

---

## MEANEST MAN I KNOW

---



One time Billy Paul, my son, was to speak at a . . . address a congregation in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the . . . he is not a minister, he's like his daddy, but he said, "The first thing, I'm scared." So that's something on the order, I suppose, the way I feel this morning, standing here before these men of the Lord, His servants, and getting up here after such men as Brother Oral Roberts, Velmer Gardner, and other great servants of the Lord has been here preaching.

<sup>2</sup> And then I was just noticing the time and hearing the announcements, it takes me about six hours to preach, so I—I couldn't have time this morning for that. I usually start in at about seven-thirty at night and let out about one or two in the morning, so I just hardly haven't got time. Maybe I will try that tomorrow afternoon.

<sup>3</sup> So it's a privilege of being here this morning. I deem this a great honor that the brethren has presented to me through the Lord, that I would be able to come here and address this wonderful breakfast this morning. Looking out, seeing that you, no doubt, had a real breakfast, I trust, that both spiritually and materially.

<sup>4</sup> And now we have had such a glorious time in the last nine days here through the Maricopa Valley of Phoenix, and Tempe, and Mesa, and Sunnyslope, with this group of ministers and their churches. We deem this such a privilege to go, forerun this great convention, addressing them and telling them that we're expecting the exceedingly abundantly above all that we could do or think, to happen in this meeting.

<sup>5</sup> Brother Williams has just told me that one of his relatives was saved last night, which would been a . . . very much in sin, and we are . . . If that man is here this morning, I thank the Lord for you, my brother, and with all them who got saved. And pray that if there's any here that's not saved, that they will fall right in line this morning and—and be saved.

<sup>6</sup> Speaking of visions, I have . . . that's more or less been the . . . my ministry that the Lord gave me, because not being sufficiently equipped with an education and so forth, I maybe could not class myself as a clergyman, but in this way I can be able to speak to the people and not . . . just say what I know, and then He confirms the rest of it, so then, if *that* much is all right, and He says it's all right, then the rest of it is all right too. What . . . They know how to speak that I, maybe not know.

---

---

<sup>7</sup> I love the Lord because He is so merciful when we're so undeserving, and yet He is so merciful. That's been one of the marvels of my life and my experience has been to see when we were so unworthy, and yet He visit us anyhow. And it just rides right over the top of our unworthiness and gives us His blessings anyhow.

<sup>8</sup> As all know that, many of you know perhaps that . . . And just learning of another brother going through a deep time of sorrow, like I have by losing my mother, I don't think I lost her, I think she just went ahead, I think, and I hear that Brother Rolf McPherson's daughter died. Is that right, brethren? Does anybody . . .? My, that grieved my heart when some sister told me! And I didn't even know it.

<sup>9</sup> Usually, God in His mercy shows me my people before they go. My father, he died on my arm, and I committed his soul to God. My brothers . . . Brother Shakarian and I, and many of the men here, was in, overseas last year I believe it was, and there at Jamaica, Kingston, when one morning at a breakfast the Holy Spirit came in, and I said, "Now, His Presence is here, to know: See that lady going *there* with *that* on her arm? Call, over here just a moment." Told her of her condition.

"I see the young man coming here now, he has a certain thing," and what's bothering him.

<sup>10</sup> And just then, I looked down and I saw a person dying, and a young man standing, having a convulsion, or spitting blood, and I said, "Call Billy Paul at once." The young man was spitting blood. "Don't let him go up on Blue Mountain today, I don't know what it is." And then later, we found out it was my mother-in-law dying at the same time, and my brother-in-law standing there, convulsing out blood.

<sup>11</sup> Few weeks in the early part of August I had come in, and Brother Arganbright called me to go to Alaska with him on a hunting trip and to establish a chapter. Well, I . . . the Lord had showed me a vision of, now, this is awful to have to mention this, I hope it don't sound sacrilegious, but, of a hunting trip I was going to take, and was going to get, what I was going to get, who was going to be with me, and why, they'd be dressed, and just exactly, there'd be a nine-foot silver-tip grizzly, it would be a forty-two-inch-high rack of a caribou.

<sup>12</sup> And when he called me, I said, "That sounds like it, but let me pray to Father first." And I'd announced it to the church and many places, hundreds of people knew about it. So going into Alaska, it sound very good, but the Holy Spirit kept warning me away. And you must never go against the leading of the Holy Spirit.

<sup>13</sup> Then a few days later a man that was in British Columbia, who was just a young convert, had a brother that, when I was up there in the spring, that had had epilepsy all of his life. And we were back on a

hunt then after the service. He had always asked God that I could see a vision for his brother, he had never been in one of the meeting.

14 But riding out, we was wrangling the horses, Brother Eddie Byskal, which I think he's here this morning, and I were in the back, wrangling up the horses. And I happened to look up across the mountain, I saw his brother, and what he looked like, and what to do for his cure, and spurred up my horse real quick, rode up and put my hand on the back of the guide's saddle, I said, "Your brother . . ." described him.

Said, "That's right."

I said, "Go get him, send him to come up here. And then you leave him alone until he has one of the spells."

He says, "He has four or five a day, and had all of his life."

15 "As soon as he does, jerk his shirt from his back, and throw it into the fire, and say, 'This I do in the Name of Jesus Christ.' It'll leave him."

16 And he got his brother. And he'd just went out of the house, he had to start that day to—to cut places so the hunters could get in, what we call, "clearing trail." And his little wife was so afraid of . . . She was a little Pentecostal woman. And way up on Racing River, about five or six hundred miles from civilization. And the little wife, when the boy fell into the fit, the first one, she usually clears the window, but, she was scared, but she jumped right straddle of him, jerked his shirt off, and threw it in the salamander, and say, "This I do in the Name of Jesus Christ." He's never had a one since. See?

17 And so he wrote me a letter and said, "Come." Well, up there . . . (To serve time, save time, rather . . .) There's many setting here who knows, it was told beforehand, just exactly, I got the declaration in my pocket, nine-foot silver-tip grizzly, just exactly the place, just exactly the time, caribou.

18 And the guide said, "You mean from right *here* (We can see to where that man is standing with the checkered shirt on that you told us.), from *here* to *there* you're going to kill a nine-foot silver-tip grizzly?"

I said, "That's THUS SAITH THE LORD."

He said, "How will it happen?"

I said, "That's not for me. That's . . . He has done said it, I just obey what He said."

19 And so on the road down, we was in the . . . we was about three mile right down the mountain, not even one tree or anything, just caribou moss, above timberline. When we was in a half a mile . . . He was packing the head then, we'd take turns, about, weighed about hundred fifty pound. So we were . . .

He said, “You say these are going to measure exactly forty-two inches?”

“Just exactly.”

<sup>20</sup> And when we got to the saddle, just exactly forty-two inches. And half a mile, he said, “Well, Brother Branham,” said, “now the bear is within a half a mile.”

<sup>21</sup> I said, “That’s right.” Just turned, I said, “What’s *that* standing right *there*?” There he was, looking right at us, nine-foot silver-tip grizzly. And *here* is the guide’s declaration, I have in my pocket.

<sup>22</sup> Coming home, mother was sick. I. . . It was the grace of God, I had three other trips planned with brethren, but He knew I wouldn’t be able to take them. Now, Mother said to me, “Billy, I’m going Home.”

<sup>23</sup> I said, “No, Mother.” I said, “If you’re going Home, God has never said nothing to me.” And then on she went, worse and worse, and finally, the Lord called her soul Home. And I. . . Just to show you what the real Pentecostal blessing means: When she was so low. . . I led mother to Christ, baptized her myself. And when she was so low that she could no more speak. . . She just kept talking about the sweetness of the Lord, said she seen me in a vision, standing, a real old man, and holding to the cross, reaching down for her.

<sup>24</sup> And then when she was going, a few moments before she went, she couldn’t speak no more, I said, “Mother, you can’t speak no more, but as your son, I want to ask you: Is Jesus just as sweet to you now as He was when you received Him in the form of the Holy Spirit? If. . . You’re dying right now, Mother, you can’t live over five more minutes. And if Jesus is just as sweet to you, though you can’t speak, bat your eyes real fast.” And she’d bat her eyes, and the tears roll down her cheeks. Like a little wind came through the building, and her precious soul was taken Home.

