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# BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK

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 Let us bow our heads just a moment for prayer.

<sup>2</sup> O God, we thank Thee tonight for this fine fellowship that we've had in this past week, around Thy Word, with Thy people. And we would ask Thee, our God, to bless these, who have attended this meeting, and supported it in every way. And may this little flower of salvation never die in these people. May it just keep blooming until there is an old fashioned revival that just sweeps throughout the nation. Grant it, Father.

We commit all these things to Thee now, doing all that we believe, that, the best that we could do, and leaving the rest up to You.

<sup>3</sup> Give us the exceeding abundance tonight, Father. May there not be one feeble person in our midst when the service is closed, neither spiritually or physically. And all praise shall be Thine, for we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

You may be seated.

(If you don't mind. That's right. That's all right, brother.)

I'm just a little bit hoarse, so I was getting this little fellow closer to me, here.

<sup>4</sup> I don't know when I've enjoyed a fellowship with people, as I have this past week, in your city. This has been just a real jubilee for me. I'm sorry I had to come to you tired, but I'm just about that way all the time, because I'm on the move all the time.

And we're leaving, now, tomorrow, for Concord, I believe it is, New Hampshire, for two nights.

<sup>5</sup> This is our long stay. And we're grateful for, to you, for all that you have done: to the World Harvest, who is our sponsors, we certainly thank them for . . . to bring us here; and to you ministers who have cooperated; and to the laity; and you people who have given us the offerings, and things, that's paid the expense.

<sup>6</sup> And Brother Vayle just told me that there was a kind of a offering taken up now, for missions and myself. That, I thank you, with all my heart. With the best of God's knowledge. . . my knowledge, that God will give me, I will do the best that I can to see that it goes to the kingdom of God.

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7 And now, if anytime I can be a blessing to you, or help in any way, you just let me know. Write to me: it's Post Office Box 325 at Jeffersonville, Indiana; or if you can't think of the Post Office Box, just write "Jeffersonville, Indiana." And it'll come to me. And if I can send you a anointing cloth, pray for you, and, or anything that I can do to help you, make life a little better for you; I'm your brother in Christ.

8 And then, I am trusting to the Lord, that someday, it would be pleasing to God and the will of the people, that we'll get to return back again to you; because we certainly enjoyed this stay, being here.

9 And Dr. Vayle; and myself; and Mr. Sweet; and Billy Paul; Leo and Gene, the tape boys; and Brother Sothmann and his son: we all want to thank you for your kindness, and your fellowship. I've never seen it any better in the world. And I thought when I went . . . come to New England, that it would be a very starchy, indifferent group of self-styled, conservative people. But I have found out that that's wrong.

10 Being a southerner, they've always kind of had a little feeling about the south; course, you all know, we won the war. See? You know that. There's no more Yankees left, just one southerner. I told somebody that in a restaurant, here the other day; they stopped, and looked at me. To think of that problem: did you see what the southerner said to the Yankee when he was dying? Sent him a telegram, said, "God bless you, Yankee, I hope to see you again." Why couldn't that have been at the first place? That's right. It's too bad we have to have that.

11 But I been treated real nice, and they talk about "southern hospitality," you have to come north to find it; that's right, really mean that, very nice. So, "God bless you," is the best thing that I can say, and I'm sure if He will do that, we'll all meet again, someday. Maybe if not in this life, we will in the life that is to come. That's the one we look forward to.

12 In this week, the last few nights especially, I've kind of had a bad voice. I told you I would like to have preached on some subjects like *Eagle Stirring Its Nest*, and so forth, but I just haven't had the voice to do it.

13 I been kind of blunt on some of the things that I've said. But out of the Scripture, trying to lay a foundation, that, on that foundation, if you'll receive it, New England can have a revival that will sweep, not New England, but the world. Because we're all hungry for the Bread of Life, back to the old ways again, back to the old-fashion Gospel, and let's keep it moving. There's enough people in here tonight, would take that upon their heart, I tell you, you'd be making headlines in the newspaper a week from now, throughout all New England. It can be

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done, if you just let God fill your heart and soul and life, you . . . the rest of it'll take place. He'll guide you from then on.

<sup>14</sup> And now, tonight, it's . . . We're coming close to the end of our little, New England journey. We got about eight more nights through the New England states here, and end up at New York at Manhattan Center.

<sup>15</sup> And then on, I believe it's the first of July, we'll be over in Philadelphia, at the International Convention of the Full Gospel Businessmen. I don't know just where it's . . . Convention Hall, I believe, there, is where it will be. And that's the Full Gospel Christian Businessmen's International Convention. There'll be people there from all over the world. I'm one of their speakers at that time.

<sup>16</sup> So, we'd be glad to have any of you there, if you're around. We won't be having healing services, just speaking. I'd like to have a chance then, to shake your hand, and renew our acquaintance.

And now, tonight, I wish to turn in to the Scripture here.

<sup>17</sup> I better get this thing back, I'm—I'm sure it's . . . you can hear me anyhow. You can hear all right? Back in the back, can you hear all right? Up in the balcony? Raise your hands if you can, just raise . . . Well, that's fine.

There's nothing like the—the Word of God. I just love to read It, because I know that you can rest upon what you read.

<sup>18</sup> And now, Gypsy Smith once said, when he was about down to the end of his journey, someone asked him, said, "Mr. Smith, what was the most thrilling thing that—that you can remember in your ministry?"

<sup>19</sup> He said, "It was an offering." And they looked at him kind of strange. He said, "They were taking up an offering for me one night, and when I come in the back door," said, "there was a—a little girl standing there with a—a little piece of paper in her hand, real ragged and poor. And she said, 'Here Mr. Smith, they were putting your offering in, up there, in the plate,' she said, 'but I'm afraid they wouldn't have accepted mine, so I thought I would just hand it to you here, Mr. Smith.' Said, 'My father has been saved, and my mother has been saved in your meeting, and I wanted to give you my offering. It's all I have.'"

<sup>20</sup> Said, he said, "Bless your heart, honey." Patted her on the head and went on. And you'll never guess what it was: a little lollipop wrapped up in a piece of paper. Said that struck him about as hard as anything.

<sup>21</sup> And then last night, when I was coming up the steps, I thought of that. There was a typical, little, New England girl about six years old, or seven, standing down there at the Coke machine.

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22 I love little children. I got a little ol' boy at home, little Joseph, and them; as soon as I get in: why, we . . . I have to give him a piggyback, you know; and bounce him around; and we go hunting, you know, and so . . .

23 And there was a little girl standing there. I said . . . I was talk- . . . speaking to the folks coming up, she looked around . . . she . . . that little . . . What is it you call, the hair twisted over like that? Ponytail? There? Right there? And my little girls have them, too. So then I said, "How do you do, honey?"

24 And she said, "Say, Brother Branham, I like you." I thought of that several times through the night when I woke up last night. That just meant something to me, that little child saying that: "I like you, Brother Branham." I'll remember that.

I said, "Honey, that's mutual. I like you, too." Doesn't little children just get next to you?

25 I remember in Finland after the resurrection of that little boy, I'd—I had a bunch of that money that just kind of, oh, I guess you'd have to have a pile *that* big to make a quarter, and so, it wasn't, it was no good to us. So, I'd wait till all the manager and all of them, have them all down at the place speaking, you know; I'd get out on the street, and get this money (People would give it to me, put it in my pockets going out, you know.) and I'd get all the candy I could, and I'd have a string of kids, just, a city block long, all the little fellows.

26 I remember when that little boy that had been raised up; you've read it in the book, um-hum, and so, that went all over the country. And that night, coming in, I was, oh, two or three city blocks before we could get, even, to the Messuhalli; where we were having twenty-five thousand there, and they let me speak to them, then make them go out, another twenty-five thousand come in, like that. So, coming down the street: little Finnish soldiers, little young kiddies, never shaved, they, just smooth faced little boys, and long overcoats, great big boots, and they were going along, they were guarding, coming down, to keep the people from sides.

27 And I seen something take place there: Russians soldiers standing there at that Russian salute, tears running down their cheeks, they said, "We'll receive a God like that, that has power to raise the dead." What caused communism? The church let down. Right. "We'll receive a God like that." And I've seen Russian soldiers put their arms around a Fin, and hug them, and pat them on the back. Anything that'll make a Russian pat a Fin, or a Fin pat a Russian, will settle wars. Christ is the Answer every time.

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28 I went in, just with five or six little soldiers around me with their little knives out to . . . We started in a little place, and went up the steps, like you come in, and they were *then* singing *Only Believe* in their own language.

