

VISIONS OF WILLIAM BRANHAM

E-1 This tape is being made for the Kingdom of God, as I am presenting it to Brother Lee Vayle for a manuscript. Brother Vayle has asked me, here in the presence of Brother Mercier, to—to give some of the former visions.

Of course, visions was. . . Now, one of the first things I can remember is visions coming. Visions come all the time, but after my conversion is where I think you were interested in, Brother Vayle.

E-2 Well, I remember after I was ordained in the church, the Baptist church, by Dr. Roy Davis, here at Watts Street in Jeffersonville, where the church was at the time, I remember one outstanding vision, not over a few weeks after my—about a—I'd say a few days after my ordination. I was—saw a vision of an old man that was laying in the hospital that was mashed. He was a colored man. And he was instantly healed, insomuch that it caused a lot of confusion. And he got up out of the bed and walked away.

And two days, about two days after that, I was cutting off services, of non-paid services in New Albany, water, and gas, and—and electrical bills. And at the—I was so filled with joy. Every time I'd find an old house, I'd just go in and pray, you know, where no one lived.

E-3 And I remember telling Mr. Johnny Potts, which is living today (he's way close, I guess, to seventy or eighty years old). He was an old meter reader, and they had taken him off of meter reading then, and had placed him at the desk to take complaints and things as you entered the door and service calls. And I was telling him what the Lord had showed me. And he had been once in a while, picking up a few stray meters that the regular man didn't get.

And in this he—he was telling a man, which I'd seen in the paper, where they had a—an old wagon in those days, drove two horses, that they pick up garbage and trash in the alley. There was an old colored man by the name of Mr. Edward J. Merrell. He lived at 1020 Clark Street, in New Albany.

And he had been hit by two white people—which was a white girl and a—and a boy, riding in a car, and he'd lost control of the car, and it mashed him into the wheel of the wagon, and it just broke all the bones in his body, nearly. And they'd. . . Through his chest part especially, knocked his back out of place. And they had him in the hospital, very bad.

E-4 And Mr. Potts, passing through the—the hospital there, in New Albany, had told him that—about the Lord dealing with me. And he sent for me to come pray for him. And immediately I thought, “That’s the man that I have seen in this vision.” So I—I was a little scared to go, ‘cause that was one of my first (You see?) to go like that.

So, but however, I went and got my buddy, which had just been converted, a little French boy named George DeArk. And I’d just led him to Christ. And we went up, and I said, “Now, Brother George, I—I—I want you to remember these things that happen to me, I can’t understand them; but you remember this man’s going to be healed. And when he’s healed, there’s. . . I can’t pray for him till the two white people comes and stands on the other side of the bed, ‘cause I have to do it the way it was showed to me.”

E-5 And I went in to—to the hospital and asked for Mr. Merrell, and I went there, and his wife told me that he was very seriously, and he couldn’t move, because that the x-rays had showed that some of these bones were laying right next to the lung. And if he moved, why, it would—might puncture his lungs and hemorrhage him to death. And he was very bad, and it was hemorrhaging a little from his throat and so forth, because he was bleeding around the mouth. And he’d been laying there about two days. And the man was at that time, about sixty-five years old, I suppose, sixty or sixty-five, elderly man. His mustache long, had turned white and his hair was gray.

E-6 And I went in and told this man, though, the vision that I’d saw from the Lord and the young people come in that had hit him. And I knelt down to pray for him, and all of a sudden this man let out a scream, saying, “I’m healed,” and jumped up. And his wife trying to hold him back in bed. . . And one of the interns come, trying to hold him in bed. And he jumped out of the bed. Caused a lot of excitement.

E-7 And when I went to the—I said to Brother George. . . And then, the—one of sisters (It was a Catholic hospital.) come in, and said I’d have to get out of there, so. . . getting that man excited, ‘cause he had a fever about a hundred and four. And the strange thing, when they put him back in be—a—the—oh—a—the priest, the place, and the—some of the doctors had put him—made him go back to bed, ‘cause he was putting on his clothes. And when they took his temperature, he had no temperature. (Now there’s many people living today that’s seen the visions, seen it happen, or know about it.)

