lord what can I do?" Then as I looked again I noticed that the trees looked like pews, in the vision of my tabernacle. Down at the end of the row was a big tree standing and it was full of all manner of fruit. On either side of it were two little trees with no fruit - and standing side by side, they seemed as three crosses. I questioned, "What does this mean and what about those pots with nothing in them?" He replied, "You are to plant in those." Then I

stood in the breach, taking branches from both trees, and planted them in the pots. Suddenly, out of the pots came two large trees that grew till they reached the heavens.

After that, a mighty rushing wind came and shook the trees. A voice spoke, "Hold out your hands now, you have done well; reap the harvest." I held out my hands and the mighty wind shook into my right hand a great apple, and into my left hand a great plum. He said, "Eat the fruits; they are pleasant." I began eating the fruit, first a bite off of one, then a bite off of the other, and the fruit was deliciously sweet.

I think this vision had to do with the bringing of the peoples of the churches together. In the vision, I was transplanted from one to the other, to bring the same fruits out of both trees. Next I heard a voice say again, "The harvest is ripe and the laborers are few." I looked at the middle tree, and great clusters of apples and plums were hanging all over the tree - which was in the shape of a cross right down to its trunk. I fell down under the tree and cried, "Lord, what can I do?" The wind began to rain fruit all over me, and I heard a voice saying, "When you come out of the vision, read Second Timothy 4." This was repeated three times. Then I found myself in my room.

I grabbed a Bible and began to read, "Preach the word... for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine (doctrinal divisions in the church); but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears... do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

I tore that leaf out of my Bible, and placed it with my testimony in the cornerstone that was laid that same day. That "sound doctrine?" I believe is godly love one for another. So it came to pass that my work was not to pastor - although shortly after, I missed the vision, and great sorrow came because I did not go forth on the call - but later God sent me into His field to do this work. I have lived to see the day when this vision is being fulfilled. I thank God for this humble ministry through which I am trying to do my part to unite God's people, so that they might be one in heart and spirit.

VISION IV, Miraculous Healing Of The Crippled Children

"It is written... "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy; your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions." These are the words of a prophet. I believe we are living in that day.

The vision that I am now relating was very outstanding. It was given me in my mother's home where I was staying one night shortly after the recent war broke out in Europe. Sometime between midnight and dawn I awoke with a terrible burden upon my heart. I prayed for quite awhile but couldn't seem to get relief. Two hours went by. Then suddenly I entered into a vision and I found myself going up a hill toward a little crude house.

I entered through the door, and within the room I noticed a red chair and a red duofold. Sitting in the red chair was an old woman with glasses, crying. On the bed to the right was a little brown-haired boy about three or four years old. I could see that he was terribly afflicted and his little body was drawn up; the legs and an arm seemed to be wound up into knots. Standing at the middle door was a dark-haired woman, apparently the mother and she was weeping bitterly. Over against the bed was a tall dark-looking man, the father.

I said to myself, "Isn't this strange; I was at my mother's house just a few moments ago." Next, I looked to my right, and there stood the angel of God, dressed in white. For the moment I didn't know what to do, but my heart went out to the baby that was lying on the bed. The angel said to me, "Can that baby live?" I answered, "I do not know." The angel said, "Have the father bring the baby to you and you put your hands upon it's stomach."

So the father brought it to me and I prayed and suddenly the father dropped the child. It hit on its little leg, and the leg started unwinding. Then it took a step, and then another step, and then walked over into the corner. After that the child came walking to me and said, "Brother Branham, I am well now." The angel asked, "Did you consider that?" I answered, "I did, sir."

Then he told me to stand still. He took me and set me down on a country road where there was much gravel. I looked over to my right and there was a graveyard and some big tombstones. He said, "Read the names and the numbers on them." I did. He again took me and set me down in a little crossroad settlement - with a grocery store and four or five houses. There, coming out of the store, was an old man with a white mustache wearing overalls and a yellow corduroy cap. The angel said, "He will direct you."

Then he took me the third time, and this time I was going into a house. I saw a young woman at the door. She was weeping. I entered the house and noticed an old-fashioned chunk stove sitting at my left. The room was papered with yellow paper with little red figures on it. On the wall was the sign, "God Bless Our Home." In the center was a big brass bed, and over in the corner was a cot. On the bed was someone suffering terribly. Then I saw it was a girl and her

legs were all drawn up. I looked and there was the angel of the Lord standing at my right side again.