<sup>25</sup> Going home I asked the Lord why—why did He not show me. Was it because my other people, I’d be at different places? And then I picked up the Bible, like *this*, and I said, “Father. . .” Mrs. D’Amico, she’s, oh, perhaps at this meeting, she attends them all, she had just give me a red-letter Bible. I don’t believe in taking God’s Word and making a ouija board out of It, but I was so broken up, just picking out her clothes down there, and she was a sweet person, I pulled the Bible down, I said, “Somewhere in *Here* You can comfort me,” and the first: “She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

<sup>26</sup> So the next morning, about nine o’clock while setting in the room weeping, we was fixing to go down, see how she had been laid out, a vision broke before me, I seen great masses of little crippled children being laying together, and I was singing a song, *Bring Them In*, and on

the side . . . the—the place was so far back till it went down like *this*, and had to raise up in the back so the people in the back could see the front. And thousands of people were gathered.

27 And I seen a renowned woman walk in, though she was dressed old fashion, with a skirt down, and the little things around the neck, and big hat turned over, and lots of hair done up in the back. So I seen her walking up through the building, and, through the place, this wasn't a building, it was outside, and there was a box on each side, like where the celebrity set. And she was in this box in a few moments, bowing to the people. And I got in the pulpit and was going to preach, and the lady turned to bow her head to me, like *this*, when she had her head down, I bowed mine, I was in five feet of her, and when she raised up, it was Mother, beautiful, young.

28 Just then, like over *here*, a thunder and a lightning and a roar, and a Voice said, "Do not worry about her no more, she's like she was in 1906." I went away and looked in the ol' family Bible to find out what happened in 1906, and that was the year that she was a bride to my father. So today she is part of the Bride of the Lord Jesus, of Which I am a member. Someday I will see her again.

29 And I'm sure that Sister and Brother McPherson in their loss . . . And I want to say that Brother Tommy Hicks just called me a few days ago, when I first got into Phoenix here, he lost his brother, I guess it's been announced, one of our brethren. He was killed instantly down in Mexico. And Brother Tommy had to fly in to identify his brother, which was an unsaved person. And poor little Tommy was crying, his heart would break.

30 And I trust that—that we'll never have that experience, but we all might be ready at that day to meet Christ, because if we—if we're not ready . . . it's not hard to go when you're ready, but, oh, when you're not ready!

31 And remember, those . . . that was not just . . . you don't dream those things, you see them, and they're actually fact. The old will be young There, forever. There'll never be no more old age, or any trace of sin, or any trace of old age. What an encouragement it is to us to know that there is a Land beyond the river.

32 I would like now, that we would approach Him by bowed heads and bowed hearts, as . . . I, just for a little drama, as usually I like to give at the Business Men's breakfast, I want to read some Scripture, and before reading It and praying, I would like to ask if there's anyone here that has a request would like to be remembered, just raise up your hand to God, whatever the request is. Oh, it's—it's a needy audience, a needy world. Let us pray.

33 Our Heavenly Father, as we walk in and out among the people, we are aware of the fact that someday we're going to make our last walk. We must meet each other for the last time on earth someday. And as each time we ministers go to the pulpit, we wonder if there will be another opportunity to introduce You to our congregation, not knowing what time that may come. And, Lord, we pray, this morning, to be merciful.

34 And as I read Thy blessed Word, I pray that the Seed will fall into the hearts of the people, that they will receive It. And if there be any here today, Lord, that's not saved, may they get saved today. May they make that all sufficient decision this morning by accepting the Son of God as their Saviour. Those who are weary in the Way, and has gone out of the Way, bring them back, Lord. And those who are in the Way, bring them joy, and peace, and satisfaction of their great acceptance, in times past, of the Lord Jesus.

35 We know that the people has been setting here since seven o'clock this morning, tired, but will You refresh them, Lord, with showers of blessings from the Heavenly Throne of our Father? Give to them, O God, that which is needed for the hour.

36 And now, with the reading of Thy Word, committing myself to Thee, O Lord, and may the Holy Spirit bring forth the exceeding abundance from the Word.

37 You know the request behind every hand that was raised, and I pray Thee, Father, that Thou will bless that request. Give to them the desire of their heart. Bless this gathering, this time of fellowship when men and women of all walks of life from across the nation, and out of the nation, has gathered here at this great place called Phoenix, raised up from nothing. May the Holy Spirit take His little Church this morning, and make a—a phoenix out of It, raise It today by miracles, and signs, and wonders of the living God during this convention.

38 Each one that's baptized out there in that swimming pool, or wherever it may be this afternoon, may the Holy Spirit move upon the waters and catch that person as they come out, for we know the commission is given us by the Word of God that can't fail, Peter's great address on the Day of Pentecost at the inauguration of the Church, he said, "Repent, every one of you, be baptized in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto your children, and to them that's far off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

39 Lord, You are still calling today, and we know the Holy Spirit will come down into this valley, and over this water this afternoon, and give

---

---

those people the desires of their heart, sealing them into the Kingdom of God. Grant it, Father.

<sup>40</sup> Bless this convention, bless every man, boy, or girl, whoever may have a word to say, may it be fruitful to the rest of us. We ask, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

<sup>41</sup> Now, for just a few moments of your time . . . and I'm going to ask Brother Shakarian, or some of them that . . . I'm a southerner, slow to begin with. So I was . . . My people tell me that I come to the world kind of late; I've always been late. When I was preaching at a United Brethren church not long ago, and I was just only about a hour late, you know they are right on the dot, so the pastor got up and said, "Audience, I'll now introduce you to the *late* Mr. Branham."

<sup>42</sup> I was late for my wedding, I kept my wife waiting about two hours, had to make a sick call. Now, if I can just be late for my funeral, that's the main thing. Well, I'm so glad that there is One on time, and that's God and His Message, always on time.

<sup>43</sup> Now, tomorrow afternoon, the Lord willing, I'll be speaking to you, preaching, the Lord willing.

<sup>44</sup> Now, if you'd like to read the text, or write it down for this morning, for a little simple drama, I would like for you to read Saint Luke 7:36.

*And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him.  
And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to eat.*

<sup>45</sup> Very simple, we're all acquainted with the story. Now, I believe that it must have been about sundown when the courier arrived. He was tired, his feet were dusty, his hair was matted together with dust and perspiration, because he had run most of the day, he had a—a duty to perform, and he had to hurry and do it. So he had probably went into Capernaum, and they told him in Capernaum, "Yes, He was here a few days ago, but He has gone." Then he went into Nazareth, and so forth, city after city.

<sup>46</sup> Finally, along about late in the afternoon, the sun setting, tired, feet sore, weary, he finally had met the One that he was searching for: Jesus of Nazareth. Oh, if we could only be like that, run city to city, place to place, until finally we're in His Presence.

<sup>47</sup> It must have been Philip, Philip was kind of the outside guard, seemingly, they met him first before they got in to the other apostles. Say, like Jesus setting somewhere, and there was John leaning on His bosom, Peter representing faith, and love was closest to Jesus. So Philip probably brought this courier to—to, let's say Peter, Peter brought him on into the Presence of Jesus.

48 And He was tired, He, been preaching all day, and perhaps His voice kind of husky, husk with soreness and dust from the day, of the people tramping on the ground and the dust coming up, His strength depleted, as He must have stood and talked to the people about the Word of God. Was looking out upon them and seeing how that they were hungering and thirsting, would explain to them how God brought about all of His great works.

49 Oh, I would have loved to have been there to listen to That! No doubt, I believe that every person here would have longed to be there, to hear What He had to say, listen to His Doctrine, what His Doctrine was, how He expressed Himself, and what type of a voice He had, and look upon His face and to—to see Him performing His works, and discerning the thoughts of the people, and telling them of different things and diseases they had, and pronouncing them healed. I would have loved to have been there. Oh, my, I would like to have seen that.

50 And perhaps maybe He had just got through with the sermon of . . . You know, Jesus' first Doctrine, did you ever know what It was? *Ye Must Be Borned Again*. That was His first Doctrine, *Ye Must Be Borned Again*.

51 So He might have went back to Genesis and began, and said, "In the beginning, God said, 'Let there be,' and there was. And He said, 'Let everything that I have spoken bring forth of its kind,' and it did." Then He might have brought something like this, saying, "Well, now that it brings forth, but yet, you can take these seed and you can mix them together, and you can get what's called a hybrid product, beautiful, very nice, but it isn't the original. You let it go, it'll go back to its kind again."

52 And a hybrid product can never stand the roughness and the treatment that the original can stand. Why, an ol' Longhorn would starve one of your Herefords to death out on the prairie in the wintertime, she can make her own way like a deer. But your hybrid Hereford, your hybrid Brangus, he'd die out there, you have to baby him.

53 And He . . . If He was standing today, I believe He would say something like it to us. Not only have we hybred fruit, animals, but we've hybrid religion, has to be babied and petted, it's not the Original. We try to take the Word of God and breed It into something else, and breed It all over *here*, and It becomes a bunch of delicate babies that we have to baby, and they can't take the real Word. He might have been saying something like that.