29 And over in the ladies' dormitory, a little girl stepped out of there. She was the most pitiful looking sight I ever seen: her little ragged hair; and her little skirt's all ragged; and she had a (she was a afflicted child), she had a—a brace around her, here. Her picture is in the book, the details of it isn't there, but just the picture, and a little of the detail. She had a big brace around her *this* way, and one leg was about, oh, three or four inches shorter than the other, and she had no use of that limb at all, it swung free. And she had braces that braced up each side, and a big shoe, and in the end of that shoe she had a snap, and a strap that went over her shoulder, hooked back in the back of her belt behind her; two crutches. And the way she'd walk: this strap, being kind of tight, she would set her little crutches out, and raise her little shoulder, and pick up that bad leg, and set it out on those braces, and then she could make her walk.

30 When, she was just about as far as that wall, when I, coming in, and when she seen that it was . . . who . . . that it was me, well, she—she stopped, she didn't know what . . . They had told them, don't bother me when I was coming in, you know. And I . . . that's almost heartless, but you'd have a . . . you would just suffocate; they'd just pile in on you. And—and so I looked at that little thing; I knew that child wanted to come over there. And the—the soldier behind me motioned on; I couldn't speak one word, so I just told him, "Just a minute." And the other two or three turned around: "Just a minute."

I looked at the little girl, I said, "Do you want to come over here, honey?" Course, she didn't understood what I said.

31 And then I motioned to her like *this*, and here she come. She put her little crutches out, raised up her little leg, and set it over, and she come over. And I just stood to watch, see what that kid would do. And she come right up close to me, stopped, held her little crutches out. She reached down and got a hold of the . . . my pocket; pulled it up to her little lips, and kissed my pocket, dropped the coat down. As the little Finnish girls, always very politely, hold her little crutches, she had pulled her little skirt out, said, "Kiitos." *Kiitos* means, "Thank you." "Kiitos." I looked over, and them little lips quivering, little pale looking cheeks, and the tears running down her little cheeks; I found out later, she was a little war orphan. Her father and mother had been killed by the Russians in the war, and she was living in a tent. (And this affair, that they'd made up for her.) She didn't have neither father nor mother.

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I believe if I'd have been the biggest hypocrite in the world, God would have honored that child's faith.

<sup>32</sup> I couldn't talk to her. I was just kind of wiping a little tear from my eye, and started . . . and I seen her standing in front of me, in a vision, with no braces on, just as well. I thought, "How can I make her understand that?" I said, "Sweetheart, Jesus, He healed you."

She said that, "Kiitos," she thought I was getting after her, started going back like that.

I thought, "Well, bless her little heart, she'll find it out sometime." I went on in.

<sup>33</sup> About the end of the service and my—my brother, then (Billy was too little to be with me), Mr. Baxter and them was standing there; they thought I had just about enough, they was leaving the—the . . . going to make me leave the platform. And I said, "Oh, well, just call five, about five more, and let them come up."

<sup>34</sup> So they had to get the interpreter who had give out the prayer cards, and we couldn't speak the Finnish language, and somebody *there* had to give the cards out. And by God's grace, she was next one in line. I said to Mrs. Isaacson (who is to meet me in New York, she was there the other night, my interpreter, American born, Finnish speaking woman), and I said, "Sister Isaacson, just say as I say."

<sup>35</sup> And I said, "Bless your little heart, honey. You're the little girl that was out there just a few minute . . . Jesus has made you well, honey. You go over, and have some of them take those braces off, hold your little hands on your hips, and as the brace comes off, just slide your little hand down your limb, then come back and show me." And the next was a woman, they brought her up. All of a sudden I heard a scream, and here she come with those braces over her shoulder, screaming to the top of her voice, running up and down some steps, that run that way, just as hard as she could go; them little eyes all brightened up.

<sup>36</sup> I tell you, that would make me try to swim the ocean, to see God do something like that for another one. Something about the little fellow was tender. I really love them. I may never see her again in life; but I guess I will on the other side.

<sup>37</sup> Now, we're going to open the Word. Now, I'm going to speak tonight from the Laodicean Church Age. Which, I'm sure that all of us, tonight, know that we are living in the Laodicean Church Age. Do you believe that? That was the last church age, and this is the message to the Laodicean Church Age. Being that I been so hard on the morals of the people, and the country, and the way the church has let down, I thought maybe I'd speak from *this* tonight.

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Before we open the Book, let's speak to the Author first, with our heads bowed.

<sup>38</sup> Father, we are now just about to open this Word, lay back the pages, and read out of here for a context. We would ask You to be merciful, and to interpret the Word to us, for we know that there is no man that's able, as we saw in the Scriptures, no man could open the Book or to loose the Seals thereof, no man in Heaven, in earth, beneath the earth; but the Lamb came, and taken the Book, and He opened It, and took the Seals, and opened the Seals, and revealed It. O Lamb of God, come tonight and reveal Thy Word to us, and open it up that our understanding might be perfect.

<sup>39</sup> Lord God, I'm insufficient to speak to this lovely group of people. Not saying this that'd they hear me, for that would be hypocrite, but Thou knowest, Lord; and I pray that You'll give me something to say at this time, that might start the revival to really flowing. Grant it, Lord.

<sup>40</sup> May the sick be healed; the deaf and dumb to speak and hear; the blind see; the cripples walk. May they see and understand that Jesus is present. And when we leave tonight, may we say, like those who came from Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us, as He talked to us along the way?" For we ask it in His Name, and for His glory. Amen.

<sup>41</sup> In the Book of Revelation, the 3rd chapter and the 20th verse, I want to read this one verse. Many of you will read . . . has read the entire Book. I wish you would read this 3rd chapter, anyhow, when you go home tonight. But the 20th verse reads this:

*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*

<sup>42</sup> That's just a little portion of this great message to the Laodicean church. But you see, there's enough there, if God will just open that up to us, then we will have sufficient. It's His Word. And there is many times, like in the message, sometimes we could preach hours, and sometimes just ten minutes. It depends on what part of the Word that God opens to us.

<sup>43</sup> It's the little things that we leave undone, trying to do the big things. And a chain is only at its—its best at its weakest link. Remember, no matter how great the other links are, it'll never hold no more than its weakest link. And the church is the same: no stronger than its weakest member.

<sup>44</sup> And we try to think if we could get great crowds of people, or great, powerful speakers, or have something great to be done, or attract the attention of the great people; but you see, God don't always look at what we call great. God sees the little things, too.

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45 Up in our neighboring nation, Canada, some time ago, my good friend, Brother Baxter from Vancouver, we were up there at the visit of King George. That was before he had been healed with the multiple sclerosis and his ulcerated stomach. And I certainly had a respect for the man. And when he came down through the street that day, yet suffering, they said, intense pain from both his sclerosis and his ulcer, he set straight, bowing to his subjects as he passed along the street.

46 And I noticed my friend, when the king passed by, he just chuckled out and wept. He said, "Brother Branham, think, there is the king, and look at the queen in her beautiful gown."

47 And I thought, "If that would make a Canadian feel that good" in which I respect, and think that's fine, "and if he could feel that way, as a Canadian, when the King George and the queen passed by, what will it be when we see Jesus, our King, go by?"

The schools all turned out, and the teachers gave the little children some little British flags to wave at the king as he passed by.

48 And after the king had made his way down the street in his carriage, well, all the children was suppose to turn back to school, and one little girl was missing. So they, teacher rushed out in the street to see where the child had went in the great multitude of people, and they found her standing behind a telegraph pole, weeping her little heart out. And the teacher picked her up, and hugged her in her arms and as she said, "Honey, what's wrong?" Said, "Did you not get to see the king pass by?"

Said, "Yes, I saw him."

"Did you wave your flag?"

Said, "Yes, I waved my flag."

"Did you scream and yell praises to him as he passed?"

"Yes, I did that."

Said, "And you got to see the king?"

"Yes."

But said, "Well, what you weeping about?"

She said, "Teacher, I saw the king, but I was too little for the king to see me. He didn't see me and I was waving my flag, but I was too little."

49 That might have been true, but it's not so with God. No matter how little you are, and how insignificant you may seem to be, God sees every little worship that you do for Him; every little thing, He's right there to look at it and to bless you, just the same as the big person.

50 Now, we have an unusual subject tonight, and God is unusual, and He does unusual things; not in His Own way, but in our way of thinking, it's unusual.

51 And I forget the artist's name, at this time, who painted this famous picture of Jesus knocking at the door. And however, when a picture is painted, before it become famous, it has to go through what's called, "the hall of critics" first. However, it cost this man his life, all his life, to fix this picture, like The Last Supper did.

52 And after a picture has gone through the hall of critics, then it can be hung in the hall of fame. What a type that is of the church: before it can ever be taken in the rapture, to the hall of fame in God's Kingdom, it has to pass through the critics, to see if it can stand the test. "Think it not strange when fiery trials come upon you." It's all done to test your faith. "And all that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." No exception, all (God has no exceptions in that.), all peoples must have their child training.

53 And when this great picture was going through the critics, there was one outstanding critic who came up to this certain writer, and he said to him, "Sir, I think your portrait of Christ is wonderful. I think that the door and the building is wonderful. And the expression of the expectation to hear an answer from the inside, I think it's all wonderful. But there is just one thing that you left out."

