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# PRIDE

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I know that Methodists are not afraid of water either. So they come out to set under the shelter, as it is, whether it's raining or not. I thought just the Baptists was that way, but I see the Methodists are also.

So happy to be in the service this afternoon. When the storm came up, and I looked out of my hotel window, I said, "Oh, my. Satan, why do you do this evil?" And I said, "Just down here for these two services, and then you send a rain." Well, they claim that, "All things work together for good, to them that love the Lord," so it just made it cool, so you wouldn't have to—to fan. So, and I understand the farmers are needing the rain, so we're glad to see it in every way.

<sup>2</sup> So glad to meet some friends here, just a few moments ago, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Smith, that we was raised on their farm, right down here, down the ridge a little ways, Mr. and Mrs. Smith on the corner, setting right down here. When I was a little boy, I suppose they packed me around. My father, I think, worked for Mr. Smith, when I was a—just a little bitty baby boy, before leaving for Indiana.

And I have my friends the McSpaddens and them. And another Methodist preacher from this part of the country, Mr. John O'Bannon. I'm sure you know him, setting right here with the blue coat on, a very personal friend of mine from Louisville, Kentucky, a business man now, in Louisville.

And Mrs. Smith asked if Mama was here, and I think I see a car out there. Is my mother here? That's what I'm wondering, if—if she is in here. I seen a car like the lady that was going to bring her if they come, and I told Mrs. Smith, she might be here. Mama, are you here? I guess maybe I was wrong, Mrs. Smith. I'm sorry. But we—maybe she will be down for tonight's service. She was trying maybe to get down, to have some way to coming down, and this car setting right here looked just like it; and Billy said, "I guess Grandma's here."

And I said, "It looks like the car."

<sup>3</sup> A doctor that was healed in my meeting, up in Chicago, by the name of Dilly, and they have a big clinic there, and came into the meeting with an incurable disease, and was miraculously made well, and has given their life to the Lord Jesus. And I have seen many, many doctors, in many parts of the country.

Here some time ago, Dr. Theodore Palouveas, the whole West Coast, if any of them here knows Dr. Palouveas, who upon a case of

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Divine healing, and the man was converted, and I baptized him in a irrigation ditch. And he's stopped his practice of medicine, when people even flew from New York to him to be operated. And he's running a little mission in the slums in Oakland City, California, Dr. Theodore Palouveas, a marvelous Greek man. And his wife was Armenian.

4 And when the—the Mrs. out there, an Armenian woman, dying with both breasts taken off with cancer, and the Lord said, “In three days she will be on the street,” and he laughed at me.

And he said, “Such a disgrace,” said, “you impostor, put that woman under false thoughts like that.”

I said, “It wasn't me; it was Him that said it, sir.”

And he said, “Well, you know that woman will be dead in the next six hours.” Said, “She's been unconscious now twenty-four hours. She will go at any time.”

I said, “If she's not on the streets, shouting, in twenty-four hours, tell you what I will do. I will put a sign on my back, ‘False prophet,’ and you get in your big Cadillac, and drive me down through the streets of Los Angeles. And if she is on the street, I will put a sign on your back, ‘Quack Doctor,’ and drive down in front of you. Now, we will just shake hands and stand here; we will see whether.”

But he wouldn't do it. And in twenty-four hours, she was shopping; and she's still a well, healthy woman today. That's been about eight years ago. Shows that our Lord Jesus has risen from the dead, a God Who could make that boy swing from that stretcher last night, laying there dying, and whatever it was taken place, the boys was telling me about it today. He's still the Lord Jesus Christ, and we're so happy that He is.

5 Now, tonight we're going to pray for the sick again, the Lord willing. And we trust that we will have a good night, and down here with you people. Maybe sometime we could get back again and have a little longer stay. We will get the pastors together and so forth, and have a little longer meeting.

Now, today I was coming into this campgrounds, where it's controlled, or not controlled, but owned by a denomination of church. And we certainly salute this church with all of our heart, the Methodist church, for what great things it has did in the world for our blessed Lord Jesus. And the many thousands of souls, that the church by the preaching of the Gospel, has lead to the Lord Jesus, I just wonder what it will be when we all meet together on the other side, when this life is over.

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6 Then in coming in here, last night in approaching the subject of Divine healing, I did not approach it in a doctrinal standpoint, because that I just thought while I was here, I would speak on the instances of the life of the Lord Jesus. That's what I was speaking last night, because no matter how well we are together, and how. . . Different churches believe different doctrines, so we—when we're in church, we like to be Christian gentlemen, to leave away from any kind of doctrine. Just so it's—we preach Christ, and Him crucified, that we all agree on.

So in the evangelistic service, this afternoon, just for a short time to speak, the Lord willing, it seemed to be upon my heart to still speak of the instances of Jesus' life. And that way, we're just dramatizing, or quoting something that He has did or said. And that way there's no doctrinal points hooked with it, just pure simple Gospel. I love it, don't you? That's right.

7 And now, before we can open the Book, we can open the pages, that way, but there's only One who can unravel that Word, and that's the Holy Spirit; that's all. He was the one Who wrote it. Do you believe that? He did, He wrote the. . . If men of old as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, wrote the Bible. And it was wrote by—I'm sorry, I did know, but I don't know now, just how many writers of the Bible. I'm sorry I can't quote that now, because I got two different numbers in my mind. I'm afraid I'd be mixed on it.

But anyhow, it was wrote. . . As much as twenty-something hundred years, from one gos—one part to the other one, and thousands of miles apart, and different ages, and not one bit of it contradicts the other. Why, two of us couldn't write a letter to one person without contradicting something. Isn't that right? But how inspired the Scripture is. All Scripture is given by inspiration, inspired of the Holy Spirit, as He wrote the words; and it's beautiful. And we love the Lord Jesus for His kindness.

8 Now, He's the only One that can interpret the Scripture correctly. Each one of us, we make a try at it, but until we become anointed, then we get ourself into it. And as long as self is in it, then the Holy Spirit cannot be in it, as long as self is.

Now, if someone will go to the door, some usher there or something, some folks, a ladies with their umbrellas are in the rain. If they would just make them as comfortable as we possibly can. We appreciate the loyalty and the sincerity of people who come out in the rainy day like this to hear the plain simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

If I'm not mistaken, this little lady sitting here in front, right here by Mrs. Wood, aren't you one of the instigators of me coming here? I don't know your name, sister; I—I prayed for you. And if I'm not

mistaken, wasn't that at the Church of the Open Door in Louisville? You were healed or something, had some disease and—and since then, your hearts been stirred. And I believe you're a member in a—of one of the Methodists churches here in the city.

<sup>9</sup> And it's been upon your heart for me to come down here. I don't—I'm sorry I don't know your name. But this is the lady, along with the Woods (my beloved friends and neighbors), that lived next door to me. They are Christians, royally. When you live next door to a person, you can pretty well tell what their made of, can't you? That's right.

So your one—two of your children from down here on these ridges somewhere around here, Mr. and Mrs. Banks Wood, I am so happy to have their fellowship with me in the Gospel work. And our beloved sister here, also, I just know her a little bit, but know her to be a loyal Christian. And I know she's a great worker in the church were she belongs. And may the Lord bless her and her church, together.

<sup>10</sup> Now, the—as I was saying, the Holy Spirit wrote the Bible, and it's written in such a way, that there's no way at all for man in his—his mental conception to understand what it is. No matter how well you get it wrote out, how well you can put it together, it's wrong to begin with. See? Because He's hid it from the eyes of the wise and prudent, and it's a spiritual revelation.

Look at the Pharisees and Sadducees of the days of our Lord Jesus, how that they had it all figured out just to the dot, how that Christ would come and everything; and when He came, He come vice versa from what they had figured out, just to show that He's God. And it was. . . He did not come contrary to Scripture, He come—come contrary to their conception of the Scripture. But He come exactly the way the Scripture said, exactly.