54 Then He might have said, "You see, really your lives are hybrid, Father said, 'Don't touch the tree,' but Satan said, 'It won't hurt you,'"

---

---

so therefore, your life now is in a hybrid condition. And that life cannot go back to itself, because . . . breed back.”

<sup>55</sup> Like, you can take the donkey and breed it to the horse, the mare, and it will produce a mule, but the mule, the mother mule and father mule cannot have a baby mule, you have to keep hybrid.

<sup>56</sup> Same thing with corn, it's beautiful, but you read *Reader's Digest*, what all these hybrid things are doing to the people, cancer, everything else, hybrid chickens. They say that in twenty years, if it isn't stopped, what will happen? Women cannot have babies no more. They're becoming stronger, closing up, smaller in the hips, can't have the baby.

<sup>57</sup> Leave things the way they are! Let God alone, that's the way with His Word, leave It like It is. Don't try to add something to It to fit a creed, keep It just the way God said It, believe It. That will make a husky, strong Christian, not a baby that has to be denominational babied, petted around, letter from church, one denomination to another. When He puts his name on the Book in Heaven, it's settled forever.

<sup>58</sup> Jesus might have said, “Now, in order to get back to the original, God has to speak again.” That's what He does when He gives you new birth, your old life is gone, and you're back to the original Word of the Lord. You're not, you're hybrid into churches, denominations, but when God speaks, gives peace and the Holy Spirit, then you're back in the original family of God again. You don't have to be babied then, you're a rugged Christian who can stand it, go to the cross, to the fiery furnace, to the lions' den, or wherever it may be, because the Word of the living God is burning in your heart and soul. That's right. And all can backslide, all can turn against you and everything else, but that won't stop one thing, that rugged Word of God stays right there when He spoke that original Voice into your heart, “You are Mine!”

<sup>59</sup> I suppose maybe on something like that, I don't know, but He might have been speaking. And His voice was hoarse, His lips parched, His face red from the direct rays of the Palestinian sun, which is very hot. And then, maybe Philip and Peter waiting till He finished, and then maybe He said this at the last: “Seek, and you shall find.”

<sup>60</sup> And about time He finished that, Peter might have said, “Lord, here is a man that's been sent from a certain place by a certain man, and he wishes to speak with You.”

<sup>61</sup> And He looked down at him and said, “Say on.” Never too tired but what He is ready to listen to anything you want to say. He is the same today, no matter how late it is in the night, how weary He might be, He is still ready to answer anything, question, that you'll ask Him.

---

---

62 And he said, this courier perhaps thought this was a . . . the time that his journey was over, so he said to Him, “A *certain-certain* cardinal,” bishop, something, “Pharisee, my master, is going to have a *great* feast, and he’s honored you, because my master is a great man, and he’s honored you, seeing the crowd that’s around you.” In other words, “See the way you’re dressed? And yet he wants you to come and visit him at this feast at *such-and-such* a time.”

63 Jesus always goes where He is invited, no matter where it’s at, He will come. Oh, He come to a lions’ den one time, to a fiery furnace. I believe it was David said, “I make my bed in hell, He will be there.” He will come to the poorest, to the richest, to the most immoral, to the meanest, to the lowest, He will come anywhere He is invited. No matter what your conditions and position in life is, He will still come. That makes Him God to me, humble. “I will be there. Go tell your master, I will be there at that *such-and-such* a date. I will be there.”

64 That most miserable courier, how could he have done it? I wish that I could have had his place. Turned his back upon the Lord and went away with a satisfied feeling that he had pleased his master. So many times we’re guilty of that. We’re so interested. . . .

65 I was reading in the *Nicene Fathers*, the *Post-Nicene Council*, that where Saint Augustine of Hippo, setting with Saint Martin, one day, as he was visiting him at the monastery, out in the back yard, in the garden, God gave him the opportunity to receive the Holy Ghost, like Martin did, but he turned It away, so interested in the—the dogmas of Rome till he couldn’t receive the Holy Spirit. Many times we get that way, so interested in other things. Sometimes we’re so interested in time that we’re brought right into the Presence of the Lord Jesus, walk away.

66 A man interested me the other night on the platform when he was speaking about going to one of the conventions and taking his whiskey and cigars. That’s all he knowed about a convention, but I’m glad that he accepted the opportunity. So many times we don’t do that, accept the opportunity.

67 This courier delivering the message, and in the Presence of the Lord Jesus, and yet was just stupid enough, if I must say it, to turn away, and think that he had did all that was necessary. Sometimes we go to school and get a Ph.D. or LL.D., go into a Pentecostal meeting, and, to tell them that the days of miracles is past because the bishop sent us to tell them so, and turn away from the very fact that we’re in the Presence of Jesus Christ.

68 What an opportunity God gave that man! That poor miserable man! I wish that I could have stood there, I’d have fell down at His feet, the first thing, ’fore I said anything about what the cardinal wanted. I

would, said, “Lord Jesus, be merciful to me a sinner.” That would have been the first thing in my life, knowing that He was Life, and the only Resource to God was through Him, I would have accepted Him, let Him be my personal Saviour first, and let the mission that the cardinal had give me, or the pope, or district man, or whatever he was that had give me a mission, I’d have sought Christ first.

69 I think that ought to be the sole duty of every man, woman that attends these meetings, regardless of what somebody else said, you’ve been brought into the Presence of Christ. No matter how successful, or unsuccessful, no matter how great, or how poor, no matter what you are, at the first opportunity, fall at His feet and say, “Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.” Then come, tell the businessmen you would like to join their ranks. Put God first.

70 This most miserable man, how we would look at him this morning if we could pull back the curtain, and see if that was continually his attitude, to turn from the Presence of Christ, when he’d had the opportunity to stand by Him. What a miserable person that is yet today, because he lives somewhere. And it might be you and I after this meeting today, it depends on our attitude when we’re in His Presence. Always accept it.

71 But he turned his back upon the Lord and walked away feeling relief, satisfied, that he had done what he was told to do. Sometimes it’s not good to do what you’re told to do, in that case, it was right.

72 So then we find out that he must have hurried back and brought the commission, and, “I found him. I—I know who he is, I met him, and I told him, and I’ve got his promise that he will be here. He will be here, he said he would be here.”

73 Now, there’s something wrong with this scene, there’s something wrong somewhere. Those Pharisees didn’t like Jesus, they hated Him. They couldn’t find His Name on their denominational roll. They could find none of their schools of theology He had come through, but He had come through one, not theirs, God’s. So we find out that these Pharisees hated Him, He had no cooperation with them, they despised Him.

74 And you cannot come together for fellowship unless you’ve got something in common. That’s the reason we love to come to these meetings, we’ve got something in common: the Holy Spirit, brotherly love, fellowshiping one with another while the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses all of our sins. We have fellowship, we have something in common.

75 When you see young people with old people, you see a little girl hanging around grandma all the time, there’s something wrong, too

---

---

much difference in their age. You know, the young women, the sixteen years old, they like to pop their chewing gum and, you know, and things like the others, and talk about the boyfriends. And—and the old ladies, they like to talk about stitching, and cutting and sewing, and cooking, and so forth. And the little kids like to—to play dolls, or marbles, tops, or what-more. But when you see a little bitty girl hanging around with grandma, you just imagine grandma has got a sack of candy somewhere, something wrong, or she is grandma's pet.

<sup>76</sup> So this Pharisee must have had a, as we'd call it on the street, a "trump card" up his sleeve to invite Jesus, 'cause he hated Him, was no fellowship. I just imagine he said to the other great men in his neighborhood, "You know that *so-called* Prophet? Our people knows that it's telepathy, we know that he is a fortuneteller, and there's nothing to him."

<sup>77</sup> You know, all them didn't die, a lot of them still live. "We know that they. . . We don't believe him, our—our association has done denounced it. So you know what? At this certain feast that I'm going to have, I'm going to see if I can get him down here, and we'll prove that he is not. We'll prove that he is not what he says he is, so we'll get him down here." And that, to my opinion, was the card he held in his sleeve.

<sup>78</sup> Oh, these Pharisees (There was only two classes of people then, rich and poor.), so they—they could really put on a feast. Oh, my, how they could do it! They'd pick, select the most suitable time of the year, maybe when the grapes was all ripe around in the vineyards, and the night-blooming jasmine, and the orange blossoms that—that filled the air, and just made the valley full of the fragrance of the—of the odor. And then they would take and roast a lamb. Oh, a delicacy! Roast that lamb, and—and the poor people would smell it down in the town, their mouth would water, but, to smell that lamb roasting.

