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*WHEN DIVINE LOVE IS  
PROJECTED, SOVEREIGN  
GRACE TAKES ITS PLACE*

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 Good evening, friends. So happy to be in again tonight, in the Presence of the Lord. And I'm sure that it's a great privilege for us to be assembled together in the Name of the Lord Jesus. And I'm happy for this, and I know that you are too.

And now, tomorrow morning it gives great pleasure to visit the—the Spencerville Baptist Church in the morning. I'm to have services with our good brother, Dr. Lee Vayle, who's the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Spencerville, Ohio. And tomorrow morning at ten o'clock I'm to have his, the service in the main auditorium, I suppose, tomorrow morning, preaching service.

And then tomorrow afternoon at two-thirty, another preaching service in the church here. I got a message for the church tomorrow afternoon, the Lord willing.

And then tomorrow night is the closing night of the—this campaign, a healing service, or prayer for the sick, I mean to say, tomorrow night. And we're expecting now, great things.

<sup>2</sup> And through the week, we have been having the services by the preaching of the Word and the anointing of the Holy Spirit in discerning, or as the prophetic gift of the Lord Jesus, and having the privilege of seeing Him return to us and do the very same things that He did when He was here on earth. And I'm sure that thrills our hearts to see Him to do this.

And usually in the meetings we have what we try to call an emergency room. But not having that this time, last evening we decided, if the Lord was willing, that tonight we would have what is called the emergency line. And that would be . . . Usually when the, on the discerning there, it's slow and vision would happen in the building, all over the building.

<sup>3</sup> And how the Lord does just as He did before His crucifixion as a proof, infallible proof, of His resurrection. He is not dead, but He's alive for evermore. And it gives us such great consolation to know that He Who we love, that He will honor us by being present with us and

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showing Himself alive, after two thousand years. So He is the immortal God, the infinite, infallible, omnipotent God.

And now, tonight we are going to try something new. As seemingly the . . . And I say it with respect, with love. The American people doesn't seem to be able to grasp it like overseas. The same things that happened in here, happened one time in South Africa, and thirty thousand raw heathens came to Christ at one time. See? Think of it.

<sup>4</sup> And just stopped on the third person and offered a prayer for, in the massive congregation, an estimated twenty-five thousand got healed at one time. Think of it. Seven van-loads of crutches and wheelchairs, and—was taken from the grounds and taken away with an army like, marching behind it singing “Only Believe” in Afrikaans.

India was just farther, more than that. But here it seems to be the American people are taught so many different ways, it's hard for them to grasp it somehow. Lovely, but hard to grasp it, just to reach out by faith . . . It seems . . . And that makes a good target for fantastics (See, see?), for some human element.

We want to keep the human part away from it. It's God. Not whether man touch you, it's God touching you. See? It—it's a finished work. It's something that Christ has already done for you. And it's your personal property, every believer. And it's to look and live. The brass serpent could pray for no one, neither could it touch anyone. But they looked and lived. And it was a type of Christ. And if the type could do what it did, what will the antitype do when it comes, by looking and living?

<sup>5</sup> Now, I wish to speak to you just on a little Gospel message. And then we're going to bring the people, the Lord willing. My son said he gave out a group of prayer cards on the emergencies, the kind that cannot wait for tomorrow night's climax service, as we're trusting God to have. And we're going to bring those people up, and I'm going to try to pray for them without looking into the vision for them. Just so I can get them to pass through and be prayed for, 'cause they're emergencies, and we couldn't get to too many, then it just couldn't do it.

Now, I wish to read just a portion of the Scripture. And before we do it, let us talk to the Author just a moment, as we bow our heads.

<sup>6</sup> Our kind heavenly Father, it is with the very adorations of our hearts that we express our gratitude towards Thee, the living God, for ever being so mindful to send to us Thy beloved Son, as a Redeemer to redeem we unworthy creatures of the earth back to fellowship with Thee.

And as our minds tonight, search back down through the corridors of generations, back into the early times, what a beautiful fellowship it

must have been when God called His children in the cool of the evening and communed with them. Then kissing them, as it was, on their cheeks and laying them down to sleep for a night's rest; and the wild beast of the field He bedded down without any disturbance, any harm; no harm was there, no death, no sickness, and no trouble. And to awake on a new day to walk in the Presence of their Creator without fear, without sickness. O God, our spirits groan for that time again. For that's what we were made for.

<sup>7</sup> And we pray tonight, heavenly Father, if death is shadowing any person near tonight, that would not be prepared to enter back to this great blessing, that was prepared for us before the foundation of the world, may this be the evening when they will make that one final, eternal decision, saying to Thee, "Yes, my Lord, I will now believe on Thee and take Thee as my Saviour." And may then You fill them with the Holy Spirit, baptizing them into Thy beloved body of saints, and positionally place them, that they may be workers in this great work of Yours on the earth.

Be merciful and heal the sick and afflicted. For in this Thou has atoned for at Calvary, and we feel that it is our personal property, that Thou has given this blessing of redemption to every one that's been redeemed. And we feel we have a right to come to the living God and ask Him these blessings, for He so graciously bid us to do it, saying, "Ask the Father anything in My Name, I'll do it."

And now, Father, may the Holy Spirit take the Word, open the Book, and loose the power of the Spirit in the Word, and may it find Its resting place in each heart. For we ask it in the Name of Thy beloved Child, the Lord Jesus. Amen.

<sup>8</sup> Tonight, I have chosen just for a short time, because there's quite a few that must be prayed for tonight. And I want all of you tonight to pray with me in the prayer line. But let's not think of the prayer line just at this time, but let's put our thoughts on something greater than the prayer line. Let's put our thoughts on the Lord Jesus, and His return, and His love for us.

I'm going to read a familiar old text to you all, which is very familiar. Perhaps your pastors and so forth has read it many times. Perhaps the—one of the smallest children in here could quote it. It's the golden text of the Bible, John 3:16.

*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

<sup>9</sup> As I was setting in my room a—just a while ago, after having this time of fellowship with my good friend, pastor Boze from Chicago, I

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was thinking, “God, what shall I say tonight, to the purchased of Your Blood?” For coming before audiences, whether they are small or great that does not matter.

Last evening we had, was speaking on that, how God meets with large numbers or small numbers, just wherever hearts are giving Him welcome. And realizing that you who have come tonight to express your faith and to open your hearts to hear God’s Word, you to . . .

<sup>10</sup> I’ve many times wondered how it would feel to me, if I could have the privilege of holding in my hand in a charger or a glass, two drops of the literal Blood of Jesus. What would I do with two drops of the literal Blood of Christ? Oh, I believe I would take it to my heart, and I would hold it, and I would weep. But you know in the eyes of Him Who shed His Blood freely, I have a greater than that before me tonight. For I have had, been given the privilege to speak to the purchase of His Blood. “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but would have Everlasting Life.”

So that little piece of Scripture, just a teeny little one inch square, on a, just a piece of paper, yet if the right attitude is taken to that Scripture, it might change the—it would change the Eternal destination of this world. It isn’t the size; it’s the quality.

<sup>11</sup> Some time ago, I was reading where a little boy was up in an old attic. And in the attic he run across a postage stamp of less than one inch square. And he taken it to a stamp collector, and this stamp collector gave him one dollar for it. Later it was sold for one hundred dollars. And it’s gone from collector to collector. And I understand that now, that same postage stamp is worth almost a quarter of a million dollars, just one little piece of paper. But that isn’t, the paper isn’t what makes it so valuable, it’s what’s on the paper makes it valuable.

And that’s the way it is with John 3:16. It isn’t how much Scripture is written, it’s what it holds. It holds a message to the world, that God so loved.

<sup>12</sup> And now, I would take for a subject, if it should be called that, for the next few moments, “When Divine Love Is Projected, Sovereign Grace Takes Its Place.” And when God so loved the world, God’s Divine love to Adam’s race, when He so loved it, Christ stepped out and sovereign grace took its place. God’s love was met by sovereign grace. God gave His only begotten Son. You see it?

