
VISIONS OF

WILLIAM BRANHAM

 This tape is being made for the Kingdom of God, as I am presenting it to Brother Lee Vayle for manuscript. Brother Vayle has asked me, here in the presence of Brother Mercier, to— to give some of the former visions. Of course, visions where as . . . I . . . the fir- . . . One of the first things I can remember, is visions, coming. Visions come all the time. But after my conversion is where I think you were interested in, Brother Vayle.

² Well, I remember, after I was ordained in the church, the Baptist church, by Dr. Roy Davis, here at Watt Street in Jeffersonville, where the church was at the time. I remember one outstanding vision, not over a few weeks after my . . . about a . . . I'd say, a few days after my ordination. I was . . . saw a vision of an old man that was laying in the hospital, that was mashed. He was a colored man. And he was instantly healed, insomuch, that it caused a lot of confusion. And he got up out of the bed and walked away.

³ And two days, about two days, after that, I was cutting off services, of non-paid services in New Albany, water, and gas, and—and electrical bills. And it . . . I was so filled with joy! Every time I'd find an old house, I'd just go in and pray, you know, where no one lived.

⁴ And I remember telling Mr. Johnny Potts, which is living today. He's way close, I guess, to seventy or eighty years old. He was an old meter reader. And they had taken him off of meter-reading then, and had placed him at the desk, to take complaints and things, as you entered the door, and service calls. And I was telling him what the Lord had showed me. And he had been, once in a while, picking up a few stray meters that the regular man didn't get. And in this, he—he was telling, a man . . .

⁵ Which, I had seen in the paper, where they had an old wagon . . . In those days, drove two horses, and they pick up garbage and trash, in the alley. There was an old colored man by the name of Mr. Edward J. Merrell. He lived at 1020 Clark Street in New Albany. And he had been hit by two white people, which was a white girl and a—and a boy, riding in a car. And he had lost control of the car, and had mashed him into the wheel of the wagon. And it just broke all the bones in his body, nearly, and they through his chest part, especially. Knocked his back out of place. And they had him in the hospital, very bad.

6 And Mr. Potts, passing through the—the hospital there in New Albany, had told him that about the Lord dealing with me. And he sent for me to come, pray for him. And immediately, I thought, “That’s the man that I have seen in this vision.”

7 So, I—I was a little scared to go, ’cause that was one of my first, you see, to go like that. So, but, however, I went and got my buddy, which had just been converted, a little French boy named George DeArk. And I had just led him to Christ. And we went up. And I said, “Now, Brother George, I—I—I want you to remember. These things that happen to me, I can’t understand them. But, you remember, this man is going to be healed. And when he’s healed, there’s. . . I can’t pray for him till the two white people comes and stands on the other side of the bed, ’cause I have to do it the way it was showed to me.”

8 And I went in to—to the hospital and asked for Mr. Merrell. And I went there, and his wife told me that he was very seriously. And he couldn’t move because that the x-rays had showed that some of these bones were laying right next to the lung. And if he moved, why, it would, might puncture his lungs and hemorrhage him to death. And he was very bad. And it was hemorrhaging a little from his throat, and so forth, because he was bleeding around the mouth. He had been laying there about two days. And the man was, at that time, about sixty-five years old, I suppose, sixty or sixty-five. Elderly man; his mustache, long, had turned white. And his hair was gray.

9 And I went in and told this man, though, the vision I had saw from the Lord. And the young people come in, that had hit him. And I knelt down to pray for him. And all of a sudden, this man let out a scream, saying, “I’m healed,” and jumped up. And his wife, trying to hold him back, in bed. And one of the interns come, trying to hold in bed. And he jumped out of the bed, caused a lot of excitement. And when I went to the. . . I said to Brother George. . .

10 And then one of the sisters, it was a Catholic hospital, come in and said I’d have to get out of there, so getting that man excited. Cause, he had a fever, about a hundred and four. And the strange thing, when they put him back in; the—the priest, the place, and some of the doctors had put him, made him go back to bed, ’cause he was putting on his clothes. And when they took his temperature, he had no temperature.