<sup>11</sup> Now, I have a little lisping. I'm—I'm not the little young boy that used to be on your place down there, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Smith. I begot—just become an old man. And I had my first toothache the other day, and had to have a tooth pulled. And they put one back in it's place, and I got a wire in my mouth in here, and it's certainly is a barrier. Feels like I got that much in my mouth. So I'm sorry to lisp like that, till I get used to it. But as we get old, why we have to learn those things.

The other day I was talking, as I little. . . I was telling my wife; I was combing what few hairs I had left. My wife said to me; she said, "Billy, you're getting bald-headed."

I said, "Well, honey," but I said, "praise the Lord, there's not one of them perished."

She said, "Well, where are they at?"

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I said, "I will ask you one question, then you—I will ans—and you answer me, I will answer you. Where were they before I got them? Ever where they was before they were, they are back there waiting for me to come to them." Amen. Oh, my.

<sup>12</sup> So what do I care how old I get, how old you get, how wrinkled we are, how stooped we get, it doesn't mean a thing. One of these days Jesus is coming, and we will snap back to a young man and a woman and live forever. What a . . . Every corpuscle, every bit of . . .

Our bodies are made up out of, oh cosmic light, and petroleums, and so forth, but they come from somewhere. They wasn't here; then they are; then they are not again.

But God knows every atom that's holding your body together. Every speck of light, every corpuscle, every cell, every bit of petroleum, and all the calcium, phosphate, everything that goes in a human body that come out of the earth, He knows right where every speck, laying. And someday, your spirit will be turned loose, and it'll scream for it's life. And not an old man or woman . . .

<sup>13</sup> But notice, the other day talking to a doctor in Louisville, Kentucky, we were talking on an African subject, and he said, "Well."

I said, "I want to ask you something, doctor, is it true that every time I eat, I renew my life now?"

"Sure," he says, "you eat food, and it makes blood cells, and blood cell will renews your life."

I said, "Why is it that I'm eating the same kind of beans, and potatoes, and corn bread, and so forth, that I eat when I was sixteen years old. When I eat it at sixteen, I got bigger, stronger, healthier, powerful all the time; and I eat the same thing now, only more of it, I suppose, and I'm getting older and weaker all the time? Tell me that, if I put new life in, why won't it do the same for me now it did thirty years ago?" See?

He said, "Well . . ."

I said, "I want to ask you something, if you're pouring water in a glass, and it's filling it up, why is it quits filling it up?"

He said, "Well . . ."

I said, "Because God has said." That's right. See? God has said.

<sup>14</sup> And when we raise up . . . And we like a flower, a picture, we raised to a certain age, about the age of about twenty-two or three. When you and your wife got married, you dear old brother out here, when you worked your corn fields and things, married that little blushing cheek girl . . . It's too bad we ain't got many of them today. You know what,

I haven't seen a woman blush for thirty years. All the modesty's gone. I don't want to get started on that now.

All right, I'm just an old fashion, backwoods, sassafras preacher that believes the truth. I—I believe that people should live godly, holy, in this present life, looking for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

But when we get to a place, about twenty-three, we get married, and take the sweetheart on our arm and go down home, you brothers remember that. And you're at your best then. The first thing you know, Mother wakes up one morning, say, "Dad, I see a gray hair."

You say, "Mother, I've been noticing a wrinkle under those beautiful eyes." See, what's the matter? Death set in; ain't long it'll corner you. It'll get out of there. . . . After while you'll be old; it'll take you, but that's all it can do. That's all.

<sup>15</sup> Every corpuscle, everywhere when you was your best, right at the peak, God says, "Now the picture's painted. That's what I want in My great Millennium that's coming, so I will just. . . . Now, death there you are, but you can't take them now. You can go to working on them, but you can't take them, till I call your hand." See?

And then in the great resurrection, then we will come forth. Everything that death did to us, it finishes at death, and then we will wake to a new life. Won't that be wonderful? All the gray hair's gone, the old age moved away. And we will be young forever and live forever in the beauty of the Lord, and never have to be sick, never have to be old, never have to take medicine, never be in a hospital, never an ambulance scream. Won't it be wonderful?

Why, they call us crazy, I believe we're the most intelligent people in the world. We, I say it, all right. Because we love our Lord Jesus. All that this Bible contains, them promises, and they're good. So how good our Lord has been. Let's speak to His dear Being now. If He will open the Word to us this afternoon, in a little short instance of the Scripture, and then we will get out early, so we can come back tonight. And I believe the boys will give out some more prayer cards, if we're going to pray for the sick, along about, oh, six-thirty, something like that.

<sup>16</sup> Shall we pray? Our heavenly Father, we are happy today to be here in the state of Kentucky, down here among the people. And I know that back on these ridges, around in these old graveyards, many of them not even marked with a marker. Poor old dad, with a pair of overalls on and a patched shirt, he couldn't afford a tombstone. But when he laid his sweetheart away, put the baby down by her side, he drove down a little stake or a cross. But God in heaven, on the great books, tally

books there, there's a name written. You know where she's at, where her body's lays.

And I'm so happy, Lord, to know that you don't forget. And we're happy to be associated with their children here today, who believes You also. And now, I ask You, Father, that You'll come into our presence, or let us come into Your Presence, rather. And let Your great august Being, Lord, just surge our souls with Your goodness and blessings, not because that we're worthy, we're unworthy, but just because You promised it, Lord, we're looking for it.

Now, the Scripture's all tied together. How the Bible means so much more than it speaks, if we can only have the Holy Spirit to interpret It for us. We only read It as we look down upon It, but oh how the Holy Spirit says, "Child of Mine, you're looking into My face now, when you look into this Bible. This is what I want you to know." And may the Holy Spirit take the Word of God today, and deliver it to every heart, just as we have need. And may we fellowship around the Word now. Inspire us. For we ask it Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

<sup>17</sup> In a little place in the Scripture, found over here in the book of Saint Luke, of all my preaching in all my life, I have never approached this text before in my life. It's a new text that I have never tried from. But setting in my hotel room a while ago, something seemed to draw me to this place. Shall we read it in the Gospel of Saint Luke, and we will begin at the 7th chapter and the 36th verse:

*And one of the Pharisees . . . Him that he would—would come to his place for a dinner.*

Jesus wanted—or the Pharisee wanted Jesus to come to his place for meal. Now, the—the case of it is, after you read the whole chapter on through, you are pretty well acquainted with the—with the manner of Scripture and how it speaks. But now, as we turn our thoughts to this, there's something wrong here. There is . . . Just a that much of Scripture to the period will be enough to give us the idea that I want to speak on. And my subject would be "Pride."

Oh, pride's such a cursed thing, so awful, so evil is pride. But there seems to be something wrong as we enter our little scene. And we want to look at it now, not from a doctrinal standpoint, but from an instant of Jesus' life, not for doctrine. But there, surely, is something wrong here, a Pharisee wanting to see Jesus, and having to eat with Him for fellowship. That's altogether contrary. The Pharisees hated Jesus. They had no use for Him at all. He was a—a Beelzebub to them, a devil, a deceiver. And no Pharisee had anything to do with Jesus.

<sup>18</sup> But this Simon, he wanted Jesus to come to Him, and have some—be entertained by Him. Now, there's—there's something wrong with

the picture.

When we see a—a little girl a following Grandma around all the time, little six or seven year old child following around with Grandma, there's something going on, the motives are—have been changed.

Now, a girl of six years old don't usually—or seven or eight, she likes to fool around, play around with little children her age. But if she follows Grandma all the time, now, it's either that Grandma is real good to her, or Grandma pets her, or she's Grandma's little pet, rather, or—or—maybe you don't know, Grandma might have a sack of candy setting somewhere. See? The thing of it is, is the motive the child has in following Grandma. And surely this Pharisee, hating Jesus, had some sort of a motive behind it that wasn't just right.

<sup>19</sup> Young people like to go with young people. Little children like to play in the streets, the Bible speaks of that in the prophecy of Isaiah. Little children playing in the streets, they have things in common: their dolls, and their tops, and their hobby horses and things. Little children associate with little children. The young girls associate with young girls, the middle aged women with the middle age, the old with the old.