Now, I used to think that God was angry with me, but Christ loved me. But come to find out that Christ is the very heart of God. And in this beautiful type of the coming out of the children of Israel, how that Christ in type, was the smitten rock. And the only way that those

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people . . . After searching everywhere for water, they were perishing. And Moses, God's servant, took the judgment rod, which it was a judgment stick . . . It had brought judgment upon the unbeliever of Egypt, flies, gnats, all kinds of diseases, affliction. God's judgment stick that was waved in the hand of His servant, smote the rock, and rock gave forth its water, and a perishing people was saved. What a beautiful type of John 3:16.

<sup>13</sup> God loved the world that He . . . The smiting of the just judgments that belonged to us, they were all smitten onto Christ. And out of Him came forth rivers of living waters, speaking of the Spirit, that a perishing people might live. The waters of life coming from Him, a smitten sacrifice, an accepted One . . . And no matter how little . . . I love God for that.

Some people says, "Well, it won't make much difference whether I receive it or not." It does.

"Well, I'm just a little housewife."

"I am just a little colored lady that lives back in the alley." It . . . No matter who you are, that "Whosoever will, let him come . . ." No matter how little, like the text, no matter how small it is . . .

I've often wondered, as I go into the woods in the springtime, after the cold blusterous winter, and I notice little, teeny flowers, no larger than a half a inch, and I have to get down sometimes to see them. How insignificant it is to the great stately oak that's standing by it. But God is so mindful that He sees that this teeny, little flower is taken care of through the winter, that it can raise again and spread forth its beauty. And in there is sometimes blue and red colors. God knows them every one. God is concerned about us all.

<sup>14</sup> A little girl taught us a lesson some time ago, when the famous King George, of who I had the privilege of praying for, when the Lord healed him of multiple sclerosis . . . And he was visiting a Canadian city, and all the schools turned out. And they taken the Canadian flag and went to the street corners.

And when the king passed by . . . I shall never forget the expression on my manager's face, Mr. Ern Baxter, a Canadian. And when the king passed by, suffering at the time with stomach trouble and multiple sclerosis, and he stood up or set up by the side of his beautiful queen in a blue garment . . . Then I seen this two hundred and forty pound man, that when the carriage turned the corner, the man threw his hands to his face and wept. And he said, "Think, the king is passing by." And then . . . ? . . . "Oh, what will it be someday when the King of kings passes by."

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<sup>15</sup> There was a little girl who was found after the streets was cleared. She was standing over by the side of a telegraph pole with her little hands up against the pole, weeping, sobbing her little heart out. And the teacher trying to find the child . . . She had her little Canadian flag across her shoulder and was weeping. And the lady said, the teacher, "Dear, why do you weep? Did you not wave your flag to the king to show that you were a patriotic?"

She said, "Yes, teacher, I waved my flag."

She said, "Then did you not see the king?"

She said, "No, teacher, it wasn't that I did not see the king. I saw the king."

She said, "Then why are you weeping?"

She said, "The king did not see me."

<sup>16</sup> Oh, how different it is with the King of kings. You cannot be too little. He sees every move you make. He knows all that's in you. He . . . Not even the sparrow could fall to the street without Him knowing it. Not a little flower could come up, a little crocus, unless He knows about it.

So how much more are you than the flower? And if you are laying here sick or afflicted, do you not know that the King of kings is watching you? Do you not know that He's interested in your healing and in your welfare? You may be ever so sinful, but did you know He is interested in you becoming His subject? You say, "But I'm just an insignificant person." But you're not in the sight of God. God wants you. He loves you. And God so loved you, that when His love was projected, sovereign grace taken its place and sent a Saviour to redeem you back to Himself.

And in this Saviour He was wounded for our transgressions, because God loved you. And God saw the afflictions of His people, and with His stripes you were healed, God's grace making a way, for His love required it.

<sup>17</sup> And when His love projected His feeling, Christ stepped out to take His place. It required something to take the place. His love alone went for you. And grace provided a Sacrifice for you. Now, you're only to ask to believe it: "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have Everlasting Life." Trusting that you catch the vision . . .

Love is one of the greatest instruments that there is in God's great economy. God is love. The Bible said that He is love. And when you become one of His children, you become a part of that love. You are a part of God's economy. You become a subject of His domain. And

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when you do that, you become a son and daughter of God. And He said He would give you Everlasting Life.

<sup>18</sup> Now, if I'm not mistaught, and if I understand correctly . . . I have no education, just my grammar school. But I am taught by scholars, who should know, that the word used, "giving Everlasting Life," in the Greek is called "Zoe," which means "the Life of God."

Then God's love projected to you brings you and makes you a part of Him in the new birth. Then you become a child which is be—a "borned of," or "comes from." And that puts you in relationship with God, so much that you're now sons and daughters.

And God, the Creator, Who created all things by His power, through His spoken Word . . . And everything that is, is the Word of God made manifest; the entire world was made. And how we do error when we try to ignore God's Word or try to limit God's power by our own imagination. For the very earth that you're setting over tonight, is only the Word of God made manifest. God made the world by His spoken Word. Oh, my! The dirt, all of the minerals, the gold, all the waters, and everything that there is, is only God's spoken Word. If not, where did He get it? Where did it come from? God said, "Let there be," and it was. Then what faith should we have in Him and in His Word?

<sup>19</sup> Then when you become a son or a daughter of God, your disposition changes; your attitude changes; your all, your look towards life and towards others changes. It doesn't mean that you just have joined church; it means that you have been regenerated. You have become a new creation in Christ Jesus, that you have . . . The old things have passed away, and God has spoken to you, and you have become a new creature. I want this to go way down even into church members.

Then as you would love to be in the Presence of Christ, and you become a part of Christ, then people love to become in your presence, because you become a part of God, son and daughter of God.

Did you ever see people that you just love to be in their presence? There's just something about them that just radiates, that you just love to talk to them. And other people who are nice people (yet we don't say this unkindly), but you just can't hardly stay around them. It is because of the atmosphere that you create. For you as a son of God are a miniature creator, because you are a part of God.

And that's the reason you can believe the Bible for anything It says, for the Word is God's Word. You being a part of God, will agree with the Word.

<sup>20</sup> Then do you understand that the reason that people said, "This was not inspired, and that is not inspired, and this is for another day," it's because that they have never become in contact. Oh, no matter how

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many degrees they can show, that has nothing to do with it. But they have never become in contact with God to be borned again. Oh, they may have jumped; and they may have did this; they may be a Ph.D. They may have spoke in tongues; they may have danced in the Spirit; but Jesus said, "By their fruit, you shall know them." For where the Spirit of God is, there is love; there's understanding; there's something that you like to be around.

And oh, what a pity in this hour that we live, that the church of the living God hasn't met this yet. For if God dwells richly in our hearts, denomination barriers would never separate us; color lines or nothing else would ever separate us; for there is nothing present, nothing future, no matter whether starvation or what it is, can separate us from the love of God that's in Christ Jesus.

<sup>21</sup> All one great ransomed church of God, standing together with one front, letting God's Word be the blueprint or the map that we're traveling towards glory with . . . Jew or Gentile, bond or free, Catholic or Protestant, should stand together in one great big army, because of our relationship. And if we are God's children, then we are brothers. Not of sonships of God by everyone, but by regeneration we are sons of God. We are Adam's sons by nature, God's sons by birth.

It works, very much so. And I have noticed in my lifetime, as I'm getting to be an old man, watching how that that works. Now, I'm telling you from an experience, and it's just exactly with the Word of God.

<sup>22</sup> In our own home . . . And try this at your home. And if there ever was a home that—that's confused and torn up much as ours. People from everywhere, all over the world, coming all the time in and out, day and night, all hours . . . And I have noticed here some time ago, my lovely little wife of thirty-seven years old and completely gray; she's stood between me and the public. If there's any praises to be given to the Branham family, give it to her. The telephone run you wild day and night. And our . . .