He asked, "Can that girl live?" I replied, "Sir, I do not know." He said, "Put your hand upon her and pray."

As I prayed for the girl, I heard a voice in the room saying, "Praise the Lord." As I looked the girl was raising up. Her right arm had been afflicted and drawn backward, but I saw it as it came straight. Then I noticed that the drawn crooked leg also became straight and normal, and I heard several crying and praising the Lord.

I was just coming out of the vision when I heard someone saying, "Oh Brother Branham, Brother Branham." I looked at the clock and found that several hours had gone by. It was near the break of day and someone was calling for me. It was a young man by the name of John Himmel. I had baptized him and his wife. He said, "Brother Branham, I am in trouble. In the war I backslid, and since that I lost one child, and now my little boy is at the point of death. The doctor says he can't live. I am ashamed to ask you, but will you come and pray for my child?" I told him that I would.

He told me that he would get his cousin, Brother Snelling, who had just been converted (he is now associate pastor of my tabernacle), to help us pray. I said, "Very well," not knowing that he was to help fulfill the vision. As we drove to the man's home, I asked, "Mr. Himmel, don't you live in a little two-room house of a long shape?" He answered, "I do." I said, "Doesn't the front room have a red duofold chair and a bed on which the little boy is lying? And isn't the little boy, brown-haired and doesn't he wear blue corduroy overalls?" He replied, "That's him exactly. Were you ever at my house?" I said, "When you called me I had just left." Of course he didn't understand.

I asked, "Mr. Himmel, do you believe me?" He answered, "With all my heart I do." Then I told him, "Thus saith the Spirit, your baby shall live." At that a great conviction came over him. He stopped the car, threw himself across the steering wheel, and cried, "Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner." He gave his heart to Christ while we were several miles from the house, and before ever the baby was healed.

Now when we reached the house we found that the child was almost dead. The lungs were full and there was just a slight breathing in its throat. I said, "Bring me the baby." But when I prayed for it, nothing happened. The child couldn't get its breath and it almost strangled. I had expected it to be healed instantly.

Now here is where I found that one could make a mistake if he doesn't watch clearly the vision. Everything must be as it was in the vision or it will not come to pass. I perceived now that the old woman whom I had seen sitting in the chair was not there. I could not tell anyone, but I knew that I had to wait until everything was exactly in order. They asked me what the matter was but I didn't say anything; I had to wait for God to fulfill the vision. I thought that I had failed God in going ahead, instead of waiting for His time.

I waited an hour and a half. Finally Mr. Himmel and Mr. Snelling got up, put on their coats and started to leave. The baby was now just barely alive. It was almost six o'clock, but just at that time I happened to look out the window and there coming around the side of the house was an old woman wearing glasses. I began to praise the Lord. The lady (usually she came in the front door), was mysteriously moved to come in the back door, just as the other two were going out the front door.

The grandmother coming in asked if the baby was better. With that the mother began to cry, "No it is dying, it is dying." Mr. Snelling being related to them, turned back, and I got up quickly and gave him the red duofold. He took off his hat and sat down weeping. Then the grandmother took off her glasses which had become bluffed, because she had been weeping and sat down in the other chair. The mother was leaning against the middle door crying. There, at last everything was the same as I had seen in the vision! I walked over to the front door and said to Mr. Himmel, "Do you still have faith in me?" He answered, "I do Brother Branham." I told him that I was sorry, but I couldn't tell him a little while ago that I had stepped ahead of the vision. I now said, "Bring me the baby." He walked to the bed, picked up the baby, and came walking to me. I then prayed, "Father, I am sorry from the depths of my heart that your servant went ahead of the vision. But forgive me Lord, and let these people know Thou art God and I am Thy servant. In the Name of the Lord Jesus, I say the baby shall live."

While I had my hands on the child, suddenly it began to scream, "Daddy! Daddy!" and awoke to consciousness. The child threw its arms around the father, and everyone started screaming and crying and shouting. I said, "Take the baby and lay it out on the bed. For thus saith the Spirit, it will be three days before its little limbs are completely untwisted according to the vision. At that time it shall come to pass that the boy will become normal."

On the third day many gathered to go to the house where the boy was. My wife went along as a witness. The family did not know I was coming, but

when the mother opened the door and saw me she said, "Oh here is Brother Branham. Come on in. The boy is fine." As I went in, everyone gathered around the windows to see what was happening. I stood still and never opened my mouth, knowing that God would keep His word.