11 Now, there’s many people living today, that seen the vision, seen it happen, or know about it.

12 And I went out and stood on the steps, and said to Brother George, “Now, you watch. He’s going to be wearing a brown coat and a plug hat. He’ll walk right down these steps, in a few minutes.” And he actually did. He come right out and walked down.

13 And about a—a—a night after that, the Lord appeared to me again, one morning, just about the break of day, and showed me a woman hideously crippled, that was going to be made well. So I said, “Well, I’ll—I’ll probably find out where she’s at.”

14 And so I went down and was turning off some water, up on, I believe it was, around Eighth Street in New Albany. And I had . . . It was a double tenement, and I was afraid I had turned off both sides. One side, the people had moved out; and other side, the people were there. So I went over to the side that had the—the people, is occupied. And I knocked at the door. And they was a—a—a real poor people. And a very attractive, young girl come to the door, rather poorly dressed. And she—she said, “What did you want?”

I said, “Would you try the water, to see if it’s off?”

15 And she said, “Yes, sir.” And she went. She said, “No. The water is still on.”

I said, “Thank you.”

16 And her mother, laying on bed, her name was Mrs. Mary Der Ohanian. And she was Armenian. Her boy played fullback, I believe it was, on the New Albany base- . . . , uh, football team. And she, her daughter, was in high school. Her name was Dorothy. And she said . . . Dorothy says to me, “Aren’t you that man of God that had that healing here in the hospital, the other day? My mother wish to speak to you.” And I went in.

17 And she told me that she was laying, crippled. And she had been crippled, in the bed, seventeen years, since this girl was born. And so the girl was seventeen years old. And so I told her that. . . She said, “Are you that man of God that healed that man?”

18 I said, “No, ma’am. I’m not a healer. I just—just merely pray for the—the sick man, and was showed by Something that told me.” I didn’t know what to call it; a vision, or what. I didn’t know what it was, yet. I was just a boy, and single and everything. And so there was a . . . This—this lady asked me for prayer, for her. And I told her, “Let me pray, first, and then if the Lord showed me to come back.”

19 And then when I went out to pray . . . I got Brother George. And I said, “That’s that woman that I—I was telling you that I had prayed about. I know it’s the same woman. Go with me.”

20 And we went up there to—to offer prayer. And so this little seventeen-year-old girl, course, me just a young boy. And she had a brother, about six, eight years old, something like that. And there was a Christmas tree, it was right after Christmas, standing in the house. And they got behind this Christmas tree, to laugh at me. “To make

their mother well.” I told her that the Lord was going to heal her. And I . . . Brother George and I got down to pray.

²¹ And when I started to pray, well, that Angel that I see, That that you see in the picture, I seen It hanging over the bed. Well, I reached over and took a hold of her hand. I said, “Mrs. Ohanian.” Now, she lives in New Albany right now, her and her husband, family. And I said, “Mrs. Ohanian. The Lord Jesus has sent me, and told me before coming, that, to pray for you, and you was ‘going to be made well.’ Rise up on your feet, and be made well, in the Name of Jesus.” Her legs was drawed up under her. She, with her Armenian Bible over her heart, started moving towards the side of the bed. And as she did, she . . .

²² Then Satan spoke to me, said, “You let her hit that floor, she’ll break her neck, off that high bed.” I was scared for a moment.

²³ And I had always knowed that what them visions, I didn’t know what it was then, had told me was always right. So I went ahead, anyhow, let her come off the bed. And God being my witness, as soon as she started, jump from that bed, both legs come straight. Her daughter screamed, pulling her hair, and running out into the street, screaming as loud as she could. Neighbors come from everywhere. And there she was, for the first time for seventeen years, walking around in that room, praising God. I left, immediately, to get away from it.

²⁴ Later, I got acquainted with this young girl, and went with her. Course, this don’t have to be on record, but I went with the young girl.

²⁵ Not long after that, a few weeks, I was in my mother’s house, one evening. And I had been praying, that day, and I—I just simply couldn’t seem to break through, to a—to a—a victory in my prayer. And I thought, I’d just stay all . . . you know, go ahead to bed. I was staying at home, at that time. And so I went into the—the room, to—to pray. And I . . . was about one o’clock in the morning, I guess. And I—I prayed.