The house had been full all day. And I went out, and my little children, little Sarah and Rebekah were fighting over some play blocks, little Joseph the baby, setting in the floor screaming to the top of his voice, wife in the kitchen with her face buried into her hands, a weeping . . . When I finally got the house emptied, some in this room, some in that room, some in the basement, and I walked in, and I thought, "Oh, what a confusion."

She put her arms around me, she said, "Billy, I'm going crazy." She said, "I haven't been able to get the children any dinner."

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<sup>23</sup> Sometime raging maniacs, and saying it reverently, a bunch of sometimes fanatics, running back and forth through the house, saying, "The Lord said this, and the Lord said if I ain't your manager . . . The Lord said this." Now, if the Lord wouldn't talk to me about that if He had something to say. But you can't help it; it's just in the human line.

And she said, "The children hasn't had anything to eat, and I don't know what to do."

Well, I thought, "Now, there's just one thing to do. Now, I'm tired, but I'm going to do this. Now, heavenly Father, in my heart, You help me to be what You would have me to be on this scene." And I thought, "Now, if I can just get her quiet." So I said, "Sweetheart, would you rush out with me for dinner?"

"Oh, I'd have to clean up the children," and this and that. And you could hardly hear yourself think, little Joseph just a beating the floor as hard as he could.

<sup>24</sup> So I slipped over, and got an apron, and put it around me, and I begin to help her. And I said, "Honey, you know what? I saw the prettiest dress the other day. I just so wanted to get it for you. And it was in a certain city just here close, and we'll go get it." And all the time in my heart praying, "Heavenly Father, quieten this dear, little woman." And I put my hand on her, not knowing, her not knowing what I was doing. I'd say, "Yes, honey, oh, it was beautiful." "O Lord, quieten this little woman." And just kept on you know, her not knowing. . . What was I doing? Was projecting, creating a different atmosphere. Walk in the love of God; have fellowship.

And in a few moments she got quiet. And then when she got quiet, Sarah and Becky divided up the play blocks; Joseph got him something to play with; and there was peace in the home.

What was it? Projecting love. They were mine, my children, my wife, and I was God's. And then God giving His Spirit, and through that Spirit, with love to my family, sovereign grace come in and quietened the family. It'll do it. I know it will.

<sup>25</sup> Here some time ago, I was interested in a great thing, with Mr. Krause of the Full Gospel Christian Businessmen (many of you know him), a very good friend to our most honored and beloved Brother Oral Roberts. And so, when Mr. Krause was such a good friend to Oral Roberts, "Oh," he said, "if anything would get wrong with me, I'm a friend of Oral Roberts."

So finally one day, Mr. Krause developed a kidney trouble. So he goes down to eat dinner with Brother Roberts. And Brother Roberts said, "Oh, Brother Krause, that's just a minor thing to God." Laid his hands up. . . And Brother Oral with that real (excuse the expression,

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but) bulldog faith, threw his hand over on him, and said, "I rebuke it." Said, "Brother Krause, don't worry you're going to get all right."

<sup>26</sup> And Brother Krause said, "I really felt better." But after a few days, it come back again. Said, "I went down to Brother Roberts again." And said, "The same thing taken place." Said, "Then I thought that I knowed William Branham, so I would go over to him." And said, "He saw visions, so I would stand before William Branham; he's a good friend of mine, and then William Branham will be able to help me."

So he called around and found out that I was in Shreveport, Louisiana. Mr. Krause and his wife flew down to Shreveport, and they come into the meetings. And he said, "Brother Branham, I've just got a little time, let us go to a side; and I would like to see what the Lord would tell me."

And I said, "All right, Brother Krause, let us go aside." I stood there for forty-five minutes, and the Lord said nothing. I said, "I'll pray Brother Krause."

He said, "If the Lord shows you anything, call me up." I prayed for him. He said, "You know, I feel better. I believe the Lord just healed me without showing me any trouble."

I said, "Well, we're thankful to God."

<sup>27</sup> So I, that night, being a dear friend to Brother Krause, I prayed for him, continually prayed. And about a few weeks, he come back again. He said, "Let us stand before the Lord and see what He will tell me. I am in a serious condition." I stood for another hour or more, and the Lord never said anything.

So then away he went to the doctor. The doctor says, "It's too much job for me; you better go to Mayos'." Up to Mayos' he went. Mayos' looked him over, and he said, "Sir, you've got one chance out of a thousand to live. That is immediate operation."

Well, he said, "I'll take it."

And he went out, and he said, "I thought if I was that close to dying, I'd better check up with God." So he said, "Lord, You know I love You, and I've tried with all my heart to support everything that's right." He is a wealthy man. And he said . . . He manufactures plows. You may know him; he's in Kansas.

<sup>28</sup> And he said, "I have tried to live right, and you know, Lord, I love You. Now, if You are ready for me to come home, I'm willing. I've lived a good many days, and I'm willing to come. But Lord, if You can use me, well, I'm willing." He said, "I have stood before Your servant Oral Roberts and the William Branham, and it seems like that their prayers did not take effect to heal me." And said, "Maybe it's something that

I have done, but surely, You would've revealed it when I stood there before the discernment." He said, "But if it's my time to come, I'm ready to go. And I love You, so I'm going to the operating room, the only chance that I have."

And the doctors checked him again, and said, "Mr. Krause, are you sure that you want to take it?"

He said, "I have prayed up, and I'm sure I want to take it."

<sup>29</sup> So in the operating room they went, and the last thing he said he remembered was saying, "Lord, if Thou art ready for me, I love You, Lord. I love You, Lord." And they put him to sleep. And when he come to, the whole room begin to turn light. And he seen the doctors standing around. And they run to him, and they said, "Mr. Krause, something has happened. We never seen an operation so perfect. And we thought you were going to die, but all of a sudden you were at normal."

What was it? When Divine love has been projected, sovereign grace come in to take its place. It has to. It must do it.

<sup>30</sup> A few months ago, down in old Mexico, I was having a meeting. And one day . . . This I could not say is true. The only thing that I know is what I'm going to say. There had been a little baby that had been rejected by the doctor, to die the day before.

It was raining. They wasn't setting in seats like you. They were standing like sheep in a pasture, against each other, coming at nine o'clock that morning to hear me preach at nine that night. Standing in the hot sun, crippled, afflicted. . . . And as I walked in. . . . The night before the Lord had did some great miracle, and piled on the platform in that big arena, was piles of old dirty clothes, piled that high, for me to pray over, old hats, shawls. My heart was burning. And it was raining outside. We was all outside in the open air.

<sup>31</sup> And then, a little mother was screaming when I called for the prayer line. And Billy come to me, and he said, "Daddy, you're going to have to do something." Said, "A mother's baby died at three o'clock this afternoon. She's a little Catholic woman. And her baby is dead, and she's got it covered up." And said, "When Brother Espinoza gave out the prayer cards, she didn't get one. But there isn't enough ushers to hold the woman from the platform any longer. She's got that baby, and she's screaming to the top of her voice, 'Padre, padre.' (Which means 'father.')

And I looked down through the long streak of life, and that little woman, frantically, a beautiful little lady, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and a wad in her arms, screaming to the top of her voice. And I said to Brother Moore, standing on the platform, one of

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the managers, I said, “Go down and pray for the baby, and maybe that’ll console her.” And the little mother’s love for that baby . . .

<sup>32</sup> And as I turned to—to the audience to minister again, I looked and over the audience I seen a little Spanish baby, setting up, goong. Brother Moore was trying to quieten her, but that didn’t satisfy her little heart. A mother’s love was being projected to God.

And I said, “Just a moment, Brother Moore.” And I went down. And the baby was wadded up in some blankets. I could not speak Spanish or either understand it. But I just laid my hands on the little blanket that was wet.

Now, they tell me the baby had been dead since three o’clock. I don’t know. I couldn’t say. The dead people that I have got wrote in my book is authentic that was risen, raised up by the Lord. The doctor would have to say so, or the undertaker.

But laying hands on the baby, something let out a kick under that cover, and the scream you never heard in your life.

What was it? Divine love had been projected to the heart of the God of love, and sovereign grace sent back the vision for the healing of the child. Certainly.