Clubs, Kiwanis and Rotary, they have things in common. They have to meet together at their clubs in order to have—talk over the situations of how they—about the community, or about the—how they could take care of the poor in the situation. They've got to get together. And as the old Kentucky proverb as I've heard my mother say many times, "Birds of a feather flock together." That's a very much of a truth.

<sup>20</sup> You never see crows and doves having much fellowship with one another. They're two different kinds of birds; one has one thing, and the other has the other. Now, the crow, he's a scavenger. He just eats dead things. But the dove cannot eat dead things. If the dove eats dead things, then the dove would die right away; he can't digest it. The dove, the bird that we know to be called dove, symbolized the Holy Spirit of a Dove in the Bible, that dove doesn't have any gall. It cannot digest bad, foul things; because if it would, it would mean the death of the dove.

A very beautiful type of a borned again Christian cannot digest the things of the world, 'cause if they do, it will spiritually kill them right away. But did you ever notice the old crow? Now, he can set on the dead carcass that's—that's decaying, in plain Kentucky language, rotting. And he can set on there and just eat all day long. But the dove cannot go around it; it stinks, and she will fly away. But the crow can set on there and eat all day long, and then he can go right out in the wheat field and eat with the dove, too.

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21 So a hypocrite, an impostor, he can go to the world and affiliate with the world, and act like the world, and live in the world, and enjoy the pleasures of the world, and come to church and pretend to be a Christian. But the real Christian can't go out into the world and come back; there's something wrong. So that shows. . .

Show me your company, I will tell you who you are. Let me go into your house and see what you read, let me listen to—see what kind of music you—you have playing. Let me see what kind of magazines, what kind of literature you read. Let me look in your office and see if it's a big bunch of these vulgar pictures of pin-ups and things. And you tell me you're a Christian, I won't say nothing to you; but in my heart I will watch what kind of fruit you're bearing (See?), 'cause that's your diet.

Oh, you say, "I belong to the church. Well now, you no business judging me, Brother Branham." I am not judging you; the Word is a judging you. That's right. Your fruit, your life tells what you are.

22 Oh, my, this Pharisee must've had some kind of a motive behind this. What is a Pharisee? What does the word Pharisee mean? We don't use that word very often in Kentucky. What does the Pharisee word mean? In the Greek, it means "a actor, someone who acts." Oh, I hate that, somebody acting, trying to put on. I despise such a thing.

Many times people are trying to act like the other fellow. Listen, you quit trying to act like the next fellow, and just act out your own convictions and you get along better. Be yourself. That's right.

You see so many little children going to the picture show, come back home and want to act like the actress. Shame on you. In Hollywood, Los Angeles, I have many services out there, and I find out that the most of the people that's grown on the whole environment of the American people to act. We're great actors, Pharisees. There they are; you'll see them; they're before the screen so much until they're always acting.

23 In the American people through television, and through picture-shows, they have seen so much of the put on, till they become put-ons themselves: too bad. And we get it in church, actors. Hmmm. God don't want them. Far be it from us to be actors. Be yourself; God wants you to be that way. I despise seeing someone trying to do something that they cannot do.

What a disgrace, I've noticed it many times, and beautiful voices that God has given to people, a talent, and then they overtrain it. I hate to hear an overtrained voice, when they stand up to sing, and get some kind of a note till they hold it so long till they get blue in the face, just to show the congregation how long they can hang on for dear life. And when they come back down, them people's not praising God; their mind's on their note.

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<sup>24</sup> I love good old fashion Pentecostal singing (That's right.): where you forget the piano and the organ, where you don't have to get into some kind of ritualistic, put on program. Where you raise up your hands with the tears running down from your cheeks, whether you could sing do-ra-me-fa-so-la-te-do, or not, and just sing in the Spirit. From the heart you give praise to God. All out of the program, you have to get out of man's program to get in God's program (See?), get out of it.

Oh, my, deliver me from being a actor. Be what you are; God will bless you. You even down see sometimes ministers will do that. They will get in the pulpit, and make their voice very big. "I have now received my degree. . . ." like it'd run shivers over you. I feel sorry for them. People don't appreciate that. Just be yourself, people will appreciate you more. Don't you believe that. Just be old plain sassafras, hickory smoked ham, sorghum molasses. It'll do you good; you won't put on.

<sup>25</sup> But a Pharisee, oh, I hate that word, an im—a actor. Some sisters do the same thing, got a lot of acting about them. Oh, they'll cut their husbands nose off with, "John, why did you do that?" Just snappy as they can be. Oh, my, whew. God deliver me from ever calling on you if that's the kind of spirit you have. But let someone talk on the telephone, "Oh, how do you do? I am so glad that you called." Actors, shame on you: house angels, road devils, putting on. Just be yourself all the time. That's the best way to be. Don't you believe it?

Sure, you know how to take you then, not actors, not Pharisees. Go to church on Sunday, and oh, how pious you are and on Monday morning, nobody could get along with you. You Pharisee, what good does it do you to go to church? Oh, my, umm. They need a conversion; that's what you need. Take the thing out, the nature of it. Methodists ought to say, "Amen," to that, because that's Methodist doctrine if I understand it right, sanctification.

<sup>26</sup> All right, Oh, my, pretenders, this old Pharisee sent to Jesus; he had something behind it. Well, he's tired; he's peeping over the top of the people. He can hardly see; he's sweaty. He's come all the way from southern Palestine, hunting and searching. The crowds are now gathered around, and all day long he's stood with the sweat ha—off of him, His tired, weary, feet running over the Palestine roads, full of dust and dung from the road, as he run. Every once in a while he stop and get a drink of water. But he raises up his head, and he looks again, sighs a little, "Well, I'm so glad to find Him."

After while of long speaking, after while the crowd begins to break up a little, and he starts elbowing his way in. He's got a message; he's

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on his road. He's got a master; his name's Simon, a Pharisee. He's a courier; he's a running this errand now. He must get to Jesus. A flunky, they're called in Palestine. Just a—the Pharisees has plenty of them does everything, groom their horses, and their gardens, and so forth, and take care of them: flunkies, pay them just a little bit of whatever they can get by with.

<sup>27</sup> And this flunky had been maybe two or three days, hunting up, trying to find, because his master had give him a—a—a warrant that he should go and find Jesus and invite him to his home for dinner at a certain occasion. I see him elbowing his way through the crowd, and he staggers against the, maybe perhaps, Peter or was it Andrew? I wasn't there; I don't know, but I hear him say, "I would like to see your master, sir."

And course the beloved disciples, how they were trying to keep people away from Jesus when He was there praying for the sick and thing. And again he says, "I would like to see your master." And I see Andrew taking him up close to where Jesus was, where the sick and all was around; he said, "Master, here is a—a young man from southern Palestine, who is come with a message. He's come a long way. And he says it's from his master. And he wishes to speak to You."

<sup>28</sup> And he says. . . He—he bowed to Him and told Him what his errand was, that his master had desired, on a certain occasion for Him to come and have dinner with him. Oh, if you and I would've been there, how different we would have looked upon it. We'd have said, "Master, don't go to that hypocrite. Don't go to that Pharisee. Why, he's blind; he doesn't know. . . He hates you. And there's so many sick people and things around; You have so much of Your strength being used. Don't go to such a fellow as that; he's just trying to use You, for the old saying, as a trump card or something. He—he's got some kind of a bad alternative about it. Don't go to such a person as that."

Oh, my, I can imagine that Pharisee, great fellow, great man in his city, walking around a few days before upon his fine Egyptian-made carpet and his great perfumed dining room, rubbing his big chumpy hands together in his roly-poly condition, just fat, said, "Why didn't I think of that before? Hah-hah-hah-hah. Why certainly, that's what I want. That's it. I tell you what; for my big entertainment I'm fixing to have; I should've thought of that a long time ago. Hah-hah-hah. You know this here fellow, Jesus of Nazareth's on all the poor peoples tongue. And I tell you what, if I would've just of have Him over here at my banquet, I'd have had the gapers standing around everywhere looking at Him. That's all I have to do, and you know what? I'd be the most popular person in the city. I would add more to my popularity. Oh, I should've thought of that before."