And the artist said, "Kind sir, what is it that I have left out of my picture?"

He said, "There is no latch on the door."

"Oh," the artist said, "I painted it thus."

He said, "Well, how could He get in, no matter how much He was knocking, if there was no latch on the door?"

He said, "Sir, in this case, the latch is on the inside. The one that's on the inside has to open."

54 He cannot open from the outside: He cannot save you against your will; He cannot heal you against your will; He cannot send a revival against your will; you've got to be willing, and open the door, and invite Him in.

55 Why would a person knock on another door? [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] Oh, what a picture. And here He said, "I stand and knock at the door." Well, He's trying to gain entrance.

56 There's something that someone knocking at your door, a friend, or whatever it may be, they're trying to gain entrance into your presence, so that they can talk to you, or give you something, or ask something of you. Many great men, down through the ages, has knocked at doors.

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57 For instance, what do you think that would take place if the great Caesar, of his day, would have come down to a peasant's door, and knocked on the door, and that peasant would have went to the door, and seen the great, mighty Caesar standing there? He would have threw the door open, and fell on his face, and said, "Sir, enter into my home. If there is anything that you wish in my home, or wish of me, gladly shall you receive it. You have honored me, sir, great emperor of Rome, to come to my door, for I am a poor man, and you give me honor to stand on my steps."

58 Or what if the, in Germany a few years ago, if the late Adolf Hitler would have come down to one of the foot soldiers of Germany and had knocked at his door? [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] And the soldier would have went to the door, and opened the door, and there stood the mighty führer of Germany. That little soldier would have come to attention, and with his German salute, and with joy in his heart, and tears running down his cheek, he'd said, "Great Führer of Germany, you have honored me, sir, the greatest man in Germany. Come into my house. And if there's anything here that you want, it's yours. What could I do for our great führer of Germany?" You see, it depends on the importance of the person that's at your door.

59 You know, tonight, if the . . . It would be an honor to the best Democrat in this city, for President Dwight Eisenhower to come knock on your door. Though you would disagree with him in politics, yet, Mr. Eisenhower is one of the greatest men in authority in this United States of America. And how would you feel, though you disagreed with him, to know that the President of this United States stood knocking at your door? [Brother Branham knocked on the pulpit—Ed.] You'd feel honored because he is the president.

60 Or just recently, the queen of England visit Canada, and she came to the United States. And when she was here in the United States, what if she come here to Bangor, Maine, and went down to the poorest woman that there is in this city, and the humblest home there is, and would have knocked at the door? Not only that, but the greatest home in the city, or any home? You would have been honored with that queen coming, knocking, though you're not her subject; but yet, to know she's the greatest queen in all the earth, this queen in England now, and you'd been honored. And if you'd have went to the door, and she'd said, "I am the queen of England. I come to visit you."

61 You'd have said, "Great queen, come into my home. Anything . . ." If she would have asked, you might have had a little trinket that you thought lots of, but if that queen would have asked you for that, you would have gladly give it to her, because it would have been an honor to give that to a queen, the greatest queen in the world.

62 And if she would have done that, every radio in America, or, in the world would have packed the message. Every television, every newspaper would have said, “The great queen of England came over in America, and humbled herself to come down to a poor peasant home, and visit with *such-and-such* a person.” She’s so important.

63 But, who’s any more important than Jesus? And who’s any more turned away than Jesus? Jesus will come and knock at the heart’s door, trying to gain entrance to give you Eternal Life, and He’s turned away as a fanatic. And if you would accept Him; you got any write-up, it would be called some kind of a slander: “A bunch of fanatics. You never heard *such* in your life.”

64 That goes to show that the world still has its conceptions of Christ, when it said, at Calvary, “Give us Barabbas, and you crucify Jesus”; it’s still in their heart.

65 And Jesus wants to enter in to bless you. The queen might have taken something from you, but . . . and Mr. Eisenhower might be asking you to change your politics, but Jesus just wants to come in and bless you. And you turn Him away, don’t want Him.

66 He’s turned down . . . been turned down from more doors than all the rest of great men in all of the world. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the King of Heaven, the only Mediator between God and man, the Greatest of all greats: from the highest of Heaven to the lowest in the world, the pits of hell, come down to save Adam’s race, and gave His life freely as a ransom, and pleading. And men and women turn Him away every night: too selfish, you’re afraid it’ll hurt your prestige, afraid there’s somebody will talk about you, somebody say that you’re, well, you’re a religious fanatic. No. He is always talked about, when He was here on earth, and He, still, tonight: “If they’d call the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more will they call them of His subjects?” And how that He longs to get into your heart.

67 “Well,” you would say to me, “just a minute, Mr. Branham, I want you to understand my case. And I want to give it to you: I let Jesus in, a long time ago, and Jesus came into my heart many years ago.”

68 Well, I’m—I’m thankful for that. And I’m just as happy (no matter what denomination of church you belong to: Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, whatever you might be), I’d be just as happy, as, if you did it right here. I’m glad that you did that, and I thank God for you doing it. But what did you let Him in, for? Just to save you from the fires of hell? Or did you let Him in, to be your Lord? Now, if you just let Him in, to be saved from future punishment, He isn’t your Lord, yet. *Lord* means “ownership, rulership.” When you let Him in, you must let Him have the right of way when He comes in.

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69 Now, in the human heart, there's little doors inside that first door, lots of little doors; and let's look at some of those little doors for a few minutes.

70 The first little door after Jesus gets in: What would you think, if I knocked at your door, and you come down there, and said, "Welcome in, Mr. Branham"?

I'd say, "Thank you." I'd take off my hat and walk into your house.

71 And if you said, "Now, Mr. Branham, I—I let you in the door, but you just stay right here. Don't you go any farther than right here. I don't want you meddling around in my house."

I wouldn't feel very welcome.

72 And when you just let Jesus in, so you can join the church, and have a . . . get in a little better society, Jesus is not welcome in that type of a heart. He certainly isn't. If you let me in your house . . .

73 If I welcomed you in my house, I'd say, "Welcome in," if I brought you in, "go ahead, do what you want to, you're in my house. I wouldn't bring you in, if I didn't have confidence in you."

74 And if you brought me in your house: I was hungry, I'd go at the ice box and slice me off, piece of bologna, and get me some bread, and good piece of onion, and go, sit down, make me a sandwich; if I got tired, slip off my shoes, lay across the bed, and sleep awhile. Certainly. I'd feel like if you welcome me in, I was your friend, and I had a right anywhere in your house, if you thought enough of me to welcome me in. Certainly.

75 But when we let Jesus in, we say, "Christ, don't let me go to hell; but don't You go to meddling around in my little doors in here."

Let's look in some of these doors.

76 Just after you step into the human heart, you'll turn to the right-hand side, and there is a little door in every human being, called his "private life." You don't want nobody fooling with that, not even Jesus.

77 "Now, I'll join Your church, Lord, and I'll be a good member. I'll pay my ten percent, or the pledges of the church. I'll go to Sunday school every Sunday morning, if the pastor doesn't preach but twenty minutes. And I'll do all these things, but don't go to tampering around in my private life."

Now, isn't that modern Christianity? Why? It's the Laodicean Church Age. He isn't Lord. He isn't ruler in the modern Christian's heart. No, sir.

78 "Now, if you're going to speak against card games . . . Now, we belong to a little card-playing society: me, and Ms. Jones, and—and

Ms. John Doe, and all of us. And now, if you're going to tamper in our societies, stay out." That's right. "Now, we take a little friendly drink, and we don't think there's anything to that. And now, I know I oughtn't to do *this*, *that*, or the *other*. But don't get into my private life."

Now, do you think He'd be welcome in a heart like that? Certainly not.

<sup>79</sup> Then there is another little door just—just, it's right around the corner, is another little door, and that's the door of selfishness: "I'll let you in, Lord. I'll join Your church," and then, "just to see what I can get out of it." And sometimes that gets into preachers. And you know, they say, "Sure, I'll be a minister, if everybody pat me on the back, and say, 'You're a good fellow.'"

<sup>80</sup> If everybody patted me on the back, and said I was a good fellow, I'd get to the altar just, quick as I could. Hmm. I know there'd be something wrong, 'cause the Bible said, "Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you!" See. The world knows its own; the world will hate you. But God will love you.

And this little, selfish; and oh, how long we could dwell on that: selfishness.

<sup>81</sup> Then there's another little door, right next door to that, called "pride": "Now, I tell You, Lord, don't You tell me just what I'm to put on or what I'm to take off. You stay out of that room. I'll . . . You mind Your business, I'll mind mine."

"Oh, now, I wouldn't say *that*."

<sup>82</sup> But your actions prove you do. I got an old southern mammy that tells me that actions speak louder than words. Your actions are so strong, we can't hear your testimony.

<sup>83</sup> And when you take people that act indifferent: "Now, don't you tell me, preacher, what I'm to do. I don't care what the Bible says, I know what I think in my own head."