<sup>33</sup> I remember a little hour after that, quite an hour, on the platform came a poor old Mexican man. His feet was wrinkled; he was barefooted, the gray whiskers on his face, his hair gray; and he was blind. And as he come to me (They was leading him along.), and I looked, and I thought, “If my father would’ve lived, he’d have been about that age.” And he was mumbling something. And when he got close to me, he took out a pair of—a set of these rosary beads.

And some of them said here to him, Brother Espinoza . . . He wanted to know where I was at, and here he was feeling for my face. And I just stood still. And his old, feeble, shaking hands, and the great ditches in his cheeks, the tears were cutting a way down his cheeks. And I thought, “That’s somebody’s daddy; that’s some mother’s child.”

<sup>34</sup> And he started with his beads, and I said, “That’s not necessary, dad.” And he begin to weeping, and he found my face, and he patted me, and he started to kneel down. I stood him up again. I thought, “Looky, there.”

You see, friends, if you don’t enter into the fellowship, if something in you doesn’t cry out for each other, if something doesn’t project a love . . . You know, people are not so foolish, as they understand whether you’re putting on or not. They understand it. Wildlife understands it. So you—you have to enter into that fellowship.

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<sup>35</sup> And as the old man stood there, I looked at him, and my heart began to beat heavy, and I thought, “Poor old man. Nature has been so cruel to you. You probably never set down to a good decent meal all your life. You probably never had a suit of clothes on in your life.”

I set my foot up beside of his. I was going to take my shoes off and put them on his old, dusty, wrinkled feet. But I seen they would not fit. With his shoulders much wider than mine, neither would my coat fit him. So I wept; I thought, “Oh, and after all this, then you’re setting in a world of darkness. You can’t see where you’re going. You never had a good suit. You probably never laid on a good bed. You never eat a good meal, and maybe never had a good pair of shoes in your life. And now, you’re in darkness.” Oh, how cruel the devil can be.

<sup>36</sup> In that, it was projecting love to the old man. And as I put my arms around him and hugged him to my bosom, not waiting for any vision, just holding him to my bosom, I said, “O Father God, be merciful to this poor old man, somebody’s daddy.”

And I heard him scream, “Gloria a Dios!” And he jumped back from me; he rubbed his eyes; he fell on the floor; he kissed my hand; he was hollering, “Gloria a Dios!” which means “Glory to God.” And across the platform he went, seeing as good as anybody in the audience.

What was it? Divine love projected, resulted in sovereign grace taking its place. Divine love can only go so far. But when it is held true to the end, sovereign grace takes its place and produces that which love could not carry out.

Oh, friends, that’s what the church needs. It’s not a new organization, not a bunch of fantastics, not an argument, not a debate, it needs the baptism of love, to love one another. It doesn’t need new gifts; it needs love to operate the gifts it’s got. That’s what it needs.

<sup>37</sup> This may seem very strange, and if it does, well, we’re going to meet again someday. Animal life knows love. I’ve watched it. Being a hunter and an outdoorsman, I have watched how God provided. I’ve watched a fish with a hook in its mouth. Don’t worry about that. The acid of its body will eat it up in a little bit. I’ve watched a dog swallow a bone. Don’t worry about that. The acid in its body will take care of it. God has provided a way.

Some time ago in my home, I had a . . . I got one of these here power mowers. And I was mowing the yard at the parsonage. And I’d make a couple rounds and somebody would come in; I’d slip back and change my clothes, and run in, and pray for the sick; and then maybe, get out and mow another round, and somebody else come. And you know, the grass was growing up in the front yard before I could get to the back again. It was so hard.

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38 So it come that I was in the back yard on a hot August afternoon. And I had just went around, nobody to see me, and I pulled off my underneath shirt, with just my bare skin from my waistline up. It was so hot, and the hot mowing machine . . . And I was a mowing along, singing, “Oh, how I love Jesus,” thinking about the goodness of the Creator above. And so packed away into the—the spirit of what I was thinking of, the Lord, and I forgot, down in the corner of the fence was a great big nest full of hornets. And shoving my mow and singing with my eyes closed, praying, I ran right into the nest of those hornets. And all of a sudden, without thinking . . . I was completely covered around with hornets, and they can take your life. They’re great big things. One of them can flatten you on the ground.

Now, this may seem just a little fictitious to you, but did you ever know that truth is more stranger than fiction? But something happened. I wish it could stay that way.

39 Have you ever read my book, at the maniac out there in Washington? Have you read that? That maniac run to the platform, two hundred and sixty pound man, or more, and said, “I’ll break every bone in your body.” And police and ministers fled every way, and I was left on the platform with the maniac. Something happened.

I weighed at the time a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. And the maniac stood like that, his teeth set together, his eyes . . . He said, “You snake in the grass, up here pretending to be a man of God.” Said, “I’ll show how much man of God you are. I’ll break every bone in your body.” And he drew back his big fist, and he was well able, physically, to carry out his threat.

Something happened. Instead of despising the man, I felt sorry for him. I thought, “Poor man, you wouldn’t treat me that way. Why, you are a man just like I am. You wasn’t made to act like that. You were made to love, and to be a father of your children, and—and to love them, and to love all man. You were made to be a son of God, but the devil has took a hold of you.” I felt sorry for the man.

And he said . . . Walked up to me close and went [Brother Branham makes spitting sound—Ed.] spit in my face. I looked at him. Oh, I’ve had it happen with witch doctors and everything. Don’t worry. If God is with you, who can be against you?

40 So I looked at the man, and I thought, “Poor man, I love you, my poor lost brother.” Never said a word. And he walked up to me, and he raised his big fist back. And the crowd setting breathless, of six thousand inside, and pretty near that many standing in the rain. He drew back his big fist.

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He'd just struck a preacher. He was out of the insane institution. You might ask the police there. That was on the records to date. And he hit a minister and broke his jaw and his collar bone.

Run in there, and he run to the platform, and he said, "This night I'm going to break every bone in your body." And I looked at him, not with hatred, but with love. And as he did and started towards me, something inside of me said, "But tonight you'll fall over my feet."

"Fall over your feet," he said, "I'll show you, you snake in the grass, whose feet I'll fall over." And he ran to me and threw back his big fist to strike me. I said, "Satan, come out of that man." And his eyes set, his head went back, and he fell and pinned my feet to the floor. The police had to roll him off. Oh, that's it, love.

<sup>41</sup> When those hornets had me covered, and I knew that I'd be stung to death in a few moments, instead of running or being afraid . . .

There's only two elements that you can be controlled by: That is either faith or doubt. And that is . . . Doubt will accompany—a fear will accompany doubt. So if you're . . . Jesus said, "Fear not." Don't be afraid. God keeps His Word. No matter what condition you are tonight, God keeps His Word.

In closing now, in a few moments, listen close. What happened? I loved those fellows. That seems strange, but I did. And here's why . . . I—I talked to them. Now, I do not say they understood me, but somebody understood me, for I said, "Little creatures of God, I've interrupted you. You were sleeping, and I interrupted you. But I am the servant of your Creator, and His sick children are in my home to be prayed for. And I was mowing the grass, and I'm sorry I disturbed you, little creatures of God. Now, in the Name of Jesus Christ your Creator, my Lord, hurry back into your house, and I will not bother you no more."

And when I meet you at the judgment . . . Those hornets swarming over me had never touched me as yet, and they lined up in a single line and went right straight back in their nest. Love projected, sovereign grace takes its place.

<sup>42</sup> Seven years I was game warden in Indiana. One day while I was putting some fish in the water . . . I don't know why I'm saying these things. But crossing a field where a great bull had just killed a colored man, and he belonged on the pasture of Mr. Gurnsey up at Sellersburg, Indiana. I forgot the bull was in there, for there was signs all around, "Do not enter." But I had had a little old gun that I was supposed to pack, and I threw it in the car. And I was going across the field, over the hill to pray for a sick man that I knew.