So he starts the boy on the road to find Him. “What do you think Doctor Jones will say? That Pharisee Jones, he hates Jesus of Nazareth. He believes He’s a devil. And won’t that be fine for Lawyer So-and-so, when I have them here? ’Course all the celebrity of the town will come to my meeting, certainly. Because they know that I can feed them well.” Certainly, this was a rich Pharisee. He had plenty; he could do whatever he wanted to. He got all the cuts of the meat, up at the temple. He was in on the cuts of the meat. He was also in on all the tithings and offerings and everything come in. He had plenty.

<sup>29</sup> Well, what it would take to spread a party like that, would feed a common family in Palestine two years. But oh, he was a—he was a big fellow in the city. Doctor Simon Pharisee, look what a fellow. I can see him walking back and forth and say, “Certainly, oh, my, I will have sent out my invitations right away. Well, you know what, the—so that all the people can see me, I will have it on the outside where it’s cool, out a past the veranda. I will go out in the great big—I got a place out there, a grape arbor, where the beautiful grapes are hanging down and they just now . . . And their very ripest and the—the aroma of the grapes are so beautiful. And I will have it all out there. and I will take my special big table and set it out there. And I will have Doctor Jones, and I will have Doctor so-and-so, and Doctor so-and-so, and Doctor so-and-so, and all the city will know that I am a great man, that my degree did me well, and I am a great man. I, I, I, I, I,” that’s all you can hear.

“I did this; I will be better off; I will do this.” I, I, I and no place for Christ.

<sup>30</sup> Isn’t that a picture today? I will do so-and-so. I will join the church; I will do this; I will do that. God have mercy on us. There he was, oh, he was a great fellow, and going to be made greater just to have Jesus down there for entertainment. He didn’t believe Him to be a prophet, although Jesus was. And he didn’t believe Him to be the Son of God, though He was.

But he thought, “If I can have that fellow over there, we will all have some fun.” So he sends for Him. Jesus never, never breaks a promise. Days has passed by; lots has taken place. And it comes time for this Pharisee to—this meeting or his dinner to be set, And Jesus said to His disciples, “Let us go now, plumb across Palestine to southern Palestine, take on our road, because that we don’t want to be late.”

Jesus never breaks a promise. He’s always keeps His promise. Regardless of what it is, He will keep it. The day draws nigh, and we see the Pharisee with his table setting out in the yard. And his ads are out, and all the people begin to gather. What a great fellow this was.

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<sup>31</sup> Up comes Doctor Jones in his great big fine chariot. He runs the man out real quick, his flunkies and he gets the horses and he takes them to the stable, and he grooms his horses. And he, "How do you do, my friend? I am so happy to see you. Won't you come in, and visit with me awhile?" Oh, I can see him putting it on. "Won't you come in? Why here's Lawyer so-and-so; I am so happy to see you, my friend. Won't you come in? Flunky, take his horses to the stable." Oh, my.

But after while he got on the inside, and tipping the glasses, and so forth. And in the—in Palestine when they set a dinner, if you've ever been there, they put a great big table, out like this, and along they have . . . You don't set down and eat in Palestine, like you do here; you lie down and eat. They have like a sofa, and they run it in angle ways to the table, like this. And each man lays down like this, and he eats from laying down, his feet behind him.

And they got every thing ready, all of them in there, entertained and so forth, and Pharisee was having such a great time entertaining his celebrity. The first thing you know, Jesus arrived, went into the house, and set down; and they didn't know He was there. Nobody must've knew about it. Where did He come from?

<sup>32</sup> Now, such a little place, perhaps setting over in the corner. Pharisee was too busy; he had to do other things. The celebrity, the big people of the town was there, and he had to entertain them. I wonder, brethren and sisters, if we haven't put so much time to entertaining celebrities and dignitaries, that we forgot that Jesus sets in the midst of us too, setting over in the corner, nobody noticing Him. Setting alone, His disciples couldn't come in; they wasn't even invited.

So all that's not invited, as the easterners are, they stand on the outside and looking in, wondering; and when anything's going on oh you don't have to worry about a crowd; they're all there anyhow. They come to look on, spectators, see what they can. They're not allowed in, but they come and look on. Stand on their tip-toes hours after hours, watching entertainments. The poor with their mouth watering when they see the fine spiced meat, lamb baked with the best of spices. Oh, great things brought in all the way from Egypt and Mesopotamia, and so forth.

<sup>33</sup> Why, this Pharisee was a rich man, he could really put a big dinner on like that. Let the the poor stand and gape on if they wanted to. That's the group that would tear up the world to make one proselyte out of a Gentile, and make him a twofold more child of hell than he was when he began.

Pride, pomp, there he is, Jesus setting forsaken. I imagine He felt uncomfortable, for He had dirty feet. When people are traveling in

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Palestine; in those days they didn't have pavements, and roads, and oiled roads like we have now. Setting there with His feet and legs all dirty, His head unanointed, no kiss on His cheek, and His legs with that old dust of dung and stuff off the road, the dust where horses, caravans, beast of burdens go along pulling, and carrying loads, and the animal droppings on the road, the birds come down and scatter it and peck around it, and after while it becomes into the dust.

<sup>34</sup> And the person walking . . . The underneath garment in Palestine closes at the knee, and then the robe goes over the top of that, and as they walk, swinging, it caused the little winds to blow the dust up. And oh it becomes filthy and stinky that—when all that stuff gets on you. And there set Jesus with dirty feet. Jesus, they call Him, with dirty feet. Oh, it does something to me when I say it. Jesus unnoticed, Jesus with dirty feet, made a gazing-stock, after being invited.

I wonder when you have a prayer meeting, invite Him to your church, then He comes down to do something for you, you just let Him be unentertained, too much of that in our home life and everywhere. When the president comes, why, my, they throw out the carpet all the way from the train, all the way into the hotel. They strow the streets, and young ladies go forth with flowers, and they bouquet the sidewalks, and hang down the flags with every sign of welcome. But when Jesus comes to town, He has to stay in a little mission somewhere, be called crazy, holy-roller. Oh, my.

<sup>35</sup> Oh, you blind Pharisees, notice, Jesus with dirty feet. Jesus, them feet that was soon to be pierced for the sins of the world, set with dust and dung, uncomfortable. Jesus is usually uncomfortable around a bunch of rich people anyhow. They don't give Him no room, nor nothing, just let Him set. "Oh, with your mouth you do worship Me, but your hearts are far away," said the Master.

Jesus with dirty feet, there He sets, unentertained, unwashed, unwelcome. Say, "Jesus, do you take a lesser place? Jesus, do you take a little bitty place when you're called on in a home?"

"Yes, I—I take the little place."

"What?"

"The little room in the upstairs, or perhaps maybe on the second floor, a little closet, or down in the basement."

You're ashamed of Him, before the celebrity, before your company. You're afraid or ashamed to testify of Him, to tell of His saving grace.

"But will you come anyhow, Jesus?"

"Yeah, I will come anyhow."

That proves to me He's the Lord of lords, He's a big person. "I will come anyhow, no matter just how little of a place you will make for me, I will come anyhow."

I like that, He's my Lord. "I will come anyhow, no matter how little the place is, I will come." Though you give the president everything, you give Doctor Jones a great spread, but when Jesus comes, He takes a corner somewhere. What a bunch of Pharisees, put on, entertainers, no love, entertainers. "I will take the little place."

<sup>36</sup> Long time ago, Christian, before you opened your heart, how did you treat Him? Some of you people have professed to be Christians, how do you treat Him? Oh, my, Oh, once in a while you permit certain programs to come along, a little dried up evangelist of some sort, and you put on your most—most charming dress, and your beautiful hat, and you go down to the church.

