

## HE CARETH FOR YOU

<sup>1</sup> Shall we bow our heads now while we speak to the Author of the Word. Our heavenly Father, we are grateful to Thee for this grand and noble privilege of coming to Thee again this evening, coming humbly in the Name of the Lord Jesus, asking the forgiveness of our sins, and that You will visit us again tonight and give unto us the exceedingly, abundantly, above all that we could do or think.

We pray for every person that's in Divine Presence, for the ones that are sinful, first, that doesn't know Thee that tonight there might come a healing of their soul and their spirit, that they might altogether become Your servants tonight. We pray, Father, that those who are on the fence, as we would call it, they just don't know which way to turn, and it may be, this be their last opportunity, we pray, Father, that they will turn their eyes towards heaven. Grant it, Lord.

<sup>3</sup> We would not forget those that are convalescence, that's in the hospitals and in the—the homes, and that's sick and cannot attend the service, though they would love to so much. We'd ask that the Angels of God would draw near their bedside tonight. And maybe 'cause that we have assembled together and prayed, that You will let healing power come to them, that they can come tomorrow night to the service and continue on. Grant it, Lord.

There be some here who are sick and afflicted, may this be the night of their deliverance. Bless us together as we wait farther on Thee, for we ask it in Jesus' Name and for His sake. Amen. (May be seated.)

<sup>5</sup> So good to be back in the house of the Lord tonight. I, just walking in the door out there, and I met a—a fellow. I reached up like this and got a hold of his hand, it was Brother John Sharritt's boy. I don't know how that boy ever grewed that much. I asked him, was David as big as he was. And, well, it just seems like a year ago, I was here. And I think it's been about three years. But he was just a little boy running around in a little pair of overalls. And here he is tonight, a strong, tall (Well, I don't think he's listening.), I'll say, handsome young man. But he certainly has grewed up. And that's the way everything goes. We're just growing away from ourselves.

<sup>6</sup> And I was out today to Camelback Mountain, where thirty-three years ago I rode through a wilderness out there on the back of a horse, chased burros behind South Mountain here. I don't think there's any left in Arizona no more; it's all cut up in roads and

highways. Well, there's one thing, "Here we have no continuing city; but we're seeking one to come, whose Builder and Maker is God." I know that people coming in, and you have to go out and spread out. But I just hated to see the old cactus beds leave, and turned into housing projects. And—and just look like . . . I hate to see that. I hoped I wouldn't stay long enough to see it. It's . . . I—I like the original somehow. Oh, you got beautiful homes; that's true. But that's—that's perverted; that's what man has done. My thought of beauty isn't what man has made, but my thought of beauty is the way God makes it. Just to look, that's the way I like it.

<sup>7</sup> But our nation is going, or our people are going, and everything here is going. I've stood on where the great Pharaohs once stood and the great powers that ruled the world, and you'd have to dig twenty feet under the earth to find the ruins of their kingdoms. And in where the Caesars in Rome, walk down the street and they'd say, "Twenty feet below here was where So-and-so, the great emperor . . ." Oh, my. There . . . because we have no continuing city.

So our hopes is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' Blood, with righteousness;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He's then all my hope and stay.  
 On Christ the solid Rock I stand;  
 All other grounds are sinking sand.

(That's what we look forward to.)

<sup>8</sup> And now, tonight we see the people are standing around the sides. And I understand that