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And I was walking through the field, not noticing, and all of a sudden right out in a bunch of bushes, up jumped this big killer. And he looked at me; he let out a roar; he threw his head down; and hooked his horns into the dirt and threw them back. Immediately I felt for my gun. It was in the car. There I stood, alone. The fence was about two hundred and fifty yards, the bull was about thirty yards, no trees nor nothing. I said, "Well, here is the end." I said, "I do not wish to die as a coward, but I will stand and die as Christian should die." And as I reckoned myself, and that big fellow turned around, I knew it must be death, to be gored to death in a few moments. I . . . Oh, he was more than a match for my strength.

<sup>43</sup> And I'm thankful I didn't have the gun for something happened. Oh, excuse my emotion, but something happened. Love come down. Now, this may seem strange, but it's truth. I talked to that bull. I said, "I disturbed you, but I am the servant of your Creator. I'm on my road to pray for my sick brother. I'm sorry I disturbed you. Now, you will not hurt me, for I love you. And how can you hurt me when I love you."

<sup>44</sup> And here he come. I was no more afraid of that animal than I am of my brethren setting here. He come and I just stood there. And I said, "I love you because God created you. I disturbed you, and I'm sorry." And as he come close to me, I stood still, and he got within about ten feet. He threw out his feet and stopped, and he looked so depleted. He looked this way and that way. I said, "In the Name of the Lord Jesus, you creature of God's creation, go over and lay back down." And God being my witness, the bull turned around and laid down, and I walked in five feet of him.

What was it? Death was at hand. Love was projected, and sovereign grace stopped the bull.

<sup>45</sup> Who has not heard the opossum story? As I close . . . It's went over the world. Last summer . . . Leo and Gene setting here, my two boys that takes the tapes . . . Brother and Sister Wood sets right out there. Leo and Gene is two fine boys that goes with in the meetings, one of Catholic family and the other one had formed a little FBI of their own. They were going to investigate me. And they did. And they've been going with me ever since, taking tape recordings. And they're fine Christian boys. And when they did, they were setting on the porch, and I call them my students. And I was teaching to them the love of God.

Mr. Wood and Mrs. Wood—Mrs. Wood was a Church of God, and Mr. Wood was a Jehovah Witness. And they had a crippled boy that had his leg drawed up. And they come to the Louisville meeting, and they seen the Lord doing the work. Mr. Wood, a very well-known contractor all over northern Kentucky, he said, "I might've been a

Jehovah Witness, but that's of God." So he goes to Houston, Texas, to the next meeting, and there's where the Angel of the Lord come down and had his picture taken. Mr. Wood and Mrs. Wood was present to see it.

<sup>46</sup> I went overseas to Sweden. On my road back, I started my meeting up in Ohio, Cleveland, Ohio. That night they come to the meeting, setting way back, and was setting, praying. And while I was on the platform, the Holy Spirit turned me around to their faith, and said something, maybe not these words, but on this matter. "The lady, and the man, and the little boy setting back there, he's a contractor from Kentucky; and they have a little boy that's crippled by paralysis, that's got his legs drawed up. But THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's healed." They didn't know what to say. In a few moments they said, "David, raised up." And David was as normal as any other boy. Love projected.

He quit contracting, sold out, bought a little place next door to me, and is my neighbor. Mrs. Wood is sort of a veterinarian. She loves animals and outdoors, a very fine lady. And their people are Methodists, I think.

<sup>47</sup> That morning I was teaching the boys on love. Now, closely, before closing . . . I looked coming down the road, and I seen a little object rolling and tumbling as it come down the road. And I looked, and it was about, I suppose, ten o'clock in day, boys. And what it was, it was a opossum. You know what opossums are up here. Now, anyone who knows wildlife knows that opossums travel at nighttime. They're blind in the day.

So here was this opossum traveling in the daytime. And he come down where there was no fences, two or three houses, coming from the woods, about five hundred yards across the highway. Here he come up the lane. And my house is fenced with a rock gate. And when the opossum got even with my house, he turned in. And I looked, and I said, "There's a opossum, and something has happened. It's perhaps got rabies. And look how it's acting, tumbling, rolling, fighting, trying to get in."

<sup>48</sup> And Mr. Wood had been raking in the yard and had a yard rake laying there. And I said to the boys, "Come out here just a moment." And I run, got the rake, and threw it over the opossum. At that time the milkman come up, Mr. Gilmore. We were looking at the opossum, and I said, "It must have rabies. Oh," I said, "no, and look." Oh, excuse this, but maggots was all over its leg, flyblows. The dogs had chewed it, or either it had been run over by a car and mashed to pieces.

"Oh," I said, "look how it's swollen up, that great big leg that big and its other one." I said, "It's—it's dying." And while I was holding the

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rake over the opossum, to my surprise. . . A opossum and a kangaroo is the only animals that pack their babies in a pocket. And her pocket let out, and she had nine little, tiny, naked babies. And I said, "Come here, boys. I will teach you some more of the Bible." I said, "Perhaps this opossum came in. . ."

<sup>49</sup> The day before there had been a very fine, beautiful, young colored lady of our city that had had a illegitimate born baby, and had wrapped it up in a blanket, and smothered it to death, and taken it out in a taxicab on the river, and dropped it in the river.

And we were talking of that. So I said, "That lovely young lady wasn't nothing like the mother that this opossum is." Not because she was a colored girl, no; white girls, brown girls, yellow, they all do the same without Christ. But I said, "The morals of this opossum is better than the morals of that woman, for that woman didn't want her baby, and she took its life." The police had her in jail. But I said, "This old mother opossum hasn't got over thirty minutes to live." And she was a biting on the rake for all she could do.

Usually when you touch them they, what you call "play opossum," falls. But she was making her way somewhere. And I said, "She is biting this rake, and she's so frantic; but she's a real mother. She'll give this last thirty minutes of her life, fighting for her babies." I said, "That's mother love." She loved her babies.

<sup>50</sup> I raised up the rake; on went the opossum rolling; and it went right up to my door; and there she fell, and exhausted. I said, "She's dead." And I went up there, and I punched her with the rake. But I seen she wasn't dead. She could still—little grins on the side. And I looked at that leg, laying all spraddled out, and those little babies nursing on that poor dying mother.

And then Mr. and Mrs. Wood come up. And Mrs. Wood, which is a dear, sweet, Christian woman, but in her terms of knowing, being kind of a veterinarian; she said, "Brother Branham, kill the opossum and get it out of its misery." And said, "The little ones has a round mouth. They cannot take a bottle, and they're too young anyhow. They're just a few hours old. So you'll have to take the little ones and kill them."

Oh, I thought, "I can't do that." I said, "I just can't."

Oh, she said, "Brother Branham, you're not going to let that poor thing lay there like that, and them little opossums nurse that milk from that dead mother. They'll die a horrible death."

<sup>51</sup> Now, the woman was right. But something in me wouldn't let it happen. She said, "Why, you're a hunter. Go get your gun and shoot her."

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I said, "I'm a hunter, but I'm not a killer." I said, "But I can't do it."

She said, "Let Banks . . ." That's her beloved husband, my buddy. Said, "Let him kill her."

I said, "I can't."

Said, "Do you mean you're going to let that poor animal lay in that hot sun, and those little ones scorch with their little naked bodies that gets the direct rays of this sun today, and her laying there groaning, sniffing, dying?"

<sup>52</sup> It looked like the humane thing to do, but I just couldn't do it. I talked to Leo and Gene. Later on they left. All through the day she laid there. I went . . . The little opossums still trying to nurse . . .

That night Mr. Wood come up and he said, "Now, Brother Branham, you've been busy all day. You've just got to leave everything alone. Come, I'm going to take you a little ride." We got the wife and we went out riding. And I found a little old dog laying on the side of the road, manged, eaten, flea-bitten. And I picked him up till the fleas was running over my hands. And my wife said, "Billy, you're not going to take that."

I said, "But honey, he's just a little fellow. Somebody's dropped him off, because he's mangy." I said, "He has a right to live." And I took him home, washed him up, and dosed him up, prayed for him. He's a fine big collie dog.