You didn't give Him any place of worship; you wouldn't testify. But He didn't rebuke you. He didn't condemn you. He's willing to take the little place. You won't give Him all your heart; He will take just as much as you will let Him have. He's my Lord. And you go home, "Oh, well, that'll do till next month; I will go back to church again."

<sup>37</sup> How you crowded Him out, your little petty parties and all your little things your little entertainments, why, you Pharisee. Shame on you, that would do Jesus my Lord that way. When He comes to town, you'd speak evil of Him; you would turn Him down. Open your eyes, He comes to visit you. You've called for Him in your prayer meeting, but when He comes then you don't want to give Him any room. What a pity. How blind people can be.

What an opportunity this courier had, that walked up to the feet of Jesus. Oh, I wish I could took his place. Wish I could've been there that day, I'd have done more than told Him what some Pharisee said. I'd have hugged Him. I'd have done all I could to know the opportunity of standing in the Presence of Jesus. As the blind people was in that day, they are today. With the very thought, the opportunity that's presented to people to accept Christ, and walk away and leave Him unworshipped, unwelcome.

<sup>38</sup> You know, the custom in the Palestine country, the first thing happens when you're invited to a royal entertainment like that, when you come to the door you're all dirty, you stink; you're not—you're not a fit subject then for entertainment. You'd be embarrassed to walk in those lovely homes with all that on your feet and everything, and the way you look and sweaty and everything. What's the first thing? When a guest arrives, they got a flunky, the poorest paid man on the job.

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When I think that my Lord girded Himself and washed people's feet, He took the lowest place, when He was the—deserved the highest place. But He took the lowest place, to wash the dung and dirt from their feet, become the humblest of servants. There's not another servant got as humble a job as the flunky that washes the feet.

But when you come to a—a home of that type in the eastern country, Palestine, the flunky meets you at the door, goes to one of the wells and draws him some—a great basin of—of good clear water, and he removes your sandal, or your shoe, sets your feet up across his knee, and he washes all this dirt, and dust, and dung, and stuff off of your body. And then he takes another towel and wipes your feet, and he washes them, sets them down.

And then he takes your sandals and sets them up on a little—little mantle like, sets them along like this at the door of entrance. Then he goes over, and he finds a pair of fine satin, silk slippers; they're soft. That's the compliments of the host. He does that; he has them setting there; he put them upon your feet until he finds one that fits you comfortably.

<sup>39</sup> Then your feet's washed. Then he passes you into another place, and then there's a man meets you there at the door, and he has a little basin in his hand, a little pitcher like. And you take it and pour a—some of the oil in your hands.

Now, that oil is made of a very fine spikenard. What it is, it's—there's a bush that grows in Arabia that they get it from. A little flower blooms like a rose, and then when the rose goes down, it leaves a little bulb like and that hardens like a little apple. And that's the thing that this tree does, but you can take that and roll it in your hands.

I seen a—a Russian celebrity one time, who had two of them; you could roll them in your hands like that, and the scent would stay on your hand for two weeks. It's very expensive, costly. And it cost much money. Oil will get old and—and smell bad in a few days, but they put this spikenard in there until it becomes . . . Oh, it keeps for—that aroma for years. That was some of the treasures that the queen of Sheba brought to Solomon.

<sup>40</sup> And they give you that, and you wash your hands with it. Then they give you a towel, and you wipe your hands. Then the next they give you, it's some more of it, and you put it on your neck, the back of your neck, on your cheeks and on your forehead. Both men and women in Palestine must do this, because the sun rays are so hot. They do that, and then it creates a smell. Then after you wipe the most of it off, you're refreshed. Your feet is washed; you are washed; your hands are clean; your face is clean.

Then you're taken into the chamber of where the host is. And then when you meet him, you take—he takes his right hand and puts it on your left shoulder, then you bow. And then he—you take your right hand and put it on his left shoulder, and he bows. Then he kisses you, from one side of the cheek to the other side of the cheek; and that's the welcome, the right hand of fellowship. When the host kisses you, you are a brother; you're welcome.

Jesus was very careful to wash Doctor Jones' feet, or the Pharisee rather. And He was very careful for the celebrity, but here set Jesus with dirty feet. Here set Jesus, unwelcomed, with no oil on Him. Here set Jesus with no kiss. And yet He left His work and come all the way across Palestine to keep His promise.

<sup>41</sup> I imagine He was miserable setting there. All the rest of them, and the Pharisee testifying over there about different things that happened, and poor Jesus set there with dirty feet, unanointed face, no kiss. Jesus wants to be kissed. There's a Scripture in Psalms 2, says, "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry." "Kiss the Son," Oh, you'll never know what it means till once you've kissed the Son. Kiss the Son, make Him welcome into your heart.

But He set unanointed with dirty feet. Oh, how embarrassed He was. Pharisee was having his big time; he was too busy entertaining the great men of the city, to know that Jesus was unentertained. But He come anyhow. Oh, my God, how did—what happened, how did that flunky at the door ever get by without washing His feet? God, I wish I had his job. How I would've loved to have washed His feet at the door. How I would've loved to have entertained Him, to take in my basin of water, when I knowed that He was setting there.

<sup>42</sup> But there He was with the rich and the proud. They didn't care nothing about Him. He was just an entertainment, something to make the people gape and look upon. No doubt he had in his heart, he'd ask Him to do a miracle for him or something.

And while He was setting there, on the outside in the street there was a real bad woman in the town, a prostitute. We won't go in detail about that; you know what it is, a woman of ill fame, fallen.

Don't condemn her. Listen, before there can be a fallen woman, there has to be a fallen man, too. Maybe some sweetheart she had loved her up to his heart, until he crushed the fire of the—her life under his feet, and introduced her to this kind of a life.

The Scripture said she was a great sinner. No one had nothing to do with her, but all knowed her. They knew who she was, certainly. She was a great sinner. And perhaps passing by, not welcome among any of the people, she tip-toed, and she looked up, and she spotted my Lord

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setting in the corner with unwashed feet, setting unwelcome amongst the rich. It was too much for her. She said, “No, I’m sure that’s Him.”

43 You never see Jesus, ’less you’ll know Him when you see Him again. No one can never look upon Him and ever forget His looks. I can think she said. . . She might’ve heard Him somewhere else, she said, “Oh, there’s that great Teacher. But He’s over here with the Pharisees, and they don’t want Him.”

Oh, she turns around; I can see her say, “Oh, I—I can’t. Oh it, I must be losing my mind. Surely—surely I couldn’t do that. Oh, maybe, reckon I could?”

I can see her gather her clothes around her and start down the street. I can see two men nudge their arms together and say, “Looky there, see what come up.” Oh, sure you’re too good. I’d like to look right in your eyes one time, see how good you are.

44 You say, “Brother Branham, I’m no prostitute.”

I don’t altogether mean sexually. Prostitution’s on a higher level. You can prostitute your time. How much time do you give to Him? Prostitute your own selfish motives, going around saying, “Well, I belong to this church, I’m better.”

No you’re not. You can prostitute otherwise than sexually. The Holy Spirit will speak to your heart, and you’ll say, “I want nothing to do with that.” You blind Pharisee, prostitute. What’s the matter with you? Committing adultery with the world, that’s what you’re doing.

Oh, you say, “I belong to church,” and so cold and indifferent. Oh, you say pretty prayers. Oh, I hate that Pharisaic thing. Oh, you pray and make every comma just perfect, and every period just perfect. Oh, you pray so beautiful. You can’t talk to God like that. You’re listening to what you’re saying and punctuating your prayer. O God, help you to turn loose once and pray. Stop saying prayers.

45 Oh, Pharisees, plenty of them, Pharisees. Oh, you say, “I belong to church.” That’s all right; sure you do. But what attitude do you take towards my Lord? When He wants to come to you and bless you, you won’t do it. “Oh, no, I don’t believe in that kind of stuff.” That’s the same group I’m talking about, very religious, but very Pharisaic.