<sup>79</sup> But you could only come by invitation. They had their yards all fenced in and so forth, and they probably get out in the great patio in the back. And it was a real selected time for their *so-called* fellowship that these priests and hierarchies had together. And they just invited the celebrity, so you see, Jesus would be out of place there. Anybody filled with the Spirit would be out of place there, so they—they had all their discussions of other things.

<sup>80</sup> And that's one thing I like about a Business Men's meeting, not only a businessmen (But a, where they set and talk about how they can get a little on *this* side, and cut off a little from *this* one, and rob Peter to pay Paul, they say, you know, and such things. . . ), I like it where you come and you talk about Jesus, and about God, and about the Holy

Ghost, and about the power, and the resurrection, and the Coming of the Lord, that's what I like in the Business Men.

<sup>81</sup> But this fellow, he was a different sort of a character. And he had, he got everything ready, the selected, and no doubt sent word around to all the high priests, and the bishops, and so forth, "Now, he is coming down, be here. Now, we'll just certainly one time for all prove that there's nothing to this guy. And you all come down, you've never seen him. And we'll expect maybe something that we can catch him in."

<sup>82</sup> So, finally, everything was put in order, the right day come for the—the feast, and the . . . that morning everything was set in order and everything ready. And oh, how they could get it ready, everything *just touched*.

<sup>83</sup> That morning, real early, all the servants was up with the towels over their arms that was going to serve. The beast had already been killed and was being barbecued in the front yard. And the wines was all set in the special bottles and jugs, the goblets was on the table everywhere. And all the servants was ready to serve the crowds that come.

<sup>84</sup> Transportation was a very odd thing, they had three ways of transportation: the army come in a chariot, the rich man came on a mule, the poor walked. So they had different ones out there to take care of the guests as they come up, it was really set up real nice. Now, let's keep our minds close.

<sup>85</sup> And as we see, that perhaps maybe the man that was going to take care of the soldier's chariots that came, they—they had a place to take care of their, uh, to unhook their horses and put them in the stable and give them food, and the one for the rich to take their little donkey out and fix him. And—and then they had another fellow there, he was called the foot-wash, he was a flunky, the lowest paid man of all the group, a flunky, foot-wash, lowest job of all.

<sup>86</sup> And sometime when we think that we're *somebody*, and the highest Hierarchy of Heaven became flesh in a foot-wash Flunky, when He come to wash mortal's feet! When He come to the earth He didn't come to be a big *Somebody*. God always takes the—the nobodies to make *somebody* out of them. That's the trouble with the people today, they're trying to be a *somebody*. You want to become a nobody, God takes something that there's nothing to, to make something out of it, and it proves that He is God.

<sup>87</sup> How that this low job, to wash the feet of the people, and Jesus taken that job, the lowest that there was on the earth, to become a—an example. He didn't have to do that, He could reach in a fish's mouth and pull out a coin, or—or speak to the mountains and it would pour

gold by the billions of tons. He could pump water out of a well and turn it into the most delicious wine in the country, He could take five biscuits and two fish, and fed five thousand.

<sup>88</sup> He didn't have to do it, but He come for an example, the way Pentecostal people should be, right, took the lowest job. Oh, sure, that's what . . . But we try to take the biggest. If we can't be bishop, doctor, pres- . . . oh, something, highest places, biggest things! Oh, my, we're just, we're full of big things.

<sup>89</sup> I don't come, when I'm invited like this, to baby and pet people, I pray, say, "God, that's Your people, what can I say when I see the things creeping up?" Then the Holy Spirit begins to tell me, "Strike at *this*." See, we want something *big*, and God takes something little.

<sup>90</sup> Elijah heard the mighty, rushing wind, the thunders, lightnings, and the earthquake, and never bothered him, but what attracted him was a still small Voice. That made the prophet put something over his face and walk forth to hear God. I wonder if we Pentecostal people hasn't relied too much on rushing wind, a lot of noise, instead of remembering, or, hearing that still small Voice. We hear so much rumble, we can't take time to hear the still small Voice.

<sup>91</sup> You know, a wagon goes out in a field, runs over humps and *bumpity, bumpity, bumpity*, making all kinds of noise, squeaking, and squawking, and jumping, but coming back it's loaded down with good things, it passes the same bumps and don't make a move. We ought to be loaded. As long as there's malice among us, long as there's differences among us, we're not yet loaded.

<sup>92</sup> Take a weed, light-headed, a wheat comes up, holds itself up in the air, and shakes by the wind, sticks its head straight up, but when it becomes full-headed, it bows.

<sup>93</sup> I think that's what's the matter with all of us today, the churches. We don't associate ourselves enough in real humility, not a false, but something that you stay there until something has happened to you. Humility, too much wind and thunder, not enough still small voices, I think that is true. We look and see that it's—it's true because the fruit that it bears upon our people, somehow it isn't just like it used to be.

<sup>94</sup> Back to our story; we'll get that Sunday. Notice, we find these Pharisees . . . this Pharisee making everything ready for his big blowout, as we'd call it, big spread that he's going to put on. And I look at the—the man out there ready to take the soldier's chariots, and the one taking the rich man's donkey.

<sup>95</sup> And—and in Palestine, they wear a—a garment on the outside, which is a robe. On the inside, they wear a underneath garment that comes to the knees. And as they traveled in those days, they walked

up over the mountains and—and across, making shortcuts, and when they did, they, the walkers and the one who had beasts of burden, they walked the same path.

<sup>96</sup> And the beasts along the road where they walked, and—and then laying upon the ground, the dust begin to accumulate, and where the beasts had crossed the land, there was a smell in the dust. And as the people walked, and this big garment swinging loose caused a wind, and it picked up the dust, and it got on their limbs, on their face, and they wasn't presentable to entertain if they were smelling like that.

<sup>97</sup> So they had a—a foot-wash flunky that would meet the guests at the door. And when anyone come up with their card of invitation, he had a whole rack of what we would call, something like, bedroom shoes, made out of textile or—or some kind of a goods. And the sandals of those days were sometime a piece of wood, like we have the, called the Roman sandal, with a piece of leather that the toe went between and the—the foot was exposed then to the—to the dust.

<sup>98</sup> And as they tread along, they'd come to this place, give their . . . honor their ticket. And they would reach down, take off these sandals and set them up in a place, with their name, and reach up on the mantel and get another pair of soft sandals and put on their feet, which they were ready then to go in. Oh, their rugs were, sometime, were real thick and great tapestries, they were . . . had a beautiful play in their homes, those people were rich.

<sup>99</sup> And then the next thing this person did, he was washed, his feet, then the next thing happened, he went to the next guest, and he was standing with a towel over his arm, with a little cruse in his hand, then he—he would pour oil in his hand, let him rub it behind his ears and on his neck, because his face was burning, he was dirty. And he'd take this towel then and wipe his face off good, and—and he was all right, the smell was off of him, and he was anointed with perfume, and that was costly, very costly.

<sup>100</sup> They get it, they tell me, from way up in the mountains where they get these little apples after the rose is gone, and the little apples, and it's a very costly thing, like the queen of Sheba brought up to Solomon, spices, and spikenard, and so forth, and they made this perfume out of it.

<sup>101</sup> And they relaxed themselves by . . . They were, feet was washed, the smell was off of them, that burning, blistering sun upon their face, then they were refreshed. Then the next thing, the first step, second step, now the third step. Now, I could preach on that awhile, but I haven't got the time, how that's justification, sanctification, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

---

---

<sup>102</sup> Then, when they went in, they met the guests . . . met . . . they was met by the—the—the host. Then something like this (Stand up, Brother Demos.), after, you see, washed, perfumed, he did . . . he wasn't embarrassed of the smell. He had on soft shoes to walk on the big Persian rugs. He was anointed, he had a good smell on him, not the stink of the animals, but he was perfumed. Then they reached like *this* (Come right here, Brother Demos.), I've been in the Orient, now, take *this* hand like *this*, then they'd come *this* way together. Then they patted one another when the host met the guest, then that was called the welcoming. See, he'd been washed, perfumed, and was kissed welcome. They kissed on the neck, he was kissed welcome, then he was a full-fledged brother.

<sup>103</sup> That's the way it is in the Church when we're washed by the Blood of the Lamb, perfumed by the Lily of the Valley, and kissed by the Father, then we're welcome guests. Oh, there's so much to be said there, but to keep you not too long, I don't want to tire you.

<sup>104</sup> But when, then kissed, welcome, he—he's at home, he didn't have to worry about nothing. He could go over and at the refrigerator get a big sandwich, and kick off his shoes, lay down on the bed, anything he wanted to do, he was at home.