And I went out and stood on the steps and said to Brother George, "Now, you watch, he's going to be wearing a brown coat and a plug hat. He will walk right down these steps in a few minutes." And he actually did. He come right out and walked down.

E-8 And about a—a—a night after that, the Lord appeared to me again, one morning, just about the break of day, and showed me a woman, hideously crippled, that was going to be made well. So I said, "Well, I'll—I'll probably find out where she's at."

And so I went down and was turning off some water up on, I believe it was around, Eighth Street in New Albany, and I had. . . There was a double tenement, and I was afraid I'd turned off both sides. One side, the people had moved out, and the other side, the people were there. So I went over to the side that had the—the pe—that was occupied, and I knocked at the door. And there was a—a—a real poor people, and a very attractive young girl come to the door, rather poorly dressed. And she—she said, "What did you want?"

And I said, "Would you try the water to see if it's off?"

And she said, "Yes, sir." And she went. She said, "No, the water's still on."

I said, "Thank you."

And her mother, laying on bed. . . Her name was Mrs. Mary Derl O'Hannian. And they—she was Armenian. Her boy played full-back, I believe it was, on the New Albany base—football team. And she had—her daughter was in high school; her name was Dorothy. And she said. . . Dorothy said to me, "Aren't you that man of God that had that healing here in the hospital the other day? My mother wish to speak to you."

E-9 And I went in. And she told me that. . . She was laying crippled, and she had been crippled in the bed seventeen years, since this girl was born. And so the girl was seventeen years old. And so I told her that. . . She said, "Are you that man of God that healed that man?"

I said, "No, ma'am, I'm not a healer. I just—I just merely prayed for the—the sick man, and was showed by something that told me. . . (I didn't know what to call it, a vision, or what; I didn't know what it was yet. I was just a boy, and single, and everything, and so there was a. . .)

E-10 This—this lady asked me for prayer for her. And I told her, "Let me pray first, and then if the Lord showed me to come back."

And then when I went out to pray, I got Brother George; and I said, "That's that woman that I—I was telling you that I'd prayed about. I know it's the same woman. Go with me."

And we went up there to—to offer prayer. And so this little seventeen year old girl. . . ('Course me, just a young boy.) And she had a brother about six, eight years old, something like that. And there was Christmas a tree (it was right after Christmas) standing in the house, and they got behind this Christmas tree to laugh at me. To make their mother well. . .

E-11 I told her that the Lord was going to heal her. And I. . . Brother George and I got down to pray, and when I started to pray, well, that Angel that I see, that—that you see in the picture, I seen it hanging over the bed. Well, I reached over and took a hold of her hand; and I said, "Mrs. O'Hannian. . ." (Now, she lives in New Albany right now, her and her husband and family.) And I said, "Mrs. O'Hannian, the Lord Jesus has sent me and told me before coming, that—to pray for you, and you was going to be made well. Rise up on your feet and be made well in the Name of Jesus."

Her legs was drawed up under her. She—with her Armenian Bible over her heart, started moving towards the side of the bed. And as she did, she. . . Then Satan spoke to me, said, "You let her hit that floor, she'll break her neck, off that high bed."

I was scared for a moment. And I'd always knowed that what them visions (I didn't know what it was then) had told me, was always right. So I went ahead anyhow. Let her come off the bed, and, God being my witness, as soon as she started jump from that bed, both legs come straight. Her daughter screamed, pulling her hair and running out into the street, screaming as loud as she could. Neighbors come from everywhere. And there she was, for the first time, for seventeen years, walking around in that room, praising God.

I left immediately to get away from it. Later, I got acquainted with this young girl and went with her. 'Course this don't have to be on record, but I went with the young girl.