It was like Paul who stood on the ship on the 14th day of the tempest, after the angel of the Lord had stood beside him, and said, "I know that it shall be as he said, for I believe God." I knew the baby would walk to me. I stood there just a moment. Then the little boy, looked at me, came across the floor, put his hands in mine, and said, "Brother Branham, I'm well now." Hallelujah, God's promise cannot fail! When the vision is fulfilled, it is perfect.

The vision of the healing of the crippled girl: Now concerning the other part of the vision: I told my congregation that somewhere in the world, there was a girl with a drawn arm and leg, that also was to be healed in fulfillment of the vision. About two weeks passed. Finally one day as I was coming from my work, a friend of mine, Herb Scott, my foreman, said to me, "Billy, here is a letter for you." I was busy at the time, and put the letter in my pocket, but as I started down the steps, something seemed to say, "Read that letter." So I opened it and as near as I can remember it, it read as follows:

Dear Brother Branham: I have a girl that is about 14 years old. She is afflicted in her hand, her arm and right limb, and is all drawn up with arthritis. We belong to the Methodist Church and we live at South Boston, Indiana. We read your little book named JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND FOREVER. Our pastor said there was nothing to it. That it was just another ism. But after the prayer meeting I received a strong feeling to write you. I am wondering if you would come and pray for my daughter that a miracle might be performed...

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Harold Nale

Something spoke to me that this was the girl. I showed the letter to my wife, and she too said that that must be the one. I decided to go to South Boston. I had never been there, and did not know where it was located, but Brother Wiseheart, a deacon in my church, said that he thought he knew and would go with me.

A man and his wife, by the name of Brace, also went in my car - the lady had been healed in my meeting and she and her husband wanted to go along to see the vision fulfilled. However, we got mixed up in our towns and drove quite

a few miles before we found the right place. At last we were directed to another road, and as I was driving, a very strange feeling came over me. It seemed as if I could not get my breath. Sister Brace looked at me and remarked, "Something is wrong; you look real white." I replied, "No ma'am, the angel of the Lord is near."

I stopped the car and got out and put my foot on the rear bumper of the car. Then I happened to look to the side, and there was a graveyard. I looked at the tombstones, and lo, inscribed on them were the same names and numbers that I had seen in the vision. I got back in the car and said, "We are on the right road." Mrs. Brace began to cry. We went several miles farther, and finally I remarked, "When we get to that crossroads store ahead, an aged man with blue overalls and a yellow corduroy cap will come out and direct us." Soon we came to the store with the front painted yellow, and near it were four or five houses. I said, "This is the place."

Just as I drove up, out of the store came a man with blue overalls, a white mustache, and a corduroy cap. Mrs. Brace, when she saw this, fainted in the car. When the man got close to us I asked, "Do you know where Harold Nale lives; a man that has a crippled daughter?" He answered, "Yessir; why do you want to know?" I replied, "The Lord is going to heal this girl. Show me where the house is." I looked at the old fellow and tears began to roll down his gray bearded cheeks, and his lips began to quiver as he directed us to the place.

When I reached the door I was greeted by the mother of the young lady. She said, "You are Brother Branham. I knew you by your picture." She invited us in, and there, as shown in the vision, was the old chunk stove, the yellow paper, with red figures on it, the big brass bed, the girl lying upon it exactly as described, and the sign upon the wall, "GOD BLESS OUR HOME." Mrs. Brace fainted for the second time. Then something happened. I found myself going to the bed where this girl was. I laid my hand across her, and said, "Let Thy power be made known in the healing of this girl according to the vision that Thou hast shown." Just then her crippled hand straightened out. She raised up from the bed, and her limb also became straight. Mr. Brace had just gotten his wife conscious again in time to see the girl raise up, and she fainted for the third time, going right over into the arms of her husband. The girl rose to her feet, went into another room, put on her clothes, and came back combing her hair, with the hand that had been crippled. This event can be verified by Mrs. Harold Nale who lives at Salem, Indiana at the time this is written.

VISION V, The Milltown Vision

For a detailed account of the Miracle which took place at Milltown please follow this link to: [The Milltown Vision](#). To God be the Glory, GREAT Things He hath done.

For an account of the vision related to Brother Branham's own healing, follow this link to: [William Branham Is Healed](#). A part of this vision spanned almost 15 years. In 1949 he had the first vision pertaining to his sickness. Then in November of 1965 the second vision came showing Bro. Branham that he would never again suffer with the problem in his stomach. We encourage you to follow the above link to discover a surprising conclusion to the whole matter.