²⁶ And, all at once, I looked. And, mama, she used to take her clothes, just pile them in a chair, you know. We were real poor people. And I looked, Something white coming to me, and I thought I was looking at that chair of clothes. But It was that Angel of the Lord, that—that Cloud, you know. And It come over to where I was.

²⁷ And I—and I was standing in a room, a little, what we call a “shotgun” house, little, straight house, two rooms in it. And it had red wainscoting up here for the side, you see. There was a little iron poster bed to my right side. There was a black-headed woman standing against the . . . The one room went out into the kitchen. She was standing against that kitchen door, a weeping. There was a father standing to me, and had brought me a baby, that something had been laying on

its little chest. And one, his left leg, was wound around, till it was laying up against its little body. And the right leg, wind vice versa. Both arms wound up, too, against its body. And its little body was twisted and wound up till it right *here* at his neck. And I wondered, "What does this mean?" And I looked, sitting down to my left, and there sit an old woman, taking her glasses off, and wiping them from tears or something on her glasses. To my right, on a red duofold, which was a match to the chair, sit a young, blond-headed boy with curly hair, looking out the window.

28 And I looked, standing way over to my right, and there stood in . . . that Angel of the Lord. And He said to me, "Can this baby live?"

And I said, "Sir, I don't know."

He said, "Lay your hands across it. It shall live."

29 And I—I did. And the baby had jumped down, off the . . . out of the arms of the father. And the little, right leg untwisted, and the right side untwisted, right arm untwisted. It made another step, and the other side untwisted. Made another step, and the other side untwist, the body, middle part untwisted. And he put his little hands in mine, and said, "Brother Branham, I'm perfectly whole." The little baby was wearing blue corduroy coveralls, or overalls, little bibbed overalls. And he had brown hair, and little, bitty, tiny mouth.

30 And then the Angel of the Lord told me He was taking me somewhere else. And I was carried way away. And He set me down by the side of an old graveyard, and showed me the numbers on a tombstone, near a church. And He said, "This will be your directing place."

31 He carried me into another place. And there was a . . . looked like had been a little town, with about two stores in it. And one had a yellow front, yellow boarding on the walls. And I walked up there, or stood there. And there was an old man coming out, with a blue corduroy jacket on, or a blue jean jacket and blue overalls, with a yellow corduroy cap. He had a big, white mustache.

He said, "He'll show you the way."

32 And the next time I come to, I saw I was walking into a room, following a rather heavysset young woman. And as I entered the door, the figures in the paper on the wall were red. Up over the door had a sign, "God bless our home." There's a big, old, brass poster bed laying to my right side. And a chunk stove setting at the left. And over in a corner, laid a girl of about fifteen years old. And she had had polio or something, that had drawed her right leg up. And her foot turned sideways, and was drawed under her. And she—and she looked like a

boy. Only, she had hair like a girl, and she had a—a heart-shaped lips like a girl.

And He said to me, “Can that girl walk?”

And I said, “Sir, I do not know.”

33 He said, “Go put your hands across her stomach.” Then I thought it was a boy, sure enough, because Him having me put my hands across her stomach. I did as He told me.

34 And I heard somebody say, “Praise the Lord.” And I looked up. And when I did, this girl was raising up. And when she raised up, the pajamas she had on, her pajama leg come up, and it showed a round knee like a girl’s knee and not knotty, you know, like the boy’s knee. And I knew it was a girl. And she had on her pajamas. And she come, walking to me, combing her hair. She’s blond, combing her hair.

35 The girl lives in Salem, today, married, and got three or four children. And her mother and father still there, also.

36 And so I—I—I come to. And I could hear somebody saying, “Brother Branham. . .” Or, “Brother Bill! Oh, Brother Bill!” And my mother was calling me. And I thought. I’d hear one, one way. Coming out of that vision, you know, kind of groggy. And I said, “What do you want, mom?” In the next room, where she was sleeping.

And she said, “There’s somebody knocking at your door.”