E-12 Not long after that, a few weeks, I was in my mother's house one evening. And I'd been praying that day, and I—I just simply couldn't seem to break through to a—to victory in my prayer. And I thought I'd just stay all, you know, go ahead to bed. I was staying home at that time. And so I went into the—the room to—to pray, and I was about one o'clock in the morning, I guess.

And I—I prayed, and all at once I looked. And mama, she used to take her clothes and just pile them in a chair, you know. We're real poor people. And I looked, Something white coming to me. And I thought, I was looking at that chair of clothes. But It was that Angel of the Lord that—like cloud, you know.

E-13 And it come over to where I was and I—and I was standing in a room, a little what we call a shotgun house: little straight house, two rooms in it. And it had red wainscoting up here for the side. You see? There was little iron poster bed to my right side. There was a black-headed woman standing against the—the one room—went out into the kitchen—she was standing against that kitchen door, a weeping. There was a father standing to me that had brought me a baby that something had been laying on it's little chest. And one, its left leg was wound around, till it was laying up against it's little body, and the right leg wind vi—vice versa. Both arms wound up, too, against its body, and its little body was twisted and wound up, till it—right here at his neck. And I wondered, what does this mean.

And I looked, setting down to my left, and there set an old woman, taking her glasses off and wiping them from tears or something on her glasses. To my right, on a red duofold, which was a match to the chair, set a young, blond-headed boy with curly hair, looking out the window. And I looked, standing way over to my right, and there stood in—that Angel of the Lord. And He said to me, "Can this baby live?"

And I said, "Sir, I don't know."

He said, "Lay your hands across it. It shall live." And I—I did. And the baby had jumped down off the—out of the arms of the father, and the little right leg untwisted, and the right side untwisted, right arm untwisted. It made another step and the other side untwisted. Made another step, and the other side untwist—the body, middle part, untwisted, and he put his little hands in mine and said, "Brother Branham, I'm perfectly whole." The little baby was wearing blue corduroy coveralls or overalls, little bibbed overalls, and he had brown hair and a little bitty tiny mouth.

E-14 And then, the Angel of the Lord told me, He was taking me somewhere else, and I was carried way away. And He set me down by the side of an old graveyard and showed me the numbers on a tombstone near a church. And He said, "This will be your directing place." He carried me into another place, and there was a—looked like it had been a little town with about two stores in it, and one had a yellow front, yellow bordering on the walls. And I walked up there, or stood there, and there was an old man coming out with a

blue corduroy jacket on, or blue jean jacket, and blue overalls with a cord—a yellow corduroy cap, and he had a big white mustache. He said, “He will show you the way.”

And the next time I come to, I saw, I was walking into a room following a rather heavy-set young woman. And as I entered the door, the figures in the paper on the wall, were red. Up over the door had a sign, “God bless our home.” There was a big old brass poster bed laying to my right side and a chunk stove setting at the left. And over in the corner laid a girl of about fifteen years old, and she’d had polio or something, that had drawed her right leg up, and her foot turned sideways, and was drawed under her. And she—and she looked like a boy, only she had hair like a girl, and she had a—a heart shaped lips like a girl. And he said to me, “Can that girl walk?”

And I said, “Sir, I do not know.”

He said, “Go, put your hands across her stomach.” Then I thought it was a boy, sure enough, because Him having me put my hands across her stomach. I did as He told me, and I heard somebody say, “Praise the Lord.” And I looked up, and when I did, this girl was raising up. And when she raised up, the pajamas she had on, her pajama leg come up, and it showed a round knee like a girl’s knee and not knotty, you know, like the boy’s knee. And I knew it was a girl, and she had on her pajamas, and she come walking to me, combing her hair. She’s blond, combing her hair.

The girl lives in Salem today, married and got three or four children. And her mother and father still there also.

E-15 And so a . . . I—I—I come to. And I could hear somebody saying, “Brother Branham,” or “Brother Bill, oh, Brother Bill . . .” And my mother was calling me. And I thought, “I here one, one way a . . .” coming out of that vision you know, kindly droggy, and I said, “What do you want, Mom?” And in the next room where she was sleeping, and she said, “There’s somebody knocking at your door.” And I heard it, “Brother Bill . . .”