Chapter 22, The Overseas Trip To Scandinavia

For nearly three years invitations had been coming to Brother Branham to conduct a series of healing meetings in the Scandinavian countries. Various circumstances had hindered him from making such a journey, although from the beginning he felt assured that these calls were of God. In January, 1950, at the time that the writer rejoined the party, Brother Branham asked him to make arrangements for the trip to Finland.

This was a step of faith, as at that time there was no money available for the passage (air tickets one-way were \$2200 for a party of five) and in fact, because of certain recent circumstances Brother Branham had some unexpected obligations to meet. Nevertheless, in campaigns held during February and March, the Lord provided sufficient funds to meet these obligations and to secure air reservations for the entire party. Early in April, the party (which included besides Brother Branham, Rev. J. Ern Baxter, Rev. Jack Moore, Howard Branham and the writer) upon concluding three days of services at Glad Tidings and Manhattan Center, in New York City, prepared to leave for Europe.

April 6, 1950

On this date at three o'clock in the afternoon, the party boarded the large overseas airliner, Flagship Scotland, and took off for London, England. It was on April 6, 1909, that William Branham was born. April 6, 1917, was the day that America relinquished her historical isolationism and entered the European War. Historians tell us that it was on April 6, in the year 30 A.D. that Christ died on the Cross. Perhaps the members of the party might be excused for thinking that April 6, is a day of significance.

Moving along over the Atlantic at better than 300 miles per hour, and at an altitude of over 20,000 feet, the plane which carried the party landed on the following mid-morning at the Northolt Airport near London. Several days were spent in visiting historic buildings and shrines of the world's largest city. The climax of the party's stay in that great metropolis was the visit to Wesley's chapel. While there we also saw the Wesley residence, entering last of all the room in which John Wesley prayed every morning at five A.M. Before leaving, we all knelt down and had prayer. It was a moment not to be forgotten.

After two days in Paris, which was spent visiting the historic landmarks, we continued our journey to Finland via a Scandinavian airliner. On the 14th of April, we landed at Helsinki where we were met by several ministers including

Pastor Manninen, who had given us the invitation, and Sister May Isaacson, our American-born interpreter, whose knowledge of the Finnish language contributed greatly to the success of our meetings in Finland.

The first service at the Messuhalli witnessed a crowd of 7000 in attendance. After that, several thousand waited outside all afternoon, standing in a line four deep and a half mile long, so that they might be assured of a seat in the largest auditorium in Finland.

She Only Touched His Coat

During a five day interlude, when the auditorium could not be obtained, the party went north to Kuopio which is not far from the Arctic Circle. Faith was very high in this city and some marvelous miracles took place. One of these was the healing of little Veera Ihalainen, a war orphan, whose photograph is shown elsewhere in this book. She was marvelously delivered from wearing a brace and using crutches, after she had in faith touched the coat of Brother Branham as he passed by.

Two or three evenings the people just passed by and Brother Branham said a brief prayer for each one. By the time that each service was over there was a good-sized pile of crutches and canes which had been discarded. Brother Baxter spoke at the afternoon services, and his messages were received with great interest. Brother Moore and the writer took the morning services, and prayed especially for the deaf mutes and the blind. As many as seven or eight were healed at a time, one after another. One boy learned words so fast that he was used as an interpreter to communicate with the others who were prayed for. One incident that highly intrigued the audience was that the deaf mutes when their ears were opened could learn English words as fast as Finnish.

One event, which will never be forgotten by the members of the party, and which happened while they were at Kuopio, was the raising to life of a child that was run over and killed in an automobile accident, the circumstances of which had been shown to Brother Branham in a vision two years previous. The writer had recorded the vision in the 'fly-leaf' of his Bible. We shall let Pastor Vilho Soininen, of Kuopio, relate this remarkable incident:

"On Friday afternoon a remarkable and startling incident took place which meant much to Brother Branham and to those of us who happened to be its witnesses. Three carloads of us made an unforgettable trip to nearby Puijo Observation Tower situated on a beautiful scenic elevation. The outing was one of the most precious I can remember, because of the blessing of God upon us.

Then as we were returning from Puijo, a terrible accident occurred. A car ahead was unable to avoid striking two small boys, who ran out into the street in front of it, throwing one down on the sidewalk, and the other five yards away into a field. One unconscious boy was carried into a car just ahead of us and the other, Kari Holma, was lifted into our car and placed in the arms of Brother Branham and Miss Isaacson who were sitting in the back seat. Brothers Moore and Lindsay were in the front seat with me.