<sup>105</sup> And when God kisses us welcome into His Kingdom, we're Home, it's all right, it's all over then, we been washed by the preparation that He prepared for us: His Blood, a sweet smelling Savour, perfumed by the sanctification that drives the stink of the world off (Hallelujah! I feel kind of religious right now.), taking away the stink of the world, or the desires of the world.

<sup>106</sup> See, if the world is still in us then there's something wrong. No wonder we can't have a real Pentecostal revival, no wonder there's something missing, the guest hasn't exactly entered right. You see, Jesus taught that one time about the robes, and He said, "This man was found there not prepared, and he was bound and cast in outer darkness." So much could be said on it.

<sup>107</sup> But that's the way they did it. Then they were home, they felt like they were a brother. You can't feel like you're a brother when you still desire the world. You can't associate yourself out here in things of the world of cheating, lying, stealing, you women bobbing off your hair and wearing shorts and everything, then still feel at home when the Word of God is being preached. You're supposed to be Pentecostal, supposed to be filled with the Holy Ghost.

<sup>108</sup> Someone hit at me not long ago, said, "Why don't you leave them people alone?" Said, "People think you're a prophet."

I said, "I'm no prophet."

---

---

109 Said, "Well, they think you are. Why don't you teach them people, them Pentecostals, how to receive these things, how to get great spiritual blessings and enter into the Presence of God and see visions also, if you'd leave them alone."

I said, "How can I teach them algebra when they won't even learn their ABC's?"

110 How can they accept spiritual things when they won't even re- . . . have the common decency to clean themselves up? Not to hurt you, but to be honest with you. Unhonorable things that the Bible says that you shouldn't do, yet we associate with it. Sure. See, you can't be welcome, no, sir. You're out of place with the Word, and He is the Word. Now, so much for that, we'll get that some other time. But, notice, on as we go.

111 You say, "What's the matter with you?" Well, you men that'll let them do it, that shows what you're made out of. Some of you women, pastors' wives, act like that and dress like that! What is it? You are trying. . . Your husband will let you do it? Oh, Brother! What is it? Some of these water-head haircuts you have, trying to act like the first lady of the land. Jezebel was the first lady of the land, too! Some of their pastors wouldn't tell them about it, but they had a Elijah down there, stood out on it all right. That was her pastor, she didn't want to believe it. Led around. . .

112 Notice, we find out that they had to be ready and prepared to go in. How did it happen? We see Him now, setting in the room, unwashed, unanointed, not kissed welcome, setting in the cardinal's house. I want to ask you something: What happened to that foot-wash flunky? Where was he at? How did he bypass that? What an opportunity, and missed it. Oh, I believe if I had been there and knowed He was coming, I would been on a stepladder somewhere, watching for Him to come. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] The honor of washing His feet, the honor! But, somehow, he just bypassed Him, let Him go.

113 Where was the man with the anointing oil? But, somehow, He was there and was dirty. It kills me to say it, but Jesus with dirty feet. You know the Frenchman calls Him, "Jésus." Jésus. Jésus with dirty feet, nobody caring to, enough about it to wash His feet.

114 "What's that got to do with us, Brother Branham?" He come and He was on time, He is always on time, never late. We call for a revival, and He comes, somebody starts to praise the Lord, or weep, he's put out of the church. See? He is never welcomed. Jésus with dirty feet.

115 Oh, why did He get dirty? He got dirty coming because He was called to come. And today He is also, when He comes He is called holy-roller, some scandal name. Why did He take that sort of a thing?

Because we invited Him to come, and God came down in the form of human flesh. He lived here on earth. He became that so that . . .

<sup>116</sup> We invited God to come, and then when He come, they don't want Him. They didn't want Him. Many times we don't want Him, it interferes with our denominational setup, it interferes with the social standing we have with the other churches. God have mercy on we poor, miserable Pharisees.

<sup>117</sup> What we need is the power of the Holy Ghost back into the buildings, and back into the people, that they'd have the old-fashion Pentecostal power that cleaned the church from the janitor to the pastor. That's right. Amen. That's what we need. But we pray for it, and when it comes, "Oh, no! That interferes with my social standing." See? Oh, sure, cuts down some of the dignity. If you don't have it just *so-and-so*, the people won't come. Jesus said, "No man can come to Me, except My Father drawed him." Notice again, "All that the Father give Me will come." Keep the thing clean.

<sup>118</sup> We can't never compare with the world, we're doing wrong by trying to act like the world. We're never can compare with them, and we've got no business out on their grounds. Bring them over on our grounds, we got Something they haven't got. We go to act like them, then they know we—we're—we're saying something we haven't got. Let the—let the world come to us, not us go out after the world. Let the wor- . . .

<sup>119</sup> You know, Hollywood shines, but the Gospel glows. There's a lot of difference between shining and glowing. Glow, not shine with the outward appearance, glow on the inside by the Holy Ghost, with sweetness, meekness, gentleness, patience, and love. Glow, don't shine. Shine is after the world.

<sup>120</sup> The Church is whole lot like it was in the days of Esther. Esther didn't take the perfuming of the women, she adorned herself with the modest apparel, the hidden Man of the heart, and the king said, "Put the crown on *her* head." Esther was a type of the Church today, those who are ready to come out and adorn themselves with the sweetness of the Holy Spirit, not the perfuming and the dressing of the world, try to compare with them, but that hidden Man of the heart, that's the One.

<sup>121</sup> Notice, we find Jêsus setting out there with dirty feet, they'd never been noticed. How did He get in? How did He miss . . .? How did the foot-wash flunky miss Him? How did the rest of them miss Him? I don't know. But He was setting there with dirty feet, nobody was doing anything about it. Oh, Pharisee, he and the other, the bishop, and the archbishop, and the cardinal, and all the rest of them was over there tipping the goblets together, and drinking the—the fine wines, and—

---

---

and talking about the things of the . . . of Israel, but failed to see the God of Israel.

<sup>122</sup> That's today, we want the biggest building in the town or . . . and all the people like to flock to the biggest building there is in the city, all these big, the best dressed, and all this other, and some poor little man preaching the Gospel down yonder on the street corner, or out there somewhere in a alley, in a little church, and you don't want to associate with him. What's the matter? There's something wrong. Go up there where the rest of the people act like *this* and dress the best. It's too bad it's getting into our realms. Right.

<sup>123</sup> What we need is a humbling. What we need is a rebaptism of the Holy Spirit, with God's love and power to take this world out of us, bring us back to adorning again to the Word, washed by the water of the Word. Get back to Christ, instead of fashioning ourselves of the world, trying to act like the first lady and—and all these other things, some of the bishops, and so forth, don't matter about that, you want to be like Jesus, Jésus.

<sup>124</sup> Now, think of it, everybody standing around the fence after the feast got on, the fragrance of the lamb and the—and the, everything. There wasn't nobody on the street, everybody was standing, looking in, their mouths watering, grasping for a bite of the lamb. They couldn't come in, no, they were the poor, the trash, outside. And here was One on the inside dressed and looked like them on the outside, something wrong somewhere. Setting there, not only the decency to wash His feet, or—or kiss Him welcome, just let Him set there, nobody around Him. His disciples couldn't come, they wasn't invited. But here He is, setting here, looking around.

<sup>125</sup> Now, listen, way down the street, to the lowest part of the city, down in the red-light district, we turn right, go up an alley, there's a little ol' creaking steps coming down the back, and as you climb it, she squeaks and squeaks, open the door, and we find in there a little woman. Oh, I don't believe she meant to be bad, maybe she had a good parent, and she just took the road that's wrong, or maybe she was a good girl, some slick-haired, curly-headed Judas ruined the little lady's reputation.

<sup>126</sup> I'm always hitting at the women, I'm going to take up for you awhile. There's a many a good girl gone wrong because of some little perfumed Judas running along with his hair slicked down, and hold his mouth open in front, going on with some little something of the, one of these here Ricky or Elvis' machines out here on the street, take some little girl out 'cause she thinks he's cute, give her a cigarette, get her on the dance floor.

---

---

127 I've met thousands of them, their poor little lives wrecked and ruined. Ain't always their fault. Don't ever fall for a boy like that, Sister, let him alone, ain't nothing to him if he ain't filled with the Holy Ghost.

128 I'm going to say something, I don't mean it for a joke, 'cause this is no place for jokes, but just something that happened in my church; this is a place of the Gospel. We had a girl at our church here some time ago, nice, pretty, little girl, first thing you know, she cut her hair. That's against the rules. Yes, sir. When she does that, the Bible says she's a dishonorable woman, get away from her. The Bible said a woman, cuts her hair is dishonorable. Now, that's the Word. God knows that's right.