That's right, you're not thinking in your heart, any longer.

<sup>84</sup> "I know what to do, and I don't need your advice, and I don't want you reading any of your holy-roller stuff to me." See? And yet say, "I'm . . . let Jesus in."

<sup>85</sup> And there's another little door just around the other corner called "faith": "Now look, Jesus, You can come in the door, but that's as much faith as I need."

God is trying His best to get into that door of your faith, and open up your heart so you can believe Him.

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You say, “Oh, I let Jesus in a long time ago, but the days of miracles is past.”

That shows He’s not Lord, yet, in your heart.

“I believe that they had a baptism of the Holy Spirit at the day of Pentecost, but I don’t believe it’s for today.”

That shows He hasn’t got in, yet. Uh-hum.

<sup>86</sup> When you open that little door of faith, and say, “Lord God, I don’t care what anybody says, I want You to walk in and confirm this Word to me.” Then He’s welcome. Then you won’t have to jump from place to place, and have Oral Roberts to lay hands on you, and—and another one to do *this*, and do *that*; you’ll just take God at His Word, and move on, when He can stand in the door of your faith.

<sup>87</sup> What church is He talking to? The Laodicean, this church. Just let Him at the door. “I stand at the door and knock: I’m trying to get in.” He wants to open up fields that you know nothing of, yet. He wants to show you sights and signs and wonders that you have never dreamed of, yet.

<sup>88</sup> Oh, if He could only get in the door of this little group of people here tonight. If He could get in the door, and stand in the door of faith, I tell you, there’d be a revival; why there’d. . . it would sweep through New England by in the morning, if He could only get the door.

<sup>89</sup> There wouldn’t be. . . this gentleman wouldn’t be in the wheelchair, that lady wouldn’t be setting there; you, back there, with cancer, heart trouble, crippled, blind: it would just happen immediately, if Christ could get in the door, and say, “This is My Word and My Spirit; I stand and knock.” [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] He’s trying to get in.

<sup>90</sup> What do we do? Let the world keep Him away: our theologies; our membership; a lot of stuff our churches teaches, that those things are gone. Well, your church just hasn’t opened up the door of faith, yet. The Bible said, “He’s the same yesterday, today, and forever.” That’s what He wants to declare to you.

<sup>91</sup> And then if He gets into that part, there’s just another door I’d like to speak to you about, that’s the door of your eyes. You know, a man can be blind, and not know it: spiritually blind. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

“ . . . then, if I’m an unbeliever, smite me blind.”

I said, “You’re already blind.”

He said, “Well, smite me blind, like Paul did.”

I said, “I’m going to say to you, the same thing that my Lord said to your daddy: ‘Get thee behind me, Satan.’” See?

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And he said, "I want to ask you something. If you'll smite me blind. . ."

I said, "Sir, you are blind now."

Said, "I can see, as good as you can."

<sup>92</sup> I said, "I beg your pardon." Uh-hum. "You can't." I said, "You're blind, spiritually blind, which is ten millions times worse than physical blind." If I have to go either blind, God, let me not see daylight no more, to be blind to Christ and the Scriptures, 'cause I'll have eyes, anyhow.

<sup>93</sup> Like the blind prophetess was, in the temple, Anna, come by the Holy Ghost, and come to the Christ Child, led, blind, through that meeting place of all those people, and she stood and prophesied over Jesus; when Simeon, led by the Holy Ghost, out into the temple: sons and daughters of God are led by the Spirit of God.

<sup>94</sup> How about Gehazi and Elisha when they was at Dothan? And the Syrian army had found out, that, they thought he was at Dothan, and that night they encamped about the city. And when the servant woke up the next morning, Gehazi, he looked out there and saw all the Syrian army. And he said, "Oh, my father," he said, "the Syrians are all around us."

<sup>95</sup> He said, "But there's more with us than there is with them." That old prophet stood there just as stern and cool: "There is more with us than with them."

And Gehazi looked around; he said, "I don't see anyone."

<sup>96</sup> And God said, "Lord," or, Elisha said, "Lord, open this boy's eyes, that he might see." And when his true sight came to him, there was chariots of fire all around that old prophet, and the mountains was on fire, and chariots of fire.

And he walked out of the city, right to the chief captain, and smote him blind, and the whole army blind. The Bible said, "They were blind."

And then he said, "Who are you looking for? Elisha?"

Said, "Yes, sir. We're looking for him."

<sup>97</sup> Said, "Come, and I'll show you where he's at." And, was Elisha talking to them. That's the bad blindness. He said, "Come here, I'll show you where he's at. Come follow me." And Elisha led the whole Syrian army, looking at every tree, looking at everybody, looking at Elisha, yet blind.

Blessed be the Name of the Lord. God, open our eyes.

Blind, and don't know it.

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<sup>98</sup> And he went right down into the . . . amongst . . . of the Israelites, where they was laying for ambush. And then he turned around to them, and their eyes were opened, and seen that it was Elisha. Blind, looking at everything, twenty-twenty eyesight, and yet, didn't realize that that was Elisha.

<sup>99</sup> Did not Jesus have two of His disciples blinded all day, until He got on the inside and performed a miracle just like He did before His crucifixion? And their eyes were opened.

<sup>100</sup> Oh, if God could only get into our eyes and let us see His Presence and His glory and the manifestation of His Spirit, but we're blind. No doubt that people, if our eyes would come open in this gathering right here tonight: Christ is here, He promised He would be "where two or three had gathered together."

<sup>101</sup> And now, notice: blind, that little door to your eyes. But you know, the Bible said, to this church, He said, "Because you say, 'I am rich, and I am increased in goods . . .'" (Is that the condition of the church today? Richest it ever was.) "I'm increased in goods, and I have need of nothing." We got the best pastors, we got the best scholars, we got the best education we ever had, we got the best buildings we ever had, we got the best theologians we ever had: and more sin than we ever had. He said, "Because you say, that you are rich, and increased in goods; and you don't know" (Listen, I'm quoting the Scripture, three verses behind where I read the text.) "that you are wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked; and don't know it."

The Holy Spirit said that would be the condition of this church in this day. How you going to get around it?

<sup>102</sup> "Naked, miserable, poor; when you say, 'I am rich.'" Poor: oh mercy, the church is anemic; it's the poorest it's ever been. Miserable: with self-righteous rags on, of some denomination. "Poor, miserable, wretched, naked, and blind," (Now, watch the next quotation.) "and don't know it." I'm reading this from the Scripture, saying that this church age, in this day, would be in that condition: "Blind, and don't know it."

<sup>103</sup> Now, if a man was on the street, a poor man, and he was naked, cold, miserable, wretched, blind; if he knew it, he'd help himself. But, you talk about a pathetic case: when a man's in that condition, and don't know it, and won't accept help. What if there was such a man coming down the street? And the policeman of the city would come out. Some of them would call the policemen. They'd say, "Sir, you—you—you . . . we've got to take you in."

"Get your coat off of me."

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104 “Well, we—we’ll take you in. We—we’re not going to harm you, we’re trying to help you. We’re officers of the city. We have a charity here, we can take care of you and feed you; and you look so thin, and—and your body is exposed, and—and you’re in such a condition.”

“I know where I’m standing. Get away from me!” Couldn’t do very much for a fellow like that, could you?

And that’s the way the church is, THUS SAITH THE LORD: naked!

105 But what does the church say? The church said, “I’m rich, increased in goods, I have need of nothing.” There is the church’s answer. You see that insanity, spiritually speaking, of the church?

106 What would a policeman, what could a . . . ? A man run out, not even an officer, a man of the house, say, “Come in, sir, I’ll take you into my home, you’ll be my brother. I—I’ll give you something to eat, I’ll give you clothes.”

He say, “Get away from me!” What are you going to do with a person like that?

107 Well, what’s a man going to do that’s preaching the full Gospel according to the way it’s wrote in the Bible, and people won’t receive it? But you got to preach it anyhow. God said, “Do it.”

108 “And don’t know it; blind, and don’t know it.” That’s a miserable thought: spiritual blindness. I’d rather have a man on each side of me, leading me, physically blind, than to be spiritual blind.

109 Now, when we were raised down in the mountains in Kentucky, where I was born, we had a little, ol’ clapboard shingles; and Mama used to take us of a night, and (us little kids), and we slept on a straw tick with a featherbed over the top of it. And they didn’t have quilts, and they just lay a piece of canvas over, so the snow that fell through the night wouldn’t get in our little faces. We was about five of the little Branhams at that time, and they’d pile us all in the bed, some at the foot and some at the head; we only had the one.

110 And the cold breeze going through the cracks of the house would put “cold” in our eyes. And in the morning when Mama would come to get us, sometimes she’d have to pick us up and it . . . we got, what we called in the south, “matter” in our eyes. “Pus,” I think, would be the right name, something: “cold.” And it would matter in our eyes through the night, and stick our eyes, and we couldn’t see.