"As we hurried to the hospital, I asked through Miss Isaacson, the interpreter, how the boy was. Brother Branham, with his finger on the boy's pulse, answered that the boy seemed to be dead, since the pulse did not beat at all. Then Brother Branham placed his hand over the boy's heart and realized that it was not functioning. He further checked the boy's respiration and could detect no breath.

Remembering the vision, he asked Bro. Lindsay to look in the 'fly-leaf' of his Bible and see what the vision said about 'a little boy being raised from the dead'. It was discovered that the description of the boy in the vision was exactly like the boy placed in Bro. Branham's arms. Then he knelt down on the floor of the car and began to pray. Brothers Lindsay and Moore joined in prayer, too, that the Lord would have mercy. As we neared the hospital, about five or six minutes later, I glanced back, and to my surprise, the boy opened his eyes. As we carried the boy into the hospital, he began to cry, and I realized that a miracle had taken place.

"The other boy had been brought in a little earlier and was still unconscious. As I was taking my guests back to their hotel, Brother Branham said to me, 'Do not worry! The boy, who was in our car, will surely live.'"

"At that time Brother Branham had no assurance that the other boy would live, but on Sunday evening he assured me on the basis of a vision which he had seen early Sunday morning, that he, too, would live. At the exact time that Brother Branham was telling me this at his hotel, the boy lay dying at the hospital. (For an account of the vision which told of the other boy being healed follow the link to [The Other Boy](#). The boy, who was in my car, Kari, was dismissed from the hospital in just three days.

"In the Friday evening service Brother Branham told us about the vision which he had seen in America two years ago, and which had been fulfilled that afternoon when he had prayed for the dead boy. Two years previous he had told the vision to thousands in America. Now it was fulfilled. Brother Branham's coming to Kuopio was in the eternal plan of God! We of the Kuopio Elim

Assembly wondered why the Lord was so good to us that He granted to just us the gracious privilege of receiving His servant."

The night we left Kuopio a great crowd of people assembled at the station and sang in their usual minor key, the beautiful Finnish songs. As the train pulled away from the depot, the singing gradually died away, but the pleasant memories of the days spent in Kuopio will not be soon forgotten.

Six Hundred Yards From The "Iron Curtain"

Returning to Helsinki Brother Branham continued services for several more days in the Messuhalli. One morning we ventured out to the edge of the "Iron Curtain." At one point we were only six hundred yards from the Red soldiers. The Finnish guard surrounded our car and warned us that this was no place to be. We were glad to return to our hotel. The Communist element strongly opposed our meetings, and indeed demanded our arrest. A former Chief of Police of Kuopio, a very influential man, was present and intervened for us, and we were permitted to continue the services without interruption. Three days were spent in resting at the close of the campaign, in a castle owned by a wealthy Christian lady. We were

treated as kings while there.

However, when the Moscow news broadcast was turned on one evening, we were startled by the announcement (interpreted for us) which declared that American spies were operating under guise in Helsinki. We knew to whom the Moscow radio was referring, and were by no means elated over the notoriety which was being given us. In the case of a sudden outbreak of hostilities, we knew that all gates of exit would be closed immediately, with Russian guns only ten miles from the capital.

Once a rumor was circulated that a break had come between America and Russia, over the shooting down of an American plane by the Soviets. It proved to be only a rumor, but it kept us uneasy. Fear dominates Europe, and most of the Finnish people know that it is only a matter of time until the dam of Communist power will sweep over the boundaries, and push the world into the throes of Armageddon.

Ministers Of Finnish State Church Accept Healing

On the day that we left Finland, we received a special letter from one of the ministers of the State Church, informing us that there had been a mass meeting of the ministers of the church, and that after considerable discussion, the

body under the inspiration of the Branham meetings, had voted to accept the ministry of healing.

Brother Branham wrote in reply a letter of thanks and encouraged the brethren to believe God for mighty things within their ranks. Though we were given to understand that the whole group who had gathered had voted to accept the truth of Divine healing, we knew that did not necessarily mean that every minister in the State Church had endorsed it. That some opposers might later appear might be expected, but the overwhelming sentiment in favor which appeared in the letter we received that last morning was indeed encouraging to us, and made us feel that our journey to Finland had not been in vain.