129 And if the Holy Ghost is in you and won't cooperate with That, what kind of a Holy Ghost is that? The Holy Spirit, Itself, in you, makes you live what you are. If the Holy Spirit disagrees with the Word, and you call it the Holy Spirit, then it's not the Holy Spirit of God, you got some sort of a spirit.

130 Today we have all kinds of spirits. People say, "Shut your eyes, open up your mouth, receive something." You do, but look what you got after you receive it. Don't you do that, you come to God sensibly, with all the intelligence, holding on to the Word. Get the Spirit of God, It will make you walk right in line with God, sure.

131 This little girl, she got to running around with some little Elvis. After while I asked her, I said, "Martha, what—what makes you do that? What do you see in that guy? He smokes, I seen him stand right on the church grounds smoking."

132 "Oh," she says, "Brother Branham," said, "you know," said, "he's got pretty, curly hair," and said, "he just smells so good." Now, if that ain't something to pick a boyfriend!

133 I said, "But he isn't saved." I said, "I'd rather go with a boy that smelled like a stockyard, and had feet like a boxcar, and have the Holy Ghost." Yes, I would, than one of those little things. She finally ended up on the wrong road, like maybe this poor girl did. Some boy led her wrong, then she started. And if you've already started, Sis, there's hopes if you'll just meet this Man I'm talking about. Maybe she hadn't had the opportunity.

134 So she starts down the street on her regular routine. And she sees nobody. Where's everybody at? And she passes another corner and another corner. Where is everybody? There's nobody today. After while she, *sniff*, smells that aroma, poor little empty stomach begins to hunger. She moves up amongst the crowd, up around Pharisee's door, and she sees the bishop, and the cardinals, and all of them in there,

tipping the goblet. And she presses herself up to the fence, and people begin, get away from her, some of them worse than she is. That's right.

<sup>135</sup> Self-styled, don't realize that every woman went wrong had some reason to, every man that went wrong. And we think we're so self-styled many times we don't want to associate with the bums on the street. We ain't got time to stop and talk to them a minute. And then call ourselves Christians?

<sup>136</sup> Yes, she pressed her way up to the fence, and she was looking around through there, *sniff*, she was hungry. And she looked, and she was watching, over *here* in the corner stood Pharisee, she could hear that great big "Ho-ho-ho-ho," over in the corner, looked over and *here* he was tipping the goblets with that fine, fancy wine, and the lamb being roasted, and dinner almost ready to be served.

<sup>137</sup> And—and looking around like that, and after a while her eyes caught Somebody (Oh, may we all catch that picture now.), setting over in the corner, unnoticed, and she must have caught His eye. Nobody can ever look Him in the eye can ever feel the same again. She saw Him, and she thought, "Who is That? There's something different about Him." And there is. There never was nobody like Him, there can never be nobody like Him. He was different from others. And there He was setting, she looked down, and people was, turn away from Him. And they . . . She noticed His feet was unwashed, His face was still parched and burning.

<sup>138</sup> If we could only see that today, and you know what I'm talking about, see Him setting in disgrace, like His people does today to the world, they don't want no association with them. They're the same as . . . You say, "Pentecost," brother, they're gone. You say, "Holy Ghost," ooh, my, they're away from It.

<sup>139</sup> What we people need to do is to wash His feet, anoint Him, that we might rise in the power of His resurrection, take that disgrace off of Him. Amen. Make the world ashamed of themselves, with the power of His Life in us, as different creatures, not like them out there, that's cannon fodder, that's nothing but atomic ashes, the Church is a borned again Creature.

<sup>140</sup> Here He was setting. In that kind of a crowd that's the way He looks. And that's a way a genuine Spirit-filled man or woman looks in the sight of such a crowd. Notice, she looked at Him, she thought, "You know Who that is?" "Somebody here . . . Is That that Prophet of Galilee?"

"Oh, that's Him."

<sup>141</sup> Oh, her heart begin to pound. Something, when you find Jesus, your heart goes to acting funny, it's going to get a new Master right

away. Heart went to pounding, “Oh, that’s the—the One that was down there at the well where that woman of Sychar was. That’s the One that found the woman as immoral as I, and told her that she had too many husbands, and forgave her, her sins. Oh, He would never forgive me, I’m too wretched. But it’s not right that Him setting there like that, He is the God of Eternity, He is the only Saviour, it’s not right for Him to be treated like that.” And she got an idea. I hope you get one.

<sup>142</sup> Down the street she goes, just as hard as she can, down to the little alley, up the alley to the little creaking steps. *Creakily, creakily*, up she goes, pull the little squeaking door open, after she takes the lock off, goes in, falls down in the floor, she thinks, “I’m on my knees.” She reaches under the bed, pulls out a little box, and unlocks it, and a little piece of her stocking, perhaps, she takes it out, she shakes it, there’s all her living. That’s all she’s got, but she’s ready to give it.

<sup>143</sup> I wonder if we’re that sincere. Don’t point your finger to her if you’re not. All she had, she was willing to give it. And she pulls it up to her bosom, and she, her heart is full of joy. All of a sudden, something is presented to her: “You know, He is a Prophet, I believe He is a Prophet. I don’t care what rabbi says, what the cardinal, or bishop says, I believe that He is the One that Moses spoke of. I believe that He is the Prophet that was to visit us in these days. And Him being That, He will know where I got this money, He will know the—the means that I did to get this money, but it’s all I got.”

<sup>144</sup> Sure He knows you. He can tell you right in this pulpit right now all about you. Yes, sir. You believe it? I can prove it to you. Amen. (Excuse me.) He knows what you’re made out of. He knows these words sometimes scorch you. He knows all about you.

<sup>145</sup> But it’s all she had. That’s all He expects out of you, just give your all to Him, your whole heart, will, and popularity, social standing, just throw it all on Him, no matter what you’ve done. But she said, “This is my only opportunity, and I’m going to take it.” Maybe it might be your last opportunity, you better take it while you’re in this convention, don’t you go home without it, for I believe you’re going to see Him moving in the same way, He already is, you’re going to see Him greater than this, you’re going to see His Word made manifest.

<sup>146</sup> Notice, and she says, “It’s all I got, so it’s all I can give.” That’s all He expects. “Brother Branham, I’m—I’m . . .” I don’t care what you are, how much a hypocrite you been, how good a church member, how self-righteous you may stand this morning before the people, just give what you got, that’s all He expects, He will take that.

<sup>147</sup> She goes down the street, she said, “Well, easy, I’ll go because there’s Something in me telling me to do it.” That’s when it’s real, not

when you're putting it on, but something real. Here she goes down the street, and she looks around, and she remembered Lavinsky has the best perfume shop in the city.

<sup>148</sup> So she enters the door, the little bell rings and one raised up, looked to see who it was, "Well, what do you want?" Like some of these men before they become Christian businessmen, that's poor business.

"What do you want? *I don't like for a person like that to be in my shop.*"

"I want the best you got." Oh, my!

"The best I got?"

"Yep. It's for a—it's for a real certain Person. It's for a special occasion."

<sup>149</sup> That's the way we want, the best that can be got, the best we can give, not just three minutes a day in prayer, but the best you can give. "Oh, I want the best you got!" Well, he knew a woman like that really didn't have money enough to buy that. So she takes her little stocking top and said, "How much is the best?"

"Twenty pieces, that's the best I got."

<sup>150</sup> She pours her little stocking top out there, and the money rattles. Oh, of course, that's different. He who said there's no profit in keeping Joseph in the land, he's ready to make it you know. So he gets up there and counts it out, "Oh, yes, exactly twenty pieces of Roman denarii, that's what it cost. What are you going to do with this?"

"Oh, this is for a special Person."

<sup>151</sup> So he reached up on the shelf and gives her the alabaster box. She puts it in her bosom. She slips back up again, she looks in there, she sees Pharisee and them all standing around in such a great conglomeration of—of pomp. And she sees Jésus still setting there with dirty feet, nobody had paid any attention to Him. "How am I going to get in? They'll throw me out when I start in the gate." But you know, there's Something inside of her, telling her to go in, she wanted to do a service for Jesus.

<sup>152</sup> And if you're wanting to do a service for Jesus, there ain't enough bishops and cardinals on earth to stop you from getting in His Presence. That's right. There ain't enough denominations and hypocrites in the country to do it, or enough devils in hell to stop you from it, if you're wanting to do a service for Jésus.

<sup>153</sup> Here she come, she slips around, she sees the guard at the gate turned his back, she sneaks under the gate, here she makes her way real quick. That's right. When you first get in, go right to Him, don't mess around. Don't go talking, see what *this* one says, and what *this*

organization says, and *that* says, go right straight to Jesus. Get to Jésus! Don't pay no attention to what these others say, get to Him right quick.