111 And now, Grandpa hunted coon. And when he’d catch coons, he’d take the fat off of it, and render the grease out, and make what they call coon grease. It was a good cure for anything for a Kentuckian.

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112 And Mama used to take the coon grease, when our eyes were all mattered up, and she'd go get the coon grease and set it on the old stove, and little ol' step, what we call "monkey stove," and get the coon grease hot, and come and grease our eyes with that till all this "cold" got out of our eyes. Then we could see.

113 Brother, the church has been caught in a cold draft. A bunch of theologians, not downing my brethren, but I'm responsible before God. I love my brethren, I love every church, but it's been caught in a draft between, oh, modernism; and the spiritual thermometer in the church has went ninety below zero. I dread to see these big ol' cold morgues; when you go into them, it reminds me of a morgue.

114 You know, in a morgue, they take a dead man in there and embalm him to be sure that he don't come back to life again. Put more in him, more death in him, than he had in him.

115 And that's the way, sometimes, you do: get in these morgues, and they indocumate you with some kind of a theology that'll keep you dead (That's right.); be sure that you can't say, "Amen"; to be sure that you can't enjoy the Spirit of God. And they get you in there, and they got the church caught in these modern breezes of all the world, and the things of the world, and it's closed your eyes.

116 And brother, it'll take more than coon grease to open them, too. But Jesus said, "I counsel of thee to buy of Me fine gold tried in the fire; and get some eyesalve." The Scripture said He had some eyesalve: "And put eyesalve on your eyes, and open up your eyes, that your . . . you might be able to see."

117 That's what we need tonight, is some Holy Spirit oil to anoint the inside of our heart, where we see from, that we might be able to understand. God has got it here in the form of the Bible, but it takes a little fire to get it running right. Just like a engine on the track: We build the finest of engines, the nice plush seats, get everybody in there, and get ready to go; and find out you haven't got no fire in the box, the engine won't roll, can't even toot the whistle.

118 That's what's the matter with the church today. We need a—a real, old fashion Pentecostal revival, a eye opening time. The trouble: God sends gifts and things across the country, and we fail to see it.

119 What do they say, when they see Oral Roberts on the television, and the little sick children, or, little cripple, maybe, get healed in his meetings, or A. A. Allen, or—or any of the rest of the brethren? What do they say about that? They say, "It's a telepathy or a—or a psychology, they're only—only mentally worked up." A minister had the audacity, of all the different . . . I can produce thousands of

statements by doctors, and so forth, of people who were laying, dying, with cancer, was crippled, was blind.

<sup>120</sup> How about Congressman Upshaw out here? Been in the wheelchair for sixty-six years. And stood in Billy Graham's meeting on the White House steps and sang *Leaning on the Everlasting Arms*.

<sup>121</sup> He was healed by God in my meeting that night in California, a square away from him, nearly, when I seen him and called who he was, and asked him to rise from the wheelchair for the first time he'd been on his feet (he was eighty-something years old) since he was seventeen. And he run to the platform, touching his toes.

Congressman William D. Upshaw: run for president in '26 and was defeated because he was on the dry ticket.

<sup>122</sup> And I said, "Sir, I don't know who you are, but you fell on a . . . off of an ol' haystack and hit a hay frame. You been crippled since you was a little boy."

He said, "That's right."

I said, "I see you bore . . . they bored the holes in the house so that your bed would . . . walking on the floor, vibrating, would hurt your back."

"That's right."

<sup>123</sup> And I said, "You become a great man." He was a president of the Southern Baptist Convention. And I said, "Then, you become a great speaker; and you're from the White House."

<sup>124</sup> Mr. Baxter run an extension mike back there to see who it was. He run back up to me, he said, "That's . . . you know who that is?" Said, "That's Congressman Upshaw."

I said, "Never heard of, in my life. I don't know nothing about politics."

So they said, or, he said, "He said, wants to talk to you through this mike."

He said, "My boy, how did you know that I was in that shape?"

I said, "Sir, I only can say what I'm looking at."

<sup>125</sup> And about then, I looked over here: I seen a doctor with tortoise-shell glasses on, one of them doctor's coat, operating on a little colored girl, and it paralyzed her. I said, "I see a man standing before me, with tortoise-shell glasses. He's a doctor. He's operated on a little colored girl, about four years old, and it paralyzed her."

<sup>126</sup> And about that time, about three times the distance of this building, a typical ol' Aunt Jemima, with them big, black, fat cheeks, let out a scream; and she had a stretcher, here she come. "That was my baby,"

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she said. You couldn't keep her away. Sixteen ushers couldn't stop her; she was just knocking them right and left, them big, fat arms going.

And I said, "Now, stop, lady." I said, "Have you a prayer card?"

She said, "No, sir. I don't have no prayer card," said, "I just come in here, but that's the doctor-man that operated on my baby, two years ago."

I looked down at the baby. The intern, or, the man with the ambulance was there. I said, "That's the baby."

She said, "Will my baby get well?"

<sup>127</sup> I said, "Auntie, I don't know. Only thing I can do, is say what I see." She said. . . I said, "I just pray, God, somehow. Your faith touched Him, I never seen you."

And the old Congressman said, "Sir, will I get well?"

I said, "I can't tell you, sir. I don't know. I only can say what I see. If God is that close to you, surely, He has a purpose of it."

I said to my brother, "Bring the next patient." And there was a woman coming up.

<sup>128</sup> And as I did, I looked, and there was this little colored girl, going down a street or an alley, with a little doll in her arms, rocking the doll. Brother, there wasn't enough demons out of hell, could have stopped it then. God had done said so. I said, "Auntie, the Lord God has heard your prayer, and your little baby is healed." She was down on her knees, just crying, and attracting attention. And I said, "Your little girl is healed."

She said, "Oh, parson, will . . .?" *Parson* is a "minister" down south. See? And said, "Will—will my baby live?"

I said, "It's healed right now."

<sup>129</sup> About that time, the little girl raised up, said, "Looky here, Mama!" And she jumped up on her feet. And women fainting around like *that*; and we made them all keep quiet. And her mother had taken the little girl by the hand, and walked down a long aisle down through that long place, like *that*. And the—the undertaker taken his stretcher and went back the other way.

<sup>130</sup> Started to turn to the—the little girl, or, to the lady, was standing there, I looked: going across the platform in front of me, and there went that old man with a striped suit on, two tone brown, striped suit, with a little hat, like you see laying there. He's the one that gives them to me. And he was going across this. . . across the platform like a shadow, tipping his hat to everybody, that southern way of doing it, like *that*, as he bowed.

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<sup>131</sup> I said, "Congressman." He had on a blue suit and a red tie; as you politicians know, that was his way of dressing. And I said, "It looks like that God would have healed you back there when you was seventeen years old, when your bones was all, had lot of calcium. But, wait, here, till you're eighty-four, before He heals you?"

He said, "My son, do you mean that God will heal me?"

I said, "Sir, have you got a—a brown suit, dark brown, with a light stripe in it?"

Said, "Just bought one yesterday."

I said, "You wear a little semi-western hat, don't you?"

He said, "Yes, sir, I do."

I said, "In the Name of the Lord Jesus, come up from that wheelchair, and come here."

He said, "You mean I can get up?"

His wife run down to his feet, like *that*, said, "Oh, honey, you'll fall."

He said, "If that man could tell me. . . ." Said, "Dr. Roy Davis ordained you in the Baptist church, didn't he?"

I said, "Yes."

<sup>132</sup> Said, "He was the one, sent me here." He said, "If God has let you know how I was hurt, yeah, I can get out of this chair." And out of there he went, and run to the platform, and touched his toes, and just as nimble as a sixteen-year-old boy.

Congressman Upshaw, at Billy Graham's meeting in Washington, DC, stood on the steps and sang *Leaning On The Everlasting Arm*.

<sup>133</sup> And what? "Blind." Oh, that miserable thing. "Blind." That ought to have shook the world. What is it? They're "blind and don't know it," self-righteous, "with a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." The Bible said it would be in the last days: "Blind."

<sup>134</sup> O God, tonight, I pray Thee, Lord, bring eyesalve; open the eyes of the people, that they can see that Jesus still lives and reigns, and is omnipresent, is here.

You people have seen so much, to it's become common to you: that's what's the trouble.

<sup>135</sup> One time, an old man said, "I believe I'll go down to the sea to see the beauty. I've never seen the sea." And he said, "I want to smell its air, that salt breeze. I want to hear the gulls, as they scream through the skies, and see the great briny waves, as it leaps up to reflect the skies of blueness back into the salt water."

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136 And on his road down, he met a sailor coming, and the sailor said to him (they call the sailor an “old salt”), and he said, “Where do you go, my good man?”

137 He said, “Oh, kind sir, I see that you’re a man from the sea,” he said, “I’m going down to the sea. I’m longing to be inspired of its beauty. I long to see its big white waves dash; I’ve never seen them, I’ve only seen pictures. I long to smell the breeze of the salt. I long to hear the roar by the seaside.”