Norway

After a last farewell to our kind friends in Finland, we boarded a plane and two hours later were in Oslo, Norway. There we found a similar interest among the people. Unfortunately, there had been reaction in the government circles against the ministry of Divine healing. The Health Administrator had clamped down with a ban against praying for the sick, and we being foreigners, knew that the moment we should disobey this prohibition we would be expelled from the country.

Nevertheless there was an unexpected and remarkable result of the ban. The city's ministerial group in a mass protest meeting of two hundred ministers "took only one minute to literally shout their unanimous agreement that protest should be made." The following protest was then drawn and signed by some of the most illustrious names in Norwegian religious life.

To the Norwegian Government Oslo

Sirs:

Healing through faith and prayer is an inherent part of the Gospel, and is as an anchor in the life and work of Jesus Christ. Throughout the ages this doctrine has had a firm position in the commonwealth Of Christian life and preaching.

The Christian population of Norway principally stand as one man in this matter, even if details and ways of procedure may differ in churches and countries.

The undersigned, therefore, vividly regret the measures taken by our authorities and form a protest against the prohibitive regulations given, endeavoring to exercise censorship over Christian preaching. This procedure is

of a nature to offend fundamental human rights in a free country, and disputes the principle worship.

We suggest that the prohibitive restrictions be immediately repealed, imposed by act of the Oslo Chamber of Police.

Oslo, May 5th, 1950.

NAMES OF PROTEST COMMITTEE

H. Asak-Christiansen, General Secretary of the Norwegian Baptists. Eivind Berggrav, Bishop of the State Church. O. Hallesby, Professor and noted author. Ludvig Hope, Chief Secretary for the Salvation Army in Norway. J. B. Jarnes, Vice-Chairman of Evangelical Churches Fellowship. Nils Lavik, Member of Parliament and Vice-President of the West Norwegian Home Missionary Society. Dr. Alf Lier, Chairman of the Non-conformist Parliament and President of the Methodist Conference. Thv. Storbye, Chairman of the Evangelical Preacher's Fellowship. Alf Bastiansen, District Minister of the State Church. Daniel Braendeland, Editor.

Near The Land Of The Midnight Sun

From Norway we went to Sweden, where several services were held at Gotenburg, one night at Jonkoping, and then for five days at Orebro where is located the famous Evangel press, which sends out a steady stream of Christian literature. A crowd of five thousand attended the first service which was held open-air in the park. Our stay in Orebro was in all ways very pleasant and we trust profitable.

From Orebro, the Branham party went north to Ornskoldsvik which lies only a short distance south of the Arctic Circle. Some 6000 people, it was estimated, jammed in and around the tent. It was said, and we have reason to believe that it is true, that this was the largest religious gathering in the history of the world, near the Arctic Circle. Although at that time it was yet in the middle of the month of May, it was sufficiently light at midnight to take a picture of the tent!

From Ornskoldsvik, we traveled south to Stockholm where is located the largest Pentecostal Church in the world of some 6500 active members and a Sunday School of about 5000. Our visit with Brother Lewi Pethrus and his son, Oliver, who was our interpreter while there, was a highlight of our stay in

Stockholm. Utterly unassuming in appearance, yet endowed with wisdom by which he has guided to a great extent the fortunes of the Full Gospel movement in Sweden during the past forty years, Brother Lewi Pethrus charmed all of us as we listened to him in private conversations, as was our privilege on two afternoons.

Brother Pethrus has a simplicity of faith and yet a spiritual shrewdness that has enabled him to build on strong foundations, until today the Full Gospel work in Sweden is renowned throughout the world. Brother Branham's ministry was well-received in Stockholm, and indeed when it came time to leave, Brother Pethrus expressed the hope that Brother Branham would find it possible to return again soon to Sweden. And so the trip overseas came to a close. Brother Branham and all of us had enjoyed our stay in Europe, but we must admit that we were glad when our giant airliner took off from the Stockholm field, and we began our journey home.

Home Again

When our plane landed safely at Idlewild the following morning, it was with happy smiles that the members of the Branham party put their feet once more on American soil. Brother Branham was back in America. The Scandinavian trip was now history.

Eagerly he looked forward to a well-earned rest and a vacation trip in the mountains. Soon however, he would be back again to continue to preach and minister in the great summer campaigns, and to finish the course that God had given him, knowing that the Lord would keep him from every evil work, and preserve him unto His Heavenly Kingdom. As Daniel of old, he would rest and stand in his lot at the end of the days.

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