<sup>154</sup> So she slips up real quick, she stands, the Bible said, behind Him, she got to thinking, "Oh, oh, I'm in the Presence of God!" A strange feeling always comes over you when you come in that attitude. But if you come in the attitude that Pharisee had, you'll have the same feeling he had: nothing to it. But just come in that attitude that you want to see Jésus, see what kind of a feeling comes over you. Let that ol' heart melt within you this morning towards Him. Listen to His still small Voice, there'll be a different attitude.

<sup>155</sup> She slips up, He was setting there, she thought, "Oh, oh, I'm so nervous, I don't know what to do. If I get around, maybe He might run me out of here. Oh, what . . . ? Well, I'm noth- . . . I'm nothing anyhow." Now, when you get to thinking that, you're nothing anyhow! If you're afraid you're going to ruin your prestige, then you'd better stay away in the first place. "I'm nothing to begin with."

<sup>156</sup> So she run around in front of Him and she looked, then she was close. That's what you want to get, just a little closer to look at Him. Maybe you're looking at Him too far away, you're looking at Him way back yonder, two thousand years ago, what about Him this morning? He is the same yesterday, today, and forever; same power, same signs, "The works that I do shall you also."

<sup>157</sup> Brother Demos a while ago quoted it in King James, "Greater than this shall you do," but the right translation, and anyone knows, is "*More* than this shall you do." Not *greater*, no one could do any greater, but more of the same great works. He raised the dead and stopped nature, nothing else could be done any greater, but more. Why? He is in His Church universal, the great, holy, apostolic, Pentecostal, catholic Church, around the world, Jésus in every member.

<sup>158</sup> He was only in one Man, God was then, now God is in His whole Church. Right this hour people is being healed, right this very minute people is receiving the Holy Ghost. If He was just standing here alone in a man form as He was then, He could only be talking to this audience, but now He talks the world over in the Holy Ghost.

<sup>159</sup> So there she was in His Presence, she moved around. I can see those little eyes look up at her, and her heart nearly failed, "There's the Man that forgive that woman and knowed her heart. He knew that woman of Samaria, Sychar. He—He knew she had five husbands, and He knows how guilty I am." He does, He knows how guilty you are. He knows just how low-down every one of us are, He knows us.

<sup>160</sup> And she looked Him in the face, and she recognized it. Now, she never looked over at Pharisee, or looked at the chart, and see how

many members belonged to the church, whether she'd join it or not, she looked at Jésus. She felt guilty, and she couldn't hold her tears any longer, and she looked down at His feet, and the tears begin to drop off on His feet. She was so ashamed, she fell down on her knees, she. . . He seen her, and she couldn't hold her tears any longer.

<sup>161</sup> There's *something another* about when you get around Jesus, you start crying, not with a col- . . . I ain't got no use for these cold, starchy confessions, and putting your name on the book and j'inin' the church, you got to die to yourself, be borned anew.

<sup>162</sup> And the tears begin to drop off on Jesus' feet, and she didn't have nothing to wipe them with, so hanging her head down, crying, her—her—her pretty curls that she had all done up on top of her head, you know, like *this*, fell down, she begin to wash His feet with her hands and—and wipe with her—her hair. Some of our Pentecostal sisters, bobbing all their pretty hair off, have to stand on their head to get enough hair to wash His feet. . . to wipe them. Right.

<sup>163</sup> But He. . . she, even in her condition. . . Don't condemn her! She took her hair, begin to wipe His feet, and she'd look up. Oh, if He would have moved a foot, if she. . . if He would have batted an eye, she'd have *phfff* gone out of there. But Jésus, when you're trying to do something for Him, He just lets you do it; I love that. He just set still and looked at her.

<sup>164</sup> And she's, tried to say, "I—I—I. . ." and wiping His feet, "I. . ." What beautiful water to wash His feet! Tears of repentance, better than He could have got from ol' Pharisee, ol' self-made, denominational waters, He had waters of repentance, her great big, briny tears striking His feet. Her, with her pretty hair just wash and wiping feet, saying, "I—I. . . Oh, I can't say it." She was, "I—I. . ." wiping His feet. Then it—it—it got so real, she went, "*kiss, kiss*, Oh, I can't say it."

<sup>165</sup> My! Jésus just watched her. After while she took the alabaster box out. She was ashamed to stand up to put it on His head, she—she thought, "If I can just set at His feet, that'll be good enough."

<sup>166</sup> Some of you want to be the big shot, His feet is good enough for me. His Word is sufficient. Long as I know that I'm in Him, and His Word in me, that's good enough. When I get over There, if I can just put my hands on His feet, that—that's enough, that'll be all right, that's all I ask; I think that's the way we all feel. Washing His feet, tears of water of repentance, that's what He wants His—His dirt washed off with, penance, not penance, repentance.

<sup>167</sup> Washing His feet, wiping them with her hair, directly she reached in nervously, and she got the alabaster box, and she hit it, she was so nervous, and she broke the end of it, poured it all upon His feet, and she

was real nervous, and—and then she reached back, and begin to wipe His feet and, “*kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, I—I—I want to . . .*” And she looked up.

<sup>168</sup> She noticed His eyes was off of her then. What’s going on all the time in the room? There’s not a move made. What’s the matter? Everything stopped. Oh, I can see that self-styled Pharisee, the meanest rascal in the country. Oh, he’s red in the face, he’s so humiliated, somebody said, “Amen.”

<sup>169</sup> Why, somebody say, “Amen,” in his church, “Ahem!” You—you disturb him. Little power of God, he happens to say a word, he made mistake somewhere, and said, “Jesus Christ come to save sinners.” And somebody say, “Glory to God!”

“Oh! Ahem! Ushers, put them out.” Yeah, “They disturb me.” They disturb me when they don’t say it.

<sup>170</sup> So there, he was so humiliated, oh, plumb down to, oh, he was just a . . . Oh, mercy, I have to quit, see. He was so humiliated. He was looking at Him, and he said within himself, nodding to them cardinals, “You see? I told you. If that man was a prophet, he would know what kind of a woman that was.” Sure, He did.

<sup>171</sup> She was a million times better off than him, though he was a church member, she was a prostitute. Shame on you miserable, poor church members that knows no more about God than that! Humiliated, said, “I told you, told you. See? If he was a prophet, if he was a prophet, he would know that. He ain’t no prophet.”

<sup>172</sup> But Jesus could discern his thoughts, so He raised Himself up. The little woman stood, her hair hanging down her, over her shoulders, down about her waistline, the tear streaks down, and—and grease all over her mouth from kissing His feet, great, big, pretty brown eyes. Wonder what He is going to say. Looks down at her.

<sup>173</sup> He said, “Simon, I got something to talk to you about.” Oh! Self-styled, poor, miserable hypocrite, professing to be a servant of Christ! “I got something to say to you. You invited Me to come here, and I come, I left My busy schedule.” He always does. That’s right. He come here, He is here now, sure. “I left My busy schedule because you invited Me to come. And when I got to the door you didn’t wash My feet, you didn’t anoint My head, and you never give Me a kiss welcome, but this woman, ever since she’s been here, she’s done nothing but wash My feet with tears and wipe them with her hair, she anointed Me.”

<sup>174</sup> Now, what’s He going to do? There she’s standing there, her big eyes looking up at Him. What’s the verdict? O God, let that be my verdict. Let that be what I hear when I try to do Him a service, though I have to say things to my people that cuts me to pieces inside, but I got

to do Him a service. It's written in the Word, I must do it. We must do it, brethren, regardless of what the price is, we got to do it. It's a service that God requires, "Preach the Word." Right.

175 Look at her, she was spellbound. "What's He going to do, condemn me?"

176 Then He looked and He said, "And I say unto her, her sins, which were many, are all forgiven her. Her sins, which were many, are all forgiven her." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] That's the verdict I want to hear. I want to try through my life to do God's work, you want to try the same, and the verdict at the end will be the same thing, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee."

Let's bow our heads just a moment.

177 We have invited Him, and He has come. All through the churches this week with my brethren, we prayed, "Jesus, be here." I stood up on top of South Mountain the other day, said to my wife, "Look down through that valley. How many times in the last hour has God's Name been taken in vain? How many adulteries was committed since last night, in that valley?"

And she said to me, "Billy, wha- . . . what did you come here for then?"

178 I said, "Honey, but down scattered through that big Maricopa Valley, that one day was nothing but cactus and lizards, there's been a many a prayer went up in the last twenty-four hours, real borned again saints of God, they're praying that the sinner will make his way to this convention."

179 And He has come, He is here, I know He is. Let's make Him welcome with our few tears from our cold, hard hearts, let's wash His feet this morning. Let's tell Him we love Him, going to serve Him from now on, hear that great Eternal verdict, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee."