37 And I heard it, “Brother Bill!” And I opened the door. There was a man stepped in. His name was John Emil. He lives in Miami, Florida, now. And he said, “Brother Bill, you don’t remember me.”

I said, “No. I don’t believe I do.”

38 Said, “You baptized me and my family. But,” said, “I took a road that’s wrong.” He said, “I killed a man, here some time ago. Hit him with my fist, and broke his neck, in a fight.” Said, “I’ve lost one of my little boys, the oldest one.” And said, “The youngest one is laying home, dying now.” And said, “The doctor of the city here had just left, and said, ‘The child has double pneumonia.’ And it just barely can get its breath.” And said, “I—I—I just. . . You come on my heart. And wonder if you’d come and have prayer with it.” And said, “Now, as you know, I’m a cousin to Graham Snelling.” Which, Graham Snelling, the Rev. Graham Snelling now, had not become a minister at that time; a nice Christian boy. He said, “He’s my cousin. I’m going down to get him.” Which lived about a half a mile from me, down in the city. And said, “I’m going down to get him. And will you go up?”

I said, “Yes, Mr. Emil, soon as I put my clothes on.”

And so he said, “I’ll take my car, and take you up.”

I said, "All right."

39 Said, "Soon as I get Graham. And I want you all to pray for the baby."

I said, "All right."

40 So then I went to getting ready. And mother said, "What was the matter?"

I said, "There's a little baby to be healed."

And so she said, "Healed?"

And I said, "Yes, mother."

And so I said, "I'll tell you more about it when I come back."

41 So in a few moments, he knocked at the door, and Brother Graham was with him. We was going up here, by what we know as the boatyard now, which was the old Howard Shipyard at the time. I said, "Mr. Emil, do you . . . Where do you live at now?"

He said, "In above Utica."

42 I said, "You live in a little, what we call 'shotgun' house, little two room."

"Yes, sir."

"Sets on a hill."

"Yes, sir," he said.

43 I said, "Your—your baseboard here is made out of tongue and groove, and it's painted red."

He said, "That's right."

44 I said, "The little baby is laying in an iron poster bed. And he does have in the house, at least, a pair of blue corduroy overalls."

Says, "He has them on."

45 And I said, "And the baby is teeny fellow, about three years old. And he's also got a little teeny mouth, little bitty thin lips. And he's got light brown hair."

He said, "That's the truth."

46 I said, "Mrs. Emil is a black-headed woman. And in this room, you have a red duofold and a red chair."

He said, "Was you ever there, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Just a while ago."

"A while ago?" he said.

I said, "Yes."

"Why," he said, "I never seen you."

47 I said, “No. It was spiritually.” I said, “Mr. Emil, you’ve heard me tell, if I baptize you, of things that happens to me. That may . . . I see things before it happens.”

48 He said, “Yes. Did something like that happen to you, Brother Branham?”

49 I said, “Yes. And Mr. Emil, ever what It was that told me, has never told me a lie. Your baby is going to be healed when I get there.”

50 And he stopped the car, fell over the wheel, said, “God, be merciful to me. Take me back, O Lord.” See? “And I promise You, to live for You, the rest of my days, if You’re going to spare my baby’s life.” And there he gave his heart to Christ. We moved into the house, all excited about him, a soul being brought back to Christ.

51 When we—when we went into the house, there laid everything just exactly the way it was, only the old woman wasn’t there. Excitable, so excited, I said, “Bring me the baby.” And the baby just barely living. See? That “winding up,” was the life gone out of the baby. It was just wound to *here*, its little throat. And I said, “Bring me the baby.” Not waiting for the vision to fulfill.

52 Brother Vayle, if this pad was supposed to be laying *here*, I can’t say a word till that pad is laid there. See? Has to be just the way It showed me.

53 So I said, “Bring me the baby.” And the daddy brought the baby to me, and I prayed for it, and it got worse. So I thought, “Now something . . .” It really lost its breath, and they had to fight and shake, and everything, get breath in it. I thought, “Now, there is something wrong.”

54 And I happened to think, “Where’s the old woman?” That wasn’t there yet.

55 So they take the baby, laid it down. They was putting stuff under its nose, everything, and crying. The mother screaming, hysterically, and everything. But the baby was just—just barely breathing.