138 And the sailor said, “I don’t see nothing thrilling about it. I was born on the sea.” You see, it had become so common to him, till there was no more thrill left in it.

139 And I’m afraid America has seen so many things, and turned their back, until there is no more thrill to it. Now, I’m talking now to you Pentecostal and Full Gospel people. You’ve seen the Lord God manifest Himself, and do the things that He said He would do, until it’s become so common, there’s no more thrill to it.

God, shake us tonight.

140 God is so good to you people. And you people who are Full Gospel, and believe all the Bible: God has done so many miracles and done so many things for you, He’s been so good, but you don’t recognize it. Wake up! Open your eyes! He’s standing, knocking, [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] trying to get in, to control you, to make you what you should be, to take away the world from you, and to make you new creatures of His. That’s why He gives you the things that He has given you.

141 Way down in the south, one time, there was an ol’ negro man. And he was a nice ol’ fellow, but he just wouldn’t get straightened out with God.

And his pastor, a friend of mine, loved to hunt. I used to hunt with the ol’ pastor.

142 And ol’ “Gabe,” we called him, his name was Gabriel; but he just wouldn’t serve the Lord. And he had a good wife, and she prayed for ol’ Gabe, day and night. The pastor talked to him, preached sermons, and everything. And ol’ Gabe just hang away from church, and go down and shoot craps on Sunday morning, and go fishing, or something. He just wouldn’t get right with God, yet, he claimed he was a member of the Baptist church.

143 One day, him and the pastor had been hunting. And ol’ Gabe couldn’t hit the side of a barn, he just—he just, a bird would fly up this way, he might shoot any way, he just couldn’t hit nothing. So, that day they’d both had a great field day, and they were just loaded down

with squirrels, and rabbits, and fine eating birds, and so forth. And ol' Gabe had such a load, he could hardly pack, stepping along behind the ol' pastor. They was coming along an old, familiar pathway, and the sun was going down in the west.

And brother, sister, if there ever was a sun-setting time on civilization, it's now.

<sup>144</sup> And after a while, as the pastor made his way along this familiar path, this certain path, he felt something touch him on the shoulder. He looked around, and ol' Gabe, the tears was rolling down his black cheeks. He said, "Parson, in the morning is Sunday."

Said, "Yes, Gabe, what's the matter?" He stopped, turned around.

<sup>145</sup> He said, "In the morning, I's gwine to come down to yo' church. I's gwine to be baptized. I's gwine to the altar's bench. I's gonna make myself right, before God. I's gonna get myself a seat, and there I'm going to be, every service, until God takes my soul to home."

<sup>146</sup> And the old, faithful, colored pastor said, "Gabe, you know that I'm—I'm happy for that." He said, "I—I—I been trying. And your wife's going to be so happy, and all the church is going to be so happy," said, "and all your associates will be happy, too, Gabe." But said, "Just what sermon did I preach, Gabe, or what time did I pray for you, that caused this sudden change? I'd like to know what caused it."

<sup>147</sup> He turned and looked back towards the sun again. He said, "Pastor, I sho' appreciate every prayer that you all prayed, and—and every sermon that you preached. But you know, I just happened to recognize how good He is to me." He said, "Pastor, you know I couldn't hit nothing," said, "I do good to get us two or three birds a year," and said, "here, I'm just loaded down with game." He said, "Pastor, you know, He must love me, or He wouldn't have give it to me."

He said, "That's right, Gabe."

<sup>148</sup> And I just wonder, tonight, if we, as American people, I wonder if. . . ? It's great to even be alive. But don't you realize that He must love you, or He wouldn't give you these revivals? Don't you realize He must love you, or He wouldn't send His Son to manifest His Presence, His being? Don't you know He must love you, or He wouldn't save you, He wouldn't heal you, He wouldn't send you these meetings?

He stands at the door and knocks, daily, with all kinds of good things, and we constantly turn Him away.

Let us bow our heads just a moment. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>149</sup> . . . That you're a privileged person to live in this day? Great men, Sankey, Moody, Knox, Calvin, Finney, all of them has longed to see this day, that, when Jesus would come and do the works that He did,

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once. Prophets and great men have looked for this day, and you looked at it, but you've caught a spiritual cold, and your eyes has been closed.

<sup>150</sup> Such a person is here, would you raise your hand, the last of this revival now? [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . take full possession of my life. Will you raise your hand, church member, whoever you are? God bless you. That's right, all around. "I'll let You in, Lord. I promise that You can be my Lord. You can govern my life. You can have all the folly of my life, take it out, Lord, just come in, I want You to be here in my heart. I want You control me, control my emotions, control my habits, control my pride: 'Oh, I think I'm somebody,' Lord. 'I can get out here on the street and twist up and down the street.' Take it away, Lord."

<sup>151</sup> Just raise your hand to Him, now, while you have your head bowed. God bless you, young lady. That's good. I like to see those young folks begin, young girl. Up in the balcony? Um-hum. God bless you. Balcony to the rear? Just raise your hand for Him; if you really mean it, God will take it. Course, if you're blind, it's just a pity. Too bad. Balcony to the right? God bless you. That's good. Young man, you might have done many great things, but that's the greatest thing you've ever done. Great number of hands has been up. Is there just some more before we pray? I want to pray for you. Say, "Brother . . ." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>152</sup> . . . Moment will determine what's going to take place. I have spoke of Thee, for this is twenty-eight years, since a boy, claiming You're the same yesterday, today and forever, that You do not change. The Bible says that You remain the same, that You're not dead, the grave could not hold You. You rose on the third day, on the first Easter morning, proving Yourself alive before the people, and commissioned them to go into all the world, and You would be with them to the end of the world. And You said, "The things that I do shall you also." And You said, "I do nothing in Myself, until I see the Father do it first: then I do what the Father shows Me to do." And we'll follow You through the Scriptures, and see that, every instance, it was what the Father showed You to do.

<sup>153</sup> The people touched Your garment, and by the power of God, You turned them around and told them what was wrong, and their condition. We thank You, Lord. You promised to continue; that You was the Vine, and we would be the branches. Lord, the vine doesn't bear fruit, it's the branch. So move through us, tonight, Lord, every one of us. I realize if You would anoint one person in here, and not the rest, it would do little good. Lord, anoint all of us—all of us, open our eyes, Lord, that we can see that You are risen from the dead, and here in the form of the Holy Ghost, not another person, but the same

Person: God, in the form of the Holy Ghost, called “God, the Holy Ghost.”

<sup>154</sup> O Father, grant that this be so. You came and dwelled in a human body once, Your Son, a pure, virgin-born body, that You might, through that Holy Blood, break the cells, and offer to the worshipper now, an access to You. And through that broken cell of blood, we’re cleansed from our uncleanness, and make a vessel for the Master’s use. “Through grace are we saved.”

<sup>155</sup> And now, Father, we pray now that You’ll look down upon us, and forgive us, and open our eyes that we might see Your resurrected Being; that we might leave from here, tonight, knowing this: that every stone that could be turned, we have did it, to see an old fashion revival in these New England states among these wonderful people of Yours.

In Jesus’ Name, I offer this service to you. Amen.

Now we start tonight; and I want everyone just as reverent, no matter what your condition is, what troubles you have, just believe, pray, believe.

Visions doesn’t not heal you. You can’t be healed by a vision.

<sup>156</sup> First, I want to ask you something: How many knows, in this—in this group of people, that Christ did not heal anybody until the Father, God, showed Him a vision on what to do? How many knows the Scripture says that? Close to a hundred percent.

<sup>157</sup> Then, when He was on earth, how He declared Himself to be the Son of God (to the Jewish race, don’t never forget that), how did He do to declare Himself to be the Son of God to the Jewish race? A man came to Him immediately after He was anointed with the Holy Ghost (Saint John, the 1st chapter), and he was a fisherman, ignorant and unlearned, could not even sign his own name. And as soon as his brother brought him in the Presence of the Lord Jesus, Jesus said to him, “Your name is Simon and your father’s name is Jonas: from henceforth you shall be called Simon.” How many knows that’s the Scripture? What did that man think? How did He know him? That was His way of declaring Himself, for He had said: “I do nothing now, until I see the Father do it first,” Saint John 5:19, “nothing.” He could not lie and be God, He had to tell the truth. So He said, “I do nothing, till the Father shows Me first.”

<sup>158</sup> Then we see another man got converted the next day, and he went way around a mountain, fifteen miles, and he found a real staunch church member under a tree, praying, good man. And he brought him back, said, “Come see Who we found, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.”

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He said, "Could any good thing come out of Nazareth?" See, because it wasn't affiliated with his church, he wouldn't believe it.

He said, "Come and see." That's the best way. Don't set at home and criticize, just come, look for yourself; examine it with the Scripture.