What did I say they was in the beginning, actors. Quit acting religion. Get an old fashion experience of regeneration, borned again. My Lord, He longs to see you. He’s waiting for you, takes the little place in the corner. He never rebukes you for it; He loves you. You go to church once or twice a month, you think you’ve done your duty. Oh, if you only loved Him, you’d go every night and every day, somewhere

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and talk with Him, if you loved Him. But the trouble of it is, you just act church, act religious. What a pity, it's too bad that we still have it.

<sup>46</sup> This poor little woman, I can see her, ill-famed, down the street she goes and up a little creaking steps where she in a little attic up-stairs. Her heart's a jumping; she can't get that picture off her mind. O God, anybody that ever sees Him in the simplicity of His Word and of His love, it'll never leave you. Something will haunt at you.

She sees Him; she goes upstairs; she opens her little treasure box, and she gets out a little something there, a little sack. She brings it out, sets it, the clink of the coins falls on the table. And as the coins fall, she picks it up again; she sees that face before her. The tears are running down her cheeks, dripping off her chin. Said, "I can't do it; I can't. For He'd know where that money come from. He'd know how I earned that money. I can't do it."

Perhaps she sets it back up again; then she reaches and gets it again. She said, "I can't, what's a matter with me? But I see Him, coming all the way across the country and not entertained. What can I do about it? This is all I got, surely He will understand. Certainly He will understand, certainly He will. This is all I got; surely He will understand it."

<sup>47</sup> And I can see her as she trembling, takes it in her hand, puts it down in her bosom, in her stocking perhaps, wraps it up on the inside, wraps her clothes around her, and out the street she goes. It's getting late, she goes down the street to some great, fine perfume company. She goes, in and there's an old hook-nose, grouchy fellow standing behind the counter, counting his money. "Well, it wasn't very good today. Didn't even make rent, bad day." All peevd up, yet as orthodox as he could be in his religion.

She comes in the door. When he comes in the door, I can hear him say, "Huh, now look." Oh, she was well known. Everybody knew her, sure. Everybody knew this woman. She walks in the door. Well he didn't walk up to her nice like he should and say, "How do you do? What can I do for you?" He said, "Well, what is it?"

She laid the money out on the counter. Oh, the clink of the money, sure that changed things. He belonged to that group that said, "What profit is it if we leave Joseph in the—the tomb?" What profit is it? Oh, yes, that's what people think today. What can you make out of it? How much money's in it? Blind Pharisee. Jesus is here, and He wants to be entertained. You've invited Him.

<sup>48</sup> There lay the money out, He said—she said, "I want a alabaster box, the best you got in the store.

Why, he said, "Let's see how much money you got."

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She lays it out, and she had a hundred and eighty of Roman denarii. He counted it all out, "Yes, you've just got enough." What? She wanted the best. She said, "He's deserving of the best," and He is. He's deserving of the best you've got. Don't give Him a little corner; give Him all you've got. He deserves the best that you've got, and the best that you can do.

That's all she had. She knowed how she'd got it. She said, "I hate to do it this a way; maybe I'm out of order, but it's the best that I got." She didn't argue with him about the price; that wasn't it. She just wanted the best. Do you see it? She wants the best. She said, "it's going to the Best, so why not Him have the best?"

<sup>49</sup> She picks up the alabaster box, puts it in her bosom, and here she starts out. I can see that old hooked-nosed Jew look out there. Two other men nudged her on the—each other on the arm, said, "Look going in there, what come out of the store over there. I wonder what she did there."

Oh, you Pharisee, nudging somebody else. Look at your own self once. Oh, you might not be sexually wrong in your actions; you might not drink liquor; but oh, you blind Pharisee, what are you doing to my Lord? What do you do to Him, you cold heartedly hypocrite? You turn Him down. What do you do it for? How can you do it? To see His Presence all around you, to know He's there wanting to bless you and entertain you, but you're too good. Oh you never become wretched. You ought to look at yourself in God's looking glass one time and see how you look. Your self-righteous, all your little forms and petty things will fade away, your little traditions.

<sup>50</sup> I can see her; she must hurry; it's getting late. Better late than never. And when she gets up there, she can tell when she's around the crowd where the rich is. She can hear the wine glasses tipping together, you know, like that. She gets up to where they are. She wonders where He's at. She's all excited now. That Jew, scratches his head, and looks across to them fellows over on the corner said, "What was a matter with her?" Said, "There was tear stains down her cheeks. She'd been crying, I wonder where she's going now. I wonder what happened."

The woman, as she looked and seen His face said, "He don't speak like these Pharisees; He's different. That Teacher's a little different from the Pharisees." She knowed there was something different. When she looked up she thought, "How am I going to get there, go into that rich place. How can I do it. But the thing she did, she said, "One day I heard Him say, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and heavy laden, I will give you rest.'"

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51 The thing it was, was not how she was going to get there, was she going to make an effort to get there? I can see her elbowing her way through the crowd. No matter what's said or who said, she was on her road to meet Jesus. Do you do that? Would you elbow your way through the differences in the world today? Could you elbow your way over the vulgarity, over the picture shows and the dancing and carrying on that you do, calling yourself a Christian, to get to Jesus?

Could you lay down aside all your worldly social entertainment, to come to the Lord Jesus to be entertained by Him? God have mercy. She elbowed right on through. She was going to get there, regardless of how vile she was. Oh, I know it was out of order, oh sure. God help us to get out of order once in a while. The trouble of it is, you got too much order. Get out of order. I hope the church gets out of order long enough to get saved.

52 I remember when Jesus saved me. Oh, my I never forget it. This little old Kentucky heart of mine was jumping ninety miles an hour. I wept; I cried; I shouted; I don't care who was standing around. I wasn't paying attention to order; I was in Presence of Jesus; I loved Him.

She wasn't noticing how much order she was in, or how much she was out of. The main thing was, get to Jesus. There He set with dirty feet. He set without being kissed. He wasn't welcome, and she wanted to make Him welcome. She didn't care about their old pharisaical orders, about their old traditions and nominations. She was pressing her way through to get to Jesus. God help us to have a revival like that, where men and women will elbow their way through the crowds, and the denominations, and the barriers, till they get in the Presence of Jesus.

53 Yes, she wanted to get to Jesus; He had dirty feet. My Lord God setting there with dirty feet, where soon a Roman spike was going to drive to them to embalm His Blood for the salvation of the world. Dirty feet, may He forgive me for that. Oh, it hurts me, but Jesus, dirty feet, unloved, unloved: "Come to His own, His own received Him not." Come to keep His promise and then unentertained.

Why you people pray for a revival year in and out, and when it comes right in your neighborhood, you think it's fanaticism. Unentertained, Jesus, dirty feet. Oh, if that oughtn't to break the heart of every man and woman, unentertained. Oh, the celebrity, the big things are going right along, but Jesus unentertained. Oh, my.

54 Notice as it moves on, she runs quickly; she goes to His feet, as He's lying there stretched out. She looks at His face; she said, "I can't, I don't know what's happened. I'm all beside myself." She was crying. God help us to get beside ourself once in a while.

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Trouble of it is, you're just so ritual. You have to pray a certain way, end it with a amen like a dying calf with cramps. . . ? . . . "Ah-men." Stand up in the choir and sing with painted faces, and Jezebel fingernails, and act like I don't know what, and calling yourselves Christians. You blind Pharisee, what's the matter with you? My Lord's in town, won't you entertain Him in your heart?

<sup>55</sup> There He's setting there. She got to His feet; she laid the box on the floor. She started to raise up, she couldn't, she just couldn't. She was weeping so hard she couldn't raise up. She got it a half stooped and she couldn't raise up. She realized that she was standing by the Fountain of purity. She realized that she was standing by the only thing that can forgive her.

"There is a fountain filled with Blood, drawn from Emmanuel's veins." The only thing that could wash away her guilt, she was in the presence of it as a prostitute. She come the way she was. She didn't know what to do. She was weeping; she had her hands up. She couldn't stand it; she was looking and there He was. "Oh, is it possible," she said, "Is it possible, that that's Him, the lovely One? the One I heard Him say, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'? God you know my heart; I don't have to speak a word; I can't, I'm beside myself."