56 I thought, “Well, through my—my stupidity, I have misused the vision of God, ’cause I never waited on It, being so over excited.”

57 By this, you can see, Brother Vayle, why I wait. I don’t care who tells me. I love you as my brother. Brother, don’t never try, tell me something to do, when I—when I feel that I—I’ve got the will of the Lord. See? No matter how well it looks the other way, I’ll wait for Him. See? And—and so I—I learned a lesson right here, many, many, many years ago; and to do exactly what He says, and don’t do it till He says it’s ready to be done.

58 The baby was fighting for breath. Now, I couldn't tell them what I done, but I just had to wait. I thought, "Maybe grace will override it, and He forgive me." Well, I went, set down.

59 They fought for life of the baby till daylight. When day begin breaking, they thought the baby just go at any minute. Well, I sit there. And they kept asking me, "Brother Branham, what must we do?" Or, "Brother Bill," they called me, "what must I do?"

60 I said, "I don't know." See? I set there, my head down, saying, "Lord, please forgive me."

61 Well, and then it come daylight. Brother Graham Snelling had to go to work. So Mr. Emil had to take him, and I knowed I had to leave the house.

62 And, yet, Brother Graham was supposed to be sitting there, 'cause he's got blond, curly hair, as you know. He was supposed to be sitting on this duofold. So I was sitting there where Brother Graham was supposed to be sitting, but the old woman wasn't there. And there's no old woman at the place. So I sit there. And so Mr. Emil got his coat on.

63 Then I knowed, if Brother Graham left, hard telling when he'd ever be back. See? And then I knowed, even if the woman come, then Brother Graham wouldn't be there. So you see what kind of a condition I was in.

64 And so Mr. Emil said, "Brother Branham, do you want to go?" Or, "Brother Bill, you want to go home? Want me take you down home?"

65 I said, "No, sir. I'll just wait, if you don't mind." I hated to stay there in the house, just the baby and the mother, myself, 'cause they were young people. They, he, was about twenty-five years old, I suppose. And I was about the same age. And I said, "No. I'll just—I'll just wait, if you don't mind."

He said, "It's all right, brother, Brother Bill."

66 And so the mother walking the floor, hysterically, and trying to . . . crying and everything, you know. And the baby is just worse. See? Just look like, any minute, just kind of catch his breath, like *that*, going, *gasp, gasp*, that's all was, breath, was in it. And nothing. . . They didn't have penicillin and things, them days, you see. So they just—they just put plasters on them, and things like that. But the little baby had had it for several days. And it was gone, see, or going.

67 And, then, I—I set down there. I thought, "My, if Graham go . . ." Graham got his coat on, and he started to go out the door.

68 And he said to his wife, he said, "Now, we'll be back, just in a minute."

69 I thought, “O God, then I’ll have to stay here all day, and maybe all night, again, see, waiting for that vision. What can I do?”

70 And I looked out the window. And coming around the house, come the baby’s grandmother in there. And, well, I did learn later, it was the grandmother. And she had on glasses. I thought, “This is it, Lord, if— if Graham just don’t go out the door.” So, she always come to the front door. But, somehow, they don’t even know, to yet, but she went to the back door, come in the kitchen. And she walked in the kitchen, the little, old house. And as she got to the door, her daughter run over there and kissed her, ’cause it was the daughter’s mother, you know, and kissed her. And Brother Graham . . .

Then she said, “Is the baby better?”

71 She said, “Mother, it’s dying.” And she started screaming like that, and her mother crying.

72 Then I thought, “If this will just work, now, if Graham don’t go out.”

73 And I raised up. And I couldn’t say nothing, you see, just wait. And Brother Graham walked around. I had got up so he could sit down. And he . . . And that was some of his relation, you see, so he just started crying, too, and sit down on the duofold where he was supposed to be sitting.

74 I thought, “Now, if that old lady will just come around and sit down in this red chair!” And I got back to the door where Mr. Emil was standing, with his overcoat on, and ready to go out. Real cold weather, blizzardy cold. And I thought . . . And the old lady set down in this chair.