And I opened the door. It was a man stepped in. His name was John Emmel. He lives in Miami, Florida, now. And he said, “Brother Bill, you don’t remember me.”

I said, “No, I don’t believe I do.”

Said, “You baptized me and my family,” but said, “I took a road that’s wrong.” He said, “I killed a man, here some time ago, hit him with my fist and broke his neck in a fight.” Said, “I’ve lost one of my little boys, the oldest one.” And said, “The youngest one is laying home, dying now.” And said, “The doctor of the city here,

had just left and said, 'The child has double pneumonia' and it just barely can get its breath." And said, "I—I—I—I just. . . You come on my heart, and wonder if you'd come and have prayer with it." And said, "Now, as you know, I'm a cousin to Graham Snelling." (Which, Graham Snelling, the Reverend Graham Snelling now, had not become a minister at that time—a nice Christian boy.) He said, "He's my cousin. I'm going down to get him (which lived about a half a mile from me, down in the city). And said, "I'm going down to get him. And will you go up?"

E-16 I said, "Yes, Mr. Emmel, soon as I put my clothes on."

And so he said, "I'll take my car and take you up."

And I said, "All right."

Said, "Soon as I get Graham. And I want you all to pray for the baby."

And I said, "All right."

So then I went to getting ready and mother said, "What was the matter?"

I said, "There's a little baby to be healed."

And so she said, "Healed?"

And I said, "Yes, mother." And so I said, "I'll tell more about it when I come back,"

So in a few moments he knocked at the door, and Brother Graham was with him. We was going up here to what we know as the boat-yard now, which was the old Howard Shipyard, at the time.

I said, "Mr. Emmel, do you—where do you live at now?"

He said, "In above Utica."

I said, "You live in a little a—what we call shotgun house, little two room."

"Yes, sir."

"Sets on a hill."

"Yes, sir," he said.

And I said, "Your—your baseboard here, is made out of tongue and groove and it's painted red."

He said, "That's right."

E-17 I said, "The little baby is laying in a iron poster bed, and he does have in the house, at least, a pair of blue corduroy overalls."

Says, "He has them on."

And I said, "And the baby is teeny fellow, about three years old, and he's also got a little teeny mouth, little bitty thin lips, and he's got light brown hair."

He said, "That's the truth."

I said, "Mrs. Emmel is a black-headed woman. And in this room you have a red duofold and a red chair."

He said, "Was you ever there, Brother Branham?"

And I said, "Just awhile ago."

"Awhile ago?" he said.

I said, "Yes."

"Why," he said, "I never seen you!"

I said, "No, it was spiritually." I said, "Mr. Emmel, you've heard me tell, if I baptized you, of things that happens to me. I see things before it happens."

He said, "Yeah. Did something like that happen to you, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Yes, and Mr. Emmel, ever what It was that told me, has never told me a lie. Your baby's going to be healed when I get there."

And he stopped the car, fell over the wheel, said, "God, be merciful to me. Take me back, Oh, Lord. (See?) And I promise You to live for You the rest of my days, if You're going to spare my baby's life." And there he gave his heart to Christ.

E-18 We moved into the house, all excited about him, a soul being brought back to Christ. When we—when we went into the house, there laid everything, just exactly the way it was, only the old woman wasn't there. Excitable. . . So excited I said, "Bring me the baby." And the baby just barely living. See, that winding up was the life gone out of the baby. It was just wound to hear it's little throat. And I said, "Bring me the baby," not waiting for the vision to fulfill.

E-19 Brother Vayle, if this pad was supposed to be laying here, I can't say a word till that pad's laid there. See? It has to be just the way it's showed me.

So, I said, "Bring me the baby." And the daddy brought the baby to me, and I prayed for it, and it got worse. So I thought, "Now, something. . ." It—it really lost its breath, and they had to fight and shake and everything to get breath in it. And I thought, "Kinda something wrong." And I happened to think, "Where's the old woman?" That wasn't there yet.