<sup>56</sup> And she tries and she weeps, and the tears rolling down her cheeks, spitting, running down on the dirty feet of Jesus. The tears pouring down her cheeks upon His dirty feet. The first thing you know, she finds herself rubbing His feet. Rubbing His feet, and the tears just pouring down. What a blessing, tears of purity repentance, tears of repentance, pouring down, washing the dirty feet of Jesus. . . O God, have mercy. Tears of regret, what beautiful water, what sparkling water, coming from her heart.

"Lord God, I'm no good, but I can't stand it to see you set like this." And the tears pouring down her cheeks and her rubbing His feet like that, washing them with her tears. There sets the alabaster box, and the first thing you know, in her hysterical condition, her hair fell down. The curls dropped down. And before she knew it, she had her hair, a wiping His feet with the hair that was on her head.

<sup>57</sup> God be merciful. Oh, My, my Lord, and that cold-hearted bunch of Pharisees setting there, indifferent. Oh, my, wiping His blessed feet with the hairs of her head. . . Some of you women to do that, would have to stand on your head. You cut your hair, that's right. I don't say it for a joke. The Bible said, "The glory of a woman is in her hair." And you've cut yours off.

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What was it? What was it? it was her glory. The only decent thing she had about her was her long hair, and it had fell all down at Jesus feet. Her tears, all she was, was pouring out at His feet, washing Jesus dirty feet. What a way . . . I know it wasn't in order. What do you care about order? What went with the crowd? What do you care about what they're doing? You're in the Presence of Jesus.

<sup>58</sup> She wasn't caring what them Pharisees was saying. Did Jesus draw back His feet and say, "say, say, say, you mustn't do that?" No, sir, He held perfectly still. She was right in order, washing Jesus dirty feet, with her tears of repentance, wiped them with the only glory she had, her hair. Laying everything at His precious feet. She was beside herself. She was washing; she didn't know what she was doing hardly.

After while she raises up. She don't know what . . . She looks around. Oh did Simon say anything? Yes. Oh, later on he made his remarks. I can see him turn red in the face. His sharp steel, ungodly, lizard eyes cutting down at her. He turned red and then white with rage. I can hear him go, "Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!" His program's interrupted. He said in his heart, "Do you know what kind of a woman that is you're standing before?" He thought it would hurt his reputation.

<sup>59</sup> Why brother, Jesus' reputation is made when He's in the presence of sinners. Jesus' reputation isn't hurt by sinners, it's made in the presence of sinners. There washing His feet, she raises up, takes the alabaster box, everything she had now was there, her hair hanging down, she snapped the top of it off, broke it, poured all. Not save some for the rainy day; she poured all of it on His feet. For everything she had, her glory, herself, her tears of repentance, and all the money, and all of the ambassador was in the box of spikenard. She poured it upon His feet.

O God, have mercy on us starchy ungodly generation that we live in, Pharisees, entertaining. Poured it on His feet . . .

<sup>60</sup> And you know Simon said, "If you knew . . . If this man was a prophet, if he could see visions like he said he could see, if this man could see visions, if He was a prophet, He would know what kind of a woman that was that was washing His feet."

Oh, you blind hypocrite, you're too goody-goody to know what Jesus means. You're too goody-goody; you've treated Him the same way, that's the reason you're not saved today. That's the reason you haven't the baptism of the Holy Spirit, because it's the way you've treated Him, been ashamed. Oh, blind Pharisee, there he stood in all of his self-righteousness, said, "if He was a seer, if He was a prophet He'd surely know what kind of a woman that was."

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<sup>61</sup> I can see Jesus, for the first time since He entered the door, feeling comfortable. He was being—entertaining sinners. He raised up and said, “Simon, I have something to say to thee. I got a few things to talk over with you, Simon. When I come to your house. . .” O God, “When I come to your house,” Pharisee you see what I’m talking about? “When I come to your house, you didn’t wash My feet, Simon. You never give Me any oil, Simon. You never kissed Me welcome, Simon. You just let Me set here after you entertained Me, brought Me down, invited Me, and I come, and you didn’t give me no oil for my head, neither did you give me water for my feet, and you didn’t kiss me welcome.”

“But this poor woman, what was she doing all the time? [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.] Kissing His feet. Hallelujah. Kissing His feet. Said, “Every since she’s come in the house,” God have mercy, said, “she hasn’t ceased kissing my feet, ever since I come in the house.” O God, I can’t preach any more, when I think of my Lord getting that same kind of entertainment today.

<sup>62</sup> Oh, my, “This woman has not ceased to kiss My feet ever since I come in. And you didn’t give Me any water to wash with; you didn’t give Me any anointing, no oil to put on My parched hands and My lips and My face. You didn’t kiss Me welcome and tell Me I was welcome to come into your house. But this woman has continually even kissed My feet.”

Oh, listen what He said. Then He turns from Simon, and He looks upon this poor miserable wretch, her hair hanging down, wet with tears, and with the disgrace of the road upon them. Her lips oily from the spikenard where she’d been kissing His feet, her tears stringing down her cheeks. . . Listen what He says, “Your sins which were many are all forgiven you.” Oh, God. “Your sins which were many, all forgiven you.”

<sup>63</sup> Oh, God, this undone generation, can’t you see the Lord wants to come to your house and be entertained, worshipped, glorified, magnified? Oh, God be merciful to you. Let us pray; let’s bow our heads just a minute. Something’s saying to me, “Pray now.” God, Jesus, dirty feet, Jesus unentertained and not kissed, Jesus unwelcome. . .

Merciful Father, will You please this day come down and picture Your heart before this congregation, that they might know that you’re still Jesus. And they failed to entertain You. They love their little petty things; they love their organization, their denomination. They love their little social affairs in the church, their woman’s’ auxiliary and many other things that they like to go to. The man love their card parties and their carrying on and won’t entertain Jesus.

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64 O Lord, my Healer, my Saviour, my Keeper, O God where would I be if it wasn't for You? God please speak to the hearts that's cold and indifferent today; let them know that you're here with the same loving watch-care. You're watching, You see that one come home that's been so indifferent, that's roamed the streets too long.

Oh, why do you wait, my brother?  
Why do you tarry so long?  
Jesus is waiting to give you,  
A place by His sanctified throne.  
Won't you forsake your ungodly ways?

Won't you forsake your little entities, and come to Him today? How many, while we're praying, with your heads bowed, would you just stand up to your feet and say, "God, have mercy on me. I'm coming today; I'm willing, Lord, to do anything. I want to entertain you in my heart today as my Saviour. I want to forsake all the things of the world. I want to give up every pleasure the world has.

65 I want to be so filled with Your goodness, that I will only know that it's You. I've invited You, but I turned You away. I've told You when my baby died I'd serve You. I told You when Mother died, when I put them flowers on dad's grave I said, 'God, someday I will serve You.' But I've called you, and I turned you away, but today I'm coming. When preacher said a while ago, drove down a little stake out there on the side of the ground, where baby was laying or mama, I said that day I'd serve You, Lord. But I've been a Pharisee, a actor. I've never really come to You, but here I'm coming now. I'm going to stand up, Lord, to prove to You that I love You. I'm not ashamed of You. You've done so much for me. Someday when life is over, O God, I want to stand like that prostitute stood that day. I won't want to talk to Him; I ain't worthy to talk to Him. But I want to say, 'Jesus, let me kiss that scar on top of Your foot, will you, Jesus? Just let me kiss that scar; it was made there for me.' O God."

66 I'm not a baby, but, oh, my, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Aren't you ashamed of the way you treated my Jesus? Just went over and joined a church and never had no conversion. You still love the things of the world, still take old worldly entertainment and enjoy it. Oh, you don't know what it is to be borned again. You don't know what it is to have fellowship. Oh, you think you're good enough, but you're not. It's not how good you are; it's how much you love Him. You love Him; you keep His commandments.