75 And Graham set down, and ducked his head down. And the mother of the baby, put her hand up on the door, and begin weeping. Just exactly the vision! And the old lady set down. And instead of it being tears, altogether, on her glasses; coming from the cold, had fogged them. And she reached in her little briefcase and got a little handkerchief out, and, or a little satchel, and started wiping these glasses. [Brother Branham snaps his fingers—Ed.] Brother, that was it.

76 I said to Mr. Emil. I said, “Mr. Emil, you still have confidence in me as a servant of Christ?”

He said, “I sure do, Brother Branham.”

77 I said, “I can tell you now. I spoke ahead of the vision, a while ago, that’s why it didn’t happen. If you still got confidence in me, go bring me your baby.” Oh, my! I see it was right, then, you see. “Go, bring me your baby.”

78 He said, "I'll do anything you tell me to do, Brother Bill. I wouldn't be afraid to pick it up." Cause, they pick it up, it just went, the breath altogether left it. Brought the little baby up to me. Reached and got it in his arms, brought it up to me, and stood there.

79 I put my hand on it, said, "Lord, forgive the stupidity of Your servant. See? I spoke ahead of Your vision. But now let it be known that You're God of heavens and earth."

80 No more, said that, the little baby throwed both arms around its daddy, begin screaming and crying, saying, "Daddy, I feel all right now." See?

81 I said, "Mr. Emil, let the little baby alone. It'll be three days before it leaves it, 'cause it made three steps, unwinding."

82 I went home, and I told it in my church. I said, "I'm going back." That was on Monday. I said, "Wednesday night, before church, I'm going up there." They was poor people, and we made them up a basket of groceries, to take to them. So I said, "I want you all to go, and when I go there. And you get around the house. And when I come to that place, to where that house is, you watch and see if that little baby don't come across the floor, with a little mustache made *here*, where he's been drinking chocolate milk or something. See? And put his hands in mine, and say these words, 'Brother Bill, I'm perfectly whole.' This little three-year-old baby. Watch and see if it don't happen."

83 My wife now, Meda, way before we were married, so she was in the bunch. And a truck load went and placed themselves around the house, see, to see me when I drove up in the old Public Service Company truck that I had home that night. I didn't have any car of my own. Full of tar in the back, and things, you know, where I been hauling it that day, and fixing things. Drove up in front, stopped. Went up on the porch; knocked on the door. And they didn't have no rugs on the little old floor. And the mother come across the floor, said, "Why, it's Brother Bill," like that. And the people were looking in the windows, at the time, to see what would happen.

84 And in the corner, playing, was this little boy, the third day. I stopped, never said a word. And come, strolling across the floor, put his little hands up in mine. With the . . . Been drinking chocolate milk, his little mustache, like, across *there*, from the chocolate milk. Put his hands up in mine, said, "Brother Bill, I'm perfectly whole." Huh!

85 That night, at the church, I told it. I said, "There's a crippled girl, somewhere, that's needy." I said, "Church, I don't know what these things mean. I can't tell you."

86 And—and so I was working at the Public Service. And I remember one day, about a week after that, I started to leave the building, going

out. Mr. Herb Scott, lives here in the city right now, he was my boss. And he said . . . I started down. He said, “Billy?”

I said, “Yeah.”

Said, “Fore you leave, I’ve got a letter here for you.”

I said, “Okay, Herbie. I’ll pick it up in a minute.”

⁸⁷ And—and so I went over to get my other work, I was checking up. So I went over to get my other work done. And when I—I did, I remembered that letter. I went and got it, open it up. And said, “Dear Mr. Branham,” see, said, “my name is Nail. I’m Mrs. Harold Nail. We live at a place called South Boston.” And said, “We’re Methodist, by faith. And I happened to read a little book that you wrote, called *Jesus Christ The Same Yesterday, Today, And Forever*, a little pamphlet. And we were having prayer meeting in our house, the other night. And we have heard of you having success, praying for the sick.” And said, “I have a afflicted daughter, fifteen years old,” said, “that’s laying on the bed of affliction. And somehow, I just can’t get it off my mind, that I should have you to come pray for this girl. Would you please do it? Yours truly, Mrs. Harold Nail. South Boston, Indiana.”