So they take the baby, laid it down. They was putting stuff under it's nose and everything and crying—the mother screaming hysterically and everything, but the baby was just—just barely breathing. And I thought, “Well, through my—my stupidity I have misused the vision of God,” ‘cause I never waited on it, being so overexcited.

E-20 By this, you can see, Brother Vayle, why I wait. I don't care who tells me. I love you as my brother. Brother, don't never try to tell me something to do, when I—when I feel that I—I've got the will of the Lord. See, no matter how well it looks the other way, I'll wait for Him. See?

And—and so I—I learned a lesson right here, many, many, many years ago. And to do exactly what He says, and don't do it till He says it's ready to be done.

E-21 The baby was fighting for breath. Now, I couldn't tell them what I'd done, but I just had to wait. I thought, “Maybe grace will override it and forgive me.” Well, I went, set down.

They'd fought for life for the baby till daylight. When day begin breaking, they thought the baby'd just go at any minute. Well, I set there, and they kept asking me, “Brother Branham, what must we do?” or “Brother Bill” they called me. “What must I do?”

I said, “I don't know?” See? And I set there with my head down saying, “Lord, please forgive me.”

Well. . . And then it come daylight. Brother Graham Snelling had to go to work. So Mr. Emmel had to take him, and I knowed I had to leave the house, and yet Brother Graham was supposed to be setting there, ‘cause he's got blond curly hair, as you know. He was supposed to be setting on this duofold. So I was setting there where Brother Graham was supposed to be setting, but the old woman wasn't there and there's no old woman at the place. So I set there. And so Mr. Emmel got his coat on. Then I knowed if Brother Graham left, hard telling when he'd ever be back. See? And then I knowed if. . . even if the woman come, then Brother Graham wouldn't be there. So you see what kind of a condition I was in.

And so, Mr. Emmel said, “Brother Branham do you want to go?” or “Brother Bill, you want to go home? You want me to take you down home?”

I said, “No, sir. I'll just wait, if you don't mind.” I hated to stay there in the house, just the baby, and the mother, myself, ‘cause

they were young people. They—he was about twenty-five years old, I suppose. And I was about the same age. And I said, “No. I’ll just—I’ll just wait, if you don’t mind.”

He said, “It’s all right, Brother—Brother Bill.”

And so a . . . The mother walking the floor, hysterically, and trying to—crying and everything, you know. And the baby’s just worse. See? Just looked like any minute it’s . . . just trying to catch its breath going, “enh . . . enh” [Brother Branham makes a sound—Ed.] That’s all of it’s breath was in it. And nothing. . .

E-22 They didn’t have penicillin and things them days (You see?), so they just, they just put plasters on them and things like that. But the little baby had had it for several days, and it was gone, see, or going.

And then I—I set down there and I thought, “My, if Graham goed . . .” Graham got his coat on, and he started to go out the door. And he said to his wife, he said, “Now, we’ll be back just in minute.”

And I thought, “Oh God . . . Then I’d have to stay here all day and maybe all night again (You see?) waiting for that vision. What can I do?”

And I looked out the window, and coming around the house, come the baby’s grandmother in there. (I did learn later it was the grandmother.) And she had on glasses. I thought, “This is it, Lord, if-if Graham just don’t go out the door.” So she always come to the front door, but somehow—they don’t even know till yet—but she went to the back door, come in the kitchen. And she walked in the kitchen—little old house—and she got to the door, her daughter run over there and kissed her, ‘cause it was the daughter’s mother, you know, and kissed her. And Brother Graham . . . And then she said, “Is the baby better?”

She said, “Mother, it’s dying,” and she started screaming like that and her mother crying . . .