Will you stand to your feet just now as a witness to God? Say, "Lord Jesus, I'm getting tired being a hypocrite, old Pharisee actor like I got religion, when I haven't. I want You come in my heart right now. If

you can make them twisted and lame come from their stretchers and wheelchairs, if You can make the blind to see and the deaf to hear, I know You're God. I know You're speaking to my heart."

<sup>67</sup> Would you stand to your feet right now, man, or woman, boy or girl, to accept the Lord Jesus? What's the matter here? Something's wrong. Don't tell me I don't know. You know what's the matter? You're afraid your neighbor will say something about it. You're afraid somebody else is going to say something. What's Jesus going to say? Jesus unentertained in your heart. This may be your last time, buddy. Sister, this may be your last time.

Jesus is near, He's unkissed today. The congregation's indifferent towards Him. He come down last night and healed all your sick, and things, sent them home healed and well, come down and showed you He was here at the platform, by doing great signs and wonders, in this little cabin out here on the ground. Come down from glory, to prove that He was here, by His Word. And today, you let Him set unentertained. "Oh, I'd rather have my party."

<sup>68</sup> What does Simon the Pharisee think today in hell where he's at? I imagine he'd like to call that little party over again. I imagine it would be different. Simon would be weeping, "O Jesus, I'd wash Your feet." A year from today, there's people setting here today that if they won't accept Christ, a year from today, you'll wish you had. You say, O Jesus, if I could go back to that little campground again. O Jesus, if I could hear that preacher call again, Jesus, I'd raise up, oh I'd raise up."

Too late, sin separated you. "Lord, I remember that day it was raining so hard; tears was pouring down out of people's eyes. Preacher was telling us about how You loved us and how indifferent we had been towards You. And I—I was different, Lord." The rich man had that kind of a plea one time, after Lazarus had preached to him.

<sup>69</sup> "Oh, your crops may be getting along all right. Tobacco may be coming along good, the corn's tasseling." Oh, maybe you've got your washing to do tomorrow, sister. Maybe you've got to go to the club Tuesday. That don't have one thing to do with my Jesus. What are you doing with Him? Letting Him set, with the world, placing dirt on Him, say, "It's nonsense; there's nothing to it. It's mental telepathy; it's of the devil." And you're setting, letting Him set like that, doing nothing about it. But that's between you and God.

Why do you wait, dear brother?  
 Why do you tarry so long?  
 Jesus is waiting to give you,  
 A place in His sanctified throne.

Why do you wait? Do you mean to tell me, there's not one man or boy or girl in here? Setting here and you know that I know who you are. You know that the Holy Spirit's here, moving and darkness hanging over you as I'm looking across this audience. And I know where you're setting; and if I know, how much more does He know? God's speaking to you, and you turning your cold, indifferent heart away from Him.

<sup>70</sup> Remember I'm telling you, it could be the last time. "My spirit will not always strive with man," seeing that he's just flesh. You're a free moral agent; you can make your choice. Why not make it today? Why not put your soul in the hands of Him Who knows all things, Who holds eternity in His hands? He's the right One to direct you. He's the only One Who can justly place you where you should be.

I'm willing to take my chance with Him. I'm so happy. I'm so happy that I did. I'm so glad, so glad. I seen the time while you had your heads bowed. You know papa, God bless his heart, last prayer that he's prayed was on my arm when he was dying. Poor old papa drink so heavy, caused a lot of disgrace around town. And when he did, drinking going on like that, our names got real low in the city, when I was a boy. I used to stand down there and talk to somebody, if anybody else come along, they'd leave me and talk to them, because a Branham. Oh, God, the name pulled in the gutter.

<sup>71</sup> I said to the wife the other day, "Look honey, now I can't even come home. People are setting in hotels, from Africa, from India, from all around the world, begging for five minutes of time. Come across the world for five minutes." I said, "What done it, sweetheart? Not my education, I don't have any; not my personality, I don't have any. What did it? Jesus, He did it; He did it."

He said to David, "David, I took you out of a sheepecote to make you a great name among great men of the world. I took you from the sheepecote to be a ruler over My people." Oh God, Jesus, "You wasn't nothing; I saved you and made you My son. I saved you and made you a prince. I saved you and called you to preach the Gospel." Oh Jesus, oh your precious scarred feet and hands, your thorn pressed brow. Oh, Jesus, I love you.

<sup>72</sup> Here in the home grounds, right on the soil where I was born, Lord, little old sinner baby boy. Please, dear God, warm up the hearts of the indifferent, speak to them in mercy and peace, great Jehovah. Someday you're coming and Your wrath's going to be fierce. Once more, Lord, I call, then I commit to You. Done all I know how to do. I got talking about You, Lord, and I got crying, couldn't help it.

Won't You let some sinner, Lord, rise and say, "Now, Lord, I stand by Your feet, too. I don't care what the Pharisees say. I don't care what

anybody says. I'm coming to You. I'm going to be a real Christian in my church. I'm going to love You, and I'm going to work for You, and I'm going to bring other sinners to you." Grant it, Lord, grant it, won't You please?

<sup>73</sup> I look everywhere and don't see one standing. O God, my dear Kentucky people, many of you is poor like myself, raised out here on a little meager living, a piece of old Joe bacons and corn pone for breakfast. You ain't got nothing in this world, but you got the opportunity today to become sons and daughters of God. Why won't you do it? Who are you anyhow? What's that little old farm going to amount to? You're going to die and leave it. What does that little store, what does that little social prestige you have?

You realize they're going to haul you out on the hillside someday, and put you in a hole, and put some mud over you? Where's your soul going to be if you're turning down Jesus today? The only Fountain there is that can save you, can heal you, take away your sin and shame, make you a Christian instead of a church member . . . Why don't you do it?

<sup>74</sup> Heavenly Father, to this audience that's here today, I've offered them, according to Thy Word, Eternal, Everlasting Life through Jesus Christ the Son of God. I do not know their hearts, why they did not accept it. I seen the darkness and blackness through the vision, hanging over people. Thou knowest and seen others healed, even physically, while they were—the sermon was going on.

And Your Presence was here; it's here yet. Why people don't receive you, it's beyond me. I can't understand. Maybe they've crossed the line, where they can't do it no more. Maybe they've heard it before and you said, "I will not always strive with men." That's up to you, Father, I don't know. I commend them all to You, praying that not one will be lost. I thank You for all that You've done. And I ask Your blessings upon all of them, Father.

<sup>75</sup> Bless the ministers of the city, tonight. Many of them be holding services. Let Thy love and mercy stretch out to them, Father. May some that's even here, that'll attend their own church tonight, may they rise and come to the altar at their own church. Grant it, Lord, and may they not feel so condemned that they won't even get away from home tonight till they slip out to the corn crib somewhere, over to the bedroom, get the wife and kiddies, and come in, say, "Honey, I just can't get away from it."

Maybe tomorrow while they're in the cornfield, or the tobacco patch, or somewhere along here, driving the truck down the road or while she's washing dishes or making the bed. God, may it haunt to their hearts again, on and on. May tonight the pillow be real hard. May

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they dream and wake up, “oh, why did I turn Jesus down? I seen Him setting there, but I passed Him right by to be indifferent.” May they rise from the bed then, and come and have another chance, Father.

Give us a great service here tonight. May Thy Spirit be upon all, and may there be great healings take place tonight. Grant it, Lord, while we pray in Jesus’ Name. Amen. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>76</sup> What if I told you Jesus healed you a few minutes ago? Would you believe it? Would you believe it? That kind of a gallbladder condition and stuff you’ve been having it all leave from you? You believe it would go? You do, all right. See what happens to you now. Your faith made you well.

He’s lovely, He’s here. How many really, maybe, I don’t know, would you just like a little closer walk with Him? Would you just raise your hand? Say, “I’d just love to have a little closer walk with Him.” Give us a little chord, “Just a Closer Walk.”

Just a closer walk with Thee. 

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