<sup>53</sup> When I went back in about eleven o'clock, there laid the old opossum, sprawled out. Brother Wood said, "Well, now she's gone." And the little ones still nursing. . . I said, "Well, maybe she is."

Said, "Why don't you kill her, Billy?"

I said, "I just can't."

So my boy come in around midnight from the river, fishing, and there laid the old opossum, still laying there. All night I thought of that opossum. I just couldn't get it off my mind. And the next morning early, I got up, went outside. And when I went outside, there laid the old opossum. Mr. Wood said to me that night, "You know, Brother Branham, if that opossum ever was going to move, it would move when the sun went down." Said, "You've trapped and hunted enough to know it."

I said, "That's right."

<sup>54</sup> And the next morning I went out. And I've got a little girl that saw her first vision just recently, a little eleven year old girl. She come out on the porch, little Rebekah. And she looked over at that, and she started to cry. She said, "Daddy, she's a real mother, isn't she?"

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I said, "Yes." I kicked her with my foot. She had dew all over her and the blowflies still on her. Said, "Daddy, what are you going to do with that mother opossum?"

I said, "Honey, daddy don't know."

She said, "You going to kill her, daddy?"

And I said, "Daddy can't do it, honey." I said, "Sweetheart, you're up too early," just her little pajamas on. . . I said, "You go in and get in the bed with mommy." So I hurried her off into the room. And I went down into the den room and set down. And I thought, "O God, how that poor old mother opossum has suffered. How she must love those babies." And as I set there, I thought, "Well, I'll hope I don't have to see her killed."

<sup>55</sup> And as I was setting there, something said to me, "You were preaching yesterday about her. You used her as your text."

I said, "That's right."

"You said she was a real mother."

I said, "That's right."

Said, "I sent her to your door, and she's laid at your door like a lady for twenty-four hours, waiting for her turn to be prayed for, and you've never said a word."

I said, "Well, I didn't. . ." I said, "Who am I talking to? Am I talking to myself?" I jumped up. I thought, "Oh, is that You, God?"

<sup>56</sup> And I walked out on the porch, and little Rebekah standing there looking at the mother opossum yet. She comes by it from the house. I went out to the opossum. I said, "God, I know that You know every flower. You know every sparrow. And being that this great horrible thing has happened to womanhood, of this beautiful young girl that killed her baby. . . And You wanted to show that You can even lead the animals. And she come up and has laid at my gate, waiting for her turn to be prayed for." I said, "I am sorry, God, that I did that." I said, "I didn't know it, God. I would have done it." But I said, "If it be Your Divine providence, that You have sought this, and want me to pray for the opossum, this I do in Christ's Name. Help her, Father. It's her love for her babies has been so great. . ." I thought, "O God, what would you do this?" And when I said that. . .

<sup>57</sup> Now, it may seem strange. It's went. . . Oh, I've got letters from Africa, from India, from over the world about it. The associated press, I think, caught it. And that old mother opossum raised up, picked her little ones into her pocket, walked down that lane just as normal as any other opossum could walk, rat tail hooked up; got down to the gate, and turned around as if to say, "Thank you, kind sir." And across the road

she went into the woods. And as far as I know is happy with her babies tonight.

If God could think that of a opossum, how much more can He think of you, when your love is produced and projected into the heart of the living God? If God . . . By instinct alone, that opossum didn't have any soul. It was a dumb animal. And if that could be done that way by the instinct, and the Holy Spirit could lead an old mother opossum there, knowing that He would have me to pray for that opossum. and her life would be spared, how much more are you than a opossum?

58 Why have you come here tonight to be prayed for? Where is your soul standing with God, is my question? Let us bow our heads just a moment. I spoke at length, I don't know why. You're so lovely. And I know someday after tomorrow, perhaps we'll have to be separated for miles apart.

While we are setting with our heads bowed, I wonder as I ask you, if "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but would have Eternal Life," I wonder, have you appreciated that in such a measure that you have accepted His gift to you of Eternal Life?

Now, be honest, every head bowed, every eye closed. Have you been strangely thinking of something? "Oh, I've just been a church member; I've never received His love to me, to make my life what it should be. I would like to have it. I want God to come to me tonight, and fill me with His Spirit, and forgive me of my sins." Would you just raise your hand to God, while every head's bowed? I will. God bless you. God bless you, lady. God bless you, you, you, sir, and you, you. Oh, my! God bless you, you, lady, you, you, and you, brother, and you, and you, brother, and you, sister, you, brother, you.

59 Oh, they're all over the building. God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my sister, there. Up in the balconies now, how many up there would say, "Brother Branham, I'm going to be honest with God. Something has spoke to my heart since I've been setting here. Really, I'm not all I could be."

God bless you, brother. "I now raise my hand . . ." God bless you, lady. God bless you, lady. God bless you, sonny. Oh, my! God bless you, little girl. God bless you, lady. God bless you. God bless you up there. I . . . God bless you, my brother. God bless you, my brother.

60 "Somehow, Brother Branham, way in my heart . . ." God bless you, sister. "I been feeling very strangely warmed, but there's something that has been lacking in me. I want God to fill it right now with His love." God bless you, sister. God bless you. God bless you, and you, and you, and you. Oh, my! Just everywhere.

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“I want God just now in His mercy, for I’m in love with Him. I want Him to give me such Divine love, that sovereign grace will send back the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon me to make me a different person.”

How many here that’s already accepted Christ that’s never been filled with the Holy Spirit, and you want to love God so much that He will fill you with the Holy Spirit, would you raise your hand? Oh, all over the building, everywhere, where at least two hundred or a hundred and fifty more sinners has raised their hand, some two or three hundred or more people seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

<sup>61</sup> If God so thought of a poor old mother opossum, how much more does He love you? “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son. . . .” You say, “Brother Branham, what would it mean if I raised my hand?” It’s the difference between life and death for you. “Oh, it’s just a little thing.” I know. So is John 3:16. But it’s the difference between life and death. That’s what it means.

Jesus said in Saint John 5:24, “He that heareth My words and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath Everlasting Life, and shall not come into the judgment, but pass from death to Life.”

Would there be another one that’s outside of Christ, that never raised your hand, would raise it now and say, “Remember me. God here I am. Here I am.” Up in the balcony? God bless you. God bless you, sir, you. That’s good. One. . . . Would there be another, surely somewhere, outside of Christ? God bless you, sir. God sees your hand. God bless you, little lady.

Oh, it’s a real thing to recognize that the living God is present now, to do for you those things which you could not do yourself. God bless you, sir. That means the difference between life and death to you.

<sup>62</sup> Someone on the bottom floor again, would say, “Remember me, God. I’m raising my hand, not so much, not for Brother Branham to see it, but I want You to see me, God.” God bless you, way against the wall there. God bless the colored lady; I see you. God bless you. God sees you, sir.

Down in the halls on the outside and in the corridors up there, that can’t get in, would you raise your hand. . . .? . . . say . . . remember me. God bless you, man. God sees you. God sees you. . . .? . . .

Down this other corridor and around this way, would you say, “God remember me. I want to be remembered, Lord. And this night I’m raising my hand as a sign that I now believe and accept the love of God.”

If you belong to church, you're a church member; that's all right. But I want you to be a Christian plus a church member.

<sup>63</sup> All right, is there another just before we pray? God bless this little boy setting here. God bless the little . . . ? . . . up there. Oh, sure, just another that will repent. God bless you, sonny boy, standing there, a little boy of about ten years old. The Bible says, "Suffer little children to come to Me, forbid them not." God bless you, my brother standing there. Certainly.

<sup>64</sup> "I've been strangely moved in my heart, Brother Branham. Something came to me and said, 'Make it right just now. I'm the love of God that's knocking at your heart. I—I want to come in tonight. I so loved you, that I gave the best I have. Now, will you give me your life?'"

"What does he want to do with it, destroy it?"

"No, raise it up again."

<sup>65</sup> When the cold winter is over, you'll come right to this . . . ? . . . You'll come back as a new man, young man, young woman, and be forever that way. No more old age or wrinkles, gray hair, broken down bodies, or sickness will bother you at the resurrection. You'll be immortal, made in His likeness. You have the choice tonight. All right, while we bow our heads, and if the sister that's on the piano . . .