<sup>159</sup> And so, when he came, and along, no doubt that Philip had told him what Jesus had did to that old fisherman that couldn't even sign a ticket for his fish. And when he got in front of Jesus, the first time Jesus ever seen the man, He said, "Behold an Israelite, in whom there is no guile!"

<sup>160</sup> Now, not by his dress, they all dressed alike. How a—a *Israelite*, that meant that he was a, we'd say, a "believer." And *no guile*, a "pure, honest, holy" man.

"Behold, an Israelite, in whom there is no guile!"

He said, "Rabbi, when did You ever know me?"

<sup>161</sup> He said, "Before Philip called you, I saw you when you were under the tree." Is that right? How did He see him, fifteen miles away, the day before, under a tree? What eyes! The Father had showed Him.

And he said, "Rabbi, You're the Son of God; You're the King of Israel."

Jesus said, "Because I told you that, you've believed, then you'll see greater than this."

But there was those who stood by, said, "That man just has a devil spirit, he's reading their minds, he's a fortuneteller."

<sup>162</sup> Jesus said, "I'll forgive you for that: but" (in so many words) "someday the Holy Ghost will come to the Gentile people, and He'll do the same thing that I'm doing, and one word against It will never be forgiven, in this world, or the world to come." On he went. That was a Jew.

<sup>163</sup> Now remember, He never did that before any Gentile, in the entire Bible. That's the way He declared Himself to be the Son of God. See, He had never dealt with the Gentiles before. So, He went, one day, by the Samaritans, and a beautiful young woman come out to the well, to get a drink. Everybody was gone away from the well but Jesus. And so, when the woman come there, she seen Him, and she started to let the pot down to get the water.

And said, "Bring Me a drink, woman."

She said, "Why, we got segregation here. It's not customary for you Jews to ask Samaritans such; I'm a woman of Samaria."

He said, "But if you knew Who you were talking to, you'd ask Me for a drink."

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164 They went to talking about where they should worship at, till Jesus found where her trouble was. Does anybody know what her trouble was? She had been married five times, six times. So, Jesus said, “Go, get your husband, and come here.”

She said, “I don’t have any husband.”

He said, “That’s right: you’ve had five; and the one you are living with now is not your husband.”

165 Now, what did she say? Did she say, “You’re a evil spirit doing that”? She turned, and she said, “Sir, I perceive that You are a Prophet.” Who was “that prophet”? Moses said, “The Lord your God will rise up a prophet.” See? She said, “For, Sir, I perceive that You are a Prophet. We (we Samaritans), we know when the Messiah cometh, which is called the Christ, when He comes, He’ll tell us these things. But, Who are You?”

166 He said, “I’m He that speaks to you.” She ran into the city, and said, “Come see a Man Who told me the things that I’ve done. Isn’t This the Messiah?”

167 If that was the sign of the Messiah then, to the Jew and the Samaritan: Ham, Shem and Japheth’s people is all that’s left, Jew, Gentile, and Samaritan.

168 And now, we’ve had two thousand years of church: God has called the Gentile Bride out, down through the Finney, and the Sankey, and the so forth, the age. Now we’re at the end of the Gentile age, at the end of time, as I spoke of last night: at any time, something can happen.

169 The world’s nervous: you hear the president’s speech yesterday, and, well, we just don’t know what’s going to happen; it could happen before morning. Sputniks in the skies, and Jesus said there would be: and everything, the whole world shaking, men dying with heart failure, perplex of times, and stress between the nations.

170 And in *that* day, He promised to return, and do as He did then: “Little while, and the world won’t see Me no more; yet you’ll see Me: for I’ll be with you. The works that I do, you shall do also.”

Now, He can’t declare Himself to the Jews and to the Samaritans in that manner, and leave the Gentiles out. So *this* is the day.

171 Now, to you out there, just before we start praying: There was a woman, one time, that He didn’t have a vision for, until she come and touched His garment. She had a blood issue. She run off out in the audience, ’cause she said in her heart, “I believe that that Man is a Holy Man; and if I can touch Him, I’ll be healed.” The doctors had failed for many years, eighteen years, about. So she run out into the audience after touching.

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Jesus stopped, and said, “Who touched Me?”

And Peter said, “Well, all of them is touching You.”

<sup>172</sup> He said, “But I got weak; virtue is gone from Me.” And He looked around over the audience, until He found the little woman. And He told her her trouble, and that her faith had made her well. You know that’s the Bible?

<sup>173</sup> Does the Bible say that “He is the same yesterday, today, and forever”? Does the Scripture say that “He’s a High Priest, right now, that can be touched by the feeling of our infirmities”? If He is a High Priest, and can be touched by the feeling of our infirmities, and the same High Priest, the same Jesus, would He not act in the same way?

<sup>174</sup> So you pray. You without cards, that won’t be on the platform, or with cards, wherever you are, just pray, and look this way. And you say, “Lord Jesus, I’m sick. I won’t be up there on the platform.” And, “Confirm Your Word to me tonight. Touch my body. And let me know, while we know the Spirit’s here, and Your Spirit’s telling me to believe You, and Your Spirit is on Brother Branham: let him turn, and say to me, like You did the woman at the well, I’ll believe You; like You did the woman that touched His garment, I’ll believe You.” See if He’s the High Priest.

<sup>175</sup> Now, please, don’t move around, for the next few minutes. This will tell whether God is alive. If this isn’t true, then His Word isn’t true; if this is true, every Word is true.

<sup>176</sup> How do you do, sir? Now, quickly, this man here, I’ve never seen him, don’t know him. And if—if that’s right, that we are strangers to each other, raise up your hand, I don’t know you, have never seen you, this is our first meeting time. And then, it would be just like our Lord, Who found Philip, who came and got Nathanael, and brought him to Him. Now, if I say, “You’re sick,” lay hands on you, “go, be well”; you could doubt that. But if the Lord God will reveal to me what you are here for, or do something like He did in the Bible; then, He—He’s here. See? It wouldn’t be me, ’cause I don’t know you.

<sup>177</sup> I don’t know a person in this building, outside of Brother Lloyd Sweet; Dr. Vayle; Billy was here, my boy, I guess he’s gone; but, these two men standing here; this singer, setting right here, I don’t know his name, but he’s been with us in the former campaign. Far as I know that’s it, every person that I know in the building. But God knows all of us.

<sup>178</sup> If the Lord God will do this, it’d have to be a miracle, ’cause there’s no way in the world I—I can know it. Here’s my hand, my Bible; I don’t believe in swearing, but I’ve never seen that man in my life, first time we’ve ever met, to my knowledge of anything. And *this*, about truth of

knowing you all, you be the witness of that: I don't know you. But God, Who does know you, if He will reveal to me something that you know that I don't know if there'd be anything about you, then you'd have a right to believe, wouldn't you? How many in the audience would accept it? [A brother says, "Here you go."—Ed.] (Thank you.)

Now, Father, it's up to You. This is Your service. I'm waiting for You. Amen.

Say, "What are you waiting for?"

<sup>179</sup> You've seen the picture of this Pillar of Fire that led the children of Israel. When It was here on earth, when It was in the burning bush, It was Christ. All Bible teachers know that. When He was here on earth, He said, "I was with . . . 'fore Abraham was, I AM." The I AM was in the burning bush. He said, "I came from God, I go to God." He come in from a Pillar of Fire, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, in the form of God's Son, the Christ, died, buried, rose again; and the same Pillar of Fire returned back, under the Name of Jesus, the Holy Ghost. On the road down to Damascus, Paul was struck down, a Light shining in his face.

He said, "Saul, why persecutest thou, Me?"

He said, "Who are You, Lord?"

Said, "I am Jesus."

<sup>180</sup> That Scripture? Well then, if this is the same Holy Spirit that was in that day, the same Jesus, would not the same Vine bear the same fruit, if it's the same Vine? "I'll be with you, in you."

Now, God, open our eyes, that we can see.

<sup>181</sup> Now, if they can still hear my voice, between me and the man comes that Light. Now, I see the man. What he wants me to pray for, mainly, is the hearing, his ears, going deaf. That's the truth. See, he can still answer me. See? And ever since he's been standing there, you been hearing better all the time. That's right. Raise your hand if that's right. See, he's just in the Presence of Christ, not *me* now, *This*.

You said, "You guessed it, Brother Branham." Let the Lord be Judge.

<sup>182</sup> There had to be something to cause that: that was caused from a condition in your nose, a nose trouble made you going deaf. You believe me to be His servant? You believe that His Spirit is here now? Your name is Mr. Neelon; return home, you have your hearing, God has rewarded you.

No need of praying for him, his faith made him whole. See?

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<sup>183</sup> We are strangers to each other, sir. Years apart, were we born, perhaps miles apart, and our first time meeting. Now, be real reverent. We're surely, my dear, beloved friend, I have no way of doing those things. Is your eyes open to realize that the Lord Jesus, the same in Spirit, is here?