E-23 Then I thought, “If this will just work . . . Now if Graham don’t go out . . . And I raised up, and I couldn’t say nothing (You see?), just wait. And Brother Graham walked around. I got up so he could set down. And he—and that was some of his relation (You see?), so he just started crying too, and set down on the duofold where he was supposed to be setting. I thought, “Now, if that old lady will just come around and set down in this red chair . . .” And I got back to the door where Mr. Emmel was standing with his overcoat on and ready to go out (real cold weather, blizzardy cold.). And I thought . . . And the old lady set down in this chair, and Graham set down and ducked his head down, and the mother of the

baby put her hand up on the door and begin weeping, just exactly the vision. And the old lady set down and instead of it being tears, altogether on her glasses, coming from the cold, it fogged them. And she had reached in her little briefcase and got a little handkerchief out (or little satchel), and started wiping these glasses. Brother, that was it! I said to Mr. Emmel, I said, "Mr. Emmel, you still have confidence in me as a servant of Christ?"

He said, "I sure do, Brother Branham."

I said, "I can tell you now. I spoke ahead of the vision awhile ago. That's why it didn't happen. If you still got confidence in me, go bring me your baby." Oh, my. I seen it was right then. You see? "Go bring me your baby."

He said, "I'll do anything you tell me to do, Brother Bill. I wouldn't be afraid to pick it up. . . ." 'Cause in pick it up, it just went. . . The breath altogether left it.

Brought the little baby up to me. Reached and got it in his arm, brought it up to me, and stood there. I put my hand on it and said, "Lord, forgive the stupidity of Your servant (See?); I spoke ahead of Your vision. But now let it be known that You're God of heavens and earth."

No more than said that, the little baby threwed both arms around its daddy, and begin screaming and crying, said, "Daddy, I feel all right now." See?

I said, "Mr. Emmel, let the little baby alone. It'll be three days before it leaves it, 'cause it made three steps unwinding."

E-24 I went home. I told it in my church. And I said, "I'm going back." That was on Monday. I said, "Wednesday night, before church, I'm going up there." They was poor people, and we made them up a basket of groceries to take to them. So I said, "I want you all to go. And when I go there and you get around the house, and when I come to that place to where that house is, you watch and see if that little baby don't come across the floor with a little mustache made here, where he's been drinking chocolate milk or something (See?), and put his hands in mine, and say these words, 'Brother Bill, I'm perfectly whole.' This little three year old baby. . . Watch and see if it don't happen."

E-25 My wife, now, Meda—way before we were married, so—she was in the bunch. And a truck load went and placed themselves around the house (See?) to see me when I drove up in the old Public Service Company truck that I had home that night (I didn't have any car of my own), full of tar in the back and things, you know, where

I'd been hauling it that day and fixing things. Drove up in front, stopped, went up on the porch, knocked on the door, and (they didn't have no rugs on the little old floor), and the mother come across the porch, said, "Why, it's Brother Bill." like that, and the people, looking in the windows at the time to see what would happen. And in the corner, playing, was this little boy (the third day). I stopped, never said a word, and he come strolling across the floor, put his little hands up in mine with the lit. . . Been drinking chocolate milk (his little mustache-like across there from the chocolate milk) put his hands up in mine. Said, "Brother Bill, I'm perfectly whole."

E-26 And that night at the church I told it. I said, "There's a crippled girl, somewhere that's needy." I said, "Church, I don't know what these things mean. I can't tell you."

And—and so I was working at the Public Service, and I remember, one day, about a week after that, I started to leave the building, going out. And Mr. Herb Scott lives here in the city, right now, he was my boss. And he said. . . I started down and he said, "Billy,"

And I said, "Yes."

Said, "Fore you leave, I've got a letter here for you."

I said, "Okay Herbie, I'll pick it up in a minute."

And a. . . And so I went over to get the—my other work. I was checking up. So I went over to get my other work done, and when I—I did, I remembered that letter, and I went and got it, and opened it up, and said, "Dear Mr. Branham (see?) " said, "My name is Nail. I'm Mrs. Harold Nail. We live at a place called South Boston." And said, "We're Methodist, by faith. And I happened to read a little book that you wrote, called "Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, Today, and Forever," a little pamphlet. And we were having prayer meeting in our house the other night, and we have heard of you having success praying for the sick." And said, "I have a afflicted daughter, fifteen years old," said, "that's laying on the bed of affliction. And somehow, I just can't get it off my mind, that I should have you to come pray for this girl. Would you please do it? Yours truly, Mrs. Harold Nail. South Boston, Indiana."