<sup>66</sup> O God, this is the hour; this is the time, that wherever many hands has went up . . . They're sincere, Lord. And I as Your servant, I'm interceding for them. I'm asking mercy. God grant it. And may they all be saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. And may the love of God that's shed abroad by the Holy Spirit fill each heart. And may they walk out of this building with all of their grudges and their differences all done away with.

We know that sin is black and dark, but the utmost parts of the sins could only be a drop, as if it falls from an ink dropper into a great big tub of bleach. Try to find it again. Oh, it could not be found. When ink is dropped into the bleach, the ink will, ink becomes bleach. And when the unrighteousness of a penitent sinner drops into the Blood of the Righteous, they become the righteousness of God. Jesus, we take Your Word for it. Thy Word is forever true.

When you said, "He that heareth My Word, believeth on Him that sent me, hath Everlasting Life, and shall never come to the judgment, but's passed from death unto Life . . ." And I pray, as only a servant could do, for each hand that went up. Thou knowing their heart, will give to them the very satisfaction of every need that they have.

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<sup>67</sup> Maybe never will I shake their hands even on this earth, but when all of life is over, and someday when we gather at the close of the day, and the great wedding supper is set, and we see the redeemed of all ages around the table . . . And as we look across the table to each other, a little tear will streak down our cheeks, when we see our friends have crossed over safely. Then the King will come out and wipe all tears from our eyes, saying, "Do not cry. It's all over. Enter into the joys of the Lord, that's been prepared for you since the foundation of the world."

God grant every person in Divine Presence tonight, will be in Divine Presence then. If we have found grace in Thy sight, we offer Thee this prayer in their behalf, in the Name of Thy beloved Child, the Lord Jesus. Amen.

<sup>68</sup> I don't mean to be a baby, to weep. But there's just something about the Holy Spirit that just makes you, not weep for sorrows, but for joy. Just something springs forth. Think how the Angels must be rejoicing just now.

How many feels real, real good in your soul, would you just raise your hands to God? Oh, my! I wonder if we could sing just once more as we did last night, "I Will Praise Him!" Will you give us a chord, sister, if you will? All together, now.

Somebody help me here. I'm not a singer. And if somebody'd help me to lead the singing, or Dr. Vayle, or would you? While we sing "I Will Praise Him, praise the Lamb for sinners slain; give Him glory all ye people, for His Blood can wash away each stain." Let's raise our hands while we sing it. Everybody now.

I will praise Him, I will praise Him,  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Give Him glory all ye people,  
For His blood has washed away each stain.

Oh, isn't that lovely? Let's do it again. Come on, everybody.

I will praise Him, I will praise Him,  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Give Him glory all ye people,  
For His blood has washed away each stain.

<sup>69</sup> Oh, just reach over and shake hands with somebody setting by you, and say, "Praise the Lord." All you Methodists, and Baptists, and Full Gospel, and all together, just shake hands. Oh, isn't it wondrous? How good it is to be a Christian. Oh, isn't He wonderful?

Now, friends, it's just a little late, and we're going to ask, that maybe some of you have to go, and we'll let those be dismissed while we call

the prayer line. And now, tonight we're going to try something new, that I haven't done for a long time. Dr. Vayle is going to take a microphone, and go to the corner, and meet to the people, and call what they are. And I'm going to try without discernment if the Holy Spirit will let me, to pray and lay hands on those who have to go back.

<sup>70</sup> Now, tomorrow morning you go to your church. And if you're visiting here, go to some of these good churches around here. The pastor will be glad to see you. Go up and shake his hand. Tell him you've been here at the meeting, give him a hearty welcome out to the meeting tomorrow afternoon.

If you're down at Spencerville, there's a Methodist church down there; a colored brother has a Methodist church. And I'm sure he'd be happy to see you. The man usually sets along here, a very fine man. I don't guess he's here tonight, but he has been each night.

And then there's other churches around. And tomorrow morning if you want to come down to the First Baptist Church, I'll be speaking at ten o'clock until eleven. And then tomorrow afternoon at two-thirty, back in the building again for the service, the message, and tomorrow night a healing service in the regular way. And tonight, we're going to try to get the emergencies through by praying and laying hands on them.

<sup>71</sup> Now, where's Billy? What—what is emergency? Y's? There's a Y for emergency. You got a card that's got a Y on it. How many? 1 to 50. Well, let's just start with 1. And who's got Y number 1, could you raise up your hand? Lady there, number 1. Number 2? Number 3? 4? 5? 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. That's Y-1 to 10 stand right in here if you can.

All right. And now, we're going to pray. And I'm going to ask you one thing. You people who just came to Christ, would you do this? Do this. Tomorrow morning, if you live in the vicinity here, go to some good church, and say, "Pastor, I—I want to join this church. I want to be baptized. I want to put my membership here."

Now, there's a—a church that's cooperating here. It's called the—the Foursquare Church. There's one called the Full, the Church of God. Brother Vayle . . . ? . . . Have you announced it? All right. Find your places and take up . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

One day on the Indian reservation in Ari . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . our sister, be gone in Christ's Name.

<sup>72</sup> Now, with your heads bowed just a moment . . . What was your condition, sister? Oh, the throat . . . ? . . . I—I honestly, I—I don't see any difference. I want you to notice a growth, a little lump that was setting right here in this little vein placed in her throat right here, has been taken away by the Lord Jesus just now. A little lump about like that,

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sticking here on her throat has been taken away by our Lord. Let us give Him praise and say, "Thank you, Lord." Praise be to God.

[Brother Vaile says "Stroke condition, Brother Branham."—Ed.] Oh, stroke . . . ? . . . Now, sir, we know that only God can do this. And I—I know that He did die for that purpose. And now, I . . . The angel of the Lord sent me to pray for the sick. That I know. Now . . . And told me if I'd get the people to believe, and be sincere, that He would heal the sick. Not because I prayed, but because His Word would be fulfilled.

Now, will you praise Him if He will heal you, give Him all the glory for it? I pray that He will grant . . . Now, is the . . . ? . . . Have you been here nights before? This is your first night. You've never seen the visions of the Lord work.

<sup>73</sup> Now, I'm going to ask each one to bow their heads for this paralyzed man with a stroke, that you will pray with all your heart with me, that our prayers together might help this poor dear brother. You are a Christian.

Now, kind heavenly Father, we are so in love with You, and we know that Thou has all the power in heaven and earth. And I'm thinking of this dear man, standing here dragging this foot and this arm hanging down, swinging at his side. Satan has determined to afflict him and stop him. And we are praying with all our hearts, asking that the love that is within our hearts for him will be projected to Thy throne, and there may the sovereign grace of Christ return, and touch his body, and take away this stroke. O blessed Saviour, may our faith be strong. And may our brother get well, in Jesus' Name we ask it.

<sup>74</sup> And now, I'm going to ask the audience if they will just keep their heads bowed, just a moment. Please don't look, 'cause in doing so, you just interfere just a little. Would you just keep your head bowed? I don't know that God will touch the man. I do not know. I'm just asking Him. And please now, if you hear my voice, keep your heads bowed.

Now, I'm going to ask you to . . . ? . . . I'm going to ask to raise the . . . ? . . . Raise your hand up. Could you have done it . . . ? . . . All right, you may raise your heads. He has dropped his hat; his hands are up; his feet is loosed; and God has healed the man. Walk back up this way. You may go off the platform happy. Walk like a young man . . . ? . . . Let us say, "Praise the Lord."

Here's the lady with the braces on her has just taken them off. Thanks be to God. Amen.

Let us say a prayer, pray a prayer to God of thanks. Heavenly Father, in Jesus Christ's Name we give Thee praise, thanks for all that

Thou has done. Thou art the living Christ, and we ask Your eternal blessings upon those who are waiting. In Jesus' Name we ask it. Amen.

<sup>75</sup> [Brother Vayle says, "This is Sister . . . ? . . . going blind from kidney infection—Ed.]