I said, “You know, that’s the girl. That’s her.”

⁸⁸ I went home, told my mother, told them about it. I said, “That’s—that’s the girl.” And then that night, at church, I said to the church. I said, “Here’s that—that—that—that place.” I said, “Anybody know where South Boston is?”

⁸⁹ And Brother George Wright, you all are acquainted with him, he said, “Brother Branham, it’s . . . I think it’s down in the South.”

⁹⁰ So the next day, two friends of mine, and my wife, which now is, and a man and his wife from Texas. Na- . . . their name was Brace, Ad Brace. He lives down here now, in below Milltown, farmer. He was a rancher out in the West. And he had moved here to be close to the church. And I had prayed for his wife, and she had been healed of a tubercular condition. And so he wanted to see this happen. I said, “You go with me, and see if it don’t happen just this way.” So the lady had never seen a vision, Mrs.—Mrs. Brace. So my wife went with me. And Brother Jim Wiseheart, the old elder, you remember, the church there, the old deacon, he wanted to see it. I just had a little, old roadster then, and I piled them all in there.

⁹¹ And we went down below New Albany. And I found this sign, and I come to find out, it wasn’t South Boston. It was New Boston. So then I didn’t know where to go, so I come back up to Jeffersonville and asked somebody. And somebody went the post office, they said, “South Boston is up above Henryville.”

⁹² So I—I went up to Henryville, and I asked there. And they said, “Turn off on *this* road. It was about fifteen miles, back over these knobs *here*, you find a little place. You’ll be careful, you’ll miss it,” said, “because it’s just one little store. And the store has got the post office, everything else, in it. South Boston, over in these knobs.” There’s seventeen thousand acres of them knobs in there, you see. And this is over behind it, in the hills there.

⁹³ So we went on, riding along. And all at once, I felt real strange, after been driving, five or six miles, I felt real strange. I said, “I don’t know.”

They said, “What’s the matter?”

⁹⁴ I said, “I believe that—that One that talks to me, wants to talk to me, so I’m going to have to leave the car.”

⁹⁵ So I got out of the car. And the women sitting on women’s laps, you know, and everything, that little old roadster. And I got out of the car, and went around behind the car. And I bowed my head down, put my foot up on the bumper, in the back of the car. And I said, “Heavenly Father, what would You have Your servant know?” And I prayed. Nothing happened. I waited a few minutes. And I thought, “Well, He . . .” Usually where there’s a crowd like that, I have to get to myself. And so I waited a few minutes.

⁹⁶ I happened to be attracted, look over there. I happened to think, “Well, looky here, here’s that old church setting down here.” And if you ever at . . . It’s the Bunker Hill Church. And I looked over on the side, Bunker Hill Christian Church, and there was the tombstones of the graveyard, right in front of the church.

⁹⁷ And I went over there. I said, “Now you all got them letters.” I never been in that country before, in my life. Never was in above there, anywhere, in my life. And I said, “You get them names and numbers and come here, see if that ain’t the same one on this tombstone.” And there it was, just exactly. I said, “That’s it. We’re on the right road now.” I said, “That was the Angel of the Lord.” See, I passed right on by it, and not know it. So, oh, He’s perfect.

⁹⁸ And so we rode on and on. Directly I met a man, and I said, “Could you tell me where South Boston is, sir?”

⁹⁹ He said, “You jog to the right and left,” you know, so forth like that. And we just kept on going.

¹⁰⁰ So after while, we come into, I noticed, I come into a little place. And it had kind of a little village, like. And I—I looked. I said, “That’s it. That’s it, right there.” I said, “There is the . . . There, there’s that yellow storefront.” And I said, “Now, you watch. A man is going to come

out of there, with a blue overalls on, a white corduroy . . . or yellow corduroy cap, with a white mustache, and tell me where to go. If it ain't, I'm a big storyteller."

¹⁰¹ And so they was all waiting. And—and I drove up, in front of the place. And just as I drove up, in front, out come the man with the blue overall suit on, and the yellow corduroy cap, and a white mustache. And Mrs. Brace fainted in the car, seeing it come to pass, like that.