I said, "You know, that's the girl, that's her." I went home told my mother, told them about it. I said, "That's—that's the girl."

E-27 And then that night, at church, I said to the church; I said, "Here's that—that—that place." I said, "Anybody know where South Boston is?"

And Brother George Wright (You all are acquainted with him.), he said, "Brother Branham, it's—I think it's down in the south." So the next day, I—two friends of mine, and the—my wife (which now is,) and a man and his wife from Texas (Their name was Brace, Ad Brace. He lives down here now, in below Milltown, farmer. He was a rancher out in the West, and he'd moved here to be close to the church. And I'd prayed for his wife and she'd been healed of a tubercular condition.), and so he wanted to see this happen. I said, "You go with me and see if it don't happen just this a way." So the lady had never seen a vision (Mrs.—Mrs. Brace.)

So my wife went with me, and Brother Jim Wiseheart, the old elder, you remember the church there, the old deacon. He wanted to see it. And I just had a little old roadster then, and I piled them all in there, and we went down below New Albany, and I found this sign. And I come to find out, it wasn't South Boston, it was New Boston. So then I didn't know where to go. So I come back up to Jeffersonville, and asked somebody, and somebody went to the post office, and they said, "South Boston is up above Henryville." So I—I went up to Henryville, and I asked there, and they said turn off on this road. It's about fifteen miles, back over these knobs, here. "You find a little place you'll . . . Be careful, you'll miss it," said, "because it's just one little store, and the store has got the post office and everything else in it: South Boston," over in these knobs. There's seventeen thousand acres of them knobs in there (You see?), and this is over behind it in the hills there.

E-28 So, we went on, riding along, and all at once I felt real strange, after been driving five or six miles. And I felt real strange. And I said, "I don't know . . ."

They said, "What the mat . . .?"

I said, "I believe that—that One that talks to me wants to talk to me, so I'm going to have to leave the car." So I got out of the car. And the women setting on women's laps, you know, and everything, that little old roadster . . . And I got out of the car and went around behind the car. And I bowed my head down, and put my foot up on the bumper in the back of the car. And I said, "Heavenly Father, what would You have Your servant know?" And I prayed, nothing happened. And I waited a few minutes, and I thought, "Well, He . . ." Usually, where there's a crowd like that I have to get to myself. And so I waited a few minutes.

E-29 And I happened to be attracted to look over there. And I happened to think, "Well, looky here. Here's that old church setting down here." And if you're ever at it, it's the Bunker Hill Church.

And I looked over on the side of Bunker Hill Christian Church, and there was a tombstones of the graveyard, right in front of the church. And I went over there. I said, "Now, you all got them letters. I never been that country before in my life. Never was in above there, anywhere, in my life." And I said, "You get them names and numbers and come over here and see if they ain't the same one this tombstone." And there it was, just exactly. I said, "That's it. We're on the right road now." That was as the Angel of the Lord. . . See, I'd have passed right on by it and not know it. So it. . . Oh, He's perfect.

And so we rode on and on. Directly, I met a man, and I said, "Could you tell me where South Boston is, sir?"

He said, "You jog to the right and the left, and you know, so forth like that. . ."

E-30 And we just kept on going. So after while, we'd come into. . . I noticed, I come into a little place and it had a. . . kind of a little village-like, and I—I looked and I said, "That's it. That's it, right there." I said, "There is the. . . There—there's that yellow storefront." And I said, "Now, you watch, a man is going to come out of there with a blue overalls on, a white corduroy—a yellow corduroy cap, with a white mustache, and tell me where to go. If it ain't, I'm a big story teller."