Would you come, sister? Now, please pray; it's hard to hold the vision. See? But I—I . . . Visions is a—a prophetic gift that sends the Presence of the Holy Spirit through the audience, and you receive it. This is a gift of healing. The Angel of the Lord . . . Have you read my book? He said with a . . . And I haven't exercised this for some time. But He said, "If you'll get the people to believe . . ."

I said, "They will not believe me because I'm uneducated."

He said, "You are given two signs to do before the people, and by this they will believe you."

<sup>76</sup> And Dr. Lee Vayle, setting today, telling me how that he watched me up in Portland, Ore, or Washington, in the big Ice Arena, and in Vancouver, how that the people were healed. He said, "Brother Branham, what has happened?"

I said, "The people rally for the visions."

He said, "Is there any way that you could . . . ? . . . off just for a little bit and exercise the gift that God has given you?"

I said, "He told me if you'd be sincere nothing should stand before the prayer." And I believe that I have, maybe, passed over many things. The American people must have hands laid on them. That is their way.

<sup>77</sup> Now, sister, blindness is an horrible thing, and I certainly wouldn't want to see you blind. But Jesus of Nazareth touched the blind man by the Jericho gate, and he received his sight. You believe that God will heal you tonight? Now, let us bow our heads just a minute.

O merciful Father God, in Who we love and trust, we give to Thee praise and glory. In the presence of this audience we thank Thee for Jesus Thy Son, and praise Thee for His atoning grace for us. And if Thy Presence is here healing the sick and making the afflicted well . . . And now, this our dear sister comes in confession of her faith, knowing that's she's going blind. But she has come to Thee, and as Your servant I lead her to Christ, and with my hands upon her as a commission of God, I ask that the blindness go from her eyes, and the infection leave her body, and she will remain throughout her life with good sight. In Jesus' Name this will pass.

<sup>78</sup> Now, with your heads bowed, with your eyes closed just a moment. Now . . . ? . . . Now, sister, not knowing how well your eyes were, I want you to look up toward me. Do you see all right now? Do you see me well? Can you see me better, different from what you did when you

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come to the platform? Could you tell me at this time how many fingers I have up? What say? Can you believe that your blindness has ceased? Can you read that now?

All right, you may raise your head. The lady could not read; she was going blind without her glasses. And here she now can read the Bible. And she couldn't . . . Can you see all right now? Raise your hand if that is so. Now, let us give God praise and thanks for His goodness for healing the lady.

Oh, our hearts are happy Father, for Your healing grace . . . ? . . . And may our beloved sister be completely well from this night on. May it never bother her no more. May her doctor write out his testimony of how the infection left her body. We pray in Christ's Name and give You thanks. Amen. God bless you, sister, and I believe you'll be all right.

<sup>79</sup> [Brother Vayle says, "This is Mrs. Brown of Adrian, Michigan. She has a stomach trouble—Ed.]

Stomach trouble, that is a horrible thing, sister. In eating, the nervous system lays in the stomach, and when the stomach sours, the food doesn't digest right, and it's an awful thing. I suffered so much with it when I was a young man. But, then the Lord healed me. And I'm sure He would to you.

You are a Christian, and you believe the Lord will make you well. And you're conscious that I'm just your brother, but Jesus is the Christ; He's here to make you well. Shall the audience bow their heads and pray with me now.

Now, kind heavenly Father, as this nervous little lady comes here, with her head bowed . . . And she knows that You are the great Physician. And her love is reaching out . . . ? . . . it can. And that's why she's standing here. Her love is reaching out. And Thy love reaches down. And when love is projected like this, surely sovereign grace will take its place and heal her. Grant it, Lord. I ask it in Jesus' Name, and for His sake, and this lady. Amen.

Now, sister, of course right now, in nothing visibly could we show you could eat, that your stomach is healed. But do you believe that it is healed . . . ? . . . with all your heart? All right. Now, you just go ahead and eat, just like you always did, giving God praise. And you give us your testimony. Will you do that? Thanks be to God for your healing. God bless you.

<sup>80</sup> [Brother Vayle says . . . ? . . . Webster plagued with a nervous disorder—Ed.] That is a horrible thing. It's a serious thing that is . . . ? . . . It's an awful thing, a shadow of darkness like, and it always makes you so upset. But you know, everybody keeps saying, "Oh, get next to yourself." How? How can you when something is haunting you?

But you say, “Perhaps you’re not feeling bound.” But . . . ? . . . it’s all true. But you know that Jesus can make you well. Don’t you, sister? Yes, God bless you. Now, let us bow our heads just a moment for this little nervous sister.

And Father, this is some mother’s darling baby, perhaps some man’s wife, maybe some child’s mother. And she stands here with a gloom. Satan is making her nervous. Oh, he would’ve had her to commit suicide. He would send her to the insane asylum, cause her to set in a padded cell . . . ? . . . against the wall. But she come forward to confess her love. And in reaching out just now . . . ? . . . O God, send down sovereign grace. And may the Holy Spirit drive away this enemy from her. And may right now it leave her, and may it never return again. And may she be happy all the rest of her life, and free from this disease and affliction. Through Jesus’ Name.

Now, with your heads bowed just a moment. Now, sister, won’t you look this a way. Has it left you? You feel all right now? It’s all gone? Amen. Now, you can raise your head. Now, you can go off the platform happy, rejoicing, praising God . . . ? . . . Let us hear from you. God bless you.

<sup>81</sup> [Brother Vayle says, “Little David . . . ? . . . a lump on his wrist—Ed.] Little boy coming to be prayed for. All right . . . ? . . . A lump on the little boy’s wrist. Shall we bow our heads?

Are you his father? You are a Christian? You believe that God will remove this lump? Will you love Him, and praise Him, and raise up the boy to serve Him, if He will let this growth go away from his body?

Dear heavenly Father, as this little blond-headed, blue-eyed boy stands, I’m thinking of my own little Joseph at home, who is perhaps crying tonight, “Where is dada?” But I am here as the servant of my Lord, praying for this man’s darling, that means just as much to him as my child does to me. And God, You so loved us and our children, till You gave Your only begotten Son, that through His sacrifice . . . ? . . . that He would save us and heal our bodies.

And this growth that’s on the wrist of this child, I now as the servant of Christ, condemn it upon the confessions of this man who comes, who offered the child to me to pray for, and ask that in Jesus’ Name, God’s beloved Son, that He will take the growth from the child’s wrist, for the glory of God and the testimony of Christ. For it is in Jesus’ Name we ask it, as our love, the little one not understanding, we . . . ? . . . it to the ends of its strength. And now, may sovereign grace grant what you’ve asked for.

With every head bowed, every eye closed in prayer . . . The lump has gone from the little boy’s wrist . . . ? . . .

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We give God praise and thanks for His healing. . . ? . . . kind sir. And yes, it'll be all right now. And bless your heart now. God bless you, sir.

See how great our Lord is? How great Thou art. How great Thou art. Now, we thank God for His goodness. All right, Brother Vayle.

<sup>82</sup> [Brother Vayle says, "Mrs. Holstrom from Columbus. She has swelling in the legs—Ed.] Mrs. Holstrom, I. . . Are. . . You are a Christian. . . ? . . . Your expression in this meeting would let us know that you was a believer. And now you've come, as your love in Christ, to know that this swelling is evil. And you love the Lord. And you come now to project your love to Him. And I come to offer mine with you. And may sovereign grace come down and heal you, and may you never have the swelling any more. You will believe, won't you? Can I just take your hand for a point of contact?

Dear heavenly Father, as hundreds of people in this building, believing Christians, borned again men and women, boys and girls, who are now projecting to Thee their love along with this sister who has swelling in her body. . . And she is here to believe, and to accept, and to send forth her love to Thee, to walk out before these people tonight, before men who could pray for her, believing that Thou will condemn the disease of her body and will extend her good health to her. O God, with all my heart I pray that You will grant this blessing to her. In Jesus' dear Name I ask it. 

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Sovereign Grace Takes Its Place  
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