<sup>184</sup> My father would have lived, he would probably been your age. Oh, how I'd give all, if I had millions of dollars, to see my daddy stand there like that, one time; but he's gone on now to glory. I shall follow someday. I'm only here to try to help.

<sup>185</sup> You are a Christian, sir. You're a Christian. You could been a infidel, or an impostor, but you're a Christian, because your spirit is coming in, to this anointing of the Angel of the Lord. And you're aware that something's going on. If that's right, raise up your hand, so the people see.

<sup>186</sup> The Lord God is so good. I do not know you, know nothing of you, but right now the anointing of the Holy Spirit can reveal to me what your trouble is, or something about you.

<sup>187</sup> And the man is suffering from, also, a ear condition, it's in his ear; and then, you've got a tumor in your neck. That's right. You're not from this city, you're not from this nation, you come from the east, this way. You're from New Brunswick, Canada. Uh-hum, uh-hum. Your name, you believe God could tell me who you are, like He knowed Peter? Would it help you? All right, sir. Your name is George Robison. That is true, isn't it? Now, be a . . . You're healed, sir; you won't have to have your operation. God has healed you.

<sup>188</sup> Won't you come? Be reverent as you can. Sister dear, which, you are my sister, you're a Christian; for as soon as I looked at you, there's the Spirit of the Lord.

<sup>189</sup> And this is a beautiful picture of the Bible, of Saint John 4, a man and woman that met for the first time. Is a woman at a well, Jesus told her where her trouble was, and she said, "That's the sign of the Messiah."

<sup>190</sup> Would it be the same to you? It would be. You are suffering from a tremendous nervous condition, and that nervous condition has gave you a stomach trouble; you have stomach trouble, it's a peptic condition, ulcerated like, and . . . 'cause when you eat or drink, something, like coffee, it's sensitive, gets in your mouth and so forth.

<sup>191</sup> And then you got something on your heart that you're praying for. See, your life: you couldn't hide it now if you had to; see, you're in the Presence of Christ, not me: Christ. You're praying for somebody else; that person's deaf. That's right. That's your son. You believe he's going

to be healed? Then go and receive it. As you have believed, so be it unto you. God bless you, my sister.

How do you do? We are strangers to each other. I have never seen you in my life. Now, be real reverent.

<sup>192</sup> There is a woman praying, she's elderly, somewhere in this building. Here she is. She's setting right here, with a patch over her eye. I do not know you, lady. God does know you. If I do not know you, wave your hand, so that the people see that I don't know you. But you were setting there, praying, "Lord, touch me tonight." That's right. Your trouble: you have been very, very sick, you have complications, and the main thing that's wrong with you is heart trouble. You've just come from a hospital, too. That's THUS SAITH THE LORD. Um-hum. Don't fear; your faith has healed you. Believe Him.

<sup>193</sup> I want to ask somebody: Question the woman, reporter, whoever you wish; see if I've ever seen her. What did she touch? She never touched me; she's twenty feet away from me, or thirty. What did she touch? The High Priest: Christ, this One Who has His picture here. And through the Spirit, He speaks back. I just . . . I don't know what the woman . . . or what was the matter with her, I couldn't tell you. Only way I ever know is these tapes here. It's a vision.

She spoke to the woman setting next to her, then; and that woman's praying too.

<sup>194</sup> You believe me to be His servant, lady? You're praying for something, too. Setting next to her. If God will tell me what your trouble is, will you believe me? If I do not know you, raise up your hand. If you will believe me with all your heart, that arthritis will leave you. That's what you were praying about: arthritis. If that's right, wave your hand. Now, it's gone from you. Your faith has made you well. Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today, and forever.

<sup>195</sup> You're the lady I'm to pray for next? I don't know you, but God does know you. If He'll tell me what you're here for, will you believe me to be His servant, believe It His Spirit? I'm just a man, no way of . . . First time we've ever met.

Now, pardon me. See, I have to just, wherever He . . . There is people out there believing, it's just hard to hold the line; so many believing. See?

<sup>196</sup> Here it is: you're suffering with a trouble of arteries. That's right. Besides that, you got bad eyes; your sight's failing you. You're extremely nervous. And that's right. You're not from here either; you're a Canadian. That's right. Ms. Conklin, that's who you are, return home, your faith has healed you.

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<sup>197</sup> Do you believe with all your heart? There's a spirit on the woman that's crossing the building. I cannot heal, I'm not a healer, I'm just a servant of the Healer. But there's somebody in this building is praying right now, tremendously praying, or a group praying for somebody that's suffering with the same thing that you're suffering with. You're going blind; it's your eyes.

<sup>198</sup> It's a girl, setting right back over here towards the back: and you are praying for a friend of yours that's going blind. I cannot heal. Do you believe God? Let us pray.

<sup>199</sup> Lord, this horrible spirit, but Lord, let the spiritual eye be opened now to see the glory of God, and may this demon of blindness be taken away, for I ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

<sup>200</sup> Now, look at me again. Different now, isn't it? Raise up your hand if it's different. You have your sight. Trusting you'll go and find it just the way you believe it, with the others, too. God bless you.

Be real reverent, please, real reverent.

<sup>201</sup> I don't know you, sir. I'm getting awfully weak though, see; visions make me weak. If Jesus, the Son of God, one woman touched Him, and He said, "I got weak," how about me, a sinner saved by grace? It would never have happened if—if it wasn't He said, "More than this shall you do." I've never seen you, sir. We're both Eternity-bound people. If I could help you, I'd do it. If Christ was here with my . . . with these clothes that He gave me, He couldn't (if you're sick, I don't know that you're needing healing, you might be for someone else, I don't know) but if He was here with these clothes on, He couldn't heal you, if you are sick. He could tell you He did it, and do something like He did, to let you know that it was Him. That's right. You're suffering with your back. You're not from here. You're a Canadian, too. You're a preacher, too. Go on home, your faith has healed you.

<sup>202</sup> Right back there on end of the row, for rheumatism, you believe that God will make you well, lady? Setting right back there, about two rows back on the end of the row, praying: rheumatism. You believe with all your heart? Do you believe it? Got a little flowers around, top of the hat, little lady, setting there. You believe and accept it? All right. Raise up your hand then. All right, go home, be well. Jesus Christ makes you well. I challenge you to believe the truth.

How about you in the audience, can you believe?

<sup>203</sup> Here it is, right here, by this lady, right there, suffering with a lady's trouble, female trouble, little lady with the little white hat on. That's right. You believe Jesus Christ will make you well? I don't know you, do I? But you're having a drainage from that. I see you at the bathroom. What it is, is an abscess on your ovary, which could go to cancer. But

it won't. Your faith has healed you. Go home, you're well. Your faith touched God.

<sup>204</sup> Do you believe? Setting right here on the end, lady and man, got your arm is around her, it's your wife. That's: one of you is nervous, and the one is heart trouble. That's right. Do you accept your healing? Raise up your hands if you do. All right. God bless you. Go home and be well.

<sup>205</sup> There's many out there suffering with your trouble, lady. But diabetes is nothing for God to heal. You believe He can heal that? With all your heart?

<sup>206</sup> All that's suffering with diabetes, raise up to your feet right now, raise up to your feet, come on, right quick, all over, everywhere: I will show you what God can do, just stand on your feet a minute.

Stand right back here just a moment. Get this one.

All that's suffering with nervousness, stand up on your feet, just a moment.

<sup>207</sup> It's just pulling so hard from the audience, I couldn't. . . Looky here, see? Every one of you is believing. How (See?), how could I say *this*, and *that*, and *this*, and *that*, and it's just everywhere. See?

All of you that want prayer and you believe that God is going to heal you, stand up on your feet.

<sup>208</sup> Do you believe that Christ lives? Do you believe that He is the same? Is your eyes open now, to see? How many say, "God my eyes are open"? Raise up your hands like *this* to Him. "My eyes are open, Lord. I believe that the Son of God is with us."

<sup>209</sup> Now, while you pray in your way, I'm going to ask God to le- . . . make all the doubt leave the building. Then I want every one of you to rise to your feet and give Him thanks. And I'll pronounce you healed, in the Name of Jesus Christ, if you'll obey me.

<sup>210</sup> Lord God, the Creator of heavens and earth, the Author of everlasting Life, and the Giver of every good gift, send Thy blessings upon this people.

<sup>211</sup> Satan, oh, through education, and through the systems of the world, you've blinded the people for years, but you're exposed. We do not accept you. We claim that you was defeated at Calvary, when Christ died, and rose again, and you were stripped of every power that you had. You have no power left, you're just a bluff. And we're calling your bluff, in the Name of Jesus Christ, by the authority of the Angel of God, Who has charged us for this meeting: Come out of the people, all you spirits of diseases, and leave the people alone, in the Name of Jesus Christ.

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Stand up on your feet now, and give praise to God. I pronounce you healed, in the Name of Jesus Christ. 

58-0521 Behold, I Stand At The Door And Knock  
City Hall  
Bangor, Maine U.S.A.

ENGLISH

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