

**Picture Album
of
William Branham**



1. This amazing photograph, with the halo of fire resting above William Branham's head, was taken by a Mr. Ayers, a photographer who was taking pictures for a hostile clergyman, who was opposing Brother Branham's ministry in Houston, Texas. When the photographer developed the negative he was so amazed that he brought it at once to the hotel where Brother Branham was staying. George Lacy, Investigator of Questioned Documents carefully examined the negative in his laboratory and pronounced it absolutely genuine.

George F. Lacy
Examiner of Photographic Instruments
1014 1/2 Street
Madison, Iowa

January 29, 1950

R E P O R T A N D O P I N I O N

Re: Questioned Negative

On January 28, 1950 at the request of Reverend Gordon Lindsay, who was representing Reverend William Branham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, I received from the Douglas Studios of 1610 Rusk Avenue in this city, a 4x5 inch exposed and developed photographic film. This film was purported to have been made by the Douglas Studios of Reverend William Branham at the Sam Houston Coliseum in this city, during his visit here the latter part of January, 1950.

R E Q U E S T

Reverend Lindsay requested that I make a scientific examination of the aforesaid negative. He requested that I determine, if possible, whether or not in my opinion the negative had been re-touched or "doctored" in any way, subsequent to the developing of the film, that would cause a streak of light to appear in the position of a halo above the head of Reverend Branham.

E X A M I N A T I O N

A macroscopic and microscopic examination and study was made of the entire surface of both sides of the film, which was Eastman Kodak Safety Film. The negative and the film were examined under filtered ultra-violet light and infra-red photographs were made of the film.

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The microscopic examination failed to reveal retouching of the film at any place whatsoever by any of the processes used in commercial retouching. Also, the microscopic examination failed to reveal any disturbance of the emulsion in or around the light streak in question.

The ultra-violet light examination failed to reveal any foreign matter, or the result of any chemical reaction on either side of the negative, which might have caused the light streak, subsequent to the processing of the negative.

The infra-red photograph also failed to disclose anything that would indicate that any retouching had been done to the film.

The examination also failed to reveal anything that would indicate that the negative in question was a composite negative or a double exposed negative.

There was nothing found which would indicate that the light streak in question had been made during the process of development. Neither has there anything found which would indicate that it was not developed in a regular and recognized procedure. There was nothing found in the comparative densities of the highlights that was not in harmony.

O P I N I O N

Based upon the above described examination and study I am of the definite opinion that the negative submitted for examination, was not retouched nor was it a composite or double exposed negative.

Further, I am of the definite opinion that the light streak appearing above the head in a halo position was caused by light striking the negative.

Respectfully submitted,

GJL/jh



2. Photostat of George Lacy's statement concerning the photo with a supernatural light. An exact reproduction of the letter from Mr. Lacy, authenticating the phenomena.



3. The Branham family group. To the right are Billy Paul, Becky and Brother Branham's wife, Meda Marie.



4. Log cabin where William Branham was born. April 6, 1909. The cabin's location is near Burkesville, Kentucky. It was at this place that both mother and son almost perished in the terrible snowstorm of the late fall of 1909. (See Chapter 11.)

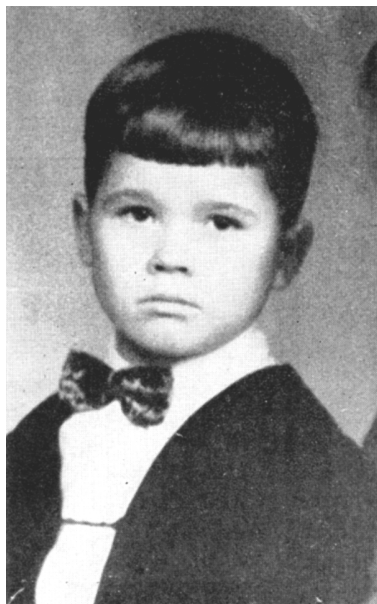
TWO HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS IN WILLIAM BRANHAM'S LIFE



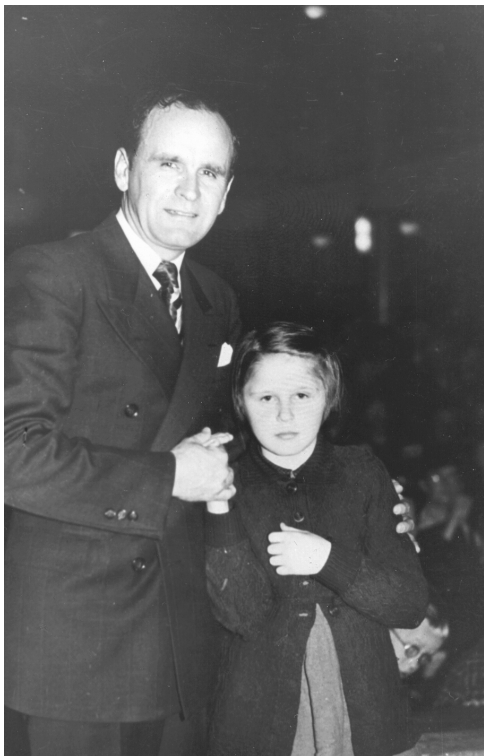
5. River Scene. The baptismal service which took place during the month of June, 1933 on the banks of the Ohio River in Jeffersonville, Indiana. He was preparing to baptize the seven-teenth person, and at that moment a star appeared over him which was witnessed by many people and an account of which appeared in the local paper at the time.



6. Tent at Ornskoldsvik. Not a summer camp meeting in America — a Branham Healing Campaign near the Arctic regions of Northern Sweden. Note the fleet of busses in the background.



7. Dead boy raised to life. This little boy was picked up by the Branham Party after being fatally struck by a car.



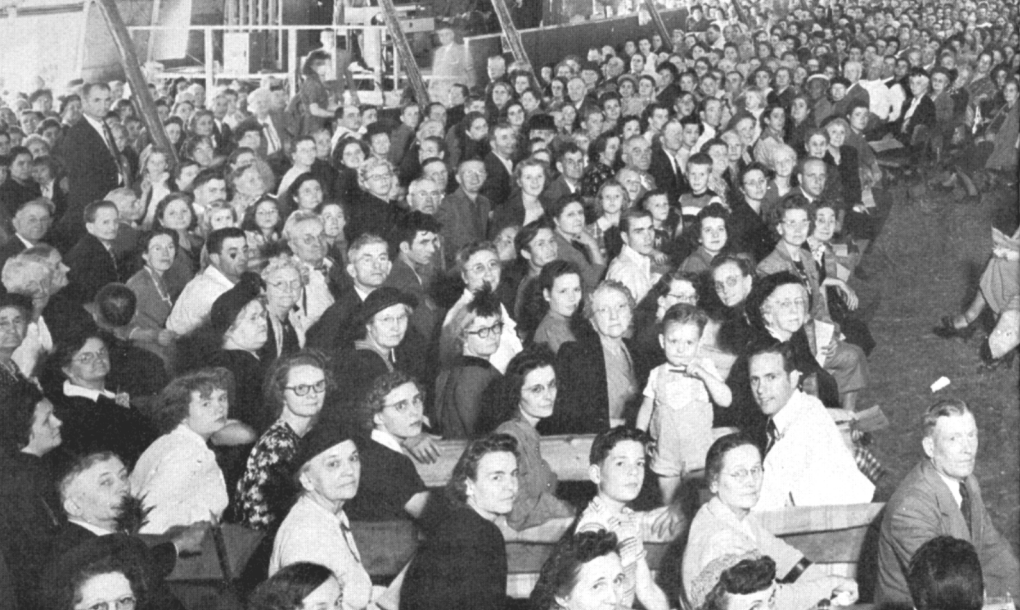
8. Girl healed and delivered from braces. Caught by the camera in one of his services in Finland, Brother Branham stands by one of the many children whose healing was wrought through his prayers. The little girl is Veera Ihalainen, war orphan, marvelously delivered from having to wear a cruel brace and crutches.



9. At the tomb of John Wesley in London, Gordon Lindsay and Jack Moore stand to the right of Brother Branham.



10. William Branham at the tomb of John Alexander Dowie. F. F. Bosworth stands at the right.



11. This photo shows a part of the great audience which



12. A Branham tent campaign in



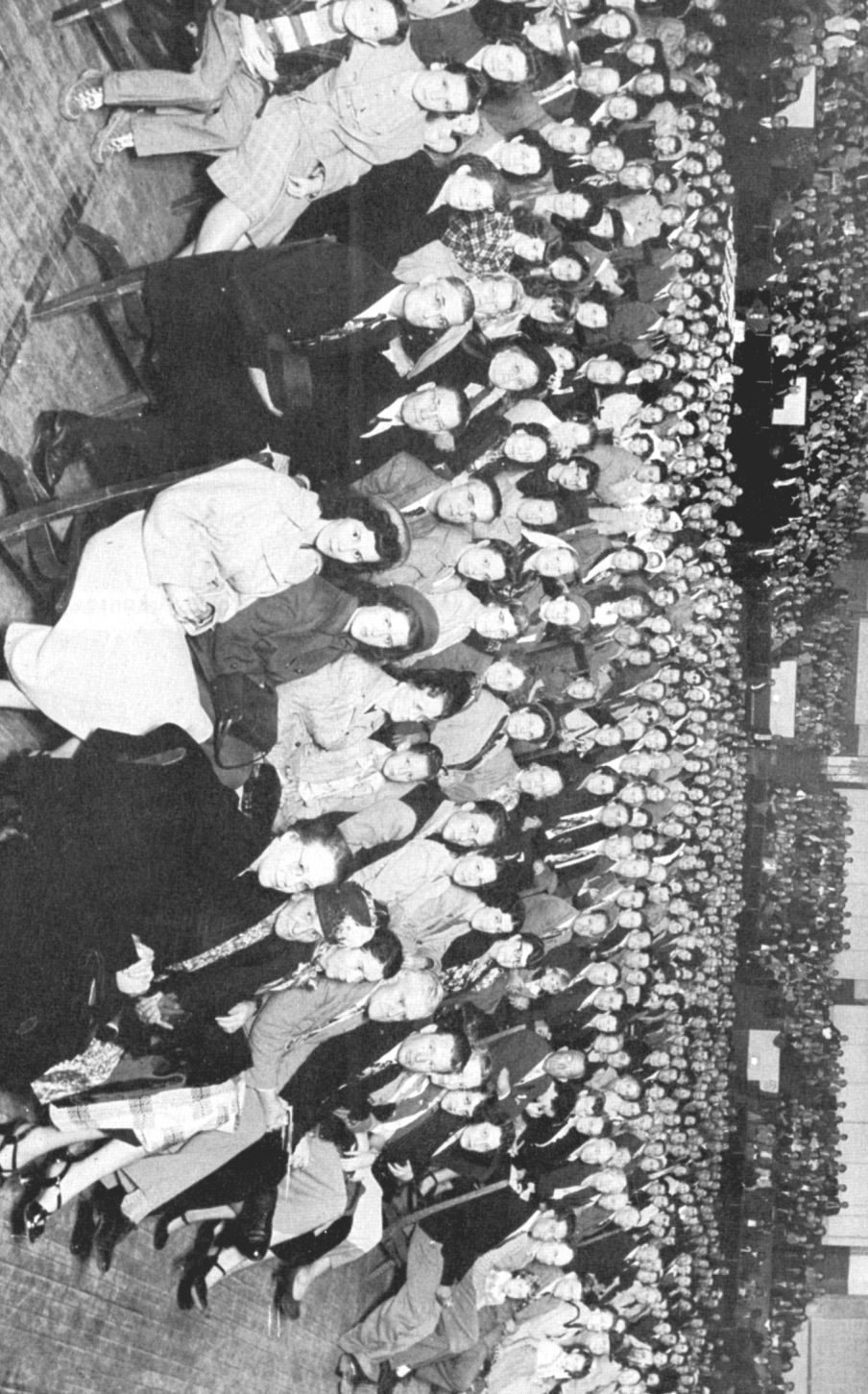
attended the Branham healing campaign in Kansas City.



San Bernardino, Calif., November, 1950



13. A banquet in Minneapolis at which cooperating ministers in the Branham meeting attended.



14. Branham meeting in Houston, Texas. Photo shows only half of the balconies. The next night the meeting went to the Sam Houston Coliseum, where 8,000 attended.



15. Audience in Little Rock, Arkansas. Gordon Lindsay



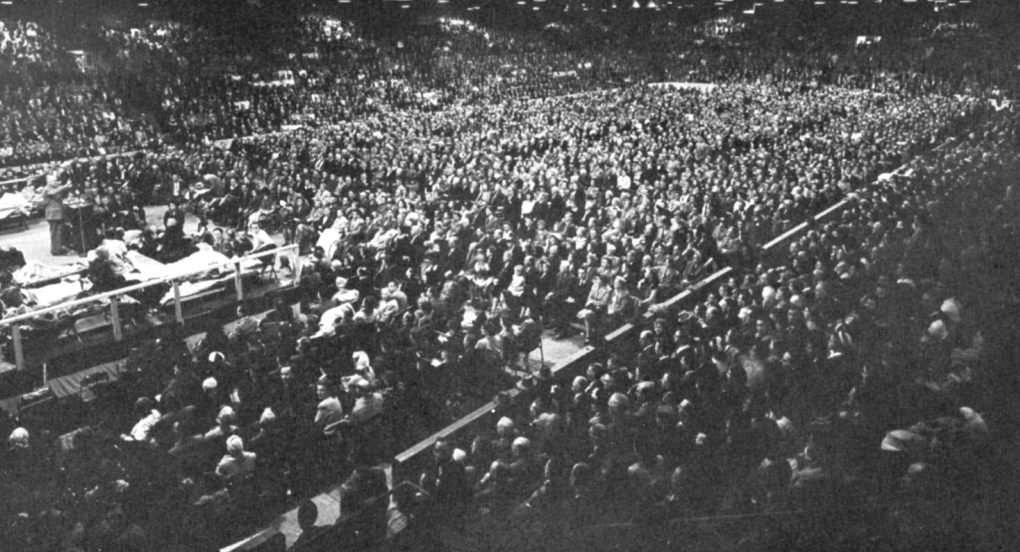
16. Audience in the Sam Houston



and Jack Moore stand on either side of Brother Branham.



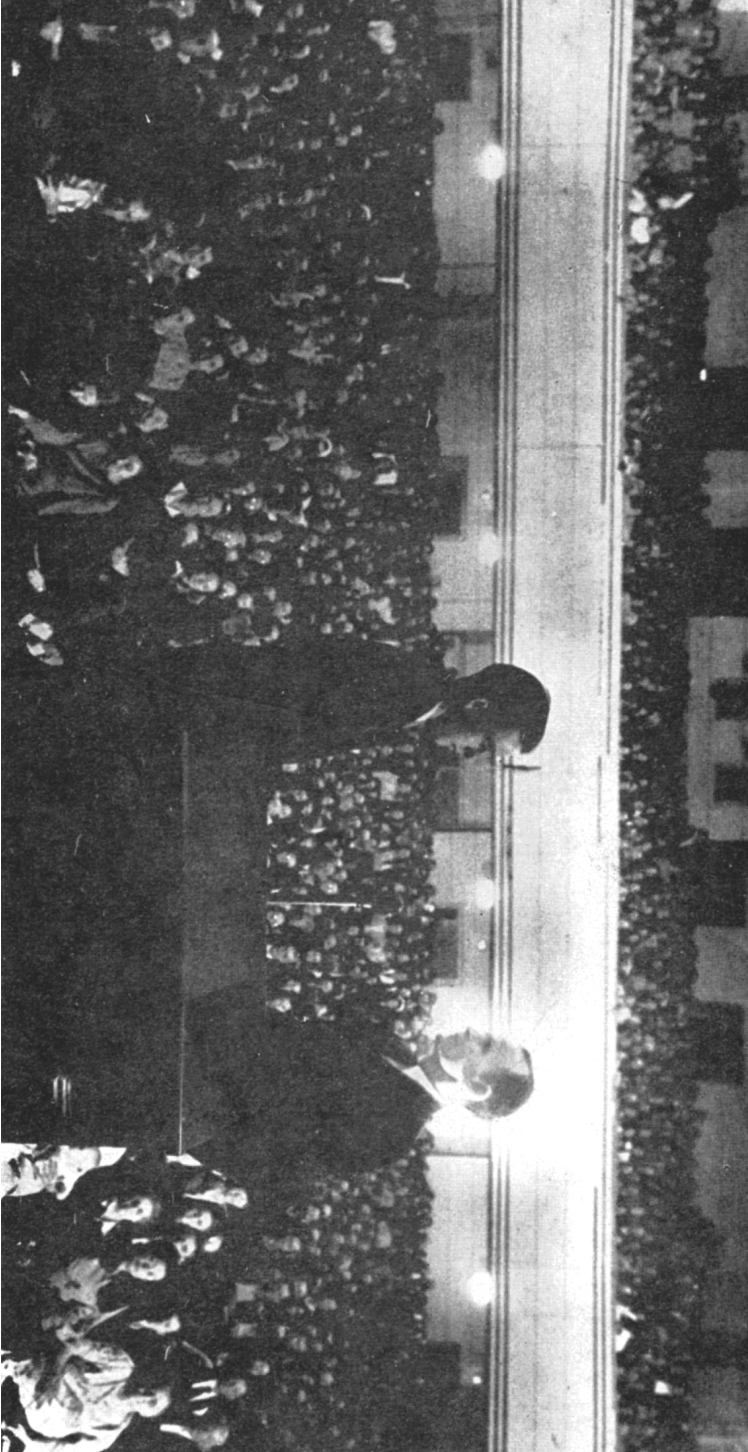
Coliseum, Houston, Texas.



17. A photo of the great Tacoma, Washington, meeting in April, 1948.



18. A view of the audience in the Civic Auditorium in Seattle, Washington in November, 1948.



19 Light around Brother Branham A halo of light surrounds the head of Rev. William Branham when this photograph was taken. Photographer pointed out that there was no light between Rev. Branham and the rear of the auditorium.

WILLIAM BRANHAM

A MAN SENT FROM GOD

By

Gordon Lindsay

Editor of THE VOICE OF HEALING

In Collaboration With

William Branham

Published by

WILLIAM BRANHAM

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Introduction

The story of the life of William Branham is so out of this world and beyond the ordinary that were there not available a host of infallible proofs which document and attest its authenticity, one might well be excused for considering it far-fetched and incredible. But the facts are so generally known, and of such a nature that they can be so easily verified by any sincere investigator, that they must stand as God's witness to His willingness and purpose to reveal Himself again to men as he once did in the days of the prophets and the apostles. The story of this prophet's life—for he is a prophet, though we infrequently use the term—indeed witnesses to the fact that Bible days are here again.

The writer is keenly conscious of his own lack of literary qualifications to properly depict and tell the story of this great ministry. However, he is aided considerably in that not a little of the narrative has been told in the words of Brother Branham himself, and by certain others who have been associated in this ministry. The clear, simple style of Rev. Branham possesses its

own charm, and though he himself boasts no cultural advantages, this style, though at times rugged, is always dramatic and has a distinction of its own.

To know Brother Branham is to love him. His nature is tender and kind and his sensibilities react deeply to the suffering and pain of others. So great has been his compassion for the sick and afflicted, that he permitted his own health to suffer while praying long hours for endless lines of sick. For a time he carried, as it were, the weight of a suffering world upon his frail shoulders, until God made it known to him that this responsibility must be shared by others. Since he has returned to the field, he has complied with the requests of those who labor with him to conserve his strength, and not to go beyond what his constitution will stand. Divine healing does not make a man immortal in this life, and even Jesus bore the weight of weariness.

It is true that Brother Branham lives in a different world than that of the average Christian. In the affairs of this world he is admittedly unsophisticated and is not prepared to match wits with those who too often seek selfish and subtle advantage of him. On the other hand, in that world in which he truly lives, his spiritual senses have been quickened to a point that has enabled him to move farther out into God, and has caused him to be more conscious of heavenly realities, than perhaps any man now living. It is this amazing spiritual sensitivity that has caused his ministry to be so revolutionary. He indeed brings no new doctrine to the church, but rather a fresh revelation of the reality of the power of God and the intrinsic truth of the miraculous in the Scriptures.

Together with this spiritual acumen, there is another characteristic of his ministry that makes him so intensely loved by the multitudes who hear him—it is his simple humility. Nobody is jealous of the successes of the little man who for long years fought a losing battle with life—one who through much of his

life has known nothing but the pangs of poverty, hardship and crushing sorrows, a man who has had even the little of life wrenched from his grasp, until his very soul was left bare, and it seemed as if heaven itself had conspired against him. We may thank God for the compensations Divine Providence has given him since, and rejoice with him in his victories. Perhaps in the ministry of no other man has death in this life been so strongly symbolized; this, of course, to the purpose that God may show forth to His people, the new or resurrection life.

Brother Branham fully recognizes his limitations, and frequently apologizes to his audiences for his lack of cultural qualifications. Readily he tells of his humble origin, his long struggle with poverty. There are no pretensions. Only when it comes to the matter of his own call is there no doubt or hesitancy. Of this he must speak to fulfill the commission which has been given him. His message and the exercise of his gift must be made known to the world.

When it comes to the consideration of doctrinal points, it is a different matter. He does not consider himself a theologian or an arbiter of theological controversies. Despite his great influence with multitudes of people, he does not lend that influence to press home his own views on doctrinal points. Some unauthorizedly have attempted to use his name as a means of promoting their own personal views. He has been forced to kindly but firmly repudiate such attempts. His mission is to unite the people of God, not to further divide them in doctrinal controversy. "Knowledge puffeth up but love edifieth"

It is this simple humility that has charmed his audiences wherever he has been. Though the fulfilling of his calling demands that he minister to the great crowds, his sincere desire is to preserve the simplicity of his life. He knows full well that great men of God in the past have found that both their power with God and their anointing were lacking when they lost the

simplicity of their Christian experience and the spirit of humility they once possessed.

That he withdraws himself from the throng is not because he shuns people, but rather because he finds that is the only way he can possibly continue his ministry. He has found that all his time and more would soon be taken up by the countless people who wish to see him, confer with him, give him advice, or seek his counsel. There would be no time left to wait on God, and he well knows that he, of all men, is most dependent on the anointing of the Spirit. Without that anointing he is helpless. He does not have natural talents that he can fall back upon if that all important element should be missing. Some people, of course, misunderstand this and are greatly disappointed when they are not permitted a personal interview. Scarcely a day passes in which there are not some who feel that they have an urgent message to give to him, that only they can convey.

But though he must live in a different world, so that he might bring inspiration and blessing to his fellow men, there is no one who is more human and understanding than Brother Branham. He intensely desires to please all, and he longs to do any favor that comes within his power. Indeed, on this one point he cannot trust himself, for he knows that his desire to please may lead him into making commitments which there would be no possibility of fulfilling. Nothing could distress him more than to know that he was unable to keep his word. Thus he has placed his business arrangements into the hands of his associates, so that they may carry out in orderly fashion what mutual agreements seem necessary in the conduct of his campaigns.

To understand Brother Branham, one needs to know something of his background. As he himself tells the story, his family was the poorest of the poor. At the time of his marriage, his living was precarious. For a long time he was unable to afford the most meager of household conveniences. Once he lost to a

finance company an easy chair, not being able to keep up the payments. He preached in his own tabernacle for years, not accepting any compensation, believing that his congregation was too poor to keep up the expenses both of the church and his family. To pay expenses he worked as an Indiana game warden, but was too kind hearted to impose fines, although that was his only source of income as a game warden. Consequently (and it does sound fantastic, but it is true) he had to work at still another job, that of patrolling the high lines—a work he could do in connection with his game warden job—in order to make a living for his family. But in his own battle he was brought in intimate touch with the suffering and sorrow of humanity. And in the honored position that God has now called him, he is still able to feel intensely for those who also must tread as he did, the dark and lonely path of sorrow.

There was another reason why God chose William Branham for the great task of calling His people to unity of spirit. The Lord knew that he would never attempt to start another organization of his own. This he could have done. But to such suggestions he never gave one moment of consideration. His message was not to bring something new to the Church, which would involve the creation of a new organization. That was not his vision or desire—rather it was that the people of God who had separated themselves one from the other, would now recognize the fact that they were of one body and become united in *spirit* in anticipation of the return of their Lord Jesus Christ. He sought not only the healing of the physical bodies of believers, but also the healing of the Mystical Body of Christ—which is His Church. One is reminded of the Apostle Paul who pointed out that the cause of so much sickness and premature death in the Church was due to their “not discerning the Lord’s body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you and many sleep.” We know that this scripture refers primarily to the physical Body of Christ, symbolized in the

Broken Bread of the Lord's Supper. But the passage must also have reference to the Mystical Body of Christ, for immediately Paul begins discussing this subject, and indeed the theme occupies the entire 12th chapter of I Corinthians. He concludes this discussion by showing the solemn urgency of the members of the body of Christ to properly recognize each other's place in the body. "*And whether one member suffers all the members suffers with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.* Now ye are the body of Christ and the members in particular." The Church, or Body of Christ, is sick because its members are out of harmony one with the other.

Now speaking briefly concerning the ministry of William Branham—he no longer attempts to pray for all that throng his meetings; he has found that the limits of his physical strength makes this impossible. He has to restrict his ministry to ministering to a limited number each night. But that does not mean that all cannot receive healing in his meetings. The sick in the audience are encouraged to reach out in faith and receive their healing while in their seats. And indeed, as a result of this instruction, the number of testimonies being received of those who are thus healed is astonishing. Such healings do not involve merely minor ailments, but deliverances are just as apt to be from organic ailments such as cancer, tumor, tuberculosis and so on. Time after time Brother Branham has, by the operation of his gift, discerned such diseases and announced the deliverance, though the person receiving healing may be seated well back in the audience.

Another great purpose of the Branham meetings is to bring inspiration to the ministry, not to encourage a great number to attempt to conduct vast campaigns, but that many with new inspiration will go back to their own churches and begin a real ministry of deliverance. Too long have substitutes been used to draw people to the church, until worship in many of our con-

gregations has been submerged to a purely human level with the element of the supernatural completely gone. The healing ministry is the Bible way at last to reach the multitudes for God. What wonderful ministries have been born in the lives of some we know, who, after attending the Branham meetings and returning home, have locked their doors and refused to emerge until they had heard from heaven!

As for the Christians themselves, how their lives have been enriched as they have beheld before their very eyes, often for the first time, the working of a miracle! How skepticism and unbelief have been challenged and put to flight! God is no longer a vague and distant God, but One Who is nigh and ready to reveal Himself to the sons of men! When Modernism with its blighting unbelief meets this challenge, it is put to instant rout. No honeycombed words or cunning oratory can fool a normal person who has seen God work before his very eyes. Men as never before are brought to the realization that the Bible is true, God's power is real, Heaven and Hell are real!

In another sense these great meetings have a missionary character. The large population in the country rarely touched by Full Gospel meetings is reached in the Branham campaigns. The altar calls are made up of many of these people. Although they do not return to swell the numbers of the local churches, they are, nevertheless, a priceless addition to the kingdom of God. It goes without saying, of course, that many from the cities are also converted and become candidates to increase the congregations of enterprising pastors who have the initiative to follow up and encourage these converts. One pastor told us that immediately after a Branham meeting in his town he received one hundred new members into his church. Of course, the whole campaign is a mighty witness to the entire community of the truth and reality of the Full Gospel message.

The personal testimony of the writer is that the ministry of William Branham has powerfully affected his own. Though he

practiced the ministry of healing and his own church enjoyed the benefits of this glorious truth to a large degree, yet it was not until after he had witnessed the ministry of Brother Branham that he received faith to minister to the deaf, the dumb, and blind, and see immediate results. In such meetings that he has conducted, he has been gratified by the considerable success he has experienced, and would no doubt be fully engaged in his own campaigns at the present time, having many calls, were it not for the fact that in the Providence of God, as editor of **THE VOICE OF HEALING**, his time and strength seem to be demanded in the coordination and encouragement of those engaged in this great visitation that has come to the land. That in this work he has the honor to be associated with William Branham, he considers a reward in itself.

Looking back to the beginning of this visitation, we may point to May 7, 1946, when the angel of the Lord speaking to William Branham in person told him that if he would remain faithful, this great spiritual move would shake the world. We are seeing that prediction fulfilled. But speaking for us all, as well as our beloved Brother Branham, and looking a step farther beyond frail human instrumentality, we see the inscrutable purpose of the Almighty, Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out! To Him be all the glory.

Gordon Lindsay
February 1950

Chapter 1

A Strange Challenge

The doors of the great municipal auditorium of the City of Portland, Oregon, were opened early that November evening of the year 1947. At six o'clock many people had already stood in line for a long time awaiting opportunity to enter and secure a choice seat. When the caretaker at the appointed time went his rounds to unlock the doors, he was somewhat puzzled to find such a large crowd awaiting him. It was a little strange, he observed, for there had been no unusual advertising, and religious services, even when extensively advertised, as he remembered, rarely attracted enough people to fill more than a fraction of the auditorium.

The caretaker could have noticed also that the people did not follow the common custom in church services of filling up the center and rear pews first, but rather rushed forward to get the seats nearest the front. But soon these were gone, and those toward the rear and in the balconies were occupied also. Once more the caretaker had reason to take note, for firemen assigned to the routine duty of seeing that city ordinances re-

garding public safety were observed sent word to him that the building was full and that he must at once shut the doors and see that no one else entered.

There was, perhaps, more than one unusual feature to this meeting. Ministers from the ranks of many denominations occupied a large section of seats on the platform. If all who were in the auditorium were counted, they undoubtedly would have numbered several hundred. Such a gathering of local and out-of-city ministers to a revival service was a rare occurrence in the city, and no doubt had never been witnessed on such a scale before.

What was the attraction that had brought together this large concourse of people? It was not the singing or the special music. For although both were excellent and inspiring, yet it was evident that the people were waiting with restrained impatience until the preliminaries would be concluded in anticipation of what was to follow.

The cause of this large gathering could be stated in few words. It had been told over the city that a man by the name of William Branham was coming to town and would speak in the Municipal Auditorium. Concerning this man, it was said that an angel had appeared to him in a special visitation, and gifts of healing were being manifest in his ministry. For, believe it or not, despite the trend of materialistic thinking that has engulfed the intelligentsia and the schools of learning of our day, it is evident that deep down in the heart of the human being there does and always will exist a longing for the manifestation of the power of the supernatural. Man lives a fleeting, fragile life in a world marked everywhere by decay, disintegration and death. Materialistic and modernistic theology, which have nothing to offer man one moment after his death, cannot satisfy the inherent longing of the human soul for survival. In the world confused by a thousand conflicting voices, each claiming authority and clamoring for recognition, it is not unnatural that

man should long for some visible manifestation of the power of God to confirm and attest to the genuineness of the message of those who speak. Jesus did not deny this fundamental urge and desire of the human soul, for He declared, . . . "I am the Son of God. If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in Him." (Jn. 10:36-38)

The services of the first two nights aroused tremendous interest; and now on the third night the building was filled with people waiting again for the speaker to appear. The writer, who was directing this brief campaign, in preparing to turn the service over to the evangelist asked the people to stand to their feet and sing the chorus, "Only believe, only believe, all things are possible, only believe." While the great congregation sang, a slight little man with modest demeanor and a friendly smile entered, then came and stood behind the pulpit. The singing ceased, and a hush fell over the audience as it listened intently when he began to speak. As he proceeded, it was apparent that the listeners were impressed by the graciousness of the speaker as well as his evident sincerity and humility. The evangelist, taking the thought of faith inspired by the chorus that had been sung, began the theme of his message. "Yes," said he, "All things are possible to him that believeth. There is nothing that can stand before faith in God, and if the people here tonight will believe God with me, we shall see that God will honor that faith and confirm it before the eyes of this entire congregation."

As the audience listened with rapt attention to the slight little figure on the platform, perhaps only one anticipated the startling drama that was about to unfold. Certainly the director had no such intuition, and the interruption which was about to occur could not have been more unwelcome. For suddenly our attention was directed to a man far back in the building who was making rapid strides, apparently in the direction of the

platform. At first we supposed that some emergency had arisen; perhaps someone had fainted or had taken seriously ill in the auditorium. But as he drew near, we observed with no little misgiving that his countenance bore a demoniac grin, as to suggest that the man was demented, or violently insane, and apparently had broken away from those who had him in their care. We were to learn later what indeed would have been more disturbing had we known it at the time, that the man was not insane, in that he did not know what he was doing, but was a notorious and vicious character who had previously run afoul of the law for disturbing and breaking up religious services. Jail sentences had not taught him a lesson, and now seeing his opportunity to cause a large commotion and again break up a service, he had come forward for that purpose.

Up the steps he strode without pausing. Now he was on the platform assuming a menacing attitude that by this time was attracting the attention of the entire congregation. Two sturdy policemen standing in the wings, becoming aware of the distraction, were about to come forward and lay hands on this disturber, but we could see that this would result in a scuffle and the excitement created could well ruin the service. Moreover, the evangelist had apparently put himself on the spot for he had just declared that all things were possible to him that believed, and that God would always back up His servants who put their trust in Him. Indeed, the meeting had reached such a high state of expectation, that reliance on the officers of the law, though perhaps entirely justifiable in the present instance, did not seem to be the Divine order. We knew nothing else to do but to hastily wave the officers back, and call attention to the evangelist as to what was taking place. But he himself was already conscious that something was wrong. Speaking quietly to the audience and requesting that the people unite with him in silent prayer, he turned to meet the strange challenge of this evil antagonist.

As he did so, the man with the evil gleam on his countenance, which reminded one of the hideous grins the heathen engrave on the faces of their idols, began to impudently accuse and curse the speaker. "You are of the devil, and deceiving the people," he shouted, "an impostor, a snake in the grass, a fake, and I am going to show these people that you are!" It was a bold challenge and every one in that audience could see that it was not an idle threat. As the intruder continued to revile the evangelist, hissing and spitting, he made motion to carry his threats into execution. To the audience it appeared to be an evil moment for the little figure on the platform, and most of them must have felt exceedingly sorry for him. The officers attempted again to come to his aid but were waved away, and now in rejecting their assistance the speaker had deliberately accepted the challenge of this wicked antagonist whose size and fierceness had convinced the audience that he was well able to carry out his boasts. No doubt, critics who had slipped into the auditorium out of curiosity expected a swift and pitiful conclusion to the unexpected drama that was now coming to a climax. Certainly they could see that there was no room for trickery. The man on the platform would have to have the goods or else take the consequences.

In the moment of suspense that followed, one could not help being reminded of the story of the challenge of long ago, when the bold Goliath cursed little David in the name of his gods, and boasted that he would tear him limb from limb. The startled congregation, as the hosts of Israel must have been in their day, looked on the scene with wonder and amazement, hardly knowing what to expect next, but fearing the worst. The gathering of ministers on the platform reviewed the situation with no little dismay, knowing that unless God did a very unusual thing and backed up the speaker in a supernatural manner, the evil intruder, who had successfully broken up religious services in the past, would now do so again. Some were

much disturbed that the policemen had not been permitted to take charge of the situation and believed that this error of judgment would allow this demon-possessed man not only to ruin the meeting and thus bring reproach on the cause of Christ, but also might actually result in physical injury to the speaker.

The seconds passed, however, without the awaited climax happening. Presently it appeared that something was hindering the challenger from carrying out his evil designs. For some reason he was not proceeding with the execution of his boasts of physical violence, but was rather contenting himself in hissing and spitting and uttering the most fearful imprecations. Softly but determinedly the voice of the evangelist now could be heard rebuking the evil power that dominated the man. His words, spoken so quietly that they could be heard only a short distance, were saying, "Satan, because you have challenged the servant of God before this great congregation, you must bow before me. In the name of Jesus Christ, you shall fall at my feet." The words were repeated several times. The challenger ceased to speak, and it was evident that it was now he who was laboring under a strain. Strong as he and the wicked forces were that controlled him, strengthened by every evil spirit in the building, apparently they were gradually succumbing to another Power that was greater than they, a Power that responded at the whisper of the Name of Jesus! Soon it was evident that the man realized he was being overcome, but nothing he could do apparently could reverse the situation. A tense battle of spiritual forces now summoned every bit of strength that he had in him. Beads of perspiration broke out on his face as he put forth a last desperate effort to prevail. But it was all to no avail. Suddenly he who a few minutes before had so brazenly defied the man of God with his fearful threats and accusations, gave an awful groan and slumped to the floor sobbing in an hysterical manner. For quite a while he

lay there writhing in the dust, as the evangelist calmly proceeded with the service as if nothing had happened.

Needless to say, the great congregation was awed by the scene that had transpired before them, in which God so signally vindicated His servant, and loud praises to God filled the spacious auditorium. The policemen too, startled by what they had witnessed, openly acknowledged that God was in their midst. Need we record that in the healing service which followed, a wave of glory was manifest that will never be forgotten by those who were present. Many miracles of healing took place that night as a multitude of people were ministered to in the prayer line.

But who was this little man who spoke with such words of authority and whose ministry had been confirmed by such a remarkable demonstration of Divine power? His name was William Branham, of Jeffersonville, Indiana, and his ministry was to have wider and wider reverberations until, at the time of this writing, the effect of it has reached throughout the world. Many in the City of Portland that night glorified God, for they knew that He had again visited His people. Many ministers too, realized that God had come into their midst in special power. They believed that what they had witnessed was a token of greater things that God was preparing to do for His people. Some, indeed, had their ministry revolutionized. Among these was a young preacher, whose wife had witnessed the bold challenge of the demon-possessed man. She persuaded her husband to attend on the last night. As he sat and watched a little deaf-mute child's ears opened so it could hear and repeat words, God spoke to him, and said, "This is the work that I have called you to do also." The next day he turned the responsibilities of his church over to certain members of his congregation and locked himself in his room, determining to remain there until he was sure God's will had been revealed to him. Out of a period of earnest soul-searching was born a

ministry that was to result in the salvation of thousands of souls and was to be accompanied by a multitude of signs, wonders and miracles. This young man was Evangelist T. L. Osborn.

Strangely enough, as the campaign concluded, we heard that a few doubted. Why would God choose a man of such unpretentious background, who had such a limited knowledge of this world's wisdom? Nor could they understand the principle which Paul spoke of in I Cor. 1:26-29, where he said, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

But by far, the majority believed and rejoiced. Although it was physically impossible for the evangelist to minister, other than in the briefest fashion, to the thousands of disease-ridden bodies who sought healing, yet it was remarkable the number of wonderful testimonies that came out of that meeting. And if those who allowed doubts to come into their minds did not profit to the extent that others did from the meeting, the many who did believe to this day point to that brief campaign in the City of Portland as an hour of visitation never to be forgotten.

But perhaps it is time for us to inquire further as to who this man, William Branham, is. From whence did he come? What was the manner of his special visitation from God and his commission to heal the sick? To the answer of these questions we shall now direct the reader's attention.

Chapter 2

Peculiar Birth and Childhood

It was breaking dawn on a beautiful April morning in the year 1909 in the hill country of Kentucky not far from the place where Abraham Lincoln was born almost exactly one hundred years before. In a humble cabin the light began to creep through the window over a small crude bed, when a baby's voice was heard. Two little hands of a five-pound infant were stroking the cheeks of its fifteen-year-old mother. Standing near the bed was the young father, Charles Branham, with his arms folded in the bib of his new overalls, dressed up a bit, for mountain folk for this special occasion. As the day dawned, the birds had already begun their singing, and it seemed to the father that the morning star shone a little brighter. The little one cried again as its tiny hand brushed against his mother's face.

"We'll call his name William," said the father, as he gazed happily down on his newborn son. "That will be well," said the mother, "for then he will go by the name of Billy." Little did the mother know that the hands of this little child, that were touching her cheeks would be used of Almighty God for deliv-

ering His people from sickness and bondage. No one in that part of the country would ever have thought that this little humble-born mountain baby would carry the message of the Gospel over the world. Of all the mountain folk, the Branham family was the poorest of the poor. However, God's ways are past finding out! How could these people have believed it, if someone had told them that God, through those hands someday would cause the demons to go out, the blind to see, the deaf to hear, cancers to vanish, and thousands upon thousands to fall prostrate at altars in tears of repentance? Nor could they have believed that airplanes crossing the continent at high speed would fly the sick to him. Or that trains and busses loaded with sick would be brought to him for deliverance. That they would come from the East and the West, the North and South, to hear him tell the story of Jesus Christ the Saviour in his simple, humble way.

As the neighbors gathered in to see the new born babe, there seemed to be, so it is told, a strange feeling of awe in the room. Who can say that it was not the presence of the angel who, under the direction of God, has guided William Branham in many of the events of his life, and who later was to speak to him in person?

It was just two weeks later that the father and mother carried their baby down the creek to the Lone Star meeting house—a little old-fashioned Missionary-Baptist Church made of logs and clapboard shingles, with a dirt floor and seats made of boards lying across blocks of wood. It was little William Branham's first visit to a church!

CHILD AND MOTHER PROVIDENTIALLY ESCAPE DEATH

Inasmuch as the father was a logger, it was necessary for him to be away from home much of the time, especially in the

fall and winter months when the weather would be bad for travelling. During these times the mother and the babe would be left alone. It was at one of these times that circumstances conspired to almost take the life of both the mother and son.

So it happened that at this time when the child was about six months of age, and the father was away from home, a terrible storm came, and the whole country was snowbound for days. There was little to eat in the cabin and soon the mother ran out of both food and wood. She wrapped her feet in burlap sacks, went into the woods, and chopped small saplings, then dragged them to the cabin, trying to keep fire. Finally she grew weaker and weaker and had to give up. With no food or heat the mother took all the bed clothing, wrapped herself and the child in bed, and waited for the end. It was then that God sent His protecting angel and spared their lives.

A neighbor lived at some distance from them, though in sight of the Branham cabin. For some reason he had a strange foreboding concerning the circumstances in that little humble home. Time after time he would gaze away toward it, and each time he would become more disturbed, especially as he failed to see any smoke rising from the chimney. When several days had gone by, the conviction so deepened within him that something was wrong that he determined to make an investigation, though it meant wading through drifts for a considerable distance.

Arriving at the door, his fears were confirmed, for there was no response from those inside, although the tracks outside showed that no one had left the vicinity, and the door was barred from the inside. He decided to break into the cabin and when he did so, he was startled by the scene before him. Mother and child wrapped in their bed clothes were near death from starvation and cold. The kind-hearted neighbor quickly secured wood and started a blazing fire that soon warmed the cabin. Then he went back to his own house to

secure food. His deed of mercy was accomplished just in time. The mother and child revived and soon were on their way to health again.

Not long after this the family moved from the state of Kentucky to Indiana, where the father went to work for a farmer near Utica, Indiana. Then a year later they moved again farther down in the valley near Jeffersonville, Indiana, a moderately sized city, which was to become William Branham's home town.

GOD'S FIRST MESSAGE TO THE BOY

Several years passed and the boy was about seven years of age, having just entered school in a rural section a few miles north of Jeffersonville. It was at this time that God first spoke to the lad. We will let Brother Branham tell the story of this peculiar visitation in his own words:

* * * * *

I was on my way one afternoon to carry water to the house from the barn, which was about a city block away. About half-way between the house and the barn stood an old poplar tree. I had just gotten home from school and the other boys were going out to a pond to fish. I was crying to go but dad said that I had to pack water. I stopped under the tree to rest when all of a sudden I heard a sound as of the wind blowing the leaves. I knew that it wasn't blowing any other place. It seemed to be a very still afternoon. I stepped back from the tree and noticed that in a certain place about the size of a barrel, the wind seemed to be blowing through the tree leaves. Then there came a voice saying: "*Never drink, smoke, or defile your body in any way, for I have a work for you to do when you get older.*"

It frightened me so that I ran home, but at that time I never

told anyone about it. Crying and running to the house, I fell into the arms of my mother, who thought I had been bitten by a snake. I told her that I was just scared, so she put me to bed, and was going to call a doctor, thinking I was suffering from nervous shock. I never did go by that tree any more. I would detour down the other side of the garden to avoid it. I believe that the angel of God was in that tree, and in later years I was to meet him face to face and talk with him.

Because of God's strange dealing with me I could never drink or smoke. One day I was going to the river with my dad and another man. They offered me a drink of whiskey, and because I wanted to find favor with the man so that he would let me use his boat, I started to take the drink. But as positively as I am speaking today, I heard that sound like the blowing of the leaves. Looking around, and seeing no sign of the wind blowing, I put the bottle to my lips again, when I heard the same noise, only louder. Fear swept over me as before. I dropped the bottle and ran away, while my own dad called me a "sissy." O how that hurt! Later on I was called a "sissy" by my youthful girl friend when I told her I didn't smoke. Angered by her mockery, I took the cigarette and was going to smoke it anyway, when I was arrested by that familiar sound causing me to throw down the cigarette and leave the scene crying because I could not be like other people, while the jeers of the crowd rang in my ears.

There was always that peculiar feeling, like someone standing near me, trying to say something to me, and especially when I was alone. No one seemed to understand me at all. The boys that I associated with would have nothing to do with me, because I wouldn't drink and smoke, and all the girls went to dances, of which I wouldn't partake either, so it seemed that all through my life I was just a black sheep knowing no one who understood me, and not even understanding myself.

Chapter 3

Hardships and Poverty in the Branham Home

It has often seemed in the Providence of God, that His chosen vessels have been ordained to live their early lives in circumstances of hardship, and in some instances extreme poverty. Sometimes they have been permitted to taste deeply the cup of sorrow. No one knows how to feel for another in distress or affliction unless he has gone through similar trials himself. Rarely have those who have received an unusual calling from God been reared in homes of the rich, or have come from aristocratic families. The Saviour Himself was cradled in a manger. On the eighth day at the time He was circumcised, the family could afford for the sacrifice merely turtle pigeons, which were to be offered only if the parents were too poor to afford a lamb. (Lev. 12:8) Critics during Christ's ministry questioned the authority of His forerunner, John the Baptist, because he appeared in such rude garments, and his preaching was rugged, lacking the polish and the style of the ecclesiastical schools of learning of his day. But Jesus said of John, that none born of women was greater than he. And He asked the

critics rather pointedly, "But what went ye out for to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft clothing are in king's houses." In other words the Lord was showing them that they should not look for prophets of John's stature to emerge from an environment where they had been pampered and sheltered from the stresses of life. Humility and sturdiness of character are developed best amid the rugged life that comes from hardship and sometimes suffering and poverty. But we must now let Brother Branham tell something of his home, his childhood days, and his father's struggle against poverty.

* * * * *

I was sort of a daddy's boy—When I saw those great muscles as he rolled up his sleeve, I said, "Oh my! Dad will live to be a hundred years old." My father had great muscles from rolling logs in the woods. It didn't seem to me he could ever die. But he was only fifty-two years old, still an ungrayed, curly-haired man, when his precious head lay across my shoulder and God took him home.

I've seen dad come from the log woods so sunburnt that mother would take scissors and cut his shirt loose from his back. He worked hard for seventy-five cents a day to make us a living. I loved my father, even though he drank. Sometimes he gave me a whipping, but I never got one but that I needed another. He used to keep the Ten Commandments on the wall with a large hickory switch over them. I got my education out in the woodshed when I did wrong. But I loved my dad. Years later he gave his heart to Christ and got saved, just a few hours before he died in my arms.

POVERTY IN THE HOME

I remember how dad had to work to pay the bills. It's no disgrace to be poor. But it is hard sometimes. I remember that

I didn't have proper clothes for school. I went one whole year without even a shirt to wear. There was a rich woman nearby that gave me a coat with a sailor emblem on the arm. I would button the collar up and it would get so hot. The teacher would say, "William." I would say, "Yes, ma'm." "Well, why don't you take that coat off." But I couldn't; I didn't have any shirt on. So I would fib and say, "I'm chilly." She would say, "All right, sit over there by the fire." And I would sit there while the perspiration would run down on me. Then she would say, "Aren't you warm yet?" I would have to say, "No, ma'm."

Well, it was pretty hard going. My toes would stick through my shoes like turtle heads. Then a little later I got a shirt.

I'll tell you what kind of a shirt it was. It was a girl's dress which belonged originally to my cousin, and had a lot of curl-icue stuff on it. I cut the skirt part off, and after I put it on, you should have seen me strut going to school. Then the children got to laughing at me, and I said, "What are you laughing at me for?" They said, "You've got on a girl's dress." I had to fib again. I said, "No I haven't; that's my Indian suit." But they didn't believe me and I went off crying.

There was a boy that lived near us, who was selling those little PATHFINDER magazines. In so doing, he was given a prize of a Boy Scout suit. My, how I liked that suit. It was war-time then and everybody that was big enough in those days was in uniform. I always wanted to be a soldier. I was too little then. Even in this last war I wasn't large enough to go. I have four brothers that went. But God has given me a uniform anyway—the armor of God—so I could go out and fight against sickness and disease that is binding people.

But how I admired that Scout suit, with its hat and leggings. I said, "Lloyd, when you wear that suit out will you give it to me?" He said, "Yeah, I'll give it to you, Billy." But my, that suit lasted longer than anything that I ever saw. It seemed to me he never would wear that thing out. Then I missed it for a

while and so I went to him and I said, "Lloyd, what did you do with that Boy Scout suit?" He said, "Billy, I'll look around home and see if I can find it." But when he looked for it he found that his mother had cut it up to make patches for his dad's clothes. He came to me and said, "I can't find any of it but one legging." I said, "Bring me that." So I took it home and put it on. It had a draw string on it, and I pulled it up, and I thought that I was a real soldier. I wanted to wear it to school and I didn't know just how to do it. So I pretended that one of my legs was hurt and I put that legging on as if I were protecting my injured leg. But at school the teacher sent me to the blackboard. I tried to hide my leg that did not have a legging, and all the children got to laughing at me. I started crying and the teacher made me go home.

I remember when we went out in the old buckboard wagon about twice a month to pay the grocery bill. The grocer would give us some sticks of candy. All of us little boys sitting on blankets out there, would watch that candy when dad brought it out, and every little blue eye would look close to see that each of those sticks were broken exactly even, that each one would get the right amount. I could go out this afternoon and get a whole box of milk chocolates, but it would never taste like that candy did. That was real candy. Sometimes I would suck on a piece of it, then wrap it up in paper and put it in my pocket. I'd wait until about Monday and then suck on it again a while. My brothers would have eaten their candy up by then, and they would want to suck on my candy too. Sometimes I would make a bargain with them and let them lick it a couple of times, if they would promise to help me with the chores.

Chapter 4

Conversion of William Branham

William Branham, the boy, though he had received these remarkable manifestations of Divine providence in his life, nevertheless was not yet converted. For a time he still resisted that call. At the age of fourteen he was seriously wounded while hunting and had to spend seven months in the hospital. God dealt with him but still he did not take heed. Nevertheless, the urgency of the call became more and more conscious to him. Inasmuch as his parents were not Christians he did not get any encouragement there, and as he became older the enemy tried to get him to stifle that still small voice that ever was speaking to his heart.

HE GOES WEST

When the lad reached the age of 19, he decided that he would go out West to work on a ranch. On a September morning in the year 1927, he told his mother that he was going on a camping trip to Tunnel Mill, a locality about fourteen miles

north of Jeffersonville. He said this because he realized that if his mother knew of his plans to go West, she would plead with him not to make the trip. But when his mother heard from him again, instead of being in Tunnel Mill, he was far away in Phoenix, Arizona. In reality, down in his heart he knew that he was running away from God. He enjoyed the ranch life for awhile and the novelty of the West, but like all the other pleasures of the world, it soon got old.

Of his experiences in the West and the call of God which was ever upon his heart he says:

"Many times have I heard the wind blowing through the tall pines. It seemed as though I could hear His voice calling away out in the forest, saying, 'Adam, where art thou?' The stars seemed to be so close one could pick them with his hands. God seemed to be very near.

"One thing that I remember so well about that country is the roads in the desert. If one ever gets off the road he gets lost easily. Some times tourists see little desert flowers and go off the highway to pick them. They wander off in the desert and are lost and sometimes die of thirst. So it is in the Christian way—God has a highway. He speaks of it in Isaiah, 35th chapter. It is called the "Highway of Holiness." Many times little pleasures of the world draw one off the highway. Then he has lost his experience with God. In the desert when one is lost there sometimes appears a mirage. To those who are dying of thirst, the mirage will be a river or lake. People run after it and fall in, only to find that they are merely bathing in hot sand. Sometimes the devil shows you something that he says is a good time. That is just a mirage; it is something that isn't real. If you listen you will find yourself heaping sorrows on your head. Don't heed it, dear friend. Believe Jesus Who gives living water for them that hunger and thirst."

A SAD MESSAGE

One day the young man received a letter from home informing him that one of his brothers was very ill. It was Edward, the one next in age to him. He did not think the illness was serious and believed everything would be all right. However, one evening a few days later, he returned to the ranch from the city, and as he was coming through the mess hall, there was a message given him which read, "Bill, come out to the north pasture. Very important." He immediately walked out to the pasture and the first person that he met was an old Lone Star ranger whom they called "Pop." He had a sad expression on his face and he said, "Billy Boy, I have sad news for you." At the same time the foreman came walking up. They told him that his brother, Edward, had died.

You can imagine the shock this was to the lad as he realized that never again would he see his brother alive in this world. Events began to move swiftly from then on. Each time he resisted God, tragedy or sorrow of some kind would come to him. When he yielded and obeyed God, the Lord would bless and prosper him. Undoubtedly, that same lesson must be learned by every living person. Would that we all could learn by what others suffered, rather than by our own bitter experiences.

We again turn to Brother Branham as he relates the effect of this news upon him, of his sad trip home, and the events that followed, which finally resulted in his conversion to Christ:

* * * * *

When I realized the news of my brother's death, for a moment I could not move. It was the first death in our family. But I want to say that the first thing I thought of was, whether he was prepared to die. As I turned around and looked across the yellow prairie, tears ran down my cheeks. I remembered how

we'd struggled together when we were little lads and how hard it had been for us. We went to school with hardly enough to eat. The toes were out of our shoes, and we would have to wear old coats pinned up at the neck because we had no shirts on. How I remembered also that one day mother had some pop corn in a little bucket for our lunch. We did not eat with the rest of the children. We couldn't afford food like they had. We would always slip over the hill to eat. I remember that the day we had pop corn we thought it was a real treat. So to be sure I got my share of it, I went out before noon and took a good handful before brother got his share.

Standing there looking on the sun-parched prairie I thought of all those things and wondered if God had taken him to a better place. Then again God called me, but as usual I tried to fight it off.

I made ready to come home for the funeral. When Rev. McKinney of Port Fulton Church, a man who is just like a father to me, preached his funeral, he made mention that "There may be some here who do not know God; if so, accept him now." Oh, how I grasped my seat; God was dealing again. Dear reader, when He calls, answer Him.

I'll never forget how poor old dad and mother cried after the funeral. I wanted to go back to the West but mother begged me so hard to stay that I finally agreed to if I could find work. I soon got a job with the Public Service Company of Indiana.

ILLNESS

About two years later, while testing meters in the meter shop at the Gas Works in New Albany, I was overcome with gas, and for weeks I suffered from it. I went to all the doctors I knew. I could get no relief. I suffered with acid stomach caused from the effects of gas. It grew worse all the time. I was taken to specialists in Louisville, Kentucky. They finally said it

was my appendix and said I had to have an operation. I could not believe it for I never had a pain in my side. The doctors said they could do no more for me until I had an operation. Finally I agreed to have it done, but insisted that they use a local anesthetic so that I could watch the operation.

I wanted some one to stand by me that knew God. I believed in prayer but could not pray. So the minister from the First Baptist Church went with me to the operating room. When they took me from the table to my bed I felt myself getting weaker and weaker all the time. My heart was hardly beating. I felt death upon me. My breath was getting shorter all the time. I knew I had reached the end of my road. Oh, friend, wait until you get there, then you will think of a lot of things you have done. I knew I had never smoked, drank, or had any unclean habits, but I knew I was not ready to meet my God.

If you are only a cold, formal church member you will know when you reach the end that you are not ready. So if that is all you know about God, I ask you right here to get down on your knees and ask Jesus to give you that experience of being born again, like that He told Nicodemus about in John, chapter 3, and oh, how the joy bells will ring—Praise His name.

GOD SPEAKS IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

It began to grow darker in the hospital room, as though it were a great woods. I could hear the wind blowing through the leaves, yet it seemed a great way off in the forest. You have probably heard a puff of wind blowing the leaves, coming closer and closer to you. I thought, "Well, this is death coming to take me." Oh! my soul was to meet God; I tried to pray but could not.

Closer the wind came, louder and louder. The leaves rustled and all at once I was gone. It seemed then that I was back again a little barefooted boy, standing in that lane under the

same tree. I heard that same voice that said, "Never drink or smoke." And the leaves I heard were the same that blew in that tree that day. But this time the voice said, "I called you and you would not go." The words were repeated the third time. Then I said, "Lord, if that is you, let me go back again to earth and I will preach your Gospel from the housetops and street corners. I'll tell everyone about it!"

When this vision had passed, I found that I felt better. My surgeon was still in the building. He came and looked at me and was surprised. He looked as though he thought I would be dead; then he said, "I am not a church-going man, my practice is so great, but I know God has visited this boy." Why he said that I don't know. No one had said anything about it. If I had known then what I know now, I would have risen from that bed shouting praise to His name. After a few days I was allowed to return home, but I was still sick and was forced to wear glasses because of astigmatism. My head shook when I looked at anything for a moment.

CONVERSION AND CALL

I started out to seek and find God. I went from church to church trying to find some place where there was an old-fashioned altar call. The sad part was I could find none.

One night I became so hungry for God and a real experience that I went out to the old shed back of the house and tried to pray. I did not know how to pray then so I just began to talk to Him as I would anyone else. All at once there came a light in the shed and it formed a cross, and the voice from the cross spoke to me in a language I could not understand. It then went away. I was spellbound. When I came to myself again, I prayed, "Lord, if that is you, please come and talk to me again." I had been reading my Bible since I had been home from the hospital and I had read in I John 4, "Beloved, believe

not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.”

I knew that something had appeared to me, and as I prayed it appeared again. Then it seemed to me that there had been a thousand pounds lifted from my soul. I jumped up and ran to the house and it seemed as though I were running on air. Mother asked, “Bill, what has happened to you?” I replied, “I do not know but I surely feel good and light.” I could not stay in the house any longer. I had to get out and run.

I knew then that if God wanted me to preach he would heal me, so I went to a church that believed in anointing with oil, and I was healed instantly. I saw then that the disciples had something that most of the ministers do not have today. The disciples were baptized with the Holy Ghost and so could heal the sick and do mighty miracles in His name. So I began to pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. One day about six months later God gave me the desire of my heart. He spoke to me in a great light telling me to preach and to pray for the sick and He would heal them regardless of what disease they had. I then started preaching and doing what He told me to do.

From time to time people have asked me if I have received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. This has always struck me as a strange question. For it is impossible that any Holy Ghost gift should function freely, unless the individual who possesses the gift should have received the Giver also.

Chapter 5

A Happy Marriage and a Fateful Decision

After his conversion and call to the ministry there began a happy period of his life when God's blessings rested upon the young man, and everything seemed to go just right. He began a tent meeting in his own home town in Jeffersonville, and for a young preacher twenty-four years of age just entering the ministry, the campaign was remarkably successful. It was estimated that as many as three thousand attended a single service and large numbers were converted. At the baptismal service which followed the revival, some 130 persons were baptized in water. It was at this time that a heavenly light appeared above him as he was about to baptize the seventeenth person, This was witnessed by the vast congregation that stood looking on, by the banks of the Ohio River.

That fall the people of Jeffersonville who had attended his meeting built him a tabernacle, which to this day retains the name of "Branham Tabernacle." The next few years was a fruitful time in which God's blessing rested upon him, and he received several visions of things which he did not fully under-

stand until years later, when a more complete revelation of God's will for his life was made known unto him.

MARRIAGE

It was during these years that he met an excellent Christian girl, whose name was Hope Brumback. After some months of courtship, the young lady accepted William Branham's proposal and the two were married. We shall let him narrate in the simple, but always dramatic, style he has used in the pulpit, the story of his bashfulness, the proposal by letter, his marriage, and events which followed:

* * * * *

I was just a little country boy and was real bashful. Considering how shy I was, you probably wonder how I ever got married.

I met a fine Christian girl. I thought she was wonderful. My standard for a woman called for one that didn't drink or smoke cigarettes. It was hard to find such a girl then and it is worse than ever now. I loved this fine girl and I wanted to marry her, but I didn't have nerve enough to ask her. But I knew I had to ask her soon—she was too good a woman to waste time with me—she would get someone else. I only made twenty cents an hour and her daddy made several hundred dollars a month. Every night when I would see her, I would say, "I am going to ask her tonight." And then a great big lump would come up in my throat and I just couldn't do it. I didn't know what to do. You know what I finally did? I wrote her a letter and asked her.

Well, that letter had a little more romance in it than "Dear Miss." I did my very best to write a good letter, although I'm sure it was poor. So in the morning I got ready to put it in the mailbox. But then the thought occurred to me of what would

happen if her mother got it. But I was afraid to hand it to her. Finally I got up enough courage to put it in the mailbox on Monday morning. Wednesday night I was supposed to meet her and take her to church. All that week before Wednesday I was really nervous. Wednesday night I went to see her. And as I went I thought of what would happen if her mother came out and said, "*William Branham!*" I knew I could get along all right with the girl, but I wasn't so sure of the mother.

Finally I went to the door and called for Hope, the girl's name. She came to the door and said, "Will you step in?" I said, "If you don't mind I'll just sit on the porch." I made sure that they wouldn't get me inside. She said, "All right, I'll be ready in just a few minutes."

I had an old model T Ford, but she said, "It's not far to church, let's walk." This alarmed me and I was sure something had happened. We went on to church but she didn't say anything. I was so nervous that night I didn't hear what the preacher said at all. You know a woman can keep you in suspense.

After we left the church, we started walking down the street—it was a moonlit night. But still she didn't say anything. At last I decided that she hadn't gotten the letter. This made me feel better. I thought that perhaps the letter had been misplaced by the postman, and soon I was my old self. Then she turned to me and said, "Billy, I got your letter." I said to myself, "Oh, what am I going to do now?" Finally I asked, "D-d-did you read it?" She said, "Uhhuh." I got more nervous than ever. We were getting near the house. I said, "Did you read it all?" She said, "Uh-huh." Now we were at the steps. I wondered if she was going to lead me in where her mother was. I said quickly, "What did you think about it?" She answered, "It was all right."

Well, I didn't ask her mother, but I knew that I was going to have to ask one of her parents. So I thought that I would ask

her dad, as we got along pretty well. One night I went up to where he was sitting in his Buick. You remember I had a model T Ford. So I said to him, "Say, that is a fine car you have." He answered, "Yes, you have a nice Ford too." So I said, "Well—well—well—" He looked at me and said; "Yes, Billy, you can have her." Well, that was a relief. But I said, "But you know I can't make the living that you can give her. You know that I only make twenty cents an hour, digging ditches. But I will do everything that I can for her; I'll be true to her and love her with all my heart." And he put his hand upon my head and said, "Billy, I would rather you would have her than anyone that I know, because I know you will be good to her, and you will love her."

We were married and I don't believe that there was any place on earth that was any happier than our little home. It was wonderful. We didn't have much furniture in that house—a folding bed, an old rug and breakfast set, an old stove that I bought from a junk dealer and put new grates in it. But, friends, it was home, and I would rather live in a shack and have favor with God than live in the best house there is.

Everything went lovely. My wife saved her pennies to get herself a gingham dress. I felt so good when I could do something for her. After two years a little boy came into our home—little Billy Paul. When I first heard him cry in the hospital I seemed to know that he was a boy, and I gave him to God before I even saw him.

HE ATTENDS A FULL GOSPEL CONVENTION

A little later I had saved up enough money to get a fishing outfit and I went up to Lake Pawpaw in Michigan for a few days. My money didn't last very long, and I had to return. On my trip back as I crossed the Mishawaka River I saw a great number of people gathering for a meeting. I wondered what

kind of people they were and decided that I would go into the meeting. That is where I got acquainted with Pentecost.

I found out that the people had gathered for a convention. They were quite demonstrative, and all this was a little new to me. But they began singing, "I know it was the blood, I know it was the blood." Everybody began clapping their hands and I said, "I wonder what kind of people are these." Pretty soon a bishop got up and began to preach on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The longer he preached the more convinced I became that maybe there was something to this. I decided that I would stay until the following day. I didn't have money for a hotel room, so I went out in the country and parked in a cornfield that night and slept. Next morning I got up early and returned to the church. I had bought some rolls and milk, so that my money would hold out. When I returned to the church, quite a number of people had already gathered for morning worship.

That night there were a large number of preachers sitting on the platform. The leader said, "We haven't time to hear you all preach so we are going to ask each one just to get up and tell us your name." So when they came to me I got up and said, "Evangelist William Branham," and sat down.

The following afternoon, they had an old colored man get up and preach. He was rather decrepit and I was a little surprised to see them choose such a fellow to preach before that great congregation. He preached from the text, "Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together." Well, that old fellow picked up about ten million years before the world was ever formed. He just about covered everything in heaven, came down the horizontal rainbow and preached on everything on earth up till the Second Coming of Christ. By the time he had finished he was as spry as a young man. In fact he said, as he went down from the platform, "You haven't got room enough for me to preach." I

realized that God had done something for that man that He hadn't done for me. When he started preaching I was sorry for him, but when he got through I was sorry for myself. These people had something that I didn't have, and I wanted it.

That night I went out in the cornfield again and slept. In the morning, since I supposed nobody knew me, I decided that I would put on an old pair of seersucker trousers. My other pair had gotten rather creased from using them as a pillow. This was the last day that I could stay as I only had enough money left to buy gas to go home. I went back to church and when I arrived the people were singing and shouting. I wanted the Baptism of the Holy Ghost if God would give it to me.

ASKED TO PREACH AT THE CONVENTION

The minister in charge got up and said, "We have just had the testimony service led by the youngest preacher here. The next youngest minister is William Branham of Jeffersonville." He said, "Come forth, Rev. Branham, if you are in the building." You may be sure this startled me. I looked down and saw my seersucker trousers. So I just sat real still. In fact, I had never seen a public address system before, and I certainly didn't want to get up there and preach before all those powerful preachers. They called again, "Does anyone know the whereabouts of Rev. Branham?" But I only crouched down in my seat lower than before. The call was repeated again. The colored man sitting beside me turned around and said, "Do you know who he is?" I couldn't tell a lie, so I said, "Yes-sir, I know him." He said, "Go get him." I said, "Listen, I'm Brother Branham, but I have on these seersucker trousers and I can't get up on that platform." But the colored man said, "These people don't care how you are dressed. They care about what's in your heart." Well I said, "Please don't say anything about it." But the colored man didn't wait any longer. He shouted

out, "There he is! There he is!" My heart sank; I didn't know what to do. But the night before out in the cornfield I had prayed, "Lord, if these are the people that I have always wanted to find, that seem so happy and free, you give me favor before them." Well, the Lord gave me favor with them, but I hated to go up before the crowd in the seersucker trousers. But everyone was looking at me and I had to do something. So I went on up to the platform. My face was red, and as I turned around I saw the microphones and I thought to myself, "What are those things?" I prayed, "Lord, if You ever helped anybody, help me now."

I opened the Bible and my eyes fell on the verse, "The rich man opened up his eyes in hell." And I preached on the text, "And then he cried." "There were no Christians there, and then he cried. There was no church there, and he cried. There were no flowers there, and he cried. There was no God there, and he cried." I had been a rather formal preacher, but as I preached something got hold of me and the power of God came down upon the congregation.

THE BRETHREN ASK HIM TO CONDUCT REVIVALS

After the service was over—it went on for about two hours—I walked outside. A preacher came up to me. He was a great big fellow with cowboy boots, and he came up and introduced himself to me. He said, "I'm from Texas and I have a good church down there; how about holding me a two weeks' meeting?" Another preacher from Florida came up to me and said, "How about coming over and holding a meeting for me?" I got a piece of paper and took down names and addresses, and in a few minutes I had enough revivals lined up to last me throughout the year. Well, I was happy. I jumped into my little model "T" Ford and down through Indiana I went. When I reached home, my wife came running out and threw her arms

around me; as she looked at me she asked, "What are you so happy about?" I said, "I have met the happiest bunch of people I ever met in my life. They are really happy, and they are not ashamed of their religion. In fact, something has happened to me since then. These people had me preach up at their convention, and what's more, I have received several invitations to preach at their churches." Now I said, "Will you go with me?" She answered, "Honey, I have promised to go with you anywhere until death separates us." May God bless her loyal heart.

So I decided to go up and tell mother. When I got there I said, "Mother, I have something to tell you." Then I told her about the invitations. She asked, "What are you going to do for money?" We only had seventeen dollars between us, but we felt the Lord would supply. She put her arms around me and blessed me. She still prays for me. She said, "Son, we used to have that kind of religion in our church years ago, and I know it's real."

A FATEFUL DECISION

And friends, what I say now, let it be for your education. Let my mistakes result in your blessing. Friends and relatives warned me against accepting what I knew was God's call to me. Some said that the people I had met at the convention were trashy people. I later found out, and I say it reverently, that what was called "trash," was the "cream of the crop." I was told that my wife would not get enough to eat, that she would eat one day and starve the next. Others told me that it was my job to stay there and look after the work in Jeffersonville. I listened to them and finally decided not to leave. Little did either I or my friends realize then that in eight months the Ohio River would overflow its banks and my family would be caught in the tragedy of the awful flood.

It was at this time that the anointing of God which had come upon me left me. It never really returned until five years later. My church, up until that time had been a growing prosperous church, but now it began to drop off. Everything went wrong. With my church going down, I didn't know what to do. Then began the dark period of my life when the Ohio River flood that took so many lives, came, and was responsible for the death of two of those that were the dearest to me in all the world.

Chapter 6

The Great Ohio Flood of 1937

The winter of 1937 was especially severe over the entire nation. Unusual snows fell in the Northwest and blanketed the country for many days. But it was in the East that tragedy really struck. Heavy and protracted rains fell steadily for weeks, feeding the many tributaries that flow into the great Ohio River which drains the large area west of the Appalachians. Gradually the level of the river passed the flood stage. Large populations living on the banks of the Ohio noted this with no little apprehension and alarm, yet they saw no sign of abatement in the flood of water that sought outlet down the valley. Day by day the waters continued to rise. Dikes and levees were strengthened, but the people knew that a breakthrough need occur at only one point to allow the water to fan out and flood the vast areas of farmland and even the cities that had been built along the river.

On the north bank of the Ohio, opposite Louisville, Kentucky, is the city of Jeffersonville, Indiana. Of all who lived in the city, to none perhaps did the ominous threat of a flood

appear at a more inopportune time, than to William Branham. His wife had contracted a serious lung infection while shopping across the river at Louisville. Because of this circumstance, his whole attention and interest was centered on her recovery. But now news reached them, as well as the other inhabitants of the town, that the crest of the flood was slowly moving downstream, and to all appearances the softened levees could not take much more. It appeared that Jeffersonville was doomed; still many of the people stayed on.

As night fell, William Branham was on duty, working with the rescue squad as they patrolled the angry waters of the rising river. At midnight their worst fears were realized. The whistles began to blow, warning everyone to leave the city. Sirens at the fire stations screamed out into the night. The Branham family, and thousands of others were forced to flee for their lives. The wife, being seriously ill and in no condition to be taken out into the storm, had to be removed to a temporary hospital set up by the government, which was located on higher ground. The exposure resulted in both of their babies becoming seriously ill with pneumonia. The father took them to the hospital also, where they were taken care of on hastily improvised beds, where scores of other victims were awaiting the attention of the overworked staff. It was a terribly poor place for a hospital, and to make matters worse the doors kept swinging back and forth; people were rushing in and out, crying hysterically, their homes having been swept away in the strong current.

Much as he wanted to stay by his loved ones, the young minister realized that he had a responsibility to go back and assist the rescue squad which had been working frantically night and day. Tragedy was being enacted at many points as the waters relentlessly poured through the city and out over the countryside. He was told to go to a certain street where the water had shaken the houses from their foundations. Maneu-

vering his boat down through the raging waters of this area, the young minister's attention was diverted to a pitiful scene. A mother and her children, standing on the upstairs porch of a house, were waving frantically, and calling to him for help. At this dramatic moment in the narrative, we shall let Brother Branham describe in his own words the things which happened:

* * * * *

I heard someone screaming, and looking up, saw a mother with her children standing on the upstairs porch of a teetering house, the big waves dashing against it. I had lived on the river practically all my life, and I thought perhaps I could help rescue the woman, even if it meant risking my own life for her and her little children, so I started toward the house. After I finally got them all into the boat, the lady almost fainted. . . . She kept moaning something about her baby and I thought maybe she had left her baby in the house. So after I had gotten them safely on high ground, I tried to go back. But it was too late; the water was coming too fast now, and I was caught in the current. Oh, I'll never forget how I felt then. So many things passed through my mind; how I tried to live a good Christian life, preach the word, do the best I knew how, but it seemed that everything was against me now.

When I finally got my boat under control and landed it, I tried to make my way to the government hospital (it had been four hours since I had left), but upon arriving found that the water had broken in behind there and all the people had to be evacuated. I didn't know where my wife was and no one could tell me. Oh, how sad I was in that hour. I kept inquiring and was finally told by an officer that they had been sent out on a train that was going toward Charleston, a city about 12 miles above Jeffersonville, where I rushed quickly to see if I could get to them. A little creek just above us had overflowed its banks, making about five miles of swift rushing water between

there and Charleston; washing the farmers' homes away, and I knew that the train would have to go right through this territory. I had no way of knowing whether it had gotten through before the water broke or whether it had been washed off the track. . . .

For quite some time I was able to learn nothing, but then I heard that the train made it through. I got a speedboat and tried to go against the waters, but it was just too much. The water pinned me in and I was marooned in a place called Fort Fulton with several friends for almost two weeks. Our food supply was very low and I was still in the dark about my wife and babies.

As soon as the waters went down enough for me to get my truck through, I went out to look for her. I didn't know whether my wife, babies, mother and brother were dead or alive. There God kept talking to my heart, and I could just imagine what it must be for those that have no hope in such an hour. The next day I crossed the waters and began my search in Charleston. No one there knew anything about a train coming in, or had heard of anyone by the name of Branham. Despondently as I walked down the street, I met an old friend, Mr. Hay. He threw his arms around me and said, "Billy, we'll find them somewhere!" I went down to the office of the dispatcher and inquired when the train had come through, and where it had gone; but he was no help either. It had been two weeks before, and there had been more and more washouts, and he thought it went farther up in Indiana somewhere. An engineer standing nearby spoke up and said, "Oh, I remember that case. A mother with two little sick babies. We put them off at Columbus." He said, "Young man, you can't possibly get up there, as the waters have all trains cut off." So there was more sad news.

But I was going to find her anyway. I just started walking down the road, crying, with my hat in my hands. Oh, my! This brings back memories again to think of it. Soon a car pulled up

beside me, and the voice of a good friend exclaimed, "Billy Branham! Get in. I know whom you're hunting, your wife and babies!" I answered, "Yes." He said, "They're at Columbus in the hospital. Your wife's nearly dead." "Is there any way we can get there?" I inquired frantically. He answered, "I can take you there; I have found a secret way through some lanes, by-passing the water." We got to Columbus that night.

DOCTOR GIVES UP HOPE

I rushed down to the Baptist Church, which was being used for a hospital, screaming her name. I found her. Oh, my! She was almost gone! I asked about the babies; they were both very low, being kept at my mother-in-law's home. I knelt down by the side of the cot where Hope was lying. Dark eyes, expressive of intense suffering, looked up at me as I took her pale, thin hand in mine and prayed the best I knew how. But seemingly to no effect; there was no answer somehow. She got worse. An interne asked me, "Aren't you a friend of Dr. Sam Adair?" "Yes." "I must tell you, Reverend; your wife is going." I pleaded, "Surely not." "Yes," he answered gravely, and turned away.

Chapter 7

Despair—Then a Dream of Heaven

I returned to the house, and tried to clean it up as best as I could from the results of the flood. Dr. Adair said I could bring my wife and the babies home, so I tried to make the place as comfortable as possible for them. I fought a hard battle to save them, sent to Louisville for a specialist. . . . It was just useless; they were too far gone. But I'm sure my wife didn't know this at the time. She was brave all the way through. We returned her to the hospital so she could get the right kind of treatment. Nothing would do any good. We took an X-ray and found tuberculosis creeping deeper and deeper into her lungs.

CALLED TO BEDSIDE OF DYING WIFE

One day they called me from work. . . . (I was working, trying to get out of debt. I had to go hundreds of dollars into debt.) . . . I was told, "If you want to see your wife alive, you'd better come now!" I got into the car and rushed to the city as fast as I could. I rushed upstairs and down the hall, and

the first person I saw was my little friend, Dr. Adair. We had been just like brothers, all our lives. I knew when I looked at him that he had bad news. He said, "I'm afraid she's gone now." He covered his face and went into the little anteroom. I struggled to hold myself together; I pleaded, "Come, go in with me, Doc." "I can't," he answered, "she was just like a sister to me. I can't go back in there, Bill."

I started in alone, and he called a nurse to go in with me. When I saw her I felt, too, that she was gone. The sheet was pulled up over her face. She was only a skeleton of her former self . . . so thin and pale. . . . Oh, my! I took her in my arms and began to shake her. I cried, "Honey, answer me! . . . God, please let her speak to me once more." She was already crossing over the line. . . . But suddenly she turned to look back at me. She opened those big, lovely, soft brown eyes. She started to raise her arms to receive me, but she was too weak; so I got down closer to her. I knew she wanted to tell me something. Friends, here is what she told me (in part). It will be in my memory until the day I meet her.

HOPE DESCRIBES PARADISE

She said, "I was almost home. Why did you call me?" I told her I didn't know I interrupted anything. She began telling me about the paradise I had called her from, how it looked . . . lovely trees and flowers, birds singing, not a pain in her body. For a moment I thought that perhaps I shouldn't have called her. . . . (But, bless her heart . . . she's been enjoying that place a long time now.) She revived for a few moments and told me how she was being taken home by some angelic beings. She heard me way off in the distance calling. Friends, there is a land beyond the river, somewhere in the far beyond. Maybe millions of light years away, but it's there . . . and we're traveling that way.

RECALLS MINOR INCIDENTS IN LAST HOURS

She described how beautiful it was. She said, "Honey, you've preached of it, you've talked of it, but you can't know how glorious it is." She desired to go back. She studied a moment and then said, "There are two or three things I want you to know." I asked, "What's that?"

"Remember, Bill," she began, "one time you went to get a pair of stockings for me?" (I remembered the time. She had been getting dressed to go to Fort Wayne for a service that night and she needed a pair of hose. She told me to get some kind of "full size" or "full back" "rayons" or "chiffons" or something like that. I never could seem to remember anything about ladies' clothes, so I went down the street saying to myself, "Chiffon, chiffon, chiffon." Someone said, "Hello Bill." . . . I said, "Hello, chiffon, chiffon, chiffon." Then I met someone else who got to telling me how good the fish were biting, and I forgot what kind it was I was supposed to get. I was to get them at Penney's, but I knew a girl that worked at the dime store and I knew she could help me if I told her the situation. I rushed over there . . . (her name was Thelma Ford; she is a neighbor of mine now). . . . I said, "Thelma, I want to get a pair of socks for Hope." She laughed, "Oh, Hope doesn't wear socks, she wears stockings." "Well, a pair of stockings then." She asked, "What kind does she want?" "What kind do you have?" hoping she would call the name I was supposed to remember. She said, "Rayon, chiffon, etc." Well, unfortunately, she called the wrong one first, but it sounded like the right name to me so I said, "That's it!"

"You mean Hope wants *rayon* stockings?"

"That's what she said," I answered, so she began to wrap them. But when I went to pay for them I found that they only cost about 39 cents, so I bought two pairs.

When I got home to give them to her I began teasing her. (You know how men like to tease their wives about being bargain-hunters.) I told her I was the one that had found a bargain this time, and gave the stockings to her. She didn't say anything, but I thought she looked a little disappointed, and when she got to Fort Wayne I noticed that she bought some more. She was lady enough not to tell me about the mistake then, but she was thinking about little things like that in her dying hour.

SAVES MONEY TO BUY RIFLE FOR HER HUSBAND

Her life was slowly ebbing away, but she continued. "Remember the rifle you wanted to buy in Louisville and we couldn't afford it?" (How well I remembered. . . . I've always been a hunter, and when I saw that particular rifle I thought how much I would like to have it.)

"Yes." I was trying to keep the tears out of her sight.

"I've been saving my nickels and dimes to buy it for you. It's just about over for me, but when you get home you'll find the money lying under a paper on top of the old sideboard."

You'll never know how I felt when I found that six or seven dollars she had been putting back all that time for that rifle. I bought it and still have it, and intend to keep it as long as I can, and then give it to my little boy.

HER LAST WORDS

I recall that it was then she asked me not to live single, to get married to some good Christian girl who was filled with the Spirit of God and would take care of the children. I did not want to promise that, but I finally did to please her. A few minutes after that she said weakly, "Well, I'm going over now."

"Don't talk like that," I pleaded.

"I don't mind going now," she said, "since I saw how wonderful it is."

"Are you really going now, dear?" I asked tearfully.

"Yes." She looked into my eyes and said, "Will you promise me to always preach this wonderful Gospel?" I promised. She said, "Bill, God is going to use you." (Bless her heart. . . . I've often wondered if God might not allow her to look down upon us as we go about from place to place in our ministry, trying to obey the calling she felt that God would send.)

She talked on. "You've been a good husband." A little nurse was standing near by, and she said to her, "I hope you might have as good a husband as I have had." Of course, that almost tore my heart out, but I knew I had to hold up for her sake. I tried to smile and said, "Honey, if you go we'll bury you out on Walnut Ridge until Jesus comes. And if I fall asleep before that time I'll probably be beside you." So I said, "If not, I'll be out on the battlefield somewhere." As the soft brown eyes were becoming dimmer I went on, "When you get up to the New Jerusalem . . . look for the east side of the gate and start calling my name. . . . When you see Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Paul and Stephen and all of them coming up, I'll be there, Darling." She pulled me down to her and kissed me good-bye. . . . Then she went to be with God.

Here I am . . . still struggling, working, trying hard to keep that promise.

BABY IS REPORTED DYING

After she had passed away, I started home to see about the babies. How desperately I sought some peace of mind. I went to my mother's . . . I went to our house, Hope's and mine, everywhere, nothing satisfied me. I couldn't rest. Many of you people know what I mean. That night I finally went to bed and tried to sleep. Somebody knocked on the door. I thought,

"What can it be now?" . . . A voice called, "Billy, your baby is dying now."

I'll never forget the night when he came to tell me. I thought, "Oh, my! What's this?" when he knocked on the door. As if it weren't enough that I had lost my wife that day, the friend had come with the news that my baby girl was dying. When we got into his little pickup truck to go to the baby, I thought life was at its very end. How could these things be! When we arrived we found the baby very near death. Dr. Sam Adair had come and examined her. He told me that there was nothing that could be done that he knew of, but we rushed her to the hospital anyway. There a specialist from Louisville decided also that there was little hope. They took me to the hospital laboratory and showed me the germ from the baby's spine. She had spinal meningitis which she had contracted from her mother. There was no chance at all for her ever to be well. She would be dead very soon. I can't express with human lips how that tore me up. Everything else had gone wrong and then that was happening. It just goes to show that you never know what the future holds.

I then went to see my baby where the isolated cases were kept in the basement. I saw the little darling lying there. When I think of it now it just breaks my heart. It was summertime and the hospital personnel, being very busy, was not giving her the right care. As I walked in I looked at her and she tried to look at me. She was just big enough to be plump and sweet. The poor little thing had never come out of the spasm the meningitis had caused. One of her legs was drawn up and one of her arms was drawing. Her little leg moved up and down. Oh! Such a pitiful sight.

I knelt down by the bed and started praying. I cried "God, please don't take my baby." I knew I had made a bad mistake in not turning loose of everything and going out into evangelistic work. I believe that the gift was ready to be manifested

then, but I had neglected going. I threw myself down and started praying and crying and asking God to spare her life. It seemed as if a dark curtain hung between and she was sinking. I raised up to look at her and said, "Sharon, don't you know daddy?" Truly I believe she knew I was there. It looked like she was trying to wave her little hand and her lips were quivering as though she were going to cry. It was tragic—the agony was so great that her little eyes crossed. Oh! When I see a cross-eyed child I think of that time—my baby's eyes crossing from such hard suffering. You that have children know how I felt.

MOTHER AND BABY BURIED TOGETHER

I prayed and laid hands upon her. But the angels came a little while later and took the little darling to be with her mother. I returned home, desolate and weary. Two days later we buried her in her mother's arms. I remember standing heartbroken and appalled by the grave. Brother Smith, the Methodist minister there in the city, preached the sermon for both. Oh! How I felt! It was unendurable. Somehow the leaves blowing on the trees reminded me of the old song:

There is a land beyond the river that they call the sweet
forever,
And we only reach that shore by faith's decree.
One by one we reach the portal, there to dwell with the
immortals,
When they ring those golden bells for you and me.

I know that some day the grave shall burst open, because there is an empty tomb in Jerusalem. I know that some day it shall be opened also because they believed in Jesus Christ their resurrected Redeemer.

I returned to work, trying to do all I could to pay off the big bills and debts I owed. I'll never forget one morning when I was reading a pole meter on highway 150 near New Albany. I was singing to myself, "On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame." The sun was shining brightly that morning and the pole cast a shadow on a hill in front of me. It was at such an angle that the crossbar and my own body hanging by its safety belt also formed the shadow.

There was the cross all over again!

DESPONDENT AND DESPAIRING OVER DEATH OF LOVED ONES

I wanted to go and be with the family. Life on earth held nothing for me anymore. All that I had to live for was in the next world; without them my broken heart could not find the courage to keep up the struggle. But it was God's will, I guess, in holding His Gift. . . . He had a plan and it must be worked out. I am sure it took every tragedy and deep sorrow that I had to go through to bring me to the place where He could use me. God knows what is best.

I shot down off the pole; perspiration was breaking out all over me; I was trembling. I just took off my spurs, quit and went home. I went into the house, desperately hoping for something that would take my mind off my grief. But what could an empty house do? . . . a house with everything still fixed just as she had left it. Everything I looked at reminded me of her. As I walked despondently around the house, my eyes fell on some mail that had come in. On one envelope I read these words: "Miss Sharon Rose Branham." My heart broke afresh. It was a letter from the bank and a small check that had been sent to my baby. . . . Her little Christmas savings had been returned; I think it amounted to about \$1.80. Oh my! I

started crying and knelt down on the floor. I was so blue; everything seemed too hard to bear. While kneeling there, I thought, "Lord, if you don't help me, I don't know what I'll do!"

FALLS INTO DEEP SLEEP, DREAMS OF HEAVEN

Suddenly I fell into an exhausted sleep . . . (this was a welcome relief). While I was sleeping, I dreamed that I was out in the West (I always loved the West); I was walking along with a pair of boots on and one of those big western hats. I passed by an old covered wagon; one of the wheels was broken, and I was whistling that song, "The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken." I was startled by the appearance of a beautiful young girl about 17 or 18 years old. She looked like an angel standing there dressed in white, her pretty blonde hair blowing, her blue eyes sparkling.

I said, "Good morning, Miss," and started to pass on by, but she said, "Hello, Daddy." I turned around in surprise and bewilderment, and she repeated, "Hello, Daddy."

I said, "I beg your pardon . . . I am sorry, but I do not understand. How could I be your daddy? Why, you're almost as old as I am. There must be some mistake."

"You just don't know where you are, Daddy," she replied. "Down on earth I was your little Sharon."

I said, "Not *you*."

She said, "Yes, back there on earth I was your Sharon."

"But you were just a little baby," I said.

Then she reminded me, "Daddy, don't you remember your teaching on immortality?"

I said, "Yes, I remember my teaching on that. That is why you are here like this?"

"Daddy, where is Billy Paul?" she asked. (That's my little boy.)

I told her he had been with me just a little while ago.

She said, "Mother's looking for you, Daddy, so I'll just stay here and wait for Billy Paul to come along."

"Where is Mother?" I asked.

She said, "Look to your right, Dad," and I looked around to my right. Oh, it looked like shafts of glorious light shining over a mountain, beautiful mansions among green hills, flowers and trees. Tongue could never describe what I saw in that scene. Sharon pointed out one of the great homes to me and told me to go up there; that was my home and Mother was waiting there for me.

"My home?" I inquired, puzzled. "Why I never had a home."

"Well, Daddy, you have one now. Go along now, and I'll wait here for my brother."

MEETS HIS WIFE AGAIN

I started up along a little path leading to the home; and when I got up to this lovely place, I saw my wife coming out to meet me, so beautifully dressed in white, her long dark hair flowing down her back. I can't put in words the feeling I had at seeing her again. I asked her to explain all this to me, I couldn't understand how it could be. We talked together as we always had, I remarking what a beautiful young lady our little girl had grown up to be, and she agreeing. But I just could not understand.

She said, "I know you can't understand this, because earthly things are not like these things here. This is heaven."

"But I don't understand about this beautiful home. Is it yours?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is our eternal home."

"But I do not understand why I should have the opportunity to be in a place like this."

She spoke kindly to me: "After all the many tasks and labors,

and toils that you went through on earth, you have come home to rest now. Won't you sit down?"

I turned around to sit down and there was a big chair for me . . . a Morris chair. I looked at the chair, and I looked at Hope. She smiled and said, "I know what you're thinking."

Here's what it was: When we were first married, we didn't have any furniture or much of anything in our little house . . . except an old folding bed someone had given us, a stove I had paid about a dollar and a quarter for and then had to buy some grates for, an old leather duofold that was all worn out and had several holes in it, and one linoleum rug on the front room floor. . . . But we enjoyed it and were happy together, for we had true love.

But one thing I had always wanted was a Morris chair. I worked hard all day and then would preach at night and come in late, and it seemed I would think of having a big Morris chair to come in and rest in. One day we decided we were able to buy one; so we went to town across the river and looked at some. The one we bought was a green one. I'll never forget it. It cost about fifteen dollars, I had to pay three dollars down and a dollar a week on it. Well, I stayed up on the payments until we had gotten about eight or ten dollars paid, and I couldn't make the payment. I missed two or three weeks because we just couldn't spare it. You all know just what that means when you can't make ends meet. One day I said to her, "Honey, you'll have to call them to come get the chair because it has already gone overdue two or three times; they have sent us a dun, and I can't make another payment on it now. You know we have to pay our other bills, so we'll just have to do without it." She said, "Well, I don't want to do that." So we kept it a day or two longer. Then I remember the night I came home from work, and it was gone. She was so sweet to me; and baked me a cherry pie and was doing everything she knew how to do to keep my mind off of it and help my feelings. I

remember how that when I went into the room to sit down and it was gone that we both had to have a little cry. She was so sweet.

So standing there in my dream, she said, "I guess you remember all about our chair. . . . Well this one will not be taken away from you. . . . It's paid for. Sit down and rest."

Needless to say, God gave me the needed strength to carry on. I preached and worked at different jobs, finally becoming an Indiana state game warden, the job at which I was working when the Gift came to me in 1946. God has blessed and rewarded me graciously, for which I humbly thank Him. For several years, I had to be both a mother and a daddy to my little boy, but later the Lord gave me a dear, humble wife, and now we have a little girl.

Chapter 8

Remarkable Incidents Preceding Angel's Visit

The time was now drawing near when God was to reveal Himself to William Branham in a manner that would not only radically affect his own ministry, but the result of it was to have a profound effect upon the Christian world. It would be a sign that would be spoken against by some, but to other multiplied thousands it would be a cause of praise and thanksgiving to God, and to some it was to provide an inspiration that would cause a hundred-fold increase in their ministry.

We have already noted a number of things which preceded the visitation of the angel to William Branham, and there are others that would be of singular interest to record, though time and space permit us to mention but a few of them. Some others are related in the visions recorded in the latter part of this book. However, one incident that occurred was of such an unusual nature, and because mention has been made of it by Brother Branham on occasions, we shall take note of it at this time. It is a notable fact in the Biblical narrative that while ecclesiastical leaders have been notoriously slow to recognize

those who have been specially commissioned of God, demons oddly enough have often given this recognition without delay. The first miracle involved in the ministry of Christ, as recorded in the book of Mark, concerns an odd testimony, coming as it does from an evil spirit. Jesus had returned to the City of Nazareth to preach the Gospel to those of his home town. The people of that city, however, far from recognizing the identity of the remarkable Person Who was in their midst, strongly resented His apparent change of vocation from a carpenter to that of a prophet. But the recognition that they withheld, was quickly acknowledged by the demon that possessed the man who was in their synagogue, and who cried out in the presence of Christ, "I know thee who thou art, thou Holy One of God." Similarly, the legion of demons in the maniac of Gadara, as He drew near, cried with a loud voice, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of the Most High God?"

Again the Apostle Paul, as he began his missionary work in Europe, in the City of Philippi, instead of being accorded a prophet's welcome, was taken by rough hands and thrust into the inner stocks of a prison. But the spirit of divination in a little girl was quick to discern who Paul and Silas were, and it cried out saying, "These men are servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation."

It is not surprising then that the gift which had been destined for the ministry of William Branham, should be recognized by spirits of divination even before he fully understood the purpose of the gift himself. On one occasion as he passed by an astrologist, the woman upon seeing him, motioned him to come over to her, as she wished to speak to him. When he came near she said, "Say, do you know that you were born under a sign and have a gift from God?" Other experiences of such a nature occurred and disturbed him for a time, but later he understood. As neither Christ nor Paul accepted nor valued the testimony of demons, and rather commanded them to hold

their peace, so Brother Branham, of course, does not endorse in any sense the so-called pseudo sciences of astrology or fortune-telling of any kind, even though on occasions their testimony confirms the gift of God. The Lord has plenty of ways of substantiating and vindicating the ministries of his servants without depending on the evidence given by demons. And, of course, the Scriptures speak strictly against the children of God consulting such sources. (Isa. 47:13-14)

Elsewhere we have mentioned that after his conversion, Brother Branham became a Baptist preacher, was ordained by Dr. Roy Davis of Jeffersonville, and entered into an active ministry in that city. At the close of a great tent meeting, he was baptizing a large number of candidates in the Ohio River, amid throngs of people who had gathered on the banks to watch the service. There were about 130 people to be baptized and it was a hot June day. As Brother Branham was about to baptize the seventeenth person, he heard a still small voice which said, "Look up." Three times the words were repeated. He looked up and there from the sky appeared a bright star. After a few seconds had passed, the people looked up and many of the people saw the star also. Some fainted and others shouted and still others ran away. Then the star apparently was withdrawn back into the sky. The incident created such an interest that an account of it appeared in the local newspaper.

At another time Brother Branham was in a large city for three nights of services. The first one to be prayed for was a small child, whose feet had been drawn up by polio, causing him to have to walk on his toes. Suddenly it seemed as if a bright light had been turned on him. Wondering at the rudeness of the custodian in turning the spotlight on him, he opened his eyes, and lo, a star of light stood before him. Recalling this incident he says, "I dropped the little boy or either he jumped from my arms. . . . I did not know what happened, for it seemed that every nerve in my body was paralyzed. As he hit

the floor his feet became normal, and for the first time in his life he walked naturally off the platform. Other remarkable things happened, and many people gave their hearts to Christ that night."

Similar events from time to time occurred in the life of William Branham. For a season he had failed to obey the call of God to go forward in this ministry of deliverance. Then there came that dark period of his life which we have recorded when he lost his wife and child, and sorrow was added upon sorrow. At last, however, he reached the place where he determined that his life would be wholly surrendered to God, and that he would do whatever God wanted him to do. It was then that the most remarkable visitation of his life occurred, when the angel in person visited him and gave him a solemn commission from the Most High. The story of this climaxing experience will be told in the following chapter by Brother Branham himself.

Chapter 9

An Angel from the Presence of God

The remarkable angelic visit received by Brother Branham has caused no little wonder among many of the people of God as well as the unsaved. While a few reject the ministry of the supernatural, even as some did in the days of Christ, the overwhelming majority of the people who attend the Branham meetings are fully convinced of the reality of the angelic visitation.

It so happens that God has chosen diverse and sometimes very mysterious ways in which to reveal Himself to His servants specially called for some important service. To Moses, deliverer of Israel, He appeared in the Burning Bush. To the Children of Israel He was found in the Pillar of Fire by night and the Cloud by day. Samuel heard Him as a Voice calling in the night. To Elijah He was the Still Small Voice. To Abraham He appeared in the Theophany or in human form, and Paul saw Him in His resurrection glory as also did John, the Beloved. Perhaps, however, the most usual supernatural visitation in Biblical times was by an angelic visitor. Thus angels ap-

peared to Abraham, to Moses, to Joshua, to Gideon, to David, to the prophets, to Zechariah, to Mary, to the shepherds, to the apostles, and others. In most cases supernatural visitations were not mere visions, but were an actual appearing of an angelic being. Thus the story of the angel's appearance to William Branham is not without full Bible precedent.

Indeed the truth of angelic ministration to mortals is quite in line with the Word of God. It has been recognized generally that at least to some extent the gifts of the Spirit have been restored to the church. But what about the gift of discerning of spirits? Many have assumed that this gift includes only the discerning of evil spirits. Although the gift must certainly involve the detection of evil powers, **WE MUST REMEMBER THAT THERE ARE MORE GOOD SPIRITS THAN BAD.** What about the angels? In what realm do they minister? The answer is given in Heb. 1:14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

ANGELS MINISTER TO GOD'S PEOPLE

Though ordinarily we cannot see angels, it is evident from the Scriptures that they are in the company of the children of God much of the time. No doubt, if we fully realized that there were heavenly persons in our vicinity who are daily watching our conduct and perhaps our thoughts, it would have a profound effect upon our lives. Yet such must be the case (Matt. 18:10); also Psa. 34:7: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round them that fear Him, and delivereth them." We could cite the great number of Scriptures which deal with the earthly ministry of angels, but that is not necessary. The fact is that practically all Bible teachers believe and teach the actuality of such ministry. Why then are not angels seen more often? Evidently we need the operation of this above-mentioned gift to

enable our dull human senses to peer beyond the veil and perceive such highly refined beings as angels. Elisha apparently had this gift and we have the record of his prayer in which he requested that his servant's eyes might be opened that he, too, might be able to see the heavenly host of the Lord.

“And Elijah prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he might see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”
(II Kings 6:17)

There are numerous cases on record where people just before their passing from this world, have witnessed attending angels. Apparently from the words of Jesus, it is one of the duties of angelic beings to transport the human spirit, when it leaves its crumbling tenement of clay, into Paradise (Luke 16:22). It appears that when the grosser human senses fail, the senses of the spirit become quickened and are able to witness things that ordinary mortals cannot.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE TO BROTHER BRANHAM

The angel conversed with Brother Branham during the first visitation for perhaps half an hour. We are coming into Bible days again, and no doubt there will be more such supernatural revelations as time goes on. Concerning such visitations there is one point that is fundamental. An angel of the Lord will never reveal anything but what agrees strictly with the Scriptures. Indeed we are enjoined to place the Word of God above the revelations of angels, as Satan has been known to appear as an angel of light. But a false spirit is quickly detected by the spiritually minded. Satan is the father of falsehood, a habitual liar, and he cannot long show himself without telling a lie or making statements that twist, distort, deny, take away or add to the Scriptures. His first conversation with a member of the

human race, Eve, involved his telling an outright lie. However, the results of the angelic visitation to William Branham have been a steadily rising tide of revival that has sounded out throughout the world, and the end is not yet. We shall now let Brother Branham tell the story in his own words of how the angel met him, talked to him, and told him things concerning the work that God had called him to do:

* * * * *

I must tell you of the angel and the coming of the Gift. I shall never forget the time, May 7, 1946, a very beautiful season of the year in Indiana, where I was still working as a game warden. I had come home for lunch, and was just going around the house taking off my gun, when a very dear friend of mine Prodigy Wiseman, a brother to my piano player in the church, approached me and asked me to go to Madison with him that afternoon. I told him it was impossible as I had to patrol, and while walking around the house under a maple tree, it seemed that the whole top of the tree let loose. It seemed that something came down through that tree like a great rushing wind . . . they ran to me . . . My wife came from the house frightened, and asked me what was wrong. Trying to get hold of myself, I sat down and told her that after all these twenty odd years of being conscious of this strange feeling, the time had come when I had to find out what it was all about. The crisis had come! I told her and my child good-bye, and warned her that if I did not come back in a few days, perhaps I might never return.

That afternoon I went away to a secret place to pray and read the Bible. I became deep in prayer; it seemed that my whole soul would tear from me. I cried before God. . . . I laid my face to the ground . . . I looked up to God and cried, "If you will forgive me for the way that I have done, I'll try to do better. . . . I'm sorry that I've been so neglectful all these

years in doing the work you wanted me to do. . . . Will you speak to me somehow, God? If you don't help me, I can't go on."

Then along in the night, at about the eleventh hour, I had quit praying and was sitting up when I noticed a light flickering in the room. Thinking someone was coming with a flashlight, I looked out of the window, but there was no one, and when I looked back, the light was spreading out on the floor, becoming wider. Now I know this seems very strange to you, as it did to me also. As the light was spreading, of course I became excited and started from the chair, but as I looked up, there hung that great star. However, it did not have five points like a star, but looked more like a ball of fire or light shining down upon the floor. Just then I heard someone walking across the floor, which startled me again, as I knew of no one who would be coming there besides myself. Now, coming through the light, I saw the feet of a man coming toward me, as naturally as you would walk to me. He appeared to be a man who, in human weight, would weigh about two hundred pounds, clothed in a white robe. He had a smooth face, no beard, dark hair down to his shoulders, rather dark-complexioned, with a very pleasant countenance, and coming closer, his eyes caught with mine. Seeing how fearful I was, he began to speak. "Fear not. I am sent from the presence of Almighty God to tell you that your peculiar life and your misunderstood ways have been to indicate that God has sent you to take a gift of divine healing to the peoples of the world. IF YOU WILL BE SINCERE, AND CAN GET THE PEOPLE TO BELIEVE YOU, NOTHING SHALL STAND BEFORE YOUR PRAYER, NOT EVEN CANCER." Words cannot express how I felt. He told me many things which I do not have space to record here. He told me how I would be able to detect diseases by vibrations on my hand. He went away, but I have seen him several times since then. He has appeared to me perhaps once or twice within the

space of six months and has spoken with me. A few times he has appeared visibly in the presence of others. I do not know who he is. I only know that he is the messenger of God to me.

Needless to say, I started praying for the sick people. I do not claim to take the place of a doctor. . . . I know that doctors are able to assist nature, but they are only men. . . . God is Almighty. The great things which have taken place during these months are too innumerable to ever be recorded, but God has confirmed the angel's words time after time. Deaf, dumb, blind, all manners of diseases have been healed, and thousands of testimonies are on record to date. I do not have any power of my own to do this. . . . I am a helpless human until I feel His presence. Many people who have attended these meetings know that their diseases and sins have been told them right from the platform. Dear reader, please do not misunderstand my poor, illiterate way of trying to convey all this to you. I say it that you might have a clearer understanding of how to take advantage of God's gift. He told me to be sincere and get the people to believe, and that is what I am trying to do. God always has something or someone to work through, and I am only an instrument used by Him. No mortal can take credit for performing a miracle, and I am just a mortal. I do not know how much longer God will permit me to do this, but by His grace, I intend to serve him the best that I know how by serving His people as long as He allows me to live.

* * * * *

There were some other things that the angel told Brother Branham during this remarkable visitation which have been related from time to time in his preaching. One of those things concerned the two signs that were to be given him. As has already been mentioned, the first sign, not for healing, was to be a gift in his left hand; by the power of God, with this gift

he would discern or detect the diseases that the people had. This supernatural sign would result in the building up of the faith of the entire congregation. Then there was to be given a second sign, so that if they did not believe the first, they would believe the second. This reminds us of the story of Moses, who also was given two signs, so that if the people did not believe the first, they would believe the second. (Exod. 4:1-8)

Now this second sign, according to the angel, would be a gift that would allow Brother Branham to discern the thoughts and deeds in the past life of the individual. Sometimes the revelation would come of some incident in the person's life that only the individual himself knew about, and the revealing of which would greatly strengthen the person's faith. We might add that *any sin that is under the Blood is never revealed, but in case the thing was covered over and unconfessed, it would be brought to light through this gift*, thus usually bringing the person to an immediate repentance. We have watched the operation of these two signs, and may say with great assurance that the manifestation of these gifts are as perfect as any ever exercised by a human being. The first sign was given immediately after the visitation. The second sign has been manifest in the ministry of Brother Branham only comparatively recently.

In connection with this sign, the angel made this significant statement—that the thoughts of men speak louder in heaven than do their words on earth. How solemn an admonition this is, and how urgent it is that all of us be absolutely sincere before God, and live a sober, honest life in the fear of God.

Still another thing that the angel said was that Jesus was coming very soon, and that this commission was one of the signs of the nearness of His coming; that if Brother Branham would be faithful to this call, the results of it would reach out to the whole world and would shake the nations. Finally, the angel indicated that by these signs God was calling all His

people together into the unity of the Spirit, that they should be with one heart and of one accord.

More will be said concerning this angelic visitation and its aftermath in the following chapter, as we listen to the testimony which comes from the people of Brother Branham's own congregation.

Chapter 10

Beginning of the New Ministry

After the visitation of the angel, Brother Branham returned to his home. On Sunday evening he spoke in his tabernacle at Jeffersonville. The people of his church believed in him and loved him. It is to them we go at this time for the continuation of our story of the course of events which were now unfolding rapidly and would soon plummet Brother Branham onto the stage of a nation-wide ministry.

* * * * *

Many visions had been given to Brother Branham during the last year he was with us, and all of them were proven true before our very eyes. But the special Gift of Healing, which he had received during the visitation of the angel, he proclaimed only a few days before he left us to go to St. Louis. We at Jeffersonville believe that William Branham is a prophet sent from God. One of the wonderful things about our brother is that he is humble. We have known him since he was a school-boy, and it is true that he has always lived a clean, moral, quiet

life, and has always seemed to be a little different. Many here have watched these scenes in which God has been unfolding His mysteries, some of which have been more or less hidden since Apostolic days.

After his conversion when he began preaching here, we erected a large tent for him and people came from far and near. At his very first campaign some three thousand people attended to hear the story he proclaimed of Jesus of Nazareth. We realized then that God gave him some special phenomenon, but we did not know just what it would be. Many signs and wonders followed him in the early days of his ministry, such as could be understood only by spirit-filled people. We are still wondering what the outcome will be as the effect of these things spread across the world, growing greater and greater as the days go by.

It was on Memorial Sunday night in the year 1946, speaking in the tabernacle, that he told of his meeting with the angel, and how the angel told him of the Gift of Healing that he was to take to the peoples of the world, that many thousands of people would be coming to him for healing, and that he would be standing before thousands in packed auditoriums.

Now for a carnally-minded person this seemed absolutely impossible, as this boy was a humble worker, a very poor peasant type, and uneducated. But we had seen other visions of his come to pass, and he spoke this with such certainty, and openly declared it to every one, that we were sure this would come to pass also. He also stated that the angel had declared to him that he would be able to discern disease by supernatural power, and then if he would stay humble that he would be able to discern the thoughts of people's hearts and tell them of their past lives, and that many would misunderstand him. The angel further told him that this was the Spirit of Christ working through him, that he had been called from birth for this purpose, and that the last days were here; that this was the

sign of the last days, and by this gift God was calling all His people together into unity of the Spirit.

We knew that these signs were scriptural and we recalled the manner in which Jesus Christ, when the Spirit was upon him, told Nathaniel that He saw him under the fig tree before Philip called him, and by this sign Nathaniel knew Jesus to be the Son of God, the Messiah of Israel. Also when the woman of Samaria was told by Christ of her five husbands she ran into the city saying, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" And also Moses, the great deliverer of the Children of Israel, was foreordained of God and was born in peculiar circumstances. Satan tried to destroy him and later he was given two signs on the eve of the deliverance that the people might recognize him as being sent of God for this deliverance. Now again the angel said that these signs were given to him that the people would believe on Jesus Christ, the one he loved. Also they were given for the purpose of bringing together all the church that people should no longer be separated by creeds and denominations. Certainly Brother Branham's heart goes out to all his brethren who have separated themselves one from another. He believes that God will bring together all those of His church into the unity of the Spirit and then Jesus shall come for His church.

We believe that our brother's life could be compared to Moses of old. Our brother is very humble and does not profess to be a great person. He takes no glory to himself, but gives all the credit to Jesus Christ who saved him and called him.

TELEGRAM ARRIVES WHILE SERVICE WAS IN PROGRESS

On this Sunday night after the appearance of the angel to Brother Branham, while he was speaking in the tabernacle at

Jeffersonville, someone came in and handed him a telegram. It was from St. Louis and it asked him to come and pray for a girl, whose name was Betty Daugherty, that was dying. The news of what had happened had gotten as far as St. Louis, and now he was asked to go on this call. He was working daily for a living, and had no money to go on, so we took up an offering for this purpose. We got enough money to pay his way over and back by train coach. He borrowed a suit of clothes from one of his brothers, and a coat from another brother, and at near midnight we put him on the train at Louisville, Kentucky, where he started for St. Louis.

HEALING OF BETTY DAUGHERTY

On the way over he seemed to be very calm, knowing that God would not fail him. When he arrived at the station in St. Louis he was greeted by Rev. Daugherty, a pastor in the city, who had sent for him to minister to his little daughter, who lay dying with some unknown trouble. The best physicians of the city had been called and they were wholly unable to diagnose her case. Brother Daugherty said with a weary voice, "We've done all we know to do; our doctors have done likewise. We have prayed and prayed, and many ministers and congregations of the city have fasted and prayed, but seemingly to no avail." Then Brother Branham walked with the father to his home where the dying child lay. He was greeted by the mother and grandfather of the child. Many friends were in the house praying at that time. He looked at the pathetic sight, and the tired parents looked upon him so earnestly as if to say, "Can't you help us?" Tears rolled down our brother's cheeks as he moved slowly toward the bed. What a sad sight to see a little curly-headed girl, nothing but skin and bones, clawing at her little face like an animal. She was screaming at the top of her voice, which by then had become very hoarse because this had

been going on for three months. Brother Branham knelt in the room and prayed with the rest of them. But after prayer was made, seemingly the child was no better.

Brother Branham then asked for a quiet place to pray by himself, so he could see what Jesus Christ would have him to do. He realized that of himself he could do nothing. You will recall reading in the Fifth chapter of John when Jesus healed the lame man at the Pool of Bethesda and left the multitude of lame and blind and halt without healing. He said to the Jews, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do, for whatsoever things he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." This is true in the ministry of our brother. Often he sees the thing by vision. It is first shown to him by God and then he merely acts out the drama that he has seen.

DELIVERANCE COMES!

They took him down to the church. For some three hours, Rev. Daugherty, his father and Brother Branham prayed. After this they returned back to the home to find the scene the same as before. Brother Branham then went into a room by himself to intercede for the child. Then he would walk up and down the street, and finally he sat in the pastor's car that was parked nearby. After a while the car door came open and Brother Branham stepped forward toward the house, this time with a stern look. Something had happened! He was met at the door by the father and grandfather, who, taking one look at his countenance, knew something had happened. He asked them, "Do you believe that I am God's servant?" "Yes," was the cry of the family. "Then do as I tell you, doubting nothing." To the mother he said, "Get me a pan of clean water, and a white cloth. Your child shall live for God has sent his angel to me and told me that your child shall live."

While the mother was getting the water, the father and the grandfather were asked to kneel, one to the right and one to the left of Brother Branham at the foot of the bed. When the mother returned she was asked to stroke the damp cloth over the face, then the hands, then the feet while Brother Branham was in prayer. Then he said, "Father, as thou hast showed me these things so I have done according to the vision that thou hast given me. In the Name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, I pronounce this child healed." The evil spirit left the girl immediately. She is a normal, healthy child living in the same community today. People of the city flocked to Brother Branham but he withdrew himself, promising he would return later, which he did, within a few weeks.

TESTIMONY OF THE FATHER—REV. ROBERT DAUGHERTY

"Our little girl, Betty, had been sick for three months. We had two noted doctors of the city, but seemingly they could not find the cause of her sickness. We also had many outstanding ministers of the city and country around, praying for her. She steadily grew worse. Then we sent to Jeffersonville, Indiana, for a man by the name of Rev. William Branham, who has the gift of Divine healing. Brother Bill, as he is called, came to us at once. After hours of praying, he came in and told us that the Lord had showed him a vision of what to do for our little Betty. She was mere skin and bones and shook all the time as if she had palsy. Brother Bill asked us if we would believe God and would obey what He said to do. After he had prayed and called over her the Name of Jesus, our little girl was immediately healed. That has been about 10 months ago. Our little Betty is now in perfect health and is as fat as she can be. I will be glad to write to anyone in question of her healing, or any of

the healings that took place during the revival which Brother Branham held there in St. Louis in 1946.”

Rev. Robert Daugherty,
2009 Gano Ave.
St. Louis, Missouri

Chapter 11

His First Healing Campaign at St. Louis, Missouri

On the 14th day of June, 1946, Brother Branham, his family, and two sisters from his church left Jeffersonville for St. Louis where he was to begin his first healing campaign. It was a beautiful morning and they sang gospel songs as they journeyed on their way.

At four o'clock they reached the City of St. Louis, where the party had pre-arranged to meet Rev. Daugherty at the end of the large McArthur Bridge which spans the Mississippi River. His car was there, posted with signs of the coming revival. Brother Daugherty met them and took them to his home. The party was greeted by the family, including little Betty, who had been healed a few days before. That evening they all went to the large tent where Brother Branham was to preach. As he explained to the congregation what God had done for him, the people listened with evident interest and attention. Eighteen people were prayed for that night. Among these was a man that had been crippled for years. After prayer was made in the Name of Jesus, he arose clapping his hands and walked un-

aided. A blind man was healed and several had deaf ears opened.

On the following morning Brother Branham was asked to make a sick call in the psychopathic ward of the St. Louis Hospital. The insane woman was restored to normal and later obtained her release. They drove over to Granite City, Illinois and found a woman weighing about 83 pounds suffering with cancer. After prayer God touched her body and she was then asked to dress and go home. At the next home they visited there was a lady who had been paralyzed in her right side for about a year. Brother Branham prayed for her and then commanded her to rise in the Name of Jesus Christ. She obeyed and immediately raised her right hand above her head and stood alone. Then she walked back and forth across the room, clapping her hands. Her voice, which had been gone, was restored, and she was able to speak.

When the party returned to the tent that evening they found it crowded. Many stood outside in the rain and others were in cars parked nearby. Again the service was blessed, with a number of wonderful healings taking place.

As the meetings continued from night to night miracles of even a more outstanding nature took place. Heavy unseasonable rains were falling, but it did not deter the people from attending. They brought old newspapers with them and used them to cover the wet seats. More chairs were provided, and these were quickly filled with many left standing.

On Sunday evening a colored minister, who was totally blind in both eyes and known by many in the congregation, came forward to be prayed for. After prayer Brother Branham held out his hand, and the colored man called out, "Reverend, I see your hand." Then he looked up and saw the lights. He cried, "Praise the Lord, I can count the lights in the place and can see the cross-arms they are hanging to." The people glorified God for this great miracle, for many of them had known this

colored minister to be blind for approximately twenty years.

A woman that night who rejected the call of the Spirit left the meeting, but had gone only a few steps when she suffered a heart attack and fainted on the sidewalk next to a tavern. Brother Branham went out and prayed for her, after which she arose and confessed how she had resisted God's call to her heart.

The services had only been scheduled for a few days, but now several ministers of the city came to the room where he was, urging him to continue the meeting for longer than he had planned. After kneeling down and asking God for Divine guidance, Brother Branham said that the Lord willing he would continue. The interest in the meetings increased from night to night, and police appeared to see that all was in order.

Testimonies of healing were now coming in. One of the first to be prayed for in the campaign was a little lady about seventy years of age, whom the party had noticed had a cancer on her nose about the size of a small egg. Now, less than a week later, she returned to tell that it had gone. Many other testimonies were given. Of course the testimony of little Betty Daugherty, who demonstrated that she was now sound and well, was very impressive. A minister who could not raise his arms was prayed for. He then raised his arms in the air and praised God. Many deaf and dumb were healed in the meetings and demonstrated that they could hear by repeating words to the congregation. A woman being able to walk without braces praised the Lord. A woman suffering with lock-jaw and arthritis was instantly healed. She was able to open and shut her mouth easily. And so the healings multiplied and were beyond count.

With the great number to be prayed for increasing nightly, Brother Branham often would pray until 2 o'clock in the morning. This practically became a custom for him from that time on

for many months. So great was his compassion for the sick that it was difficult for the evangelist to leave the people.

The campaign continued until June 25. On the following morning he returned to Jeffersonville, Indiana. He had received a telegram from a little girl's parents, who said that their daughter was in a serious condition. When Brother Branham appeared at the hospital room he prayed for her and Jesus touched her body. She then dressed and went home, sound and well.

Sometime later Brother Branham returned to St. Louis to speak in the Kiel Auditorium for a one-night meeting. Some 12,000 packed into that great building to hear him at that time.

Chapter 12

Dramatic Events in Brother Branham's Ministry after the Appearance of the Angel

Immediately following the events of the last chapter great signs and mighty works of God began to follow the ministry of Brother Branham. In a space of three months so many things happened on the phenomenal side that the recounting of them would fill several books. How the matter became so widespread in so short a time is still hard to understand. Inside of six months people were coming or writing from beyond national boundaries. Some saw him in a vision and came to Jeffersonville to inquire whether there was anyone by that name there. Townspeople would refer them to the tabernacle. Then those people who attended there with happy hearts would tell them the story. We shall narrate a few of these remarkable events which took place during the next few months.

RAISING THE DEAD

In the course of the summer, Brother Branham was invited to Jonesboro, Arkansas, to the Bible Hour Tabernacle, where

Richard Reed is pastor. People had gathered to the little city from twenty-eight states and Mexico, and some 25,000 people, it was estimated, attended the meeting. They were living in tents, trucks, and trailers, and some were sleeping in their cars. It was said that for a distance of 50 miles about there were no hotel accommodations available. On the last night of the services, just as the evangelist came to the platform, with thousands packed in and around the tabernacle, an ambulance driver standing to the right yelled and motioned to attract his attention. He said, "Brother Branham, my patient has died; can't you come to her?" Someone said: "There are approximately 2000 people standing between him and the reserved ambulance row; he cannot go." Then four stout men stepped up and as they started taking him out it was a moving sight to see the people pushing, trying to get near him.

The evangelist was taken to the ambulance row, and inside one of the ambulances he saw kneeling on the floor an old man, his overalls patched in many places. In his hands he clutched an old torn hat sewed with twine cord, and he said, "Brother Branham, mother is gone." The man of God walked close to the still form and took her by the hand. Her eyes were set and she lay still and breathless. Brother Branham, as he read the diagnosis, looked back at the husband and said, "She has cancer." The man replied, "That is true," and kneeling on the floor he started crying, "Oh God, give me back mother." Then all was silent in the ambulance for a few moments.

Next the voice of Brother Branham was heard praying, "Almighty God, Author of eternal life, Giver of all good gifts, I beseech Thee in the Name of Thy dearly Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, give this woman her life again." Suddenly the limp hand tightened on the hand of Brother Branham, and the taut skin across her forehead began to wrinkle. Then with a little assistance from Brother Branham she sat up. The astonished husband saw what had taken place and threw his arms

around her and cried, "Mother, thank God, you're with me again." Brother Branham slipped to the door of the ambulance to return to the platform. The driver of the ambulance said, "Sir, there are so many people standing against the door that it cannot be opened." Then he let him out another way, at the same time holding his coat against the window so no one would see him leave.

THE BLIND GIRL WHO HAD LOST HER FATHER

When he arrived at the lot it was packed full of people standing in a drizzling rain. He started pushing his way through the crowd. None of them paid him any heed for they had never seen him before. Day and night the tabernacle was packed, and few left the building unless it was for sandwiches or some necessary reason. All of a sudden he heard a pathetic cry, "Daddy, daddy," someone was calling. Looking up, he saw a blind colored girl pushing through the crowd. She had lost her father and no one was trying to help her find him. This pitiful sight touched the heart of the evangelist, and he stepped into her path so that she would have to touch him. "Excuse me please," said the colored girl as she realized she had run into someone. "I am blind and have lost my father and I can't find my way back to the bus." "Where are you from?" asked Brother Branham. "From Memphis," she said. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I came to see the healah," she replied. "How did you hear of him?" "This mornin' I was listenin' on the radio and I heard people talkin' that had been born deaf and dumb. I heard a man who said he was from Missouri; said he'd been drawin' the blind pension for twelve years and now he could read the Bible. Sah, I've been blind since a little girl; cataracts blinded me. The doctuh says they're wrapped aroun' the optical nerve of my eye. If he should try to operate I would be worse off and my only hope is to get to the healah,

and then God will heal me. I am told this is his last night heah. And they say I can't ev'n get near the buildin'. And now I have lost my father in the crowd, will you please help me to get to the bus suh?"

Of course the girl being blind couldn't see to whom she was talking and none of the people near her had seen him before either, and they were wondering who this man who was giving attention to this colored girl was. Then Brother Branham said to test her faith, "Do you believe those things that you have heard, especially when we have so many fine doctors today?" She replied, "Yes-suh, the doctors have failed to do anything for me. I believe the story of the angel that visited Brother Branham is true. If you will only help me where the man is, then I'll be able to find my father."

This was too much for Brother Branham. He dropped his head while tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, raising his head, he said, "Lady, perhaps I'm the one you're looking for." Then she grabbed him by the lapels of his coat. "Is you the healah?" she cried. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she begged, "Don't pass me, suh. Have mercy upon me, a blind woman."

One would be reminded of blind Fanny Crosby who wrote, "Pass me not, Oh Gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry; while on others thou art calling, do not pass me by." Of course she had heard of other blind being healed, and had come believing that she too would receive her sight if she could get to Brother Branham. But said the evangelist, "I am not the healer, I am Brother Branham; Jesus Christ is your Healer." Then after he asked the blind girl to bow her head, he began to pray:

"Lord, some 1900 years ago, an old Rugged Cross was dragging the streets of Jerusalem, dragging the bloody footprints of the Bearer. On the road to Calvary, His frail body fell under the load of the Cross. Then along came Simon of Cyrene, and helped Him bear it. Now, Lord, one of Simon's children stands here staggering in the darkness. I'm sure you understand."

At that moment the girl screamed. "I was once blind; now I can see." The men who were coming for Brother Branham were drawing near. All the people under the floodlights then recognized this young man as Brother Branham. As they rushed toward him another heart moving thing happened. An old man with a twisted leg, leaning on a crutch, had been watching this drama, and he cried out, "Brother Branham, I know you; I've been standing in this rain for eight hours, have mercy on me!"

"Do you believe and accept me as God's servant?" he was asked. "I do." He answered, "Then in the Name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, you're healed! You may throw away your crutches." And immediately his crooked limb was made straight. His leaping and screaming drew the attention of the whole crowd and they began to press forward to touch his clothes.

Up until this time Brother Branham had received very little remuneration. Rarely had an offering been taken up for him in his own tabernacle. He had worked as a game warden to support his family. The old suit of clothes that he had worn that night was torn and patched. He had discovered that one of the pockets had been badly torn and his attempt to repair it was rather amateurish. So he held his right hand over the pocket, giving his left hand when meeting other ministers. But the people did not notice the ragged coat that night. They were crying and pushing and trying to touch that worn garment, and as they did they were healed. It reminded one of the days of Jesus, when faith was high and everyone who touched the hem of the garment of the Saviour was made whole.

STRANGE INCIDENT AT CAMDEN, ARKANSAS

A few days after this meeting Brother Branham went to Camden, Arkansas, to conduct a meeting in the city auditorium. While he was explaining his calling and ministry to the

people a great bright light came into the building and settled over his head. A photographer who happened to be there took a picture of it, and lo, the light showed in the picture! Some might have supposed that the photograph had been retouched, had it not been that many hundreds of people present, witnessed the unusual phenomenon themselves. Many were healed and led to Christ in that meeting. (This photograph is found elsewhere in this book.)

The following morning, while being taken by a group of men from the building to his car as hundreds were pressing forward to touch him, a voice was heard crying, "Have mercy upon me, thou man of God." Standing off from the crowd was a blind gray-headed colored man, accompanied by his wife. His hat was in his hand in reverence. Brother Branham stopped. "Take me to him," he said. One of the men said, "Brother Branham, you are in the South; do not leave the white people to go to the colored." Brother Branham replied that the Spirit of God was speaking to him to go to the man. As he drew near where the colored man was, the men drew a ring of arms around him so he could get through. The wife was saying, "De parson is comin' toward you; be quiet."

The colored man raised two feeble shaking arms, felt of Brother Branham's face and said, "Is dis you, Parson Branham? I nevah heard of you before in all my life until last night. I had a good old Mammy that's been gone many years. She had heart-felt 'ligion too. Her nevah tole me a lie in her life, parson. Now I'se been blind many years, and las' night it seemed she stood near my bed, parson, and said, 'Honey-chile, you go to Camden, Arkansas; there you'll find the Lawd's servant; his name is Branham and you shall receive your sight.' Parson, I immediately 'rose and put on my clothes, caught the bus, and wife and I have come over a hundred miles."

Brother Branham listened to the story, raised his eyes now filled with tears and said, "Father, I thank You for being merci-

ful to the blind." Then he touched his hands to the colored man's eyes saying, "Open your eyes, Jesus Christ has healed you." And lo, the colored man could see!

Many other things happened of the same nature. On occasions the Spirit of God would speak to him about some sick person who had been on a bed of affliction for years. When this happened, invariably when he went to them they would be delivered. Many of these persons appear in his meetings from place to place, testifying now that they are well and strong.

On one occasion while in Santa Rosa, California, a man came into the building, and seeking out Brother Branham asked him to spell his name. When he had done this the man held a piece of yellow paper in his hand and said, "That's it, mother." He said that he had come from a Pentecostal Church, and he claimed that 22 years ago, while he and his wife were praying, the Holy Ghost spoke through him saying, "My servant, William Branham, will come up this West coast bearing a gift of Divine healing in the latter times." They believed that it was a prophecy that had been given. And when they had heard Brother Branham's name they dug out that old prophecy and there it was written.

Thus is concluded the account as supplied from information given by those of Brother Branham's congregation at Jeffersonville. We might also add that during those early months two young men by the names of O. L. Jagers and Gayle Jackson attended a number of the services. Recently at a special conference in Dallas those two young men asked Brother Branham if he remembered them. He did, but was greatly surprised that these brethren, who since have been blessed with amazing success, and whose ministries have reached tens of thousands for Christ, and have been attended with mighty signs and wonders, were the same young men who had come to his meetings in his early campaigns.

The following chapter by Rev. Jack Moore, Co-Editor of THE VOICE OF HEALING, is an illuminating account of sketches and highlights in Brother Branham's meetings during the next few months in the course of the narrative.

Chapter 13

Sketches from the Branham Meetings

By JACK MOORE

*"God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform,
He plants His feet upon the sea and rides upon the storm."
—Cooper*

From this lovely land of Louisiana, where once stood forest after forest of tall, stately pines—unsurpassed anywhere in the world perhaps—an early pioneer Pentecostal evangelist wrote a little book entitled "The Coming of Jesus and the White Throne Judgment." In this book he tells how the rhythmic pulsation of these swaying evergreens sounded like silvery strains of chanted psalms to the listening ear . . . and only those who have been privileged to hear this kind of music will fully understand how that to him they seemed to sing, "He's coming soon. . . . He's coming soon."

Now this old soldier, with many others of yesterday, has laid down his armor. May God rest their gallant souls. The trees, too, are mostly all gone; their voices are all but silent. But the message of their song lives on. His coming is nearer than when we first believed. Another wind is blowing through the land. . . .

"There's a wind that blows full of grace and power,
As in Creation's most wondrous hour,

When God gently breathed on a form of sod
And the first man lived by the Breath of God."

The wind is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. On Pentecost it came as a rushing mighty wind. (These men lived again by the breath of God.) Just so, many today are being awakened from the sleep of death by this Holy Spirit refreshing.

"What is man that thou art mindful of him?" said the Psalmist. For a season, because of sin, man was reduced to a stunted state of spiritual poverty, beyond all hope of redemption . . . until Jesus came. And now He is the Hope of His people and the strength of Israel. In his full restoration, man will be higher than angels and archangels. Even so now, through the Holy Ghost, some are being used in such a special way as to cause the inebriated cities of our flourishing America to become God-conscious. And that leads us to center our remarks upon a man greatly beloved and wonderfully used of God, William Branham.

BROTHER MOORE'S FIRST MEETING WITH REV. BRANHAM

Words can but fail us as we look back, now almost three years ago, to the time of our first meeting with our dear brother. Though we had dreamed of someday seeing something like this, it seemed that we were still napping and were not aware of the rousing Biblical melodrama that was taking place in the state just north of us until some of our brethren attended the Branham meetings in Arkansas and brought back the incredible reports of what they saw. This sounded good, but the half had not been told us; we were destined to encounter some of the most precious experiences of our lives. In the providence of God the evangelist was sent to bless us with a brief sample of his touching ministry.

The air was laden with fascinating stories about this un-

usual little man and his “gift.” How could we conceive of them all? One spoke enthusiastically of the “vibrations” on his hand by which he could tell any person whether or not they had a “germ disease” and what it was; another told of the inspiring sermons he was able to preach, and yet he declared he was “not a preacher”; some even claimed to have seen cancers which had passed from diseased bodies a given number of hours after prayer, and still others painted glowing pictures of deaf and dumb children speaking in the microphone, cripples shouting and dancing, endless prayer lines subsiding only after the weary evangelist had slumped in exhaustion and been carried away from the clamoring crowds; vast audiences keeping heads bowed in reverence for hours while no sounds penetrated the atmosphere except the stifled wails of the sufferers, the tender, earnest voice of the praying evangelist, soft strains of “Only Believe” and the frequent outbursts of praise as a healing took place. One lady who followed his meetings for hundreds of miles, in making a tearful attempt to describe the humility, compassion, and meekness of this phenomenal character, declared that when she looked at him she could not see a human at all, but Jesus. Everyone agreed that “you could never be the same after seeing him.” Yet for all this we were totally unprepared for what actually happened to us. Did it not all seem too fantastic to be true? . . . But it was true, and more, as we were so soon to learn.

Surprise and bewilderment were among our mixed emotions that first Sunday evening of Brother Branham’s visit to us when we arrived early at our large frame tabernacle and found the building so congested that we could hardly get in. This had never happened before on the first night of any meeting . . . but this was a Branham meeting! A steady stream of traffic had wound its way through Arkansas hills and Louisiana valleys that day, reverently tracing the path of this 20th century prophet, whose prayers could cause diseases to be accursed,

broken homes to be reunited, drunken fathers to repent, prodigal sons to return, feuding churches to stack arms and make peace, and lukewarm Christians to be rekindled by the fire of their first love. We managed to secure a large high school auditorium, but we were forced to move back to the church after only two nights, due to the ravaging press of the throngs which descended upon the school, even during the school hours. We were privileged to keep only five glorious days and nights of this celestial vigil, but the effect of those memorable days lives on today. The people were left humbled and tendered, because they knew that Jesus of Nazareth had passed our way in His servant. For that holy pause we had seemingly turned back the pages of time and joined the admiring host of followers that shuffled along the dusty trails of Galilee in faithful devotion to a lowly Carpenter who claimed to be the Messiah of Israel. In our visionary procession we had passed by the place of the tombs which erupted a naked demoniac, screaming and hissing his objection to the presence of Christ, but sat at His feet a moment later clothed and in his right mind; . . . We were among the jostling mob around Jesus when He asked the abrupt question, "Who touched me?" and saw a trembling little woman cast herself at His feet and declare before all the people for what cause she had pulled at the border of His robe and how she had been healed immediately; and then we followed on to Jairus' house and saw the raising of his daughter. . . . We heard the plain words of a deaf and dumb child after his tongue was loosed by the Master's touch, and laughed to see the lame man leap for joy. . . . We clamored for a seaside seat with five thousand other men who had forsaken the anvil and the hammer and closed the doors of their shops to spend the day hours in rapt listening to the wonderful teachings of this Divine Philosopher. . . . We wept with the women as we gazed on His beautiful face and recognized the sorrow and grief there that spoke of a broken heart, and felt that melting,

warming sensation that one glance from His kind eyes could bring to the soul. Yes, Bible days were here again. Here was a man who *practiced* what we *preached*.

I say this, not to exalt any human, but only to emphasize that our deep appreciation for our brother stemmed from the fact that his ministry seemed to bring our Lover Lord closer to us, and to better acquaint us with His living works, His personality, and His deity than anything had before . . . and what better thing could be said of a human?

NEW EXPERIENCE

The hallowed feeling that came over us as we saw the wonderful triumphs of faith made us anxious to help in any small way that we could. . . . (Who ever saw a little crippled or afflicted child brought into the prayer line without being moved to be willing to go to the ends of the earth to help these little ones if possible?)

So from church, friends, loved ones and home we departed to lend our mite of assistance to this spectacular ministry, the first destination being San Antonio, Texas. Hundreds were prayed for and delivered during these great days in the San Pedro Playhouse, saints revived and sinners converted. We can never forget some of these moving scenes. It is without fluctuation that Brother Branham wins the hearts of the people wherever he goes, and as we were to later learn, these touching farewell scenes would be similarly reenacted many times before our eyes. We would not forget the students of International Bible College, who with their leader, Brother Coote, helped the sponsoring pastor, our lovable Brother Stribling, and all became so attached to the evangelist. It was heart-rending to see them say good-bye. This is one of many sad events which will never be known in heaven . . . parting and farewell.

SIGNIFICANT MESSAGE GIVEN IN SPIRIT

Two incidents stand out as we look back on this meeting. An indelible picture in my mind recalls a middle-aged man feeling his way through the prayer line, stone blind for 30 years. As he nears the evangelist I hear him say, "I feel my eyes getting warm!" When prayed for he was told to look up, and for the first time since a child, he says, "I see a light!" I cannot soon forget the expression upon his face as he stood and gazed for several minutes with a smile of gladness across his face.

The next incident was a stirring message given in the Spirit and interpreted, almost identical to two others which were to be given in other Branham meetings in different places, a sure testimony of the authenticity of this anointed ministry. It was uttered with such rousing force that it almost seemed unearthly, and this was the gist of the message . . . that as John the Baptist was sent as a forerunner of the Lord's first coming, so was He sending forth this evangelist and others like him to move the people and prepare them for His second coming. Months later we heard this same message interpreted amidst a large crowd of people attending the Branham meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma, by Sister Anna Schrader whom we later learned to appreciate deeply. Truly, these words penetrated our hearts.

EVANGELIST MOVES WESTWARD TO COAST

The next meeting we were in was in Phoenix, Arizona. Here we met for the first time our friend and brother, who was later to become a member of the Evangelist's party, Brother John Sharritt, a lovely brother and prominent businessman. The Phoenix meeting was well attended and many signs and wonders were done in the Name of Jesus. On our return from the

coast we stopped again in Phoenix with our Spanish brethren, where a prayer line seemed endless. My! how those minds which had been trained to Catholicism responded to our brother's ministry! He prayed for them without rest for about eight hours.

From the Capital City of Arizona, we moved west to Los Angeles and Long Beach. The services began in Monterrey Park in a beautiful church which was crowded from the beginning. From here we moved to Municipal Auditorium in Long Beach. The service had been announced for 7 P.M., but in the late afternoon, in the midst of a service of another group, the sick, crippled, insane (some in straight jackets), began to pour in. The Old-Fashioned Revival Hour speaker sensed this and was glad, it appeared to the writer, that it was someone else's faith that was being challenged and not his. Many were delivered and saved.

A brief stay in Oakland was followed by a gracious meeting in the capital city of the great state of California, Sacramento, and here a new chapter in this story should begin, for while the rest of the party was motored from Oakland to Sacramento, I boarded a plane for Ashland, Oregon, to see our good friend of many years' standing, Gordon Lindsay, and tell him about what God was doing. He was in current revival in his church in Ashland. . . . But what could you guess? . . . He believed the true report, closed the meeting for the time and drove with his wife, his evangelistic party and myself down through rugged northern California to Sacramento to be in the Branham meeting. It is without hesitation that I say this was the first step in a process that changed the course of his life completely, and consequently, perhaps, the lives of many others, for he is now editor of THE VOICE OF HEALING magazine, reaching tens of thousands, where he once only touched the lives of a single congregation.

The beautiful little city of Santa Rosa was our next stop,

where we were treated with angelic care. God bless those sweet and humble saints whose names are in the Book of Life.

An account of the meeting at Fresno could fill a number of pages. How could we ever forget the scene of the great throng of people who sat through one entire day waiting for the arrival of Brother Branham. We were to be there only one night and the service had been announced several days ahead. When the day finally came the people began to move into the church for the night service. The building filled up before noon, and by service time that night two tents had been stretched and people were everywhere. It reminded one of reading the book of Mark or Luke where the people trod one another, so great was the press. Finally, the sick were ministered to, and we at 3 A.M. were at home with some lovely friends who had prepared supper for us . . . only we were a bit late!

From Fresno we journeyed eastward back to Phoenix and the Indian Reservation. "The Indian Reservation" . . . the mention of those words brings back memories of dramatic scenes and incidents enacted by these superstitious, tribal natives that would fill a book. I wish all my readers could have stood with me before this clamorous congregation that night and watched the general transformation of a motley sea of brown, leathery faces from an expression of dubious curiosity and bewilderment to that of exhilarated admiration. Bless their hearts. After all, they are the original Americans, but I fear they have been sadly neglected and pushed aside, and now most of them are steeped in poverty and disease and heathendom.

The royal hospitality of the lovely little missionary here is unforgettable. A brave soldier she is, indeed, in her gallant attempt to break down the traditional superstitions of devilistic practices and the tribal witch doctor and offer a living, loving Christ, The Great Physician, for the many ills of these needy people. It was a joy to aid her by bringing a man whose revitalizing faith in God could bring about miracles the Indian could

see for himself . . . for he must see to believe . . . and that is exactly what happened.

The church was packed out and many stood outside so the evangelist preached through an interpreter from the steps of the church to a not-so-sure audience, but soon the prayer line was formed and the power of the Lord was present to heal.

Here we and they were privileged to see a real display of faith . . . miracle after miracle took place right before our eyes. The demonstration of just a few of these miracles was all the Indians needed to convince them. Presently, we noticed a bit of confusion as numbers of them began to get up and leave abruptly . . . then saw the explanation of this a little later when they began to file back in, bringing others with them. Seeing had meant believing to the Red Man, and he had left the scene of the marvelous to go and bring in his sick and invalid loved ones who had been left in the huts.

I would mention an elderly woman who was hobbling through the prayer line on home-made crutches of broomsticks. When she came in contact with the evangelist, she never waited for our brother to pray for her, but just handed him her crutches, straightened up and walked away. Such simple, childlike faith!

CANADA HAS VISITATION

After a few weeks at home, our next get-together was in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, where we enjoyed the fellowship of our Canadian brethren of like precious faith.

By way of Prince Albert, where we stopped for one service, we journeyed to Edmonton, Alberta, that great city in the south end of the Alcan Highway. Here we were scheduled for several days in the Ice Arena, which seats five or six thousand. Only eternity will reveal all that was done. Next we went to Calgary by way of Jasper Banff National Park, where we saw

some of the most awesome scenery, unequalled anywhere on the continent as far as we know. The Calgary meeting was greatly blessed of the Lord. Here we found everything in order for a great meeting. The building was one of the largest in the city and was overflowed at every healing service. Many signs and wonders were done in the Name of Jesus.

I recall an instance in which a prayer line of several hundred was moving along by the evangelist to be prayed for. I noticed a woman with very badly crossed eyes. As our brother laid his hands on her and prayed, he, with eyes still closed, told the congregation to lift their heads and look upon the woman, that he knew her eyes were straight before he even looked himself. Did not James say the prayer of *faith* shall save the sick . . . *not prayer alone*.

TO FLORIDA COAST

January of 1948 found us leaving our frozen homelands for a southward pilgrimage to the winter paradise of Miami, Florida. However, our motive was not a winter vacation, as was that of the convulsive mobs who soaked their money in the horse races, dog races, beach extravagance and general sinful revelry, but to minister to the needy who populate, yes, even as beautiful an Eden of Nature as this. They came by the droves, forming a truly varied audience, representing almost every state in the union, and some foreign lands, and bringing some of the most pitiable examples of human suffering we had seen. Not all, of course, but many of them went away whole.

Here it was our privilege to meet Avak, the young Christian Armenian, who had been called and anointed in his native country with a similar experience to that of Brother Branham. Heaven smiled on us one night during this campaign when we were privileged to meet Rev. F. F. Bosworth, a veteran of the healing ministry in earlier days, of whom we had heard

and read for many years. It was "love at first sight" for Brother Bosworth and Brother Branham, as well as the rest of us, and it was our later pleasure to have him work with us in the evangelistic party.

A panorama of beautiful scenes unfold as I review this memorable period in my mind . . . not only the beauties of nature which we enjoyed in this picturesque country, but the enchanted hours we spent in traveling up the coast and across the Tamiami Trail, in the company of our lovable Brother Branham, my wife and daughter, Anna Jeanne and her beloved friend, Juanita. A foretaste of heaven! . . . We feasted on the Word as our brother expounded its goodness to us; the sisters wept as he paralleled the mysteries and struggles of earth-life with the glories of heaven, then he wept as they sang their beautiful songs of Jesus and heaven. Here was a man who lived on earth and in heaven too. . . . He had treasures on the other side that often called his thoughts away from his meager terrestrial surroundings to the perfected celestial realms, and it seemed that his words were able to transport those in his company to the heavenlies with him. Heaven was never nearer than when they sang through tears. . . .

"There waits for me a glad tomorrow,
Where gates of pearl swing open wide,
And when I've passed this vale of sorrow,
I'll dwell upon the other side.
Someday, beyond the reach of mortal ken,
Someday, God only knows just where and
when,
The wheels of mortal life shall all stand still,
And I shall go to dwell on Zion's hill.
Someday my labors will be ended,
And all my wanderings will be o'er;
And all earth's broken ties be mended,
And I shall sigh and weep no more." . . . Nor could

we feel more passionately the love of God than when, accompanied by the rhythmic beat of the great Atlantic surges, we heard in melody. . . .

“Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.
Oh, love of God! How rich and pure,
How measureless and strong;
It shall forevermore endure,
The saints’ and angels’ song.”

How could we know that so very soon our brother would be called from us to pass through the dark shadows of the valley of death, no longer able to bear the load that had exhausted his physical capacities, and that even the memory of these days would comfort him during long months of struggle with strained nerves and mental depression. That late evening, when we gazed out across the broad expanse of salty-white breakers toward the last rays of a glowing setting sun, and the evening breeze carried the sweet harmony of the girls’ voices in words like this. . . .

“Looking toward the sunset, Life seems to fade away,
Shadows of night behind me, waiting to end the day.
Somewhere beyond the lingering blue,
Hope finds a way to keep shining through
Faith looks *beyond* the sunset, where dawns eternal day.”

. . . could he feel that the time was near when word would go out to his loved ones and many friends that the sun of his short life was sinking fast? Somehow I think he must have known, for he often spoke of going.

THE GREAT PENSACOLA MEETING

The spring of 1948 brought record of some of the greatest meetings yet, among them the Pensacola, Florida, revival. We love to think of this time. Much preparation had been made. Several groups had united together for the campaign, including all the Full Gospel churches that we know of in that locality, under the guidance of our lovable Brother Welch. A huge tent had been erected in a convenient location; multitudes gathered from surrounding communities and states, as far away as Michigan. Despite a storm in which the tent collapsed, and inclement weather, the great crowds and wonderful spirit prevailed to produce a heavenly five days.

One of the spectacular scenes came on a Sunday afternoon. We had announced that this would be a service especially for the unsaved. When the evangelist had finished his life story, several hundred people, at least 1500, with melted hearts and tear-wet faces answered the invitation for all who wanted to become Christians. Only the Recording Angel knows the equal of this scene. Many received healing in this meeting that never came in contact with the evangelist. Faith soared high, and even long after the weary evangelist had been carried out, a line of 20 or 25 local ministers, with differences and prejudices forgotten, prayed for the unending line of hundreds seeking healing. Great Day!

Before leaving the Pensacola meeting with all its fond memories, we would mention one other incident on the morning of our departure. A man came to me seeking help for his little daughter . . . (For many months, it was apparent that the evangelist would be compelled to pause for rest and recuperation, and spared the strain of hearing the problems of every individual.) . . . But we felt this need was worthy and brought him to our brother. We will never forget his story . . . With

tears flowing down his cheeks, he tells how this beautiful little girl of about seven years was adopted in infancy, and that her mind had not developed normally and was not perfect. As I saw the compassion of this father and love for his adopted child, I thought of another scene . . . How we have been adopted into the Heavenly Father's family, and we too have not a perfect mind (spiritually). Because of this He has infinite pity and compassion upon us.

After an interval of time, we converged on Kansas City, Kansas, for a campaign in the city auditorium. Here we meet for our first time Brother Oral Roberts, who is now very active and greatly used in praying for the sick.

From Kansas City, we went to Sedalia, Missouri for a few days. In spite of near collapse of the evangelist, God blessed multitudes of sick and suffering.

The scheduled meet in Masonic Auditorium, Elgin, Illinois, lasted several days, bringing a stir to the Fox River Valley as perhaps never before. As the meeting closed, we saw that the strain was too great, and time must be called or the evangelist would soon become a casualty in the warfare for Jesus. We said good-bye to the party at Elgin and turned toward the warm, hospitable south, not aware that we would see no more of our beloved evangelist for many months during which time his life and valuable ministry would almost be snuffed out.

But thanks be to God, we are glad to say that at this writing we have just concluded the greatest revival in the history of our church, with Evangelist William Branham a better, healthier, stronger, more gifted evangelist than ever, with increased faith and anointing to preach the Gospel. May God keep him strong and full of faith until his mortal sun shall set or the Sun of Righteousness arise over an America that has been awakened from her lethargy of slumber and sleep.

Chapter 14

The Writer Enters the Branham Story

It seems necessary at this point, for the sake of continuity, to explain the manner in which the writer came to enter the Branham story. A number of years previous, we had become acquainted with Brother Jack Moore (who wrote the foregoing chapter) while holding a revival for his father-in-law, Rev. G.C. Lout, who was then pastor of a church in Shreveport, Louisiana. At that time we came to esteem very highly the friendship of Brother Moore. In the years that followed, Brother Moore's business as a building contractor prospered until it became one of the most prominent in that area. However, with this prosperity, he was not too busy to feel the great spiritual need of his city. (During the Depression the church he attended lost its building and the congregation became scattered.) At length he and his associates determined to start an independent work in a suburban part of the community. To this new church they gave the euphonic name of Life Tabernacle. In the years which have elapsed since, this work has had a phenomenal growth, and recently a beautiful new

Life Tabernacle has been built near the heart of the city, and has been dedicated by none other than Brother Branham.

In the meantime, in the city of Ashland, Oregon, I became pastor of a church, which we had the pleasure of seeing grow into a thriving and prosperous assembly. It so happened that at the time of which we now write we were in the midst of a revival with Evangelist J.E. Stiles, in which some fifty received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. At that time, we were singularly impressed that God would soon reveal to the church—how soon we could not say—a new ministry of power in which mighty signs and wonders and miracles would take place. In fact, in years previous God had shown us by the spirit of prophecy that this would happen.

So it came to pass in the Providence of God, as the Stiles meeting came to a close, that on the 24th of March, 1947, we received a letter from Brother Jack Moore which read as follows:

Dear Brother Gordon:

I know you will be surprised to hear from me here in Oakland, California, but this is what happened. We had a Brother Branham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, a Baptist minister who has received the Holy Ghost, and has great success in praying for the sick on such a scale as I have never before seen. We had a meeting in Shreveport, the like of which has never been before. So Brother Young Brown and myself came along with him out here to fill some engagements he had made. We haven't found buildings large enough to take care of the crowds. Last night was our first night here, and the building was packed out and all standing room was taken. We will be here through the 25th and then go to Sacramento for three nights. So we will be in this country for several days and I would surely like to see you and would like for you to see what this brother is doing. . . .

With deep regards,
Jack Moore

We read the letter slowly several times with mingled emotions, and finally took it and read it to Brother Stiles. His own spirit witnessed with us on the matter and we both determined to make the trip down to Sacramento and observe the unusual ministry of this evangelist that my friend had written about. Within the next day or so Brother Jack Moore flew up by plane to Ashland to pay us a visit, and the following day we all went by automobile to Sacramento, a distance of about 300 miles. When we arrived, we found the church where the meeting was to be held, though located out toward the edge of the city, was already filled with people.

Certainly the service that we witnessed that night was different than any we had ever been in before. Never had we known of any preacher calling deaf mutes and blind people to pray for, and then to see those people delivered on the spot. The last one that was prayed for that night was a little cross-eyed child. I saw the mother and the girl sitting disconsolately at one side—there were so many to pray for, and it seemed the evangelist would never get to them. Time came for the service to close, with many yet desiring prayer. The evangelist was preparing to leave and had reached the steps of the platform, when he happened to look back and see the child. Instantly his compassion went out to her, and he took her, put his hands over her eyes and prayed a brief prayer. When the child looked up, lo, her eyes had come perfectly straight!

WE MEET WILLIAM BRANHAM

The following morning we had the pleasure of meeting Brother Branham. What we had heard and seen the night before, and the impressions that we had when we met him, convinced us that here was a man, who, though humble and unassuming, had reached out into God and received a ministry that was beyond any that we had witnessed before. Here was

a simple faith that brought results and seemed on the order of that which we had long considered necessary to bring about the revival that we were sure God intended should come to pass before the Coming of Christ.

In meeting our brother we learned that Brother Moore had already spoken to Rev. Branham about me, and that he had looked forward to meeting me. Indeed Brother Moore, having witnessed the unusual power of the ministry of this evangelist, saw the advantage of the inspiration of such a ministry being made available to all God's people. For indeed when the angel had given Brother Branham charge, he straightly told him that his ministry was to be *to all people*. Because our associations had been in the larger Full Gospel circles, it had suggested itself to Brother Branham and Brother Moore, that perhaps I might be the one to introduce him to the ministers of these groups. Thus it was that we found Brother Branham immediately willing to consider our invitation for him to come north and hold some campaigns the following fall in Oregon and adjacent states.

We returned to Ashland, convinced that God was in our trip and that this was the ministry that would reach the masses. We began to look forward to the possibility of arranging several brief campaigns for Brother Branham in the region of the Northwest.

It was our desire, however, to get into a few additional meetings with Brother Branham before the Northwest campaigns. Our church gave us permission to visit a forthcoming campaign at Tulsa, Oklahoma. The assent of the congregation was unanimous, but all were very solemn that morning as if they had a presentiment that we might not be their pastor much longer. In June, 1947, we left for Shreveport, Louisiana. Brother Moore was ready when we arrived and with several others we drove North to Tulsa. That evening we again had opportunity to observe the ministry of this man. The large

church auditorium was packed to the doors and many wonderful things took place that night. There were so many to be prayed for that the service ran until two o'clock in the morning. Thus it had been for the past year. What a shame, we thought, that with millions of sick people, so few were really exercising mastery over demons and disease, and that this little brother had to pray for the sick until he was physically exhausted.

Up till this time, few union Full Gospel campaigns had been undertaken. Doctrinal differences and other reasons had caused one group to be suspicious of the other. If all were to get the benefit of these great services, we saw it would be necessary for the campaigns to be organized on the inter-evangelical basis, where all concerned would agree not to precipitate debate on controversial subjects, but would join together in a united effort to bring this message of deliverance to all the people. Could this be effected? We thought it could. Brother Branham was enthusiastic about the idea, for indeed the uniting of believers had been the burden of his heart from the time that the angel had visited him. Before we left Tulsa, definite plans were made for a series of meetings to be held in the West that fall.

Two months later, while on a trip to the General Council at Grand Rapids, Michigan, we stopped over at Calgary, Canada, where Brother Branham was holding a seven-day meeting. We had opportunity to assist in the prayer line, and there had a close-up view of the ministry of our brother. In one instance, we watched as he talked to a man lying on a cot. At first there was no sign of an intelligent response from the man. Explanation then came from the wife standing by, that the man was not only dying of cancer, but was deaf and could not hear what was being said. Brother Branham then said that it would be necessary for the man to receive his hearing so he could instruct him concerning the healing of his cancer. There was a

moment of prayer. Suddenly the man could hear! Great large tears rolled down the cheeks of that man whose face all evening had been so expressionless and impassive. He listened with deep interest as he was told of his deliverance from cancer.

Another case was the healing of a deaf mute child. After prayer it was evident that the boy could hear. The startled expression on his face as he heard the sound made it clear to every one that the deaf spirit had been cast out. The next night I saw the mother again, and happily she told us that already her boy had learned several words. (Elsewhere in this volume is a newspaper account of the Calgary meeting.)

GOD'S PURPOSE IN RAISING UP WILLIAM BRANHAM

We left Calgary with some other friends who were traveling with us, and continued our trip East. A few days later we stopped at Oberlin, Ohio, home of Oberlin College, founded by Charles G. Finney. This great man of God lay buried in a cemetery plot near Oberlin, his death having taken place there some 75 years ago, after a fruitful ministry rarely equalled in the history of evangelism. Finney would scarcely recognize Oberlin now. True, the beautiful campus buildings reflected material prosperity, but the Gospel that Finney had so ardently proclaimed two generations ago had few advocates there now. The blighting scourge of modernism and a social gospel had taken over. There would be no joy in Oberlin, if Finney were to return and preach his dynamic sermons in the halls of that now ultra-modern university.

We asked ourselves what was the matter. Why in the space of two generations had such a complete declension taken place. We then were reminded of the days of Joshua. Israel served God during Joshua's lifetime and also during the lifetime of those who outlived Joshua, and "WHO HAD SEEN ALL THE GREAT WORKS OF THE LORD THAT HE DID FOR

ISRAEL. . . . AND THERE AROSE ANOTHER GENERATION AFTER THEM WHICH KNEW NOT THE LORD, NOR YET THE WORKS THAT HE HAD DONE FOR ISRAEL. AND THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL DID EVIL IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD AND SERVED BAALIM.” (Judges 2:7–11)

HIS MINISTRY COMPARED TO THAT OF GIDEON’S

There it was. It was evident that faith in God cannot be transmitted from generation to generation without new manifestations of the power of God. The generation that followed Joshua still had their priests, but apparently these knew nothing of the power of God. The main result of their powerless ministry was that “every man did that which was right in his own eyes.” But then as now there will always be those, such as Gideon, who will not accept the devil’s plausible explanation that the days of miracles are past. An angel appeared to him and said, “The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.” But Gideon replied and said, “If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? *And where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of*, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? But now the Lord has forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites.” (Judges 6:12–13) Gideon was not like the religionist of our day, who is perfectly satisfied with a non-miraculous gospel, and cleverly explains the absence of miracles in his ministry by saying that the “days of miracles are past,” and that it is now the will of God for Christians to be oppressed by sickness. Gideon refused to fool himself; he faced the facts. If God be with us, where were the miracles, he wanted to know. Notice that the angel did not say, “Gideon, you are excited; the days of miracles are past.” He honoured Gideon’s faith by performing a miracle right there. As he touched the sacrifice that Gideon had pre-

pared, "there rose up fire out of the rock, and consumed the flesh and the unleavened cakes."

Indeed the angel of the Lord told Gideon to "go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites; have I not sent thee?" When the Spirit of God came on this man of faith he became a different man, and all Israel was soon to witness a mighty deliverance wrought through the power of the supernatural.

It is interesting to notice that though Gideon believed that if God were really in their midst, then the days of miracles had not passed, but he was quite startled when the angel commissioned *him* to go forth as Israel's leader. He could hardly see that this would be a wise choice. Not only was his family poor, but he was the least in his father's house. Nevertheless, that the first shall be last and the last first seems often to be God's way. After God blessed Gideon with victory he still remained humble, and refused to accept the offer to be ruler over Israel. He told the people, "The Lord shall rule over you." He restored harmony among his jealous brethren, and during many years that followed there was peace and quiet in the land.

A parallel to the story of Gideon is apparent in the life of William Branham. Both men were born in very poor families, and neither had any ambition to become great. Each received a visitation and commission from the angel of the Lord. Each believed that if God were with His people then the days of miracles could not have ended. Both of these men received a special enduement of the Spirit. Both disdained becoming a ruler over God's heritage, and both labored to bring harmony among God's people. With a very small army God gave Gideon victory over a host of the enemy. With no backing of human organization and having few natural qualifications, William Branham obeyed the call to minister the gift that God gave him, and multitudes flocked to hear him, many being delivered from the enemy's afflictions. Gideon suffered from the opposi-

tion of jealous brethren and the carnally minded. Such has also been the case with William Branham. Each of these men responded to those who spoke against them with forbearance and patience, and God vindicated both in His own time.

A parallel in conditions existing in Gideon's day and our day is also apparent. A generation ago the Full Gospel movement sprang into existence, attended by many signs and wonders. But now a new generation has arisen, and many of the young people, though they have heard of the works done in a previous day, have never themselves witnessed a miracle. In many churches the tendency has been to seek substitutes for the power of God and to gravitate to a purely human level of worship.

On our return to Oregon it was impressed upon us with great force that the manifestation of the power of God was the only answer to the question, "How can we reach this generation with the message of the Gospel in the brief time that remains before the coming of Christ?"

Chapter 15

Branham in the Northwest

The time soon arrived to begin the Northwest meetings. We still had the task of pastoring at Ashland. Fortunately the Lorne Fox Evangelistic party came to our church at that time and the meeting proved to be one of the most outstanding Ashland had ever experienced. What little time was available, we used in completing arrangements for the Branham campaigns, which were to begin first in Vancouver, B.C., and then to go south to the States. The three pastors of the main churches of the city, sponsoring the meeting were Rev. Walter McAllister, Rev. W. J. Ern Baxter, and Rev. Clarence Hall. Much of the success of this meeting was due to the fine work of preparation made by this local committee. Rev. Baxter, who was later to become a member of the Branham party, described the meeting in the following words:

“Scenes of indescribable glory were witnessed during the all-too-brief, four-day, city-wide campaign with Rev. William Branham. As in other cities, so in Vancouver, the largest available auditoriums were inadequate to accommodate the teem-

ing multitudes that waited on the ministry of our brother. Surrounding towns and villages seemed to literally empty into Vancouver, until the whole city was conscious of the spiritual impact of thousands of praying, believing people. Ministerial delegations from various cities attended with a view to securing the ministry of Brother Branham for similar meetings in their various fields of labor. Thousands were unable to gain access to the meetings, and this in spite of a transportation strike involving all streetcars and buses.

"The Vancouver meetings were preceded by three mass prayer meetings, and three great preparation services on the day before the meetings commenced. Right from the beginning of negotiations for the coming of Brother Branham to Vancouver, a salutary spirit of unity and cooperation prevailed among the Vancouver ministers. This gracious spirit continued, and in fact increased throughout the meetings, and is yet very much a reality, finding expression in fellowship groups and meetings. We have noted this to be one of the outstanding features of Brother Branham's ministry in other cities, also. And how desperately it has been needed.

"Many testimonies of healing have continued to come to the attention of local pastors, and many marvelous works were wrought by the immediate action of the Holy Spirit at the time of prayer. To undertake any kind of a report on the healings experienced would be an impossible task, for should one speak of crossed eyes straightened, or of bed-ridden invalids raised, or of the deaf hearing, or of the dumb speaking? Or should one seek to recount the thrilling testimonies of those relieved of cancers, tumors and goitres? The task is too great, and when seemingly completed, it has only begun. Final records will only be read when we stand before the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Despite the transportation tie-up, the large auditorium seating several thousands was filled every night—indeed on the

last day the doors were closed at five o'clock. It was evident that few men ever were able to do as much good in four days as Brother Branham did in Vancouver. Many ministers attended and returned to their churches enthusiastic and inspired over the remarkable demonstration of the power of God which they had witnessed.

The next meeting was in Portland, Oregon, and began on Armistice Day. Services were held in various auditoriums, but no building was found that was able to take care of the crowds. For the last three nights the Municipal Auditorium was engaged, but on the final night even this spacious place was crowded out. Hundreds of ministers attended, and religious services in Full Gospel circles practically ceased except at the auditorium where the services were going on. The account of the dramatic challenge of the demon-possessed man which took place in this meeting appears in the first chapter of this book.

From Portland we went to Salem. The large armory was packed out and so were all its separate lower rooms which were fitted with loud speakers. Rev. Walter Fredrick, chairman of the local committee, had this to say:

"From Salem, Oregon, we too wish to sound out a note of praise to God for the mighty visitation from God during the Branham meetings. People came from the States and Canada. Never in the city's history has such a crowd thronged a place for religious meetings. Salem was stirred and made God-conscious. Many were the miracles of healing, and one is still hearing of testimonies of deliverance."

From Salem, Brother Branham went to our own City of Ashland where the local armory seating 1200 was jammed out. The following week the party drove over to Boise where a powerful three day campaign filled the largest auditorium in the city. In the 14 days of services, with only a comparative small amount of newspaper advertising, some 70,000 people

had heard the gospel of healing and at least 1000 of these were ministers.

In these meetings we might mention that Brother Branham's strength was far below par. He attempted to commute to Phoenix, Arizona, on Sundays and hold afternoon services in the Shrine Auditorium. Sometimes he had to be up all night. Once his plane circled for hours seeking to land, while a thick fog shrouded the field in almost impenetrable density. The results of these meetings were all the more remarkable when we consider how the evangelist was ministering beyond his strength and under such strenuous physical handicaps. In the future we were careful to see that he should not get involved in more services than could be properly handled. But even then it was apparent to us that Brother Branham had gone beyond his strength and really needed a long rest.

Chapter 16

The Voice of Healing Born

At the close of the Boise campaign, Brother Branham expressed himself that he was very happy over the outcome of the meetings that had been held in the Northwest, and said he felt it was God's will that in the future his meetings should continue to be conducted on the same inter-evangelical basis. He asked me if I would go to Shreveport, Louisiana to confer with Brother Moore as to the possibility of arranging other campaigns on this basis. I consented to go, for I dared give no other answer to this but an affirmative. My church again was very gracious in permitting me to go. The congregation was fortunate in securing the services of Evangelist Velmer Gardner during my absence and the church moved along at high tide. Indeed, Brother Gardner was to receive a great inspiration from the campaign we later held at Eugene. Shortly after that a new ministry of healings and miracles began to follow the campaigns held by this evangelist.

Whether to leave my church permanently, and follow the work that seemed providentially indicated, was becoming a

matter of increasing concern to me. It was not easy to make a decision to leave those one loves, especially a church that you have seen grow from a small struggling group to a strong and vigorous assembly. God seemed to be leading, still I hesitated. Finally in prayer, God spoke directly and told me to go ahead, nothing doubting, and He would see that I should be led step by step in my part of the great work he was beginning to do over the land. Once the decision was made, I never for one moment have had reason to doubt that God led me in making it.

Shortly after the first of the year I arrived at Shreveport, Louisiana, and talked the entire situation over with my friend, Brother Jack Moore. Together with Young Brown we drove to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where Brother Branham was resting at his home for a few days. He seemed glad to see us, and we had an inspiring time of fellowship. There were some problems to be worked out. Previously, Brother Branham's meetings were being represented in a magazine edited by a good Christian brother in Texas. The problem that had arisen was this: Brother Branham realized that since the meetings in the Northwest his campaigns had reached a scope that believers from all the various groups were now attending. Any magazine that would be used in the meetings would go into the homes of all these groups. If the campaigns were to be organized on an inter-evangelical basis, it was evident that the magazine must also be of the same character. It was therefore decided that a message should be sent to the brother mentioned above, asking him if he felt free to establish his paper on an inter-evangelical basis, and, if so, then Brother Branham would continue to use that magazine as his official publication.

We parted for the evening and all of us placed the matter definitely in the hands of the Lord. In the morning we met Brother Branham again, and he seemed to have received a peaceful assurance. He said that he had heard from heaven

that night. We carefully listened to what he told us, and in the months which followed we indeed witnessed the exact fulfillment of those words.

Events now moved swiftly. The brother previously mentioned notified us that he did not feel he was in a position to make his magazine inter-evangelical, as had been suggested. Thus THE VOICE OF HEALING was born, and it fell upon the writer to become the editor. It was agreed at the time of its inception that in its pages there would be no discussion of minor matters of doctrine that might precipitate argument and confusion among the Full Gospel people, but it was to proclaim the message of the Great Commission, the sounding of God's last call to the unsaved, the healing of God's people, to the end of uniting them in spirit, and preparing them for Christ's Coming. This policy was and is to be perpetuated forever until Jesus comes.

At that time, THE VOICE OF HEALING was considered only as an organ of Brother Branham's own meetings. Later, because of his weakened condition, he was forced to leave the field for a considerable time, and in the Providence of God, with Brother Branham's concurrence, the magazine then became the official organ of America's great healing ministries, though of course featuring Brother Branham's ministry. It is interesting to note that many of the dear brethren now represented in it, testify to the fact that their inspiration and calling to a similar ministry had its inception while they attended some of the Branham campaigns. To God be all the glory.

THE FLORIDA CAMPAIGNS

Arrangements had been made for members of the Branham party to join at Miami, Florida, for a six-day campaign in the early part of the year of 1948. In the meantime, a strange rumor gained circulation that Brother Branham had died. It

was immediately after the beginning of the new year that the rumor was first heard, and it wouldn't die down. Up and down the breadth of the land the story was told and retold. We made every effort to reassure people that the report was untrue. Still, excited persons would write, phone and telegraph us seeking confirmation. The rumor continued to persist (with the date of the evangelist's supposed death being gradually advanced) until the first issue of *THE VOICE OF HEALING* appeared in April, 1948. It was a remarkable example of the propagating power of falsehood, and we found it impossible even to trace its source. The rumor, unlike so many, was not malicious in its character. The origin of it no doubt sprang from the fact that the continuous labors of our brother, going as he had into the long hours of night, praying for the sick, had severely sapped his strength to the point that it was now noticeable to his audience. Nevertheless, God was not yet through with His servant. And although it was true that Brother Branham was to go through months of sore physical trial, he was destined to emerge the victor, with a greater ministry than ever.

In Miami, the tent had been pitched far out on the outskirts of the city. No preparation for securing united support of the churches had been made, since the campaign had been scheduled at such short notice. Most any other meeting under such circumstances would have been doomed to failure. Nevertheless, word soon got around, and the tent in a few days was filled to capacity. Many wonderful miracles took place, and the altar call on Sunday afternoon witnessed hundreds of men and women coming forward to give their lives to Christ.

It was while we were in Miami that Brother Branham met the noted Evangelist F.F. Bosworth. Brother Bosworth, back in the Twenties, held healing campaigns attended by great audiences. The largest number of people ever gathered under one roof in Ottawa, Canada, attended the Bosworth meetings there and some 12,000 sought the Lord for salvation. Many

such campaigns took place over America and Canada and the newspapers from time to time featured stories of the marvelous miracles taking place in them. Naturally, meeting with Brother Bosworth was an interesting event to the whole party. All were particularly impressed by the sweet and godly spirit of this brother who had been so signally used of the Lord. After Brother Bosworth had attended a few of the services, he made the statement that although God had given him meetings of tremendous magnitude, he had never witnessed miracles taking place with such consistency so early in the campaign. Whereas he often had to labor for several weeks, before faith had risen sufficiently high for outstanding miracles to occur, in Brother Branham's meetings such miracles were taking place the first night. Brother Bosworth was invited to speak at one of the evening services in Miami and later he found it possible to go with the party to Pensacola and to other northern cities where Brother Branham had been scheduled to come.

Aside from the success of the campaign, Brother Branham thoroughly enjoyed his stay in Miami, where in the winter the sub-tropical climate is quite pleasant. Wealth, magnificence, and luxury were apparent everywhere, although the sad story of sickness and suffering, striking in the homes of the rich and poor alike, was the same in that city as any other. Leaving Miami we drove northward. The balmy warmth of Southern Florida gradually slipped behind us, and we again were met by King Winter who was then reigning in full strength over the greater part of the broad lands of America.

PENSACOLA

We had made arrangements to hold the next campaign in Pensacola. The various Full Gospel Churches had agreed to cooperate in this campaign which was scheduled to begin in the last part of March. In the meantime, Brother Branham was

to take a few weeks of rest which included a trip to Phoenix, Arizona. The rest of the party had various businesses to attend, which would require some little time. At the day appointed, approximately a month later, the party arrived in Pensacola with Brother Branham to begin the meeting. This was to prove a most interesting campaign. It was not to be without mishap, for a high wind coming off the gulf struck the tent and caused some damage. One service had to be held in the local arena while repairs were made. However, under the expert direction of Rev. D. L. Welch, one of the cooperating pastors, the tent was repaired and re-erected and the campaign continued in the Canvas Cathedral, without further interruption.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SERVICE

The climaxing service and one never to be forgotten was on Sunday afternoon. The large tent was not only filled but many were standing on the outside as Brother Branham began to give the story of his life. When our brother relates this story he doesn't just tell it, but he relives it. And not only he but those of his audience also find themselves reliving it with him. For the space of an hour and a half, the great gathering of people was carried away as it were, as they listened with deep interest to the story of his early days of poverty and privation, his conversion and God's dealing with him, and again the tragedies in his life and finally the eventual triumphs. But never did the speaker tell this story in a more moving way than he did that afternoon. As we observed the audience, we saw strong men freely applying their handkerchiefs as copious tears streamed unashamedly down their cheeks. The writer never saw an audience more moved. Finally, as the evangelist brought his message to a close and the altar call was given for sinners, a most remarkable scene transpired. Apparently almost every sinner in the vast congregation stood to his feet

requesting prayer that he might be saved. Various estimates of the number which responded to this one altar call were anywhere from 1500 to 2000 people. It was the greatest response in one service we had ever seen, and doubtless has been equalled few times in the history of evangelism. It was obvious at once that there was no place to accommodate such an enormous number of seekers and there was nothing else to do but to let them pray where they were standing. Can any one present that afternoon ever forget that scene? People wept as they confessed their sins, and called upon God to have mercy on their souls. As the moments passed, here and there, those tears of repentance were turned to tears of joy and soon many shouts of victory sounded through the tent. How many names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life that afternoon, only the angels of heaven know, but it must have been a great number.

Proof of the tremendous work that was done in the brief campaign, was afforded in the after results of the meeting. One of the cooperating pastors, a year later, told us that his church had reaped a tremendous harvest from the campaign, and other local churches had gained proportionately. We felt that one of the outstanding features of the meeting, and one that we are sure contributed in a great degree to its success, was the fact of the willingness of the various churches to cooperate, and to keep in the background doctrinal differences, which in reality were minor in comparison to the great truths that all were so fully agreed upon.

A number of startling miracles took place during the brief campaign, but there is not room to describe these. However, the circumstances concerning the deliverance of a violently insane man was so remarkable that we must give space to a few of the details concerning it. As has been mentioned, because strong winds had forced lowering of the tent, one service of the campaign was held in the local arena. This

insane young man had been brought from a state institution to the meeting that night, to be prayed for. At the close of the service, those who had brought him tried to lead him from the building, but he refused to go. When our attention was called to this, we secured the services of a half dozen men and took him from the building by force. So strong were the powers that possessed him, that it required no little exertion to accomplish this, but at length we had him safely seated in the automobile, so we thought, and left him, supposing that there would be no further trouble. Imagine our dismay, when a couple of minutes later there was heard a hoarse cry, and turning we saw him dash from the car toward a group of women and children who were standing and talking near the door of the arena.

His headlong dash occurred so suddenly and unexpectedly that we scarcely knew what to do. Fortunately, the people at the door fled in every direction before he reached them. Then furiously he turned and charged, with arms flying, toward one of the members of the Branham party, who was standing by. Demons have power to break chains, and to do other super-human feats, but fortunately they are powerless before the Name of Jesus! Though struck at time after time, the brother was not harmed or even touched, no not by a single blow. Something supernatural parried every thrust made by the demon-possessed man. How long this might have continued, it is impossible to say, but just at that moment two policemen who happened to be in the vicinity, hearing the shouts and cries of the women, rushed up, and seeing what they supposed was a common brawl, began questioning both. At this moment, however, the insane man, with fierce imprecations, charged the officers, and they soon found that they had more than their hands full. Over and over on the grass they rolled and tussled, and finally the officers had to resort to rather stern measures before they could handcuff and subdue their refractory assailant. A call to the police brought out a squad car, and finally

the man was secured and taken to headquarters, where he was placed in a special cell for the night.

After they drove away, we shall never forget the tears of the unfortunate man's sister, who had been responsible for bringing him to the meeting. She came and pleaded with us with anguish of soul that Brother Branham would pray for him. Of course, it was impossible for Brother Branham to respond to the multitude of calls that came daily from those who would desire him to visit sick and confined people. But so urgent and griefstricken was the sister, that finally Brother Jack Moore consented to tell Brother Branham about the case in the morning.

The following morning, Brother Moore started to relate the story of events of the previous night to Brother Branham. Then occurred that marvelous manifestation of the gift of the Spirit, by which our brother often witnesses events that take place at a distance, and even before they happen. We are indeed reminded of the exploits in Elisha's ministry, when he beheld the plans of the King of Syria even before they took place. Or of Christ Himself, when He saw Nathaniel at a distance by other than natural sight. In this case God had already shown Brother Branham this insane man, that he would pray for him that day, and that the man would be healed. The scene of the deliverance was identified by him in the vision by the presence of a red-appearing car, and the manner of the clothing worn by the man who would be delivered.

Arrangements were then sought with the Pensacola police for the release of the young man. But they, remembering the trouble that they had had the night before, perhaps could be pardoned for their refusal to let him go unless he were taken outside of the city limits and never returned. So finally a rendezvous was arranged on the Gulf beach, where all the parties concerned would meet. But when Brother Branham arrived and looked carefully at the cars, he made the remark that all

was not what he had seen in the vision. While he hesitated, Brother Moore decided to drive his new De Soto up some little distance from where the insane man was, as his daughter and another sister were in his car. Brother Branham then got out and walked to where the young man was standing. He noticed at once that his clothing was exactly the same as what he had seen in the vision, so he told him to get back in the car and wait. Then a peculiar thing happened. As Brother Branham told it afterward, "I looked back toward Brother Jack's car. Most of the beach was of white sand. But where the car had just been parked, there was a bank of red clay. The sun reflecting from the red clay on the highly polished tan sedan caused it to appear red. I knew then that this was exactly what I had seen in the vision. I went over then and pronounced the words to the young man, 'Thus saith the Lord, the evil spirit shall leave you now, and you shall get well.' Instantly the young man was delivered and entered into a normal conversation."

This was an impressive testimony to the police officers of Pensacola, as they realized that God had done something wonderful in their midst. It caused many to praise God for this manifestation of His compassion for the man whom Satan had so cruelly bound.

Some months later, the young man who had been delivered sent in his testimony and it appeared in an issue of *THE VOICE OF HEALING*. (July, 1948) His testimony reads as follows:

"When I was two years old I had polio. My parents carried me to many different doctors. I spent some time in crippled children's hospitals. All of them did no good. I got worse all the time. Finally my condition was so bad that I became insane. I had been in the state institution nearly seven months when my people heard about Brother Branham's healing service in Pensacola. I was carried over there and that night I was

put in jail because the Lord wasn't through with me. He used me as an example to show the people that He has more power than the devil. When my sister came to see me the next morning, I was perfectly contented because God had shown Brother Branham that He had healed my body. I am now 25 years old and have a good job. Thank God for His healing power.”

T--C-- Sopchoppy, Fla.

Chapter 17

The Branham Party Goes North

The next meeting was scheduled in Kansas City, Kansas, in the Memorial Hall in the early part of April. Brother U.S. Grant was chairman of the local committee, and had made very excellent preparations for the meeting. We arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and drove immediately to Brother Grant's residence. He was glad to see us, but expressed some anxiety concerning Brother Branham, who he said had not yet arrived, though he had received communication that he would be there earlier in the day. Rev. Grant said he knew that he had not arrived as only he had knowledge of the location of the hotel where we were to stay—this being always of necessity a closely guarded secret. (On one occasion when the location of Brother Branham's hotel became known to the public, a long line of sick formed at his door, seriously disrupting the business of the hotel.)

We ourselves were just a trifle disturbed as we knew that Brother Branham should have arrived by this time. But there was nothing to do but await further word, and we ourselves

went to the hotel. We were not a little surprised when we learned from the night clerk that he had arrived and had already retired. When later we asked how it had happened that he had not gone to Brother Grant's place first, his reply was that he had been very tired and thought that perhaps it best to go to bed early and get as good a rest as possible. But we said, "How did you know to come to this hotel?" "Well," he said, "I just seemed to know." That was all the satisfaction we could get, and perhaps all he could give us. We were not too surprised, as time after time we had similar experiences when his perception reached out, and he knew things that did not come to him through the avenues of his five senses. We shall not forget how non-plussed Brother Grant was when we told him what had happened. We do not wish to give the impression, however, that Brother Branham had the ability to use this gift at will, but only at such times as the Spirit of God would specially move upon him for its manifestation.

The first night of the meeting, some 1500 were present at the Memorial Hall. Sunday night was an outstanding service. The third night the Spirit of God was manifest in unusual power. Some reporters were present that night. Their report published in the conservative *Kansas City Times*, April 13, 1948, appeared the following morning. Although written in "newspaper style" we considered the write-up, on the whole, a fair appraisal of the service. A few paragraphs of the report was as follows:

"Amid 'amens' of the congregation, the Rev. William Branham, of Jeffersonville, Indiana, conducted the third of a series of five healing meetings at the Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kansas.

"'Whatever you ask God to do, He will do,' Mr. Branham said. 'No matter how near death you are from sickness, He can cure you, even now, if you will just take God at His Word.'

"A score of ailing persons crossed the stage last night and

professed to have been cured of various illnesses after Mr. Branham had prayed briefly with them. The audience was moved. There were tears in the eyes of many and their lips moved as in prayer. Some mothers sobbed as they rocked restless babies in their arms. One girl from Mobile, Alabama, said her eyes were crossed when she went on the stage last night, but after Brother Branham had prayed her eyes were normal and clear. Another woman held up her hand and said a goiter had just disappeared from her neck. She said she had had the goiter for years and that a year and a half ago a physician told her only an operation would remove it."

The next service the auditorium was packed to the doors as was also the last night of the brief campaign.

A number of interesting incidents occurred during the Kansas City campaign. One lady came to the writer and told how she had been ill from a serious affliction, but hadn't been able to get in the prayer line, because of the great number of people. Nevertheless, her faith rose, and that night in the hotel she awoke her husband and said that she believed if she could only get in the prayer line at once, she would be healed. Her husband, a little startled, finally deciding that she was dreaming, told her to go ahead. However, in the morning, the woman awoke to find herself perfectly well! She remembered her dream, as did her husband. The next evening she hurried forward to inform us of what had taken place. The lady had made a contact of faith, and that was all that was necessary to get her healing.

Doctors often attend the Branham meetings. On the day following the close of the campaign, one of the leading physicians of the Metropolitan area came to the room where we were. He was a Christian gentleman, and we can never forget how he laid his hand upon Brother Branham's shoulder and invoked a blessing upon him. Before he left he asked prayer for a certain ailment with which he had been afflicted, that med-

ical practice could not cure. Brother Branham gladly prayed for him.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI

Next we went to Sedalia, Missouri, where we held three days of services. Brother Ern Baxter of Vancouver, B.C. joined us at this point and was the afternoon speaker, with Brother F. F. Bosworth speaking in the morning services. Rev. Byrd Campbell, an enterprising pastor was chairman of the local committee, and did a very efficient job. The local armory seating some 1600 where the meetings were held, proved to be entirely too small, and large crowds were unable to enter. People sat everywhere, in the windows, doors, and aisles and many unable to get in at all, stood on the outside looking in.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

The last campaign in the East at this time was held in the famous watch center of Elgin which is located in the suburbs of Chicago. The auditorium seating about 2000 was hopelessly inadequate to accommodate the crowds that came. In fact, after the first day or so the afternoon crowds completely filled the place. We shall permit Rev. Merrill Johnson chairman of the local committee to tell the story of the Elgin campaign:

“This has been my second occasion to attend the Branham meetings. It is my firm conviction that in many ways this meeting excelled my first experience. As someone so aptly put it, ‘Never since the days of the great Chicago fire has Elgin and its surrounding cities been so mightily stirred.’ For days after the meetings came to a close, the subject seemed to be on the lips of everyone. A great realization has also come to the Christians for the need of more men like Brother Branham. Reports, however, do indicate that God is increasing within

the ranks of the Church of Jesus Christ in these last days more men with this ministry of healing. The Spirit of God is undoubtedly rapidly preparing the Church for its great exodus to Glory. That must be very soon.

“One cannot attend the Branham meetings without a sense of feeling what it must have been like to be living in the days of the Apostles. Words fail to describe the sudden burst of ecstasy and inexpressible awe that grips the people who for their first time experience the power of God to heal and perform miracles. What words can describe the experience of witnessing blind eyes being opened, deaf ears unstopped, the dumb speaking their first words, the cripples walking, crossed eyes straightened, and many other glorious sights.

“The sweet, unassuming and lovable character of Brother Branham so vividly portrays the spirit of Christ that dominates his life. To see Brother Branham’s great love for children would touch even the hardest of persons. For seldom would a child with crossed eyes, blind, deaf or crippled pass by Brother Branham without his arms embracing them and beseeching God to perform a miracle in their little bodies; and in every instance to my knowledge God granted our brother’s prayer with a miracle.

“The meeting in Elgin seems to have taken on the nature of many great camp meetings rolled into one. The throngs which came from all over the United States and Canada literally rocked this city. It reminded one of reading in the Scriptures of the throngs that pressed about Christ in the days of His earthly ministry.

“Another significant feature of the Branham meetings in Elgin was the congregational singing and special numbers. Faith soared to new heights and the blessings of God descended on the people as they worshipped the Christ in song. Many received their healings in their seats and surrendered their prayer cards without going through the prayer lines.

Some of these were in the miraculous. The special singing and music rendered by the students from the Great Lakes Bible Institute at Zion, and other visiting evangelistic parties, deeply enriched the meetings. The cooperation from all who served to make the meetings a success was so characteristic of this great spiritual meeting. All the members of the committee found it pleasant to work with the Branham party. Few meetings of such intensity are conducted so smoothly and with such general approval."

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, APRIL 12-17, 1948

The next scheduled meeting was at Tacoma, Washington. Because of a snowstorm in the Rockies, Brother Branham did not get to Tacoma in time for the first service. Nevertheless, there was a great expectancy, and the following night the crowd was even larger.

A great problem presented itself at the beginning of the meeting. It was early Spring and the ice-arena had no heating facilities. The use of an unheated building for religious services was almost unthinkable in the area that time of the year. The only solution to the problem would be that sufficient people should attend so that the vast arena would be heated by their own body warmth. This, indeed, was what actually happened! Some 6000 people filled the building and the temperature was found to be very comfortable.

One of the notable features of the Tacoma meeting was the fact that the ministers of so many churches had united in a Full Gospel fellowship. It was wonderful and glorious. In some cities there has been a tendency for one church to be suspicious of the other, and there is no real spirit of fellowship. The Tacoma brethren showed by their willingness to work together that all would be blessed in return. The result has been that perhaps in no other city in the United States, has there

been a more powerful testimony of the Full Gospel message than in that community.

During the noon luncheon, Brother Branham spoke to the ministers concerning some things that were on his heart. It was a solemn and impressive hour, and not a few tears fell down the faces of those who listened. Incidentally, a remark was overheard between some brethren sitting there at the luncheon, which we felt was typical of the reaction of many who attend the Branham meetings. Said one to the other, "When this meeting is over, and while these wonderful things are fresh in my mind, I want to get away a few days, and be alone with God."

There is no doubt but that the city became God-conscious in a remarkable way. The Youth-for-Christ leader gave a wonderful testimony of how he had been affected by the meeting. Some high-ranking officers on the police force gave their testimony of how the meeting had blessed them.

EUGENE, OREGON, MEETING

From Tacoma the party traveled South to Eugene, where the last campaign of the Branham party was conducted, after which it became necessary for Brother Branham to return to his home for a protracted rest. We take the report of the meeting as it appeared in the July, 1948, issue of **THE VOICE OF HEALING**; and written by Rev. Arthur Hyland.

"For five days Rev. William Branham conducted a healing campaign in Eugene, Oregon. The first service and the one on Saturday were held in the Lighthouse Temple. The other meetings were held in the armory building. Capacity crowds filled both places. Ministers and churches over a wide area co-operated in the campaign. One of the great features of the meeting was the fact that people of many churches became as one during the days of the campaign.

"Outstanding miracles of healing took place during the five days. Mrs. Gordon Lindsay, wife of the editor, took special notes of people after they were prayed for. One little girl had a short leg. After she was prayed for, Brother Branham had her walk back and forth on the platform and no appearance of a limp could be detected. The mother told Mrs. Lindsay that the leg had been an inch and a half shorter than the other.

"In one of the services, a person with crutches sat at the back of the auditorium. The man had not been able to get into the healing line. While the crowd was going out somebody said to him, 'Well, you didn't get your healing.' The man replied, 'Yes, I have it now.' With that he threw away his crutches and began to walk. People shouted and praised God as they saw him healed and delivered.

"Rev. F. F. Bosworth assisted in the Eugene campaign and God's blessing was mightily upon him as he ministered the Word of faith to the congregation. Rev. Gordon Lindsay was also speaker at the services. It is customary to give a report from one of the local pastors working in the meetings, so the following is an excerpt from a letter received from Rev. Arthur Hyland:

"'As secretary of the ministers' group that sponsored the Branham Campaign in Eugene, Oregon, I want to thank God for Brother Branham and the wonderful results brought about by his ministry here. That ministry had done more toward bringing complete harmony, not only among the pastors but with the lay members of the churches of Springfield and Eugene which took part in the great meetings, than anything else ever did.

"'In this meeting, Brother Branham was so exhausted that anyone could see he was going to the very limit of his strength. Many were healed of all kinds of afflictions and diseases. Two large goiters disappeared right before my eyes, as well as a cancer on a lady's face. A girl's leg which had been shorter

than the other, was lengthened. One Catholic lady who had been an invalid for 10 years was healed of cancer, raised up from her bed, walked out of the building, and has been doing all her work since. Many other healings took place for which we give God all the praise.’”

Chapter 18

The Amazing Houston Coliseum Photograph

After the wonderful deliverance from the nervous condition, Brother Branham, as the year 1948 drew to a close, again returned to the field for a series of brief campaigns. The writer was able to be in some of these meetings for a night or so, but commitments made it impossible to rejoin the party immediately. Incidentally, THE VOICE OF HEALING magazine had grown so rapidly that a very considerable amount of our time was required with it—as within a year the publication was being read by nearly 100,000 readers each month. This remarkable growth continued unabated through the second year, with the circulation more than doubling.

In November 1949, Brother Jack Moore and the writer received a communication from Rev. Branham, asking if it were possible for us again to take over the direction of his campaigns. And also, could we with Rev. Baxter make the trip overseas with him to Scandinavia the following Spring? It so happened

in the Providence of God that we had just succeeded in fulfilling certain other obligations, and after prayer and consideration we felt, God willing, we should accept this call. From a personal standpoint we have always considered it a great privilege to work with Rev. Branham.

Brother Branham informed us that he had only one meeting scheduled at that time—that was in Houston, Texas. He wanted us to go to Houston and then after that take charge of all further arrangements. As I was engaged in the task of preparing this book for publication and needed to be near him during the time, I consented to go to Houston.

The Houston meeting started a little slowly. However, before it was over some very remarkable things had transpired. It became apparent that our brother's ministry had, in some ways, developed greatly. Not only were the peculiar gifts of the Spirit which had been previously manifested in his ministry functioning with increased power, but a new manifestation was evident. In the working of this new gift, past events in the lives of people who came for healing, were revealed. This was manifest in two ways. If those who came for healing were devout Christians, things were told them of their past life which would greatly encourage their faith, so that in many instances they would be healed without one word of prayer. On the other hand, those who had slipped into the prayer line without seeking right relations with God, or who were living careless backslidden lives, and had committed sins which had not been sincerely confessed to God, these were dealt with by the Spirit of God, right on the platform. Sins would be called out, secrets of their hearts revealed, and in practically every instance individuals so dealt with would immediately make a broken and tearful confession. Usually then, the person would receive healing on the spot.

THE AMAZING PHOTOGRAPH

About midway in the Houston campaign, a very remarkable thing occurred that proved to be a Divine vindication of Brother Branham's ministry. A certain hostile clergyman who opposed Divine healing, denounced the remarks of Rev. F. F. Bosworth (who spoke during many of the day services) and issued a public challenge through the newspapers, to debate with Rev. Bosworth on the subject of "Divine Healing Through the Atonement." Rev. Bosworth felt led to accept the challenge, and the whole matter was given front-page publicity in the Houston newspapers.

On the evening appointed as the meeting got under way, it was quite apparent that the sympathy of the vast audience was almost entirely on the side of the visiting evangelists. Large numbers of the members of the very denomination of the opposing clergyman, stood to their feet as witnesses that they believed in Divine healing and had in fact been healed. This sentiment became increasingly evident throughout the service.

Now it so happened that the opposing clergyman had secured the services of Mr. James Ayers and Mr. Ted Kipperman, professional photographers who were to take a series of pictures of him while he was speaking. *Incidentally, the photographer after taking these shots, secured a picture of Rev. Branham, who spoke briefly just before the service closed.*

When Mr. Ayers, one of the photographers, went that same night to the darkroom of his studio, he decided to develop the negatives that had been exposed. To his surprise every one of the negatives turned out to be absolutely blank with the exception of the one which had been taken of Rev. Branham. *His surprise turned to amazement when he noticed that on this negative, immediately over the head of Rev. Branham, was apparently a supernatural halo of light.* Mr. Ayers called the

others of the studio to look at the negative; but when they did so, each was equally puzzled and no one could explain the presence of this halo.

The following morning the photographer sent word to Rev. Branham to inform him of the strange phenomenon that had occurred in connection with the photograph he had taken the night before. Brother Branham then explained to the young man that he was not greatly surprised over the circumstances, as a number of times before, similar things had happened in his ministry. For example, while at Camden, Arkansas, a photographer had snapped a picture of him and when the film was developed it was found that a strange light encircled him, which, the photographer pointed out, could not be accounted for by the lights in the building. (That picture is published in this book.) Many other such things had occurred in his ministry. The photograph taken at Houston was without a doubt the most outstanding and spectacular of these supernatural manifestations, because of the unique circumstances under which the photograph had been taken.

HOUSTON NEWSPAPERS REPORT THE MEETING

The same morning that the photographer brought the news of the strange phenomenon which appeared on the photograph, the Houston newspapers carried full reports of the service on their front pages. (Of course, at this time the newspapers had heard nothing yet about the photograph.) It is interesting to note that Mr. Ayers, one of the photographers who had been secured by the opposing clergyman, himself had made skeptical remarks—which remarks were included in the reports by the newspapers. That the picture should come from this photographer makes the whole matter the more astonishing, and confirms its absolute authenticity, if indeed any more evidence were needed.

Below we include some greatly condensed reports of the meeting as they appeared that morning in the Houston newspapers:

(FROM THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE, JAN. 25)

(CONDENSED)

They lay on cots under the glare of the great lights of Sam Houston Coliseum Tuesday night—the lame, the sick, the infirm, the ones whose hopes for physical health had almost gone. They lay there quietly, some of them uncomprehendingly, as the theological argument swirled about and above them.

For it was they who—Rev. F. F. Bosworth, an out-of-town evangelist, said—could be cured of their infirmities by the divine healing power passed on through Rev. William Branham, Rev. Mr. Bosworth's partner.

But Rev. W. E. Best, pastor of the Houston Tabernacle Baptist Church, contended that any such "miraculous healing" had ceased with the apostles. And he challenged Rev. Mr. Bosworth to prove otherwise.

Rev. Mr. Bosworth, amid cheers and shouts of "amen" from the audience of 8000, quoted numerous passages from various sources, which, he said, proved that Christ died not only for the sins of man, but for physical sickness also. Over and over again he quoted a Bible passage: "Christ took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." Each time he repeated it the crowds sent up a great shout, and faint smiles broke out on the faces of some of those lying on the cots.

The audience could hear Rev. Mr. Best's rapid-fire sermon, and they didn't like everything they heard. They didn't like it when he said "I deny that any man living today has the power and the gift to heal as the apostles did."

(FROM THE HOUSTON PRESS, JAN. 25, 1950)

POLITE HEARING

The Rev. Raymond T. Richey appealed to the audience to give each speaker a polite hearing.

"When you agree with the speaker, say 'amen' and when you disagree, say 'no,'" he asked.

For nearly four hours, the Coliseum rocked with "amens" and "nos."

When the Rev. Best made a point, the Rev. Bosworth would rush to the microphone on the stage from which the speakers held forth and dramatically ask those in the audience who had been cured through faith to stand.

HUNDREDS RISE

Each time hundreds would rise.

"How many of you are Baptists?" the Rev. Bosworth shouted. At least 100 stood up.

"No man has the power to heal" declared the Rev. Best.

To Mrs. W. E. Wilbanks of 712 Teetshorn, the Rev. Best misrepresented the slight, black-haired evangelist who has been preaching to crowds of 5000 nightly.

SHE'S A BAPTIST

"I'm a Baptist myself," said Mrs. Wilbanks. "Brother Branham does not claim the power of Divine healing. It is simply that faith and the spirit of God working through him heal people. Rev. Best is misrepresenting Baptist sentiment in attacking Rev. Branham."

Ordinarily, the way the miracle cures are developed, persons in the audience fill out cards which bear a number and their name. The Rev. Branham picks a number and prays for the cure

of that person. Occasionally, he selects a person at random.

Those attending are informed that it is possible they won't be reached during the evening for an individual prayer—but they come, night after night, hoping that their turn will arrive.

WOMAN REBORN

Mrs. Mary Georgia Hardy, 708 Columbia, said she was "reborn three years ago," but that she first experienced the wonders of faith healing 18 years ago.

"After the birth of my second child, I was a nervous wreck, but faith healing made me well and I've had two children since," said Mrs. Hardy, who attends the Assembly of God Church at 18th and Ashland in the Heights.

Sitting next to her, Mrs. Gray Walker of 2501 Blodgett, pointed to her four-year-old grandchild, Diane Cox.

SHE'S WELL NOW

"Diane was born with a clubfoot. A doctor wanted to put the foot in a cast but our Assembly of God pastor, the Rev. J. C. Miner, suggested we try prayer. We did. Gradually—over a period of weeks—the foot straightened out. Diane is well now."

One week ago, during a general prayer by Rev. Branham, Mrs. W. E. Miller, who lives on the Genoa-Alameda road, was suddenly cured of chronic sinus trouble, she said. "I was simply praying for others when it happened."

When the Rev. Best shouted there were those "who used sorcery to bewitch people, so that people are sincerely misled and say it's the power of God," James Ayers, a commercial photographer of 1610 Rusk, agreed.

"Branham puts on a show," said Mr. Ayers. "Somehow he never gets around to the cripples and the persons who have arthritis. He simply hypnotizes his audience."

(Note: Mr. Ayres mentioned above in the Houston Press

was the photographer who hours later was to discover the supernatural light above Rev. Branham's head on the photograph.)

After conferring with Rev. Branham, the writer arranged for the negative to be turned over to Mr. George Lacy, considered the greatest authority on questioned documents in that area. Mr. Lacy then submitted the negative to exhaustive scientific tests. Rev. Branham was certain that the negative was genuine but considered it wise to have absolute scientific proof of its genuineness. After a most thorough examination, Mr. Lacy gave a certified statement (which has been photostatically reproduced in this book) that every test showed that the negative was absolutely genuine, and had not been "doctored" or retouched or been given a double exposure of any kind. Rev. Branham then gave the studios permission to reproduce copies of the photograph; he insisted, however, that he would take nothing personally from the returns of its sale, though he would permit a certain percentage to be given for overseas missionary enterprises in which he was interested.

Another remarkable development in connection with the phenomenon that appeared on the photograph was the fact that independent testimonies came in from various people, corroborating the fact that the supernatural light appeared over Brother Branham's head. Some of these testimonies came from those who at the time had not yet learned about the photograph. A typical one is from Mrs. Grace Coursey, Rt. 1, Box 108, Cleveland, Texas, who tells how a Catholic who witnessed the light, was converted by it:

**AMAZING CONFIRMATION BY CATHOLIC CONVERT
OF THE SUPERNATURAL LIGHT**

"I was sweeping the floor the other morning when a car came into the driveway at our home on a farm 56 miles north

of Houston. Being somewhat embarrassed at the strewn state of my house, I said, by way of explaining to the strangers, that I worked in Cleveland as a saleslady six days of the week, and had been attending the Branham revival many nights, so had not time to straighten my house. The man, a stranger to me, had come in answer to an advertisement of our farm for sale. When I mentioned the Branham revival, his countenance lighted up and he said, 'We have been there, too.' This is what his wife told us:

"Mr. Becker (the stranger) had been suffering with a terrible stomach condition, violent cramping, etc. He took medicine every night. His wife's mother read in the Houston paper about Branham and his God-given gifts of healing, and she asked Mrs. Becker to ask her husband to go and be prayed for. Mrs. Becker doubted that he would go since he was a Catholic. She told him about it and he said he would go.

"Mrs. Becker was greatly disappointed when they arrived at the Houston Coliseum and found the Baptist preacher (she is a member of the Baptist church) debating with Brother Bosworth. She feared that her husband would not believe after seeing this. Instead of being driven away from belief, Mr. Becker stated to us, 'I saw a light around Rev. Branham's head when he was standing there on the stage after the debate; it was not a flash bulb, it was a halo about his head.' When Brother Branham gave the altar call, Mr. Becker, who had always professed very stanchly that he was saved, went up to accept Christ. His wife, thinking he had misunderstood, asked him if he understood the proposition that had been made. He replied, 'Certainly I do.'

"He automatically quit the habit of using God's Name in vain. Mr. Becker went to the two o'clock service next day and received a prayer card. His number was not called that night but he was instantly healed in the mass prayer call.

"I did not know when I came here tonight to be in the service

and tell this, that a photographer had taken a picture of Brother Branham that same night that Mr. Becker, the Catholic man, had seen the light around his head and believed he was sent of God with a gift of healing."

Jan. 30, 1950

Mrs. Grace Coursey.
Rt. 1 Box 108,
Cleveland, Texas.

From Houston the Branham party went to Beaumont, a city some eighty miles west. After the first night the city auditorium overflowed with people, and on the second night, two policemen and seven firemen were required to enforce the city laws governing safety regulations in the building. Raymond T. Richey chartered a train of eleven coaches which carried 700 people from Houston to Beaumont to attend the Monday night service. Only part of them could find room in the reserved section. Auditorium officials relented and permitted several hundred who could not get into the building to stand on the back of the platform during the meeting.

One of the interesting features of the campaign was the luncheon which nearly one hundred ministers and their wives attended. Brother Branham spoke to them briefly from his heart. He said that God had commissioned him to give a special message to all believers, that they should forget their differences, and unite themselves in oneness of mind and heart in preparation for the soon Coming of Christ. All that were present gave solemn heed to what he said, as it was evident that these words were the words of a prophet.

During the Beaumont campaign some 2000 came forward to confess Christ. About 3000 had responded to the altar calls in Houston; so that during those thirty days, nearly 5000 had confessed Christ as their Saviour.

CAMPAIGNS IN ARKANSAS

From Beaumont we went to Little Rock, Arkansas. Again we were told a familiar story. Little Rock, spiritually, was a city so divided that it would be impossible to hold a great union meeting there. It had been tried before, but always failure had resulted. We were told to prepare ourselves for disappointment. The campaign started in the middle of the week. But by Saturday, lo, the Robinson Memorial Auditorium was completely full. On the last night, which was Monday, the doors were shut at 6:30 P.M., and it was estimated at least 1500 people were turned away. At noon on the last day, a special luncheon, at which over 100 ministers and their wives gathered, breathed a spirit of unity and fellowship that a week before no one dreamed would be possible.

Of interest were testimonies of those who had been healed when Brother Branham was there some three years before. One man thrilled the audience with his testimony. For years he had been on crutches. Then when Brother Branham had prayed for him, he threw them away and walked unaided. He had been without them ever since that time.

One incident was of singular interest to Brother Moore and the writer. At the close of one of the services, as we were leaving the stage, a mother stopped and pleaded with us to pray for her little boy who was about five years of age and who was a deaf mute. She said she feared that Brother Branham would not be able to get to him. Brother Moore looked at me and said, "Let's pray for him." After prayer we took him to the piano and satisfied ourselves that he could hear the music and then walked off the stage. The next evening, during the healing service, we looked and lo, the same woman and little boy came for prayer. She had secured a card (which were given by lot), and decided to use it, thinking that it

would do no harm to bring the boy in the line again. Brother Moore and I naturally were intensely interested to know what Brother Branham would say to her as the spirit of God spoke through him.

As he looked at the child he said, "Mother, your child has been deaf," which of course was correct. Then he looked again and said words to this effect. "Someone who has faith in God prayed for your child last night. Your child is delivered." You can imagine the effect that this had upon the woman. It was true the child was hearing, and although at this youthful age, when testing the degree of the hearing is always difficult, yet he had already begun to show the fact of his deliverance by imitating various sounds. The demonstration had a great effect upon the congregation. It was plain that God was speaking, not man, and also that man was not the healer but the Lord Jesus Christ. Afterwards we talked to Brother Branham about the incident. He just barely remembered the circumstances. God had spoken through him and revealed that someone had prayed for the child but had not revealed who had prayed. That was unimportant. What was important was that God had done the work, and to Him was due all the glory. (Months later we received a letter from the mother of the child confirming the healing. This was printed in *THE VOICE OF HEALING*.)

From Little Rock, we held two days services at El Dorado and two at Camden.

Of Brother Branham, we have only this to say. The scriptures in describing John the Baptist said, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." We believe this statement can also apply to our beloved brother, William Branham.

Chapter 19

The American Press Reports the Branham Meetings

In recent years, few consecrated ministers of the Gospel have received much favorable publicity from the press. What they have received, if any, has usually been of a derogatory character. Nevertheless, many newspapers have taken time and space to describe, often favorably, the healing campaigns of William Branham. It would be too much to expect that every newspaper would give sympathetic reports. Often reporters who attend such meetings come with their minds already made up, and stay only long enough to draw up an extremely sketchy report, which they intersperse with a worldly-wise and subtly cynical ridicule. However, it appears that in the Branham campaigns, interest has been of such an intense nature, that reporters have stayed in the services long enough to become at least partially convinced of what they have seen and heard. In a number of cases, a very generous and fair account of the meetings has been given. Only occasionally has a report appeared completely skeptical. In this chapter we shall give sketches of the Branham meetings, from accounts appearing in

various newspapers of United States and Canada. The first one appearing below was published in the Waukegan NEWS-SUN of March 14, 1949:

"During the three days Rev. Branham has preached, scores have claimed to have been healed. Every case of crossed eyes which was prayed for was straightened before prayer ceased; many cripples and badly twisted bodies were straightened and deaf people were able to hear.

"At last night's service, a young boy paralyzed in arms, legs and back, twisted out of shape was brought by his mother from Bensenville, Illinois, and was prayed for. Immediately after prayer, he walked straight and steadily from the platform without aid.

"Two women, who had been entirely blind with cataracts for two years, were healed at the same service. After being led to the platform then prayed for, the first was able to see and walk and as her husband said, 'Even those bloodshot veins in her eyes were cleared up.'"

The same reporter, Fannie Wilson, writing in the Community News, a paper representing several cities north of Chicago, of date-line March 24, 1949, said:

"The main difference between Rev. William Branham and most everyone else is: to them the Bible is ancient history; to him it is just as vital and positive a force now as in the days of Jesus of Nazareth. What makes the story different is that Rev. William Branham proceeds to prove his contention.

"Not that he contends. Far from it. Rev. Branham is more humble than all the humble men you have ever seen put together. (Can you imagine a white man, born in Kentucky, lifting a little cross-eyed negro child from Market Street, Waukegan, in his arms and saying, 'Daughter, be healed in the Name of Jesus Christ'?) And her eyes had become straight,

even as many others had, during this service of healing and revival meetings held in the Grace Missionary Church. Among those prayed for Monday night was a prominent Waukegan physician.

"During the Monday night service alone, nine people were healed after being born deaf and dumb. Most of these were born in this community or were known here previous to their healing. One of these deaf-mutes was healed of blindness also. All became able to speak, although the sounds were similar in tonal quality to those of a child. They also seemed surprised to hear their own voices.

"One man who had come from Iowa had a cancer on his leg from the knee to the ankle, which disappeared immediately after prayer. In last night's meeting children with paralysis, spastics and those suffering from mental deficiency recovered after prayer.

"Many important and respected people of Lake County heard and saw Brother Branham "diagnose" numerous diseases. Most of all, the individual for whom he was to pray saw the effect of the disease created on the minister's left hand, until the illness was stopped after his prayer.

"The audience was reminded many times by the speaker that he himself did not have the power to perform these healings, but that they were 'acts of God' through the faith of the individual prayed for."

THE ALBERTAN, CALGARY, CANADA

From the August 21, 1947, issue of the ALBERTAN, CALGARY, CANADA, we take the following report:

"A panorama of human emotions was unveiled by some 3000 citizens who packed Victoria Pavilion Wednesday night to witness or receive help from William Branham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, in his faith healing campaign.

"The U.S. minister's reputation of having helped to heal over 35,000 people of blindness, lameness, cancer, polio, T.B., and other sicknesses since he was imparted the 'gift of Divine healing' about a year ago attracted men, women and children of every walk of life.

"One of the first in the prayer line was a Mr. Andre of Edmonton, who said he was suffering from 'a protusion of the disc in the spine.' He claimed to have been to scores of doctors in Western Canada, and also to the Mayo Brothers at Rochester. They said an operation of the spine was necessary, he stated

Then Andre, who told the ALBERTAN he could not remember when he was last able to touch his toes without bending at the knees, was approached by 'the divine healer.'

"Taking Andre's right hand in his left hand, Branham described the man's ailment, and after prayer, told him to bend over and touch his toes. Andre did so, without bending his knees. A gasp went up from the huge throng, and with a rush of voices, the crowd gave vent to their combined surprise and admiration.

"The Edmonton man, wracked with emotion, breathed a simple thanks to the minister before rushing to the microphone to tell the audience how doctors had told him an operation would be necessary for his back.

"The minister claimed to have a mysterious vibration in his left hand by which he was able to distinguish cancer, T.B., and other germs."

THE SASKATOON STAR-PHOENIX

From the August 2, 1947, issue of the SASKATOON STAR-PHOENIX (Canada) we take the following report:

"Miss M— B— who spent ten years in schools for the deaf here and in Winnipeg, said, 'Daddy' and 'Mamma' quite clearly after she had been prayed for by Rev. William Bran-

ham, in the Apostolic Church Wednesday evening where 800 persons had gathered to witness 'healing through faith.'

"Miss B—, interviewed by the STAR-PHOENIX Friday, said that she could hear quite well with her right ear but the left ear was still deaf. She believed that she would be able to speak normally within a short time. Her landlady said that she had been saying 'Good-morning' and 'Good-bye,' something she had not done in the three months she had been staying with her.

"While the congregation sat still with bowed heads, the hundred people to be cured filed past Mr. Branham as he prayed for them each in turn. The congregation was told that entire belief and reverence were necessary, and all must bow their heads. Those who did not were asked to leave the church.

"Prior to Mr. Branham's arrival, the congregation heard from other speakers who told of the marvelous work already being done through faith. One woman testified that she had been prayed for and the following morning her one deaf ear was again normal, and several other minor ailments had vanished. One of the speakers mentioned a woman from Regina, who had been able to bear only a liquid diet for months, but the morning following prayer for her, she arose and enjoyed a normal breakfast."

THE JEFFERSONVILLE POST—FROM BROTHER BRANHAM'S HOME TOWN

From Brother Branham's home-town, THE JEFFERSONVILLE POST issue of November 3, 1949, we take the following:

"A crowd Sunday night that vied with the annual game between the Jeffersonville Red Devils and the New Albany Bulldogs attended the Branham Tabernacle, at Eighth and Penn

Streets, overflowed and stood in the rain to hear via loud speakers, divine moving manifestations of the Rev. William Branham, whose healing miracles are known internationally.

"From authentic sources comes the report of the healing of two cancer patients, who were told of a deathly sickness and recovery within ninety days; a person told to walk who had been confined to a wheel chair for eighteen years; of another carried to the church on an ambulance stretcher; of the deaf made to hear, all by a man who heals by the laying on of his right hand in the name of his Divine Maker.

"According to many, the day of miracles has not yet passed—even in Jeffersonville.

"From a struggling young man, who worked on a job during the day, and proclaimed the gospel on Sunday, his own faith was such to surmount all obstacles. He still suffers ridicule in some instances in his home town, from scoffers, who should do him honor as one chosen by the Supreme Being to carry on His work.

"Although not educated, as education is considered today, he has the ability and earnest fervor necessary in the presentation of the gospel.

"His Divine healing power today is known internationally. From Jeffersonville he will travel to Louisiana, Houston, Texas, possibly Jamaica, and then overseas."

Many other newspapers, including the Chicago DAILY TIMES, the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, the ST. LOUIS STAR-TIMES, the ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH, carried interesting and even lengthy reports of the Branham meetings, the latter paper giving almost a full page. Not all of these reports were written as endorsements of the campaigns. Yet most of them at least were not hostile, and some, as far as newspapers go, were favorably impressed. In most cases, where the reporter had opportunity to actually witness the demon-

stration of cases healed, he was convinced that there was a supernatural power being manifest in the meetings.

JONESBORO, ARKANSAS, EVENING SUN GIVES FINE REPORT OF BRANHAM MEETING

(By Reporter Eugene Smith in June 12, 1947, issue)

"Although Rev. Branham claims to have received the gift some 11 months ago, he said in the interview that it was the first time he had ever had the opportunity to tell his story directly to the reporters. 'My daily services take up so much of my time that the church managers have asked me to refuse interviews with newspapers. They always have said, "You have so many seeking aid through your prayers; to publicize your presence through the papers would only add to the overcrowded prayer lines," they explained.'

"A visit to the Bible Hour Tabernacle on East Matthews will bear out his statement that his claims need no publicity. Last week the prayer lines, in which he prayed individually with the sick, paralyzed, deaf, dumb and blind, were held twice daily. This week three services are held each day. And he will never be able to get through the long list before the meeting closes Monday.

"People are pouring into town daily to beg for 'just one minute with Rev. Branham.' One day this week a bus loaded with 45 persons from Fulton, Kentucky, was present. The same day a chartered plane brought in a 34-year-old ex-GI, swollen horribly from cancer, which was sapping his life. Wednesday, Rev. Branham flew to El Dorado on a whirlwind trip to pray for a person who was reported near death.

"Residents of at least 25 states and Mexico have visited Jonesboro since Rev. Branham opened the camp meeting June 1. They represent states from California to New Jersey, Michigan and Wisconsin to Florida, Wyoming to Texas and on down

to Mexico, the SUN reporter was told. The tremendous turn-outs have overflowed local tourist courts and many private homes nightly, also a special dormitory has been set up in the rear of the church.

"Rev. Branham says, 'I am just a man. I have no power of healing. Jesus Christ is the only one that can heal. I pray to Him to heal those that believe. No one can be healed who does not have faith in Jesus Christ,' he explained.

"Detecting the type of ailment of those coming to him is another power claimed by Rev. Branham. 'When they put their hand in my left hand, I receive vibrations caused by the germs in the person. I can usually tell what the disease is. When the disease leaves the person, the vibrations stop,' he stated. When Rev. Branham completes a prayer for a person, he usually finishes by saying, 'I adjure thee by Jesus Christ, leave this person.'

"Rev. Branham began a rigorous schedule last summer in St. Louis. He came to Jonesboro next, visited Pine Bluff and Camden, then went to Houston and on to the West Coast. He will fly to California next week to administer to an Armenian.

"Since his October visit, Rev. Branham has shown the effects of the daily routine. He has lost 25 pounds and his eyes are very hollow and deep set. 'I have to keep my place of residence a secret in order to get any sleep at all,' he said smiling.

"The total attendance for the services during the two-weeks period is likely to surpass the 20,000 mark by Sunday, church officials state. For two days this SUN representative attended the afternoon services and spent a morning listening to Rev. Branham's story. Milling through the masses, talking to numerous people from widely scattered areas, not one sceptic was encountered. Many told stories that hardly seemed possible.

"For instance, M. N. Funk, a shoe builder from Seymour, Missouri, said he had not walked for five years and five months

until he attended a service conducted by Rev. Branham at Camden, January 21. 'I lay in a hospital for nine months after falling and injuring my spine, while doing some carpentry work. Doctors told me that I would never walk again, and for five years and five months I didn't. I know it's hard to believe, but Brother Branham prayed for me and I got up and walked immediately. And I can walk just as good as you or anybody else today,' he said.

"C. C. Shepherd, pastor of the Pentecostal Church of St. Charles near De Witt, showed to the assembly Monday afternoon, a calloused wad of skin-like substance which he said was a cancer which had plagued him for 14 years. He was prayed for by Rev. Branham on Tuesday last week. He said the cancer on his neck, the result of a razor cut, was red when he went on the platform, but immediately began to turn dark. 'It just got black, dried up and came out,' he said. He had a deep pit in his neck where the growth had been.

"Mrs. Hattie Waldrop, who said her husband owned a plumbing shop at 2851 North 16, Phoenix, Arizona, came all the way to Jonesboro to testify that Rev. Branham had brought her back from the dead. 'My pulse had stopped completely. I was suffering from cancer of the colon, heart and liver trouble with no hope of getting well, when Brother Branham prayed for me on March 4. Today I am well and healthy,' she told the reporters."

(Writer's Note: I have talked personally with this woman and her husband and I know her testimony to be true.)

Chapter 20

Gifts of Healing Plus

By EVANGELIST F. F. BOSWORTH

For more than thirty years during great evangelistic campaigns, I have over-worked, praying for the sick and afflicted. During fourteen years of this time, we conducted the National Radio Revival during which time we received about a quarter of a million letters, most of them containing prayer requests from sick and suffering people who could not have recovered without the direct action of the Holy Spirit in response to the "prayer of faith." We have received multiplied thousands of unsolicited testimonies from those who have been miraculously healed of every bodily affliction I know anything about, including leprosy. To God be all the glory because these results are impossible to anyone but Him. As a result of these miracles, many thousands have been joyfully converted, whom we would have missed had we not preached the healing part of the Gospel once a week in all our evangelistic campaigns.

Because this healing ministry has required labor beyond human strength, we have prayed, oh so earnestly for God to raise

up more laborers to help in this so greatly neglected phase of ministry. And during the past two years I have often wept for joy over God's recent gift to the Church of our beloved brother William Branham with his marvelous "Gifts of Healing." This is a case of God doing "exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. 3:20), for I have never seen or read of anything to equal the healing ministry of William Branham.

AN ANGEL APPEARS

On May 7, 1946, an angel who had spoken to Brother Branham in audible voice at intervals from his childhood down to the present time, finally *appeared* to him and, among other things, told him that Christ's Coming was near at hand, and the Heavenly Messenger said: "I AM SENT FROM THE PRESENCE OF ALMIGHTY GOD TO TELL YOU . . . THAT GOD HAS SENT YOU TO TAKE A GIFT OF HEALING TO THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD."

On Page 1291 of the Scofield Bible, Dr. C. I. Scofield, D.D., in his footnote on Angels says: "Though angels are *spirits* (Psa. 104:4; Heb. 1:14), power is given them to become visible in the semblance of human form (Gen. 19:1 and many other Scriptures in both the Old and New Testaments). In Exod. 23:20, God said to Moses: 'Behold I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way and to bring thee into the place I have prepared.' And in Gen. 24:40 we read, '*The Lord . . . will send His Angel with thee, and prosper thy way.*'"

This is exactly what God has done for Brother Branham. He does not begin to pray for the healing of the afflicted in body in the healing line each night, until God anoints him for the operation of the gift, and until he is conscious of the presence of the Angel with him on the platform. Without this consciousness, he seems to be perfectly helpless.

TWO SIGNS GIVEN

Now notice, that God not only sent an Angel to be with Moses, He also gave him two perfect miracles as signs and proofs to the people that God had appeared to him and commissioned him, under divine guidance, to be their deliverer (Exod. 4:1-31). The *first* sign was that of Moses' rod becoming a serpent, and the *second* sign was that of putting his hand in his bosom and having it become "as leprous as snow," etc. God said to Moses, "It shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, they will believe the voice of the latter sign." (Exod. 4:8.) In the last three verses of this chapter we read that when these two signs were repeated "in the sight of the people, the people believed . . . and they bowed their heads and worshipped."

Just so, in addition to sending an Angel to be with and to prosper Brother Branham, He has also given him two perfectly miraculous signs which have served to raise the faith of thousands of the humanly incurable to the level where the "Gift of Healing" operates.

SUPERNATURAL DIAGNOSIS

The first sign: When the Angel appeared to Brother Branham, he told him how he would be able to detect and diagnose all diseases and afflictions; that when the gift was operating, by taking the right hand of the patient he would feel various physical vibrations or pulsations which would indicate to him the various diseases from which each patient was suffering. Germ diseases, which indicate the presence and working of an "oppressing" (Acts 10:38) spirit of affliction can be distinctly felt.

When the afflicting spirit comes into contact with the gift it sets up such a physical commotion that it becomes visible on Brother Branham's hand, and so real that it will stop his wrist-watch instantly. This feels to Brother Branham like taking hold of a live wire with too much electric current in it. When the oppressing spirit is cast out in Jesus' Name, you can see Brother Branham's red and swollen hand return to its normal condition. If the affliction is not a germ disease, then God always reveals the affliction to Brother Branham by the Spirit. This *first* sign usually raises the faith of the individual to the healing level; but if not, the *second* sign does.

A SEER

The second sign: The Angel told him that the anointing would cause him to see and enable him to tell the suffering many of the events of their lives from their childhood down to the present time. He even tells some their thoughts while they are coming to the platform or before they came to the meeting. I heard him say recently to a mother bringing her little girl, "Lady, your child was born deaf and dumb; and as soon as you discovered she could not hear, you took her to the doctor," and then he told the mother exactly what the doctor said. The mother said, "That is exactly right." The great audience hears all this over the public address system. Brother Branham actually sees it enacted and pushing the microphone away so the audience won't hear it, he tells the patient any unconfessed and unforsaken sins in their lives which must be given up before the gift will operate for their deliverance. As soon as such persons acknowledge and promise to forsake the sin or sins thus revealed, their healing often comes in a moment before Brother Branham has time to pray. These statements by the Angel are verified in the Branham meetings nightly before the eyes of thousands.

Thus the great audiences witness nightly over and over again three distinct types of miracles. The first two do not heal the sufferers, but only serve as signs to raise the faith of the afflicted to the level where the "gift of healing operates for their deliverance." Of course, these two miraculous signs are possible only while the anointing of the Holy Spirit is upon Brother Branham for this purpose.

MORE THAN "GIFTS OF HEALING"

No doubt, a few Christians here and there, during the Church Age, and some at the present time have been endowed with the "Gift of Healing" which is listed among the nine spiritual gifts in the 12th Chapter of I Corinthians, each of which is defined as "The manifestation of the Spirit." (I Cor. 12:7-11). There should be laymen in every church thus endowed.

But Brother Branham is a channel for more than the mere gift of healing; he is also a Seer as were the Old Testament Prophets. He sees events before they take place. I asked him, "What do you mean? How do you see them?" He replied, "Just as I see you: only that I know it is a vision." Just as clearly as one sees material things around them, Brother Branham, while in prayer during the day, sees in vision some of the principal miracles before they take place that night. He sees some carried in on ambulance cots, or sitting in wheel chairs, and can describe how they look and how they are dressed, etc. While being shown these miracles in advance, he usually becomes, for the time, unconscious of things going on around him. Not once during the more than three years since receiving the gift have these revelations failed to produce perfect miracles exactly as he had already seen them in visions. At these times he can say with absolute certainty, "Thus saith the Lord," and he is never wrong. He told me last week that he simply acts out

what he has already seen himself doing in the vision. The success of this phase of his ministry is exactly 100 per cent.

LOOKING AT THE UNSEEN

When the gift is operating, Brother Branham is the most sensitive person to the presence and working of the Holy Spirit and to spiritual realities of any person I have ever known. Under the anointing, which operates his spiritual gifts, and when he is conscious of the Angel's presence, he seems to break through the veil of the flesh into the world of spirit, to be struck through and through with a sense of the unseen. Paul wrote (II Cor. 4:18), "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Paul's words here indicate that we are now living in two worlds at the same time—the world of sense, and the world of spirit. The world of spirit surrounds, enspheres, and interpenetrates the world of sense. Both worlds occupy the same space at the same time. The material realities which we see with our natural eyes, exist in the midst of the far better realities which are unseen by the optic nerve. The Scriptures teach us that the superior "eternal" realities compass us now. What sights might every one of us see at every moment of our existence, at every turn of our path, had we anointed eyes with which to see them! "The seen" exists in the midst of "the unseen;" the "temporal" in the midst of the "eternal."

Paul says, "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." While filled with the Holy Spirit, our spirit and God's Spirit are blended into one in the same way that the ocean and the bay are one because the ocean flows into the bay. Then it is that the glorious spiritual realities gain the ascendancy and become the most dominant. We see truth and spiritual realities

through God's eyes. At such times future events seem to be present like a preview of a coming motion picture attraction. Jesus said, "The Spirit will show you things to come."

MIRACLES SEEN IN ADVANCE

During the Fort Wayne meeting a lady came into the healing line carrying a child which was born with a club foot with its leg in a plaster cast. The moment Brother Branham saw them, without stopping to pray for the child's healing, he said to the lady, "O yes, will you do what I tell you to do?" The lady answered, "I will." Then he said to her, "Go home and get that cast off, and when you come back tomorrow night, bring the child, and she will have a perfect foot." The microphone carried these words to all in the great audience. It took them more than an hour that night to get the cast off. When the lady brought the child the next night, the child had a perfect foot and was wearing a new pair of little white shoes and was walking. The doctor X-rayed the foot and found it perfect. I asked Brother Branham the next day why he passed the lady and the child through the healing line without praying for the healing of the child. He answered, "It wasn't necessary, for in a vision in the afternoon I saw the child healed." It would make this article too long if I should relate many other cases much more wonderful in detail than this case. This phase of his ministry alone would furnish matter for a book.

In the 5th Chapter of St. John, Jesus said, "My Father worketh *hitherto*, and I work . . . The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do: for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise, for the Father loveth the Son and showeth him all things that Himself doeth." What did Jesus mean? Of course, Jesus was a Seer as were the Old Testament Prophets. He saw His miracles before they happened. He saw the man which had an infirmity 38 years

who could not get into the pool when the Angel went down and troubled the water. Jesus came to him and said to him, "Take up thy bed, and walk." Jesus saw Lazarus raised from the dead before he performed the miracle. He said to Nathaniel, "Before that Philip called Thee, when Thou wast under the fig tree, I saw Thee" (John 1:48). He saw where the ass colt was tied without being there, etc., etc. And the in-dwelling Christ is now perpetuating His works through human instrumentality according to His promise for this age: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also—because I go to the Father, and whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son' (John 14:12, 13).

THE PULL OF FAITH IS FELT

In the case of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was made whole, Jesus said, "I perceive that virtue is gone out of me" (Luke 8:46). When this became known, we read in Mark 6:55, 56, that "whithersoever He entered into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch but the border of His garment: and as many as touched Him were made whole." Thank God that some virtue is still flowing from the in-dwelling Christ into the bodies of the sick and afflicted, and they are made whole.

The two sign miracles which God manifests through Brother Branham to raise the faith of those in the healing line to the right level, are given also to raise the faith of the afflicted in the *audience* to the same level. This faith draws the same virtue from the in-dwelling Christ Who is operating the gift, and heals those sitting in the audience. It makes no difference whether it is *your* diseases being supernaturally diagnosed, or the person's in the healing line, the signs are the same, and

have the same effect on those sitting in the audience. Why should the signs be repeated for each individual who has already seen them? Moses did not repeat *his* two signs for each individual Israelite. A thousand could witness the demonstration and be caused to believe at the same time. Faith at the right level in any part of the great audience pulls on the virtue in the in-dwelling Christ Who is operating the gift; and this can't take place without Brother Branham knowing it. He feels it as distinctly as you would if I should pull on your coat, and knows the direction it is coming from; and he even points out the individual whose faith is touching Christ.

While praying for those in the healing line in the Flint meeting, he stopped, and pointing up toward the second gallery to his right, said, "I have just now had a vision of a lady dressed in a blue suit wearing a striped waist. She has just been healed of a cancer." The woman sprang to her feet and with great joy said, "I am the lady." Her faith did for her in the second gallery what faith was doing for those on the platform.

A young lady was carried into the meeting on a cot. She was dying of leukemia. Both at Johns Hopkins and at the Mayo Clinic, she was told that everything possible had been done and that there was no hope of her living. Her mind had begun to give way. I slipped off the platform to her cot and told her to be praying that God would lift her faith to the healing level and that it would either operate the gift or pull Brother Branham down to her. I watched her lips moving in prayer and all at once Brother Branham felt the pull of faith, jumped off the platform and went to her cot, prayed for her, and said, "In Jesus' Name arise from your cot, receive divine strength and be well." She obeyed and with hands uplifted and with tears of joy and worship flowing down her cheeks, she walked back and forth before all the people and down the aisles. Her sister told me afterwards, "My sister is wonderful."

In the great Fair Park Auditorium in Dallas a few months

ago, one night when the orchestra pit was full of stretcher and wheel chair cases, while Brother Branham was busy praying for those in the healing line, he kept feeling the pull of faith from his right which finally stopped. When he got through with those with whom he was dealing, he pointed to a man on a cot in the orchestra pit, and said to him, "Man, get up, you have been healed about five minutes." He got up praising God. His wife came to him and they threw their arms around each other and wept for joy together. He had been brought from Chicago in a dying condition with his lungs being eaten up with cancer. He was healed and came to the next meeting in Fort Wayne a few days later to give his testimony. He has attended two other meetings since. I could go on reciting many pages of similar healings of those healed while sitting or lying on stretchers in the audience without Brother Branham ever touching them. All were healed in Peter's shadow without his touching any of them.

NO HARD CASES

There is no such thing as a hard case with God. A lady from Greece who had no opening in her throat entered the prayer line. She could not swallow a single drop of water or any kind of food. As soon as Brother Branham prayed for her she drank a glass of water and ate a candy bar. A night or two later in that same meeting nine deaf mutes came in the prayer line and all nine were healed.

Those born blind receive their sight. After praying for one totally blind man, Brother Branham said to him, "Walk to the pulpit and put your finger on that preacher's nose." He walked straight to the minister and pulled his nose, causing the audience to laugh.

A very noted missionary from Palestine in the last stage of T.B. was brought from Yakima, Washington, in an ambulance

to the Civic Auditorium in Seattle, Washington. The government paid his plane fare home. When he was commanded, in Jesus' Name, to arise and be well, he did so, and two days later he was doing manual labor around his home.

MASS HEALING

Just as an altar-call or invitation to sinners follows an evangelistic sermon, so after the supernatural diagnosing and healing of those in the healing line, the invitation is now being given to those in the audience who are prepared to receive healing to come or be carried forward to be healed or saved physically.

The healing of one at a time on the platform is only preliminary to the main healing service. It is only an object lesson sermon, so to speak, to all in the audience who need the benefits of the healing part of the gospel.

Just as a hundred sinners may respond to the invitation of an evangelist and experience the still greater miracle of the new birth in mass, so it was amazingly demonstrated a few days ago in the Louisville meeting that the sick can be healed in mass by the gift of healing. Brother Branham ventured on this procedure there, inviting those on cots, those in wheel chairs, and the crippled to be brought forward first, and then those who could walk on their crutches and those suffering with cancer and other diseases to come toward the front and stand behind the stretchers and wheel chairs. As they began to surge forward, their faith began to pull on the healing virtue in the gift, and the healing demonstration was beyond anything yet witnessed in a Branham meeting. While on their way forward, Brother Branham pointed rapidly to one after another saying, "Christ has healed you." The people threw their prayer cards into the air, threw down their crutches and those who could not stand or walk sprang to their feet, some of them jumping

and praising God for joy. The demonstration was beyond description. One boy in a chair who could not stand or walk, I saw him spring to his feet praising God. A few minutes later, I motioned to him and asked the crowd to make way and let him through to the platform. He walked to the microphone and fairly preached to the weeping audience. The gift operated for mass healing just as it had already done in the healing line where they were healed one at a time. The wife of the pastor of the Church of The Open Door phoned me the next morning that several members of their church were healed in this mass healing service the night before.

SINNERS SURRENDER IN MASS

And the best of all, sinners are thus brought under conviction for sin and want to be saved. In Rom. 15:18, 19, Paul speaks of making "the Gentiles obedient, by word and deed, through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God . . . from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum." I have seen as many as two thousand sinners in a single Branhams service spring to their feet in tears to give their hearts to God. No wonder Jesus said, "Into whatsoever city ye enter— heal the sick that are therein."

INVITATIONS FROM ACROSS THE SEA

Quoting Psa. 68:18, the Apostle Paul said in Eph. 4:8, "When He ascended on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." The news of this divine gift to the Church, in three short years has traveled around the world, and many urgent calls are coming from foreign lands and from missionary stations across the seas. Many of these have recently come from various sections in Africa. Some sufferers have been flown over the waters from other countries to the

United States to be healed. When Brother Branham visits mission fields I believe there will be the greatest spiritual awakening the Church has witnessed since the first century.

Before closing, I feel that I must say to those who read these lines, and are unable to attend a Branham meeting, that you can be healed, too. Thousands have been miraculously healed through their own prayer. God desires your healing more than it is possible for you to desire it. Jesus died to make it possible. Calvary makes everything promised legally your personal property. "Every whit whole," is God's will proved and demonstrated to multitudes.

Chapter 21

An Account of the Visions Witnessed by Brother Branham (Recorded by electrical transcription)

The purpose of writing these visions is for the glory of God, and His son Jesus Christ. They were shown to me by His Holy Angel and it is not for any self-praise that they are written. I have been asked by many to write them, and I have taken it upon my heart to relate a few of them. They are very sacred to me.

Some of these visions required time for their fulfillment. But always they came to pass just as they were shown to me. It makes my heart very humble to think that the Almighty would show His servant these things. I tell these things that people may believe on Jesus Christ, and be saved by believing.

VISION I—VISION OF THE OHIO RIVER BRIDGE

The first vision that I remember seeing was when I was about seven years of age. This vision perhaps did not have the great spiritual meaning that the subsequent ones had, as I was so very young I could not have understood it. But it was God

giving me the first glimpse of the working of this particular gift, by which I have seen many things happen before they were fulfilled.

In this vision, which came to me when I was playing with my brother, I saw a large bridge being built across the Ohio River, and a number of workmen falling off of it. I saw just how it was constructed and where it would be. This seemed impossible then, but later it came to pass just as it was shown to me.

VISION II—WARNING AGAINST SPIRITUALISM

One night, not long after my conversion, I returned from a place under an old oak tree, where “before” I had engaged in secret prayer. It was some time between one and three A.M. My mother and father heard me as I entered my room, and they called me, telling me my little sister was ill. I knelt and prayed for her and then returned to my own room.

After entering my room, I heard a sound which was like two electric wires rubbing together, causing them to arc. I was working as a lineman at the time, and I thought there must be a short in the circuit in the house. But suddenly the sound changed and a strange light filled the room. Then it seemed to me I was standing in the air. It frightened me very much and I thought I was dying.

After that I noticed that the light was all around me. Looking up I saw a large star just above from where the light was coming. It came closer and closer. Then it seemed I could neither breathe nor speak. Next the star appeared to settle on my breast.

At that point the scene changed, and it seemed that I appeared upon a green grassy hill, and just in front of me lay an old-fashioned four-cornered candy jar. Inside the jar was a large tobacco moth or fly—trying to free itself. I started to turn

to my right, and there was the mighty angel standing looking at me. He said, "See what I have to show you." Then I saw an arm cast a stone, and break the candy jar. The tobacco moth tried to fly away. But it could not get off the ground; its body was too heavy for its short wings.

Then out of the moth came swarms of flies, and one of the flies flew in my ear. The angel said unto me, "The flies which you have seen represent evil spirits, such as spirits of divination and fortune-telling."

Then he warned, "Be careful." This was repeated three times. After that I came to myself. I could not sleep any more that night. The following day I was very careful. I would watch every move, expecting something to happen at any time. The whole thing was very new to me, for it was the first warning I ever had by a vision.

At noon that day, I went to a little grocery store to buy my lunch. There was a Christian who worked in the store; I had just led him to Christ. He afterwards was a great helper to me in the Gospel work. While there I was relating my vision to him, when a lady stepped in the front door of the store.

I had a peculiar feeling, and I knew a strange spirit had come in. I mentioned it to Brother George DeArk, my friend. The lady stepped up to his brother Ed, and said, "I am looking for a man by the name of Branham. I have been told he is a man of God." Then Ed called me. When I came where she was, she asked me, "Are you William Branham, the prophet of God?" I answered her, "I am William Branham."

She questioned, "Are you the one that performed that miracle on Mr. William Merrill at the hospital and healed Mary O'Honion (she lives on E. Oak St., New Albany, Ind.)—after she had been crippled for 17 years?" I replied, "I am William Branham; Jesus Christ healed them." She then said, "I have lost some real estate, and I want you to locate it for me." I never did understand exactly what she meant by her statement

concerning her real estate, but I knew that Satan had sent her on this errand.

I then said to her, "Madam, you have come to the wrong person; you must have been looking for a reader or a medium." Then she turned to me and asked, "Aren't you a medium?" I replied, "I am not. Mediums are of the devil. I am a Christian and have the Spirit of God." Upon hearing this she gave me an icy look. Before I could say anything further, I heard the Spirit of God say to me that she was a medium herself, and that this was the fly that came to my ear, in the vision.

Then I told her, "The Lord Jesus sent His angel to me last night in a vision, to warn me of your coming, and for me to be careful. I thank my Lord for His guiding Hand. Now this work that you are in is of the devil, and you are come to grieve the Spirit of God." She felt of her heart, and said that she needed some medicine. I replied, "Madam, quit doing these things and your heart will be all right." She walked from the store only a short distance, when she suffered a heart attack and died right on the side walk.

A few days later, I was speaking to some mechanics in a garage about the love of Christ, in the same city of New Albany, and I also told the men about the vision. I was just about to ask them to pray and give their hearts to God, when the man from the garage next door said, "Billy, you are welcome in my garage anytime, but leave that fanatical religion outside." I replied, "Sir, where Jesus is not welcome I will not come. But I speak that which is true, which God has revealed unto me."

After I had made this statement, he gave a snarling laugh, then shook his hand at me and walked out of the building. But before he could get to his garage, his own son-in-law, backing out of the door with his truck full of scrap iron, struck him, crushing both his feet and ankles.

Two days later, while speaking at a street meeting, a lady with a crippled arm said to me, "I know God's anointing is

upon you; when you pray please remember my crippled arm. It has been in that condition for several years." I spoke to her, "If you truly believe, stretch out your arm, for Jesus Christ has healed you." Immediately her arm was made straight. The poor woman cried for joy as she knelt and thanked God.

A woman standing by said, "If that religion Billy Branham has is the true religion, I do not want any of it." But as she turned to walk away, a peculiar thing happened. She stumbled over a board, and falling to the ground, she broke her arm in 15 places. The arm that was broken, was on the same side as the woman's was that was healed.

VISION III—VISION OF THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

About two months after the baptizing on the Ohio River, when the star appeared before the hundreds of people who stood on the banks, God gave me a vision. I was getting ready to lay the cornerstone of my tabernacle. Major Ulrey of the Volunteers of America, a friend of mine, was coming over to furnish music for laying of the cornerstone.

On the day of the laying of the cornerstone, I was awakened about six o'clock in the morning. The Indiana sun was well up, and all nature was making music. I looked out the window; the birds were singing, the bees were humming; the fine perfumes of the fragrant honeysuckle were in the air. I lay there thinking, "O Great Jehovah, how wonderful You are. Just a little while ago it was dark; now the sun has arisen and all nature is rejoicing." Again I thought, "Soon this world which is cold and dark, will rejoice with nature, because the Son of Righteousness will arise with healing in His wings."

As I was worshipping God, suddenly I felt the angel of the Lord in the room. I turned over in bed and was in a vision immediately. I think that this vision, though I didn't understand

it at the time, has a lot to do with my ministry this day—in my trying to bring into fellowship the churches with each other, that they should not let sectarian ideas separate them, and that each Christian should go to the church of his choice, but at the same time have fellowship and godly love for one another.

Now in the vision I found myself standing on the banks of the River Jordan, preaching the Gospel to the people. I heard a sound behind me, like that made by swine. Looking around I remarked, "This place is polluted. This is sacred ground, where Jesus Himself trod." In the vision I was preaching against this, when the angel of the Lord took me into my tabernacle, although the cornerstone had not yet been laid. (The vision showed the tabernacle as it actually was when it was built.) I looked around. People were packed everywhere, and a large crowd was standing. In the vision I saw three crosses; afterward I placed in my church three crosses as I had seen them in the vision, the larger center one being the pulpit. I exclaimed, "Oh this is wonderful; this is glorious."

Then the Angel of the Lord came to me in the vision and said, "This is not your tabernacle." I remonstrated, "Oh Lord, surely this is my tabernacle." But He answered, "No, come and see." He took me out, and I was looking at the bright blue sky. He said, "This is to be your tabernacle." Looking down again I saw that I was in the midst of a grove of trees and in the center where I was standing, was an aisle. The trees were planted in big green pots. On one side were apples, and on the other side were great plums. On the right and left were two pots with nothing in them.

Next I heard a voice out of heaven, which spoke, "The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few." I asked, "Lord what can I do?" Then as I looked again I noticed that the trees looked like pews, in the vision of my tabernacle. Down at the end of the row was a big tree standing and it was full of all manner of fruit. On either side of it were two little trees with no fruit

—and standing side by side, they seemed as three crosses. I questioned, “What does this mean and what about those pots with nothing in them?” He replied, “You are to plant in those.” Then I stood in the breach, taking branches from both trees, and planted them in the pots. Suddenly, out of the pots came two large trees that grew till they reached the heavens.

After that, a mighty rushing wind came and shook the trees. A voice spoke, “Hold out your hands now, you have done well; reap the harvest.” I held out my hands and the mighty wind shook into my right hand a great apple, and into my left hand a great plum. He said, “Eat the fruits; they are pleasant.” I began eating the fruit, first a bite off of one, then a bite off of the other, and the fruit was deliciously sweet.

I think this vision had to do with the bringing of the peoples of the churches together. In the vision, I was transplanted from one to the other, to bring the same fruits out of both trees.

Next I heard a voice say again, “The harvest is ripe and the laborers are few.” I looked at the middle tree, and great clusters of apples and plums were hanging all over the tree—which was in the shape of a cross right down to its trunk. I fell down under the tree and cried, “Lord, what can I do?” The wind began to rain fruit all over me, and I heard a voice saying, “When you come out of the vision, read Second Timothy 4.” This was repeated three times. Then I found myself in my room. I grabbed a Bible and began to read, “Preach the word . . . for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine (doctrinal divisions in the church); but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears . . . do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.”

I tore that leaf out of my Bible, and placed it with my testimony in the cornerstone that was laid that same day. That “sound doctrine” I believe is godly love one for another. So it

came to pass that my work was not to pastor—although shortly after, I missed the vision, and great sorrow came because I did not go forth on the call—but later God sent me into His field to do this work. I have lived to see the day when this vision is being fulfilled. I thank God for this humble ministry through which I am trying to do my part to unite God's people, so that they might be one in heart and spirit.

VISION IV—VISION AND MIRACULOUS HEALING OF THE CRIPPLED CHILDREN

“And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy; your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions.” These are the words of a prophet. I believe we are living in that day.

The vision that I am now relating was very outstanding. It was given me in my mother's home where I was staying one night shortly after the recent war broke out in Europe. Sometime between midnight and dawn I awoke with a terrible burden upon my heart. I prayed for quite awhile but couldn't seem to get relief. Two hours went by. Then suddenly I entered into a vision and I found myself going up a hill toward a little crude house. I entered through the door, and within the room I noticed a red chair and a red duofold. Sitting in the red chair was an old woman with glasses, crying. On the bed to the right was a little brown-haired boy about three or four years old. I could see that he was terribly afflicted and his little body was drawn up; the legs and an arm seemed to be wound up into knots. Standing at the middle door was a dark-haired woman, apparently the mother and she was weeping bitterly. Over against the bed was a tall dark-looking man, the father.

I said to myself, “Isn't this strange; I was at my mother's house just a few moments ago.” Next, I looked to my right, and

there stood the angel of God, dressed in white. For the moment I didn't know what to do, but my heart went out to the baby that was lying on the bed. The angel said to me, "Can that baby live?" I answered, "I do not know." The angel said, "Have the father bring the baby to you and you put your hands upon it's stomach." So the father brought it to me and I prayed and suddenly the father dropped the child. It hit on its little leg, and the leg started unwinding. Then it took a step, and then another step, and then walked over into the corner. After that the child came walking to me and said, "Brother Branham, I am well now." The angel asked, "Did you consider that?" I answered, "I did, sir."

Then he told me to stand still. He took me and set me down on a country road where there was much gravel. I looked over to my right and there was a graveyard and some big tombstones. He said, "Read the names and the numbers on them." I did. He again took me and set me down in a little crossroad settlement—with a grocery store and four or five houses. There, coming out of the store, was an old man with a white mustache wearing overalls and a yellow corduroy cap. The angel said, "He will direct you." Then he took me the third time, and this time I was going into a house. I saw a young woman at the door. She was weeping. I entered the house and noticed an old-fashioned chunk stove sitting at my left. The room was papered with yellow paper with little red figures on it. On the wall was the sign, "God Bless Our Home." In the center was a big brass bed, and over in the corner was a cot. On the bed was someone suffering terribly. Then I saw it was a girl and her legs were all drawn up. I looked and there was the angel of the Lord standing at my right side again. He asked, "Can that girl live?" I replied, "Sir, I do not know." He said, "Put your hand upon her and pray."

As I prayed for the girl, I heard a voice in the room saying, "Praise the Lord." As I looked the girl was raising up. Her right

arm had been afflicted and drawn backward, but I saw it as it came straight. Then I noticed that the drawn crooked leg also became straight and normal, and I heard several crying and praising the Lord.

I was just coming out of the vision when I heard someone saying, "Oh Brother Branham, Brother Branham." I looked at the clock and found that several hours had gone by. It was near the break of day and someone was calling for me. It was a young man by the name of John Himmel. I had baptized him and his wife. He said, "Brother Branham, I am in trouble. In the war I backslid, and since that I lost one child, and now my little boy is at the point of death. The doctor says he can't live. I am ashamed to ask you, but will you come and pray for my child?" I told him that I would.

He told me that he would get his cousin, Brother Snelling, who had just been converted (he is now associate pastor of my tabernacle), to help us pray. I said, "Very well," not knowing that he was to help fulfill the vision. As we drove to the man's home, I asked, "Mr. Himmel, don't you live in a little two-room house of a long shape?" He answered, "I do." I said, "Doesn't the front room have a red duofold chair and a bed on which the little boy is lying? And isn't the little boy, brown-haired and doesn't he wear blue corduroy overalls?" He replied, "That's him exactly. Were you ever at my house?" I said, "When you called me I had just left." Of course he didn't understand. I asked, "Mr. Himmel, do you believe me?" He answered, "With all my heart I do." Then I told him, "Thus saith the Spirit, your baby shall live." At that a great conviction came over him. He stopped the car, threw himself across the steering wheel, and cried, "Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner." He gave his heart to Christ while we were several miles from the house, and before ever the baby was healed.

Now when we reached the house we found that the child was almost dead. The lungs were full and there was just a slight

breathing in its throat. I said, "Bring me the baby." But when I prayed for it, nothing happened. The child couldn't get its breath and it almost strangled. I had expected it to be healed instantly.

Now here is where I found that one could make a mistake if he doesn't watch clearly the vision. Everything must be as it was in the vision or it will not come to pass. I perceived now that the old woman whom I had seen sitting in the chair was not there. I could not tell anyone, but I knew that I had to wait until everything was exactly in order. They asked me what the matter was but I didn't say anything; I had to wait for God to fulfill the vision. I thought that I had failed God in going ahead, instead of waiting for His time. I waited an hour and a half. Finally Mr. Himmel and Mr. Snelling got up, put on their coats and started to leave. The baby was now just barely alive. It was almost six o'clock, but just at that time I happened to look out the window and there coming around the side of the house was an old woman wearing glasses. I began to praise the Lord. The lady was mysteriously moved to come in the back door (usually she came in the front), just as the other two were going out the front door. The grandmother coming in asked if the baby was better. With that the mother began to cry, "No it is dying, it is dying." Mr. Snelling being related to them, turned back, and I got up quickly and gave him the red duofold. He took off his hat and sat down weeping. Then the grandmother took off her glasses which had become blurred, because she had been weeping, and sat down in the other chair. The mother was leaning against the middle door crying. There, at last, everything was the same as I had seen in the vision!

I walked over to the front door and said to Mr. Himmel, "Do you still have faith in me?" He answered, "I do Brother Branham." I told him that I was sorry, but I couldn't tell him a little while ago that I had stepped ahead of the vision. I now said, "Bring me the baby." He walked to the bed, picked up the

baby, and came walking to me. I then prayed, "Father, I am sorry from the depths of my heart that your servant went ahead of the vision. But forgive me Lord, and let these people know Thou art God and I am Thy servant. In the Name of the Lord Jesus, I say the baby shall live."

While I had my hands on the child, suddenly it began to scream, "Daddy! Daddy!" and awoke to consciousness. The child threw its arms around the father, and everyone started screaming and crying and shouting. I said, "Take the baby and lay it out on the bed. For thus saith the Spirit, it will be three days before its little limbs are completely untwisted according to the vision. At that time it shall come to pass that the boy will become normal."

On the third day many gathered to go to the house where the boy was. My wife went along as a witness. The family did not know I was coming, but when the mother opened the door and saw me she said, "Oh here is Brother Branham. Come on in. The boy is fine." As I went in, everyone gathered around the windows to see what was happening. I stood still and never opened my mouth, knowing that God would keep His word. It was like Paul who stood on the ship on the 14th day of the tempest, after the angel of the Lord had stood beside him, and said, "I know that it shall be as he said, for I believe God." I knew the baby would walk to me. I stood there just a moment. Then the little boy, looked at me, came across the floor, put his hands in mine, and said, "Brother Branham, I'm well now." Hallelujah, God's promise cannot fail! When the vision is fulfilled, it is perfect.

The vision of the healing of the crippled girl:

Now concerning the other part of the vision: I told my congregation that somewhere in the world, there was a girl with a drawn arm and leg, that also was to be healed in fulfillment of

the vision. About two weeks passed. Finally one day as I was coming from my work, a friend of mine, Herb Scott, my foreman, said to me, "Billy, here is a letter for you." I was busy at the time, and put the letter in my pocket, but as I started down the steps, something seemed to say, "Read that letter." So I opened it and as near as I can remember it, it read as follows:

Dear Brother Branham: I have a girl that is about 14 years old. She is afflicted in her hand, her arm and right limb, and is all drawn up with arthritis. We belong to the Methodist Church and we live at South Boston, Indiana. We read your little book named JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND FOREVER. Our pastor said there was nothing to it. That it was just another *ism*. But after the prayer meeting I received a strong feeling to write you. I am wondering if you would come and pray for my daughter that a miracle might be performed . . .

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Harold Nale

Something spoke to me that this was the girl. I showed the letter to my wife, and she too said that that must be the one. I decided to go to South Boston. I had never been there, and did not know where it was located, but Brother Wiseheart, a deacon in my church, said that he thought he knew and would go with me.

A man and his wife, by the name of Brace, also went in my car—the lady had been healed in my meeting and she and her husband wanted to go along to see the vision fulfilled. However, we got mixed up in our towns and drove quite a few miles before we found the right place. At last we were directed to another road, and as I was driving, I had a very strange feeling. It seemed as if I could not get my breath. Sister Brace looked at me and remarked, "Something is wrong; you look

real white." I replied, "No ma'am, the angel of the Lord is near." I stopped the car and got out and put my foot on the rear bumper of the car. Then I happened to look to the side, and there was a graveyard. I looked at the tombstones, and lo, inscribed on them were the same names and numbers that I had seen in the vision. I got back in the car and said, "We are on the right road." Mrs. Brace began to cry. We went several miles farther, and finally I remarked, "When we get to that crossroads store ahead, an aged man with blue overalls and a yellow corduroy cap will come out and direct us." Soon we came to the store with the front painted yellow, and near it were four or five houses. I said, "This is the place."

Just as I drove up, out of the store came a man with blue overalls, a white mustache, and a corduroy cap. Mrs. Brace, when she saw this, fainted in the car. When the man got close to us I asked, "Do you know where Harold Nale lives; a man that has a crippled daughter?" He answered, "Yessir; why do you want to know?" I replied, "The Lord is going to heal this girl. Show me where the house is." I looked at the old fellow and tears began to roll down his gray bearded cheeks, and his lips began to quiver as he directed us to the place.

When I reached the door I was greeted by the mother of the young lady. She said, "You are Brother Branham. I knew you by your picture." She invited us in, and there, as shown in the vision, was the old chunk stove, the yellow paper, with red figures on it, the big brass bed, the girl lying upon it exactly as described, and the sign upon the wall, "GOD BLESS OUR HOME." Mrs. Brace fainted for the second time. Then something happened. I found myself going to the bed where this girl was. I laid my hand across her, and said, "Let Thy power be made known in the healing of this girl according to the vision that Thou hast shown." Just then her crippled hand straightened out. She raised up from the bed, and her limb also became straight. Mr. Brace had just gotten his wife

conscious again in time to see the girl raise up, and she fainted for the third time, going right over into the arms of her husband. The girl rose to her feet, went into another room, put on her clothes, and came back combing her hair, with the hand that had been crippled. This event can be verified by Mrs. Harold Nale who lives at Salem, Indiana at the time this is written.

VISION V-THE MILLTOWN VISION

A few weeks after the previous vision, I was again at my mother's home. Like most other visions, this one came to me about two or three o'clock in the morning. It seemed that I was in a dark woods, and as I wandered along I heard a most pathetic cry. It seemed as if I were hearing a lamb bleating. I thought, "Where is that poor little thing?" and I began searching for it through the cloud and darkness. At first I thought that it was saying, "Bah-h-h-h Bah-h-h-h." But as the sound got closer, it seemed to be a human voice saying, "Mil-l-l-town, Mil-l-l-town."

Well, I had never heard of that name before, and just then I came out of the vision. I began to tell my people that somewhere there was one of God's lambs in distress, and it was near a place called Milltown. A man by the name of George Wright, who had attended my church said that he knew of a Milltown that was only a little way from where he lived. (Brother Wright's address is De Pauw, Indiana.) So the next Saturday I went to Milltown.

Arriving there, I looked around but couldn't seem to see anything that the Lord would want me down there for. Finally I decided I would hold a street meeting in front of a store, but Brother Wright, who was with me, said that he had an errand to do first, and asked if I would go with him. I answered, "Yessir, I will." We drove up a hill and I saw a big

Baptist Church, located next to a graveyard. Brother Wright said, "This church is not being used anymore except for funerals." Just as he said that, I felt something move over my heart. There was where the Lord wanted me. When I told Brother Wright this, he replied, "I will go and get the keys to let you inside so you can look at it." While he was gone I sat down on the steps and prayed, "Heavenly Father, if this is where you want me, open this door for me." The Lord permitted that to happen, and I announced a meeting. But I soon saw that the situation would be very difficult, as the churches there had taught the people against Divine Healing.

The first man I asked to come to the meetings said to me, "We are too busy to go to any revival; we raise chickens and haven't time for anything like that." However, shortly after that, this man died, so he didn't raise any more chickens.

The following Saturday we began the revival. Only four people attended and they were the Wright family. The next night was a little better. On the third night, a hard-looking man came to the door of the church, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, came in, and sat down in the back. Then he questioned Brother Wright, "Where is that little Billy Sunday? I want to get a good look at him." Brother Wright came forward and told me that a very hard case had just come in the building. However, before the service was over that very night, he was at the altar crying out to God. His name is William Hall and he is the pastor of that church now.

Soon many were coming, and I mentioned to the people about the vision. Then Brother Hall came and said, "Why Brother Branham, there is a girl that lives down the hill here, who has been reading your book called JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY, FOREVER. She has been lying on her back for eight years and nine months, and has never raised from bed. She is tubercular, and the doctors said years ago that there was no hope. She is now about 23 years

old. She lies there wasting away and weighs only about forty pounds. The girl has been begging and crying for you to come down to her, but her parents belong to a certain church here, and it has been announced to that congregation that if any of them went down to hear you, they would be dismissed from the church. But, will you go?"

I answered, "I will go, if you can get her father and mother to say that it is all right." I felt that God was leading me down that way. The girl's name was Georgie Carter and her father, I believe, was a superintendent of a stone quarry. The mother sent word that I could come down and see the girl, but that neither she nor the father would be in the house while I was there.

When I entered the room, I saw my little book lying on the bed and I asked, "Do you believe what you have read?" She replied, "I do, sir." This was spoken in a voice so low that I had to get very near in order to hear what she said. At that time I did not understand as much as I do now about healing, but prayed for the people as I saw them healed by vision. So I told her about the Nale girl who had been healed, and suggested that she should pray that God would lead me through a vision to pray for her. (Later, I learned, of course, that all may be healed by believing God's Word, although God still reveals to me many healings by vision.)

The meeting went on. God continued to bless until there were several hundred people in attendance. One day I had a baptismal service at Totton Ford on Blue River. That afternoon I was to baptize some thirty or forty people. Shortly before, in this locality, a minister had held a meeting there and had preached against immersion. But that afternoon God manifested His power in such a way that over fifteen of his people marched out into the water with their good clothes on and were baptized.

Now all that week Georgie had been praying, "Oh Lord,

send Brother Branham to see me again; show him by vision that I may be healed, so I can be baptized with the rest of them." When the day of the baptizing came, the girl was very restless and kept crying. The mother tried to quiet her, but her heart was broken and she could not be pacified.

After the baptizing was over, I went to Brother Wright's home for supper. Brother Brace, who had been with me during the fulfillment of the other vision, was also along. But at this moment the Spirit spoke to me, saying "Eat no food now, but go to the woods to pray." So I said, "I am going to pray awhile, but when supper is ready, ring the bell (they had an old country dinner bell) and I'll come." I then went into the woods some distance and started to pray.

But it was difficult to pray as there were a lot of stickers getting into my clothes, and I kept thinking that I would be late for service. However, I started praying with all my heart, and soon I was lost in the Spirit. Finally I heard a voice calling from somewhere in the woods. I raised up; the sun had gone down and it was getting dark. The dinner bell had rung but I had never heard it, and searchers had been sent out to find me. As I raised up I saw a yellowish light, shining down into the woods out of heaven. A voice spoke saying, "Go by the way of Carter's." That was all. Then I could hear voices in various parts of the woods calling, "O Brother Branham, O Brother Branham." I started out of the woods and almost ran into Brother Wright's arms. He informed me, "Dinner has been ready for an hour and we have been calling you. What's the matter?" I answered, "I cannot eat. We are going by the way of Carters. The Lord has sent me that way for the healing of Georgie." He replied, "Sure enough?" He called, and Brother Brace came. We got into the car and started for Carters, which was about seven miles away. We told the others to eat and then come on to church. We couldn't wait for them, as the vision spoke for me to go then.

God was working at both ends of the line. You remember it was like that when the angel spoke to Peter; the people were gathered at Mark's house and they were all praying. Georgie had gotten very restless at this time. The mother was so distressed that she went into the next room and started praying. She said, "Lord, what am I going to do; that fellow Branham has come here and got my girl so stirred up, and she has been in a dying condition for nine years. Who is this man anyhow?" After that she got lost in the spirit of prayer. Suddenly she heard a voice which said, "Look up." As she lifted up her head she thought she saw a shadow upon the wall. She saw it was a person and it appeared to be Jesus. She asked, "Lord what can I do?" In the vision the Lord said to her, "Who is this coming in the door?" Then she saw me and two men following. She recognized me, by my high forehead, and the Bible I was carrying over my breast. She began saying, "I'm not dreaming, I'm not dreaming." She ran into the next room and exclaimed, "Georgie, something has happened!" She began to tell the vision to her. When she was almost through telling it, she heard a door slam. She looked and there I was just arriving. I didn't knock. I just entered the door and came in. The mother fell back in a chair, almost fainting. I walked straight to the bedside and said, "Sister be of good courage. Jesus Christ, Whom you have served and have loved and have prayed to, has heard your prayer and has sent me according to the vision. Stand on your feet for He has healed you."

I took her by the hand. Remember she had not raised herself up in bed for many years. They could hardly put a sheet under her, she was so covered with sores. Her head looked almost square; the eyes were deeply sunk and her arms looked like broom sticks at the widest place. But when I said that Jesus Christ had healed her, she immediately arose and got up on her feet! Her mother started screaming. There she saw her daughter for the first time in nine years, walking across the

floor, not by her own power, but by the power of the Holy Spirit, and without any human support. As I turned to go from the building, her sister came running in, and she too began to scream.

Later, when her father came home and saw his daughter sitting at the piano playing, he almost fainted. He went down town and began to tell all the people what had happened. The girl went out into the yard, sat down on the grass and began blessing the grass and the leaves. She looked up into heaven saying, "Oh God, how good You are to me." She was so happy.

At church that night the building was packed. When Sunday came we had another baptizing. Both Georgie and the Nale girl were baptized at Totton Ford the following Sunday. Georgie is now a piano player at the Milltown Baptist Church and is in perfect health. Remember, reader friend, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I had been in bed on my back for 8 years and 9 months with T.B. and the doctors had given me up. I hardly weighed 50 lbs. and it seemed that all hope was gone. Then from Jeffersonville, Ind., about 35 miles from our home, came Rev. Wm. Branham, in a vision which he had seen of a lamb being caught in the wilderness and was crying 'Milltown' (That is where I live.) Bro. Branham had never been here or known of anyone from here. Coming in, he laid hands on me and prayed, calling over me the name of our dear Lord Jesus. Something seemed to take hold of me and at once I was up and thanking God for His power to heal. I went out-doors for my first time in eight years, then was baptized in the river. I am now the piano player at the Baptist church here. Much more goes with this great healing. I have not room in this

testimony to write it all. I will gladly write and tell in full to anyone interested in my healing.

Georgia Carter, Milltown, Indiana.

VISION VI—THE VISIONS RELATING TO HIS HEALING

Another vision which has meant much to me and which concerns the marvelous healing that I was to receive, came to me shortly after the vision I had of Christ. It seemed to me that I was very happy, as if I had just been converted. I was tripping along, rejoicing and sort of shadow boxing, as I was going out to the road. It was dark and as I was going along, suddenly it seemed that a big black dog ran out to me. I thought it was going to bite me, and I kicked at it and shouted, "Get away, dog."

When I did this, it raised up and I saw it was a big, tall, dark-looking man, dressed in black. He said, "You called me a dog did you?" I answered, "I am very sorry. I thought it was a dog because you were down on your hands and knees." He snarled, "You called me a dog; I'm going to kill you." And from under his belt he drew a long saber blade. I pleaded "Please understand me, sir. I didn't know you were a man; I thought you were a dog." As he got closer to me, he seemed to look like a demon. He backed me right up against a culvert, and growled, "I'll teach you. I'll kill you." I replied, "Sir, I am not afraid to die, for I have received Jesus in my heart. He's my helper and my strength. Only I want you to understand that it was a mistake that I said that." But he still said, "I'll kill you." I was standing helpless against the wall and he drew back his hand to stab me.

I cried out, but just at that moment, I heard a noise coming from heaven, and down out of the skies right by my side came a mighty angel, and he just looked with a stern gaze at that man with the great knife in his hand. The man moved back,

dropped his knife, and ran as hard as he could. Then the angel looked at me and smiled. Pulling his robe around him, he went up into Heaven again. This angel appeared to be the same one that visited me later on.

I cried for joy, as I realized God had sent his angel for my protection.

I truly believe that this vision was fulfilled about two years ago, when the devil had me backed up in the corner, with that hideous nervousness that was about to take my life. When it seemed the end had come, then God sent His angel on the scene and delivered me.

Every few years during my life I would have a spell when I would become very nervous. In one campaign I stayed right in the pulpit and prayed for the sick night and day, taking only a little time for sleep. In other meetings the services often would run until two o'clock in the morning. I knew that I was making a mistake in doing this, but when I saw so many sick and afflicted my heart would go out to them, realizing that in many cases, for them it was a matter of life and death. Gradually I got weaker and weaker, but struggled to continue. Finally, after the campaigns in Tacoma and Eugene, I told my brethren that were with me that I would have to cancel all campaigns that had been scheduled and take a long rest. In fact, my nervous energy was so far gone that in my own mind I wondered if I could ever return to the field again.

I went back to my home in Jeffersonville, but it seemed that I couldn't get my strength back. I thought I was going to die. One day one of my deacons, Curtis Hooper, came down and asked, "Aren't you any better?" I replied, "No, I am not. It seems that I cannot get hold of myself." He said, "Brother Branham, I have a job to do down at the flying field. Come with me, it will do you good." When I got down to the field, I felt so bad I thought I would not even get home again. I went out to the hangar shed and began to pray. I cried, "Oh God. I

know I have made mistakes. I ask you to forgive me. People want me to do different things. I am all confused. Only You can help me. Lord I can't stand any more." Somehow I got back to the house.

About this time I went to the Mayo Clinic to have a checkup just to see what was really wrong with me. So in the middle of the August heat, I was in Rochester, Minnesota five days. The doctors were fine men and they did their best to find what was wrong with me, as they put me through every kind of examination.

During this time I was praying. I told the Lord that people with every kind of a nervous breakdown had come into my meetings and He healed them. Also that He had shown me wonderful visions of the healings of others and they were delivered. I prayed, "Lord, You have never shown me a vision of my own deliverance over this terrible nervousness." My strength was so far gone that it didn't seem that I could get a hold of myself to believe God's Word. The next day was to be the final day of the examination.

On this morning I woke up and said to myself that in a couple of hours I would go over and get a report of what was wrong with me. I will always be grateful to God for what happened next. Suddenly I was in a vision. The first thing I saw was a little boy about seven years of age. He looked just like I did at that age. I was standing by him teaching him to hunt. Nearby was an old snag of a tree, and I said to the boy that he should not go near the tree because a dangerous beast lived there. I picked up a stick and rapped on the side of the tree. Suddenly, out on a limb ran a little animal about six inches long. It seemed to be a weasel, and it had tiny, black, sharp-looking eyes. Oh, he was a sly little creature!

Next I saw he was going to attack us. I didn't have any gun; all that I had was a small hunting knife. I knew I was helpless with that knife. I thought to put the boy behind me to protect

him, but it seemed at this time he had disappeared. Quick as lightning the beast made a dive at me. But just before he made the dive I heard the angel of the Lord speak on my right side, saying, "Remember, it's only six inches long."

Then the animal made a dive for my left shoulder. He went from my left to my right and back again just as fast as he could go. I couldn't stab him with my knife and as I opened my mouth to say something, he ran down my throat into my stomach and began to gurgitate, over and over and over and over. I cried out, "Oh what can I do?" Again I heard a voice saying, "Remember, it is only six inches long."

When the vision had left, I looked over and saw my little girl, Becky, and my wife lying in the bed asleep. I knew that the vision referred to my stomach trouble and nervousness. At that time nothing would stay on my stomach, and my weight had gone down to about a hundred pounds. Then I recalled that the angel had said, "Remember, it is only six inches long." I prayed, "Oh God, help me to understand the interpretation of the vision." I began to consider. Maybe that saying meant I would have the nervousness six months. That didn't seem right. Then I thought maybe it referred to six years, but that didn't seem to be the answer.

Up till that time I had never thought of how many times I had had these nervous spells. Just then it seemed that my lips spoke of themselves. I seemed to say, "Maybe this means that I am to have them six times." Just at that time, I felt the Holy Spirit come over me with great power. Then a great baptism of the Spirit swept over me again. Then three times, four times, five times, six times. I began to count the number of times I had had the nervousness. The first time had been when I was about seven years of age. At that time I was crying because things had gone wrong in our family—my dad drank very heavily, and I became melancholy and very nervous. About every seven years this nervousness had returned. I

counted and this was exactly the sixth time. I rejoiced, for at once I became convinced that the Lord by the vision had shown me that this would be the last time of the nervousness.

I had thought to myself that the doctors will want to operate and cut some of those nerves to the stomach. *But the doctor's knife was the little knife in the vision. It was helpless.*

I went over to the clinic to get the report. When the doctors came together they began to ask me questions. I answered them as best I could. Then one of the leading doctors spoke, "Young man, I am sorry to announce this to you, but your condition is something that you have inherited from your father. Your father drank before you were born. You will never be well. Your nerves affect your stomach and this causes your food to be thrown back. There is no cure for this, and there is nothing we can do; you are finished for the rest of your life!"

Just think, the best doctors in the world had told me that I was finished for the rest of my life! But praise God, just before they had said that, the Lord had spoken to me through the vision, and said that this was the last of the terrible thing!

I went home. My mother met me and remarked, "Son I have had a dream about you." Once before she had had a dream about me. It was a few days after my conversion, when she saw me standing on a white cloud preaching to all the world. (This has practically been fulfilled now. I hope soon to be able to tour the European countries as well as Africa and Australia.)

Mother continued, "Son, the other night (the same night as the time I had the vision) I was asleep and alone in the room. In the dream I was working and I saw you lying on a bed on the porch almost dead. I was expecting you to go at any time. Then I heard a peculiar sound, as of the cooing of doves. I ran over to where you were, and I saw coming down out of heaven, six white doves in the form of an "S." They lit upon your bosom one at a time. The doves were the whitest I had ever seen and they were saying, 'coo, coo, coo.' They seemed to

act as if they were so sorry. Then you said, 'Praise the Lord. After this the doves bowed their little heads, and again formed the letter 'S,' and went back to heaven, cooing as they went. Next I saw you rise up and you were in perfect health."

Oh how encouraged I was! Two days after that I was sitting on the porch and was reading Brother Bosworth's little book, "Christian Confession." Then I opened the Bible. I don't believe in opening the Bible, and expecting to get a message from the place it falls open. But this time I opened it, and my eye fell on Joshua I, where it says, "Be thou strong and very courageous. The Lord God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." God had spoken to me by revelation, by vision and by His word. Then suddenly a voice seemed to say, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." I accepted it. I went into the house and took my wife in my arms and said, "Honey, God has healed me!"

Praise God. I love Him with all my heart. Today I am in better health than I ever was all the days of my life. I am so thankful. I will be grateful to Him as long as I live. In my darkest hour Jesus came along. God had answered my prayer.

Chapter 22

The Overseas Trip to Scandinavia

For nearly three years invitations had been coming to Brother Branham to conduct a series of healing meetings in the Scandinavian countries. Various circumstances had hindered him from making such a journey, although from the beginning he felt assured that these calls were of God. In January, 1950, at the time that the writer rejoined the party, Brother Branham asked him to make arrangements for the trip to Finland. This was a step of faith, as at that time there was no money available for the passage (air tickets one-way were \$2200 for a party of five) and in fact, because of certain recent circumstances Brother Branham had some unexpected obligations to meet. Nevertheless, in campaigns held during February and March, sufficient funds came in to meet these obligations and to secure air reservations for the entire party. Early in April, the party (which included besides Brother Branham, Rev. J. Ern Baxter, Rev. Jack Moore, Howard Branham and the writer) upon concluding three days of services at Glad Tidings and Manhattan Center, in New York City, prepared to leave for Europe.

APRIL 6, 1950

On April 6, 1950, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the party boarded the large overseas airliner, Flagship Scotland, and took off for London, England. It was on April 6, 1909, that William Branham was born. April 6, 1917, was the day that America relinquished her historical isolationism and entered the European War. Historians tell us that it was on April 6, in the year 30 A.D. that Christ died on the Cross. Perhaps the members of the party might be excused for thinking that April 6, is a day of significance.

Moving along over the Atlantic at better than 300 miles per hour, and at an altitude of over 20,000 feet, the plane which carried the party landed on the following mid-morning at the Northolt Airport near London. Several days were spent in visiting historic buildings and shrines of the world's largest city. The climax of the party's stay in that great metropolis was the visit to Wesley's chapel. While there we also saw the Wesley residence, entering last of all the room in which John Wesley prayed every morning at five A.M. Before leaving, we all knelt down and had prayer. It was a moment not to be forgotten.

After two days in Paris, which was spent visiting the historic landmarks, we continued our journey to Finland via a Scandinavian airliner. On the 14th of April, we landed at Helsinki where we were met by several ministers including Pastor Manninen, who had given us the invitation, and Sister May Isaacson, our American-born interpreter, whose knowledge of the Finnish language contributed greatly to the success of our meetings in Finland. The first service at the Messuhalli witnessed a crowd of 7000 in attendance. After that, several thousand waited outside all afternoon, standing in a line four deep and a half mile long, so that they might be assured of a seat in the largest auditorium in Finland.

During a five day interlude, when the auditorium could not be obtained, the party went north to Kuopio which is not far from the Arctic Circle. Faith was very high in this city and some marvelous miracles took place. One of these was the healing of little Veera Ihalainen, a war orphan, whose photograph is shown elsewhere in this book. She was marvelously delivered from wearing a brace and using crutches, after she had in faith touched the coat of Brother Branham as he passed by. Two or three evenings the people just passed by and Brother Branham said a brief prayer for each one. By the time that each service was over there was a good-sized pile of crutches and canes which had been discarded. Brother Baxter spoke at the afternoon services, and his messages were received with great interest. Brother Moore and the writer took the morning services, and prayed especially for the deaf mutes and the blind. As many as seven or eight were healed at a time, one after another. One boy learned words so fast that he was used as an interpreter to communicate with the others who were prayed for. One incident that highly intrigued the audience was that the deaf mutes when their ears were opened could learn English words as fast as Finnish.

One event, which will never be forgotten by the members of the party, and which happened while they were at Kuopio, was the raising to life of a child that was run over and killed in an automobile accident, the circumstances of which had been previously shown to Brother Branham in a vision. We shall let Pastor Vilho Soininen, of Kuopio, relate this remarkable incident:

* * * * *

"On Friday afternoon a remarkable and startling incident took place which meant much to Brother Branham and to those of us who happened to be its witnesses. Three carloads of us made an unforgettable trip to nearby Puijo Observation Tower

situated on a beautiful scenic elevation. The outing was one of the most precious I can remember, because of the blessing of God upon us. Then as we were returning from Puijo, a terrible accident occurred. A car ahead was unable to avoid striking two small boys, who ran out into the street in front of it, throwing one down on the sidewalk, and the other five yards away into a field. One unconscious boy was carried into a car just ahead of us and the other, Kari Holma, was lifted into our car and placed in the arms of Brother Branham and Miss Isaacson who were sitting in the back seat. Brothers Moore and Lindsay were in the front seat with me.

"As we hurried to the hospital, I asked through Miss Isaacson, the interpreter, how the boy was. Brother Branham, with his finger on the boy's pulse, answered that the boy seemed to be dead, since the pulse did not beat at all. Then Brother Branham placed his hand over the boy's heart and realized that it was not functioning. He further checked the boy's respiration and could detect no breath. Then he knelt down on the floor of the car and began to pray. And Brothers Lindsay and Moore prayed, too, that the Lord would have mercy. As we neared the hospital, about five or six minutes later, I glanced back, and to my surprise, the boy opened his eyes. As we carried the boy into the hospital, he began to cry, and I realized that a miracle had taken place.

"The other boy had been brought in a little earlier and was still unconscious. As I was taking my guests back to their hotel, Brother Branham said to me, 'Do not worry! The boy, who was in our car, will surely live.'"

"At that time Brother Branham had no assurance that the other boy would live, but on Sunday evening he assured me on the basis of a vision which he had seen early Sunday morning, that he, too, would live. At the exact time that Brother Branham was telling me this at his hotel, the boy lay dying at the hospital. However, according to the statement of the

doctor, that night there was a change for the better, although on the 28th of April as I write this, he still occasionally lapses into unconsciousness. (A later statement received declared that the boy had fully recovered.) The boy, who was in my car, Kari, was dismissed from the hospital in just three days, and is feeling very well considering the circumstances.

"In the Friday evening service Brother Branham told us about the vision which he had seen in America two years ago, and which had been fulfilled that afternoon when he had prayed for the dead boy. The angel had appeared to him that evening before the service and had reminded him of this vision which he had seen two years earlier, and which he had at that time told to thousands. Now it was fulfilled. Brother Branham's coming to Kuopio was in the eternal plan of God! We of the Kuopio Elim Assembly wondered why the Lord was so good to us that He granted to just us the gracious privilege of receiving His servant."

The night we left Kuopio a great crowd of people assembled at the station and sang in their usual minor key, the beautiful Finnish songs. As the train pulled away from the depot, the singing gradually died away, but the pleasant memories of the days spent in Kuopio will not be soon forgotten.

SIX HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE "IRON CURTAIN"

Returning to Helsinki Brother Branham continued services for several more days in the Messuhalli. One morning we ventured out to the edge of the "Iron Curtain." At one point we were only six hundred yards from the Red soldiers. The Finnish guard surrounded our car and warned us that this was no place to be. We were glad to return to our hotel. The Communist element strongly opposed our meetings, and indeed demanded our arrest. A former Chief of Police of Kuopio, a very

influential man, was present and intervened for us, and we were permitted to continue the services without interruption. Three days were spent in resting at the close of the campaign, in a castle owned by a wealthy Christian lady. We were treated as kings while there. However, when the Moscow news broadcast was turned on one evening, we were startled by the announcement (interpreted for us) which declared that American spies were operating under guise in Helsinki. We knew to whom the Moscow radio was referring, and were by no means elated over the notoriety which was being given us. In the case of a sudden outbreak of hostilities, we knew that all gates of exit would be closed immediately, with Russian guns only ten miles from the capital. Once a rumor was circulated that a break had come between America and Russia, over the shooting down of an American plane by the Soviets. It proved to be only a rumor, but it kept us uneasy. Fear dominates Europe, and most of the Finnish people know that it is only a matter of time until the dam of Communist power will sweep over the boundaries, and push the world into the throes of Armageddon.

MINISTERS OF FINNISH STATE CHURCH ACCEPT HEALING

On the day that we left Finland, we received a special letter from one of the ministers of the State Church, informing us that there had been a mass meeting of the ministers of the church, and that after considerable discussion, the body under the inspiration of the Branham meetings, had voted to accept the ministry of healing. The letter was a splendid one, and we hope to have it printed in the TVH, as soon as we can get a certified translation. Brother Branham wrote in reply a letter of thanks and encouraged the brethren to believe God for mighty things within their ranks. Though we were given to

understand that the whole group who had gathered had voted to accept the truth of Divine healing, we knew that did not necessarily mean that every minister in the State Church had endorsed it. That some opposers might later appear might be expected, but the overwhelming sentiment in favor which appeared in the letter we received that last morning was indeed encouraging to us, and made us feel that our journey to Finland had not been in vain.

NORWAY

After a last farewell to our kind friends in Finland, we boarded a plane and two hours later were in Oslo, Norway. There we found a similar interest among the people. Unfortunately, there had been reaction in the government circles against the ministry of Divine healing. The Health Administrator had clamped down with a ban against praying for the sick, and we being foreigners, knew that the moment we should disobey this prohibition we would be expelled from the country. Nevertheless there was an unexpected and remarkable result of the ban. The city's ministerial group in a mass protest meeting of two hundred ministers "took only one minute to literally shout their unanimous agreement that protest should be made." The following protest was then drawn and signed by some of the most illustrious names in Norwegian religious life.

To the Norwegian Government

Oslo

Sirs:

Healing through faith and prayer is an inherent part of the Gospel, and is as an anchor in the life and work of Jesus Christ. Throughout the ages this doctrine has had a firm po-

sition in the commonwealth of Christian life and preaching.

The Christian population of Norway principally stand as one man in this matter, even if details and ways of procedure may differ in churches and countries.

The undersigned, therefore, vividly regret the measures taken by our authorities and form a protest against the prohibitive regulations given, endeavoring to exercise censorship over Christian preaching. This procedure is of a nature to offend fundamental human rights in a free country, and disputes the principle of free worship.

We suggest that the prohibitive restrictions be immediately repealed, imposed by act of the Oslo Chamber of Police.

Oslo, May 5th, 1950.

NAMES OF PROTEST COMMITTEE

H. Asak-Christiansen,

General Secretary of the Norwegian Baptists.

Eivind Berggrav,

Bishop of the State Church.

O. Hallesby,

Professor and noted author.

Ludvig Hope,

Chief Secretary for the Salvation Army in Norway.

J. B. Jarnes,

Vice-Chairman of Evangelical Churches Fellowship.

Nils Lavik,

Member of Parliament and Vice-President of the West Norwegian Home Missionary Society.

Dr. Alf Lier,

Chairman of the Non-conformist Parliament and President of the Methodist Conference.

Thv. Storbye,

Chairman of the Evangelical Preacher's Fellowship.

Alf Bastiansen,

District Minister of the State Church.

Daniel Braendeland,

Editor.

NEAR THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

From Norway we went to Sweden, where several services were held at Gotenburg, one night at Jonkoping, and then for five days at Orebro where is located the famous Evangelipress, which sends out a steady stream of Christian literature. A crowd of five thousand attended the first service which was held open-air in the park. Our stay in Orebro was in all ways very pleasant and we trust profitable.

From Orebro, the Branham party went north to Ornskoldsvik which lies only a short distance south of the Arctic Circle. Some 6000 people, it was estimated, jammed in and around the tent. It was said, and we have reason to believe that it is true, that this was the largest religious gathering in the history of the world, near the Arctic Circle. Although at that time it was yet in the middle of the month of May, it was sufficiently light at midnight to take a picture of the tent!

From Ornskoldsvik, we traveled south to Stockholm where is located the largest Pentecostal Church in the world of some 6500 active members and a Sunday School of about 5000. Our visit with Brother Lewi Pethrus and his son, Oliver, who was our interpreter while there, was a highlight of our stay in Stockholm. Utterly unassuming in appearance, yet endowed with wisdom by which he has guided to a great extent the fortunes of the Full Gospel movement in Sweden during the past forty years, Brother Lewi Pethrus charmed all of us as we listened to him in private conversations, as was our privilege on two afternoons. Brother Pethrus has a simplicity of faith and yet a spiritual shrewdness that has enabled him

to build on strong foundations, until today the Full Gospel work in Sweden is renowned throughout the world. Brother Branham's ministry was well-received in Stockholm, and indeed when it came time to leave, Brother Pethrus expressed the hope that Brother Branham would find it possible to return again soon to Sweden. And so the trip overseas came to a close. Brother Branham and all of us had enjoyed our stay in Europe, but we must admit that we were glad when our giant airliner took off from the Stockholm field, and we began our journey home.

HOME AGAIN

When our plane landed safely at Idlewild the following morning, it was with happy smiles that the members of the Branham party put their feet once more on American soil.

Brother Branham was back in America. The Scandinavian trip was now history. Eagerly he looked forward to a well-earned rest and a vacation trip in the mountains. Soon however, he would be back again to continue to preach and minister in the great summer campaigns, and to finish the course that God had given him, knowing that the Lord would keep him from every evil work, and preserve him unto His Heavenly Kingdom. As Daniel of old, he would rest and stand in his lot at the end of the days.

THE END

There are more than 1179 original English sermons of Brother William Marrion Branham that were recorded and are available in audio format. Many of these sermons are available in printed form. There are offices and lending libraries in nations around the world that have these sermons readily available in many languages.

For more information or to obtain sermons of Brother Branham please contact:

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