And so, they was all waiting. And a—and I drove up in front of the place, and just as I drove in front, out come the man with the blue overall suit on, and the yellow corduroy cap, and the white mustache. And Mrs. Brace fainted in the car, it. . . Seeing it's come to pass like that.

And I said, "Sir, you're to tell me where Harold Nail is."

He said, "Yes, sir." Said, "Did you come from the south?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "You passed it, about half-mile down the road, you turn the first road to the left. You go up, and you find a big red barn and you turn in there at that red barn." Said, "It's the second house on your right as you turn up that little lane like road."

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Why?"

I said, "He has an afflicted daughter, doesn't he?"

He said, "Yes, sir, he does."

I said, "The Lord is going to heal her."

And the old man started crying. See? Never knowed. . . And so he was included in the vision; he didn't know what was going on. I turned around. We got Miss. Nail kindly revived again. And went up there, walked up into the yard, got out of the car, started in, started up the place to the—you know—to the place where it was at. And a—a heavy set young woman come to the door. I said, "There she is." See?

And so she said, "How do you do."

And I said, "How do you do." I said, "I'm—I'm Brother Bill."

"Oh," she said, "I—I—I thought you were." She said, "You have got my letter?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

She said, "I'm Mrs. Harold Nail."

I said, "Well, I'm glad to know you, Mrs. Nail. And this is just a little party come with me to pray for your girl."

Said, "Yes."

I said, "She's fixing to be healed."

She said, "What?" And her lips started quivering; she started crying.

I said, "Yes, ma'am." And I—I don't know; I never stopped for the woman. I walked right on down the hall, and my party followed me. When I opened the door to the right of the hall (big old country home), opened the door, there was the yellow news—the yellow papers on the wall, red figures, the sign, "God bless our home"; the old brass poster bed; chunk stove, setting to my left; and there was a little bitty cot setting there where this boyish looking girl's laying in it.

E-31 Now, something happened. I was up in the corner of the room, watching my body go to that bed. And I laid my hands right across her stomach, exactly the way the Lord said. And when I did that, when Miss. Nail walked in the room and seen that, down she went in the floor again, fainted. She's kind of a weakly person. And she fainted in the floor again. And Brother Nail was trying to work with her. And old Brother Jim standing there saying, "Bless the Lord," holding his hands together (if you all knew how he acted.). And so then I looked at that, and I seen that, and I laid my hands upon her, or across her stomach like this. And I said, "Lord, I do this at the command of what I think is God telling me to do it."

E-32 And about that time she started crying. And she jumped up and they'd just got Mrs. Nail to her feet (she'd woke up from her

fainting spell). And when the girl jumped from the bed, there come her pajama leg up on the right leg, just exactly the way that it showed in the vision, and there was that round knee of a girl instead of a boy. And down went Miss. Nail again. See? She fainted. That's the three times she'd fainted.

And that girl walked out of there in that room and went into her dressing room, weeping, and put on her kimono, come walking back, combing her hair with her—with that cri. . . And one hand was paralyzed too, on the right side, combing her hair with that crippled hand. She's married, got a bunch of children. Her name. . . I don't know what her name is now, but Nails. . . anybody could tell you Harold Nail. . .

And that. . . visions are true.

E-33 I could place that and take you to people that would make a volume of books of such things as happened. Now that's true, Brother Vayle.

I'll fail: I'm a man. I'm a failure to begin with, and a very poor substitute for a servant of Christ. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

[Brother Branham spells names of people—Ed.]

M-e-r-r-e-double l.

[Brother Vayle says, I thought of that down there, yeah.]
...?...

[Nail was N-e-i-l?] N-a-i-l.

[Brother Vayle says, "Brace, B-r-a-c-e?"]

B-r-a-c-e. Ad. Ad Brace.

["Yeah. Now I think I've got them all. Ah, isn't that a Graham Shelling?]

Graham, G-r-a-h-a-m, S-n-e-double l-i-n-g."

[Brother Vayle says, "Oh, Snelling. Now, we got it. A. . .]

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VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS
P.O. BOX 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.
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