180 I'm going to ask you a solemn question, I want it from your heart. If there's men and women here, which there is, that's not lived right with God, and you'd like to hear the verdict that woman heard that day, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee," will you raise up your hand? Now, don't nobody look, let me and the Lord look. Raise up your hand. God bless you. God bless you, bless you, bless you, all around.

181 Now, church members, you here that knows that you've never been borned again, and yet Jésus is here, you know you'd be ashamed if He would happen to make you shout His praise, or try to tell you to testify to somebody, you raise up your hand, say, "Jésus, I'm sorry, I want to

---

---

be a real born-again Christian from today.” Raise your hand. Bless you, God bless you.

<sup>182</sup> Now, some of you Pentecostal women with short, bobbed hair, shame on you, now, you know you’re wrong. If you didn’t know it till now, you know it now. Are you ashamed of it? If you are, raise up your hand. Don’t nobody look. God bless you, that takes a real lady to do that. God bless you. That’s right. God bless you. That’s right. Sure you are, sure you’re ashamed.

<sup>183</sup> You mean to tell me that you got bobbed hair and not ashamed of it? Trying to please men instead of God? Don’t you realize that as long as you don’t. . . ? You’ll never, from this day on, ever be able to go any farther with God, this is the thing that bypass you, right here.

<sup>184</sup> Say you got the Holy Ghost, dance in the Spirit, speak in tongues? You’ve relied too much on that, instead of that still small Voice. You can have mental emotions, but your life proves what you are. Can you get grapes on a pumpkin vine? cucumbers on a watermelon vine? You know you’re wrong. Raise up your hand, be *lady* enough to do that. Many of you haven’t raised your hand, many of you. . . God bless you, there’s a host of them now.

<sup>185</sup> You men that permitted, some of you preachers, shame on you! You Full Gospel preachers that let your wife do a thing like that, shame on you! God have mercy on your soul, Brother, with not the very decency enough to preach the Gospel. Are you afraid of her?

<sup>186</sup> What about some of you that smoke cigarettes, still claim to be Pentecostal, still take a sociable drink with the boss? Some of you businessmen still haven’t give up your things of the world, to, you want to, you got to have a little sociable drink on Christmas, shame on you! Shame on you! Don’t you know Jésus is going to condemn you on that day? You know you’re wrong.

<sup>187</sup> Some of you has even bypassed the Word in these last days. Churches are getting formal, something is wrong. Your congregation won’t stand for. . . I know some of you preachers are innocent, you go out here, preach the Word just as hard as you can, that congregation. . . Lay it on, Brother, God will hold them responsible.

<sup>188</sup> Some of you haven’t loved Him like you should, some of you are real honorable Christians, and you haven’t loved Him like you ought to, and you know you’re guilty. You don’t pray enough. I’m going to put up my hand now, I don’t pray enough, I’m ashamed of myself, I’m ashamed of my life. I asked Him to come to this meeting, and I’m. . . I—I’m ashamed of my life before Him. I’m with you, I’m ashamed of my life before Jésus.

---

---

189 Bless His heart, He came from Heaven this morning to visit us, came to us to talk to us, to speak to us, He is speaking to us right now, that little, still small Voice down in our heart. There might not be rushing, mighty winds, we've had so much of that.

190 Let's veil our face this morning with shamefulness. I'm ashamed to be Pentecostal with the life that I live, I'm ashamed I have no more power in His Presence, I'm ashamed that I'm no more of an example of a Christian before my people. Jésus, have mercy on me. God, I'm not without fault, I need correcting too, and Your Holy Spirit is speaking to me.

191 We want to talk to You, Lord, we want You forgive us, we want to be real Pentecostals, Lord, we want to be really filled with the Spirit. We're not ashamed of tears, we're not ashamed of You in no manner, and this morning You visit us, and we want to wash Your feet. We want to give You our lives, we—we want to be real Christians. We want the fruit of the Spirit in our lives, meek, gentle, loving one another, forgiving one another. God, for Christ's sake, forgave us. We want to be like Him, He was our Example.

192 All that has that desire in their heart, that you would just like to bow your head this morning in His Presence, knowing that we're guilty too, that you would just like to wash His feet too, would you stand quietly to your feet now? Bless you.

193 My wife used to sing a song: "Dear Jesus, I love Thee, I love Thee Father. If ever I loved Thee, Dear Jesus, it's now."

Let's bow our heads now, everybody.

194 Our Heavenly Father, [A woman begins crying out—Ed.] we—we have been so—so indifferent towards You, we have mistreated You, we mistreated the cause, we have been indifferent. I pray for that poor woman just now, that, the devil trying to get her away. Go after her, Holy Spirit. Don't let her alone, go after her, Jesus. That devil crying, may he come out, in the Name of the Lord Jesus. May that poor, lost soul be saved.

195 We're sorry, Lord. Move upon us with Your Holy Spirit, fill us with the goodness of God. Pour out of Your blessings, Lord. We're—we're washing our hearts with the Water of the Word. Come into our lives, Lord, sit down at our table, set down and dine with us today, Lord. We'll take You just now as our Saviour, we'll take You as our Guide and our King. And let the Holy Ghost just bathe our souls in His Presence, giving us love, and mercy, and understanding.

196 May every minister take a new hold. May the Business Men, may this organization, may every church member, every person in here feel Jesus take His place in their heart just now. Grant it, Lord. We love

---

---

You and give You our lives, welcome You to the convention. We are going to baptize the people out here this afternoon, we are going to make altar calls, we are going to praise You in songs, we are going to praise You in the Word, we are going to praise You with all that we got, to let the people know that we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation.

<sup>197</sup> We should go from here living different lives because of Your visit with us. We will not try to be like Pharisee, we know that You are a . . . the King of prophets, You are the God-Prophet that speaks in our hearts now. And we pray that You will discern our hearts, and reveal to us our causes that's hindering the great move of God in this last day, that from here may go anointed ministers, anointed men and women with *such* an inspiration on them of the loving Lord Jesus, until there'll be a revival break out all the way across the continent. Grant it, Lord.

<sup>198</sup> We know You come on our invitation, and we're going to make You as welcome as we know how in each one of our lives. We stand with this benediction in our heart, Lord, saying that we love You, Lord Jesus, we bless You, You are above every—every organization, You are above the things of the world, You are above our dressing, You are above our everything, You are God, You are above our emotions, You are God, and we love You with all of our hearts.

<sup>199</sup> Receive us, O Lord, as we raise our hands to You to give You praise. The great King of Glory sets in our midst this morning. We praise Thee and commit ourselves to Thee. Through the Name of the Lord Jesus, we bless this people.

<sup>200</sup> Do you love Him? Do you reconsecrate your lives to Him, Men and Women? Raise your hands and say, "Jesus, I prayed, too, that You would come to this convention, now I consecrate myself to Thee, from this hour on let me be wholly Thine. May my walking, talking, and association prove that I'm sealed by the Holy Ghost, the way I live, talk, and walk."

<sup>201</sup> Give us a chord on the piano, *I Love Him*. Do you really mean it? Say, "Amen," if you do. Do you really love this expression to Jesus as we sing it together? All together, in the old fashion way now, "I love Him, I love Him because He first loved me." All together now, let's go:

I love Him, I love Him

Because . . . me

And purchased my salvation

On . . . (There's so many I can't even touch them.) . . .

Calvary's . . . (The woman . . . ? . . .)

<sup>202</sup> Just a moment, in relaxing, just keep the prelude. Satan had interrupted the little woman, ran her from the building, the Holy Spirit

caught her out there and brought her back. She is in the meeting now, relaxed. “In My Name they shall cast out devils.” Power is in sweetness and humility, that’s what makes things great because it’s humble and sweet.

<sup>203</sup> Don’t you love Him? Now, all together again with our eyes closed and our hands raised towards Heaven, all your heart:

I love Him, I . . . ( . . . ? . . . ) 

62-0127 Meanest Man I Know  
Ramada Inn  
Phoenix, Arizona U.S.A.

ENGLISH

©2022 VGR, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS  
P.O. Box 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.  
(812) 256-1177 • [www.branham.org](http://www.branham.org)

## Copyright Notice

All rights reserved. This book may be printed on a home printer for personal use or to be given out, free of charge, as a tool to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This book cannot be sold, reproduced on a large scale, posted on a website, stored in a retrieval system, translated into other languages, or used for soliciting funds without the express written permission of Voice Of God Recordings®.

For more information or for other available material, please contact:

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS  
P.O. BOX 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.  
(812) 256-1177 • [www.branham.org](http://www.branham.org)