I said, "Sir, you're to tell me where Harold Nail is."

He said, "Yes, sir." Said, "Did you come from the South?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

¹⁰² He said, "You passed it. About a half a mile down the road, you turn, the first road to the left. You go up, and you find a big red barn, and you turn in there at that red barn." Said, "It's the second house on your right, as you turn up that little lane-like road."

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Why?"

I said, "He has an afflicted daughter. Doesn't he?"

Said, "Yes, sir. He does."

¹⁰³ I said, "The Lord is going to heal her." And the old man started crying. See? He never knowed. And so he was included in the vision. He didn't know what was going on.

¹⁰⁴ I turned around. We got Mrs. Nail kind of revived again. And went up there, walked up into the yard. Got out of the car, started in. Started up the place to the . . . you know, to the place where it was at. And a heavysset young woman come to the door. I said, "There she is." See?

And so she said, "How do you do?"

And I said, "How you do?" I said, "I'm—I'm Brother Bill."

¹⁰⁵ "Oh," she said, "I—I—I thought you were." She said, "You got my letter?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

She said, "I'm Mrs. Harold Nail."

¹⁰⁶ I said, "Well, I'm glad to know you, Mrs. Nail. And this is just a little party come with me, to pray for your girl."

Said, "Yes."

I said, "She's fixing to be healed."

¹⁰⁷ She said, "What?" And her lips started quivering. She started crying.

108 I said, "Yes, ma'am." And I—I don't know; I never stopped for the woman.

109 I walked right on down the hall, and my party following me. When I opened the door to the right of the hall, big, old, country home, opened the door, there was the yellow news- . . . or the yellow papers on the wall, red figures; the sign, "God bless our home;" the old brass poster bed; chunk stove setting to my left. And there's a little bitty cot setting there, with this boyish-looking girl's laying in it.

110 Now something happened. I was up in the corner of the room, watching my body go to that bed. And I laid my hands right across her stomach, exactly the way the Lord said. And when I did that, when Mrs. Nail walked in the room and seen that, down she went on the floor, again, fainted. She's kind of a weakly person, and she fainted on the floor, again. And Brother Nail was trying to work with her. And old Brother Jim standing there, saying, "Bless the Lord," holding his hands together, if you all knew how he acted. And so then I looked at that, and I seen that.

111 And I laid my hands upon her, or across her stomach, like *this*. I said, "Lord, I do this at the command of, what I think is, God telling me to do it." And about that time, she started crying, and she jumped up.

112 And they just got Mrs. Nail to her feet. She had woke up, from her fainting spell.

113 And when the girl jumped from the bed, there come her pajama leg up on the right leg, just exactly the way that it showed in the vision. And there was that round knee of a girl, instead of a boy.

114 And down went Mrs. Nail, again. See? She fainted. That was the three times she had fainted.

115 And that girl walked out of there, in that room. And went into her dressing room, weeping, and put on her kimono, come walking back, combing her hair. With her . . . with that crip- . . . And her—her one hand was paralyzed, too, on the right side. Combing her hair with that crippled hand.

116 She's married, got a bunch of children. Her name, I don't know what her name is now. But Nail's, anybody could tell you, Harold Nail.

117 And that visions are true. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] I could place that and take you to people that would make a volume of books of such things has happened. Now, that's true, Brother Vayle.

118 I'll fail; I'm a man. I'm a failure, to begin with, and a very poor substitute for a servant of Christ. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

¹¹⁹ [Brother Vaile says, “Spell Merrell?”—Ed.] M-e-r-r-e, double l. [“I thought it was that down there. Yeah.”] Is that all there is, these now? [“Nail was N-e-i-l?”] N-a-i-l. [“Brace, B-r-a-c-e?”] B-r-a-c-e, Ad, Ad Brace. [“Now I think I’ve got them all. Just a minute. Graham Shelling?”] Graham, G-r-a-h-a-m. [“That’s ‘n’ there.”] S-n-e, double l, i-n-g. [“Oh, Snelling. Now we got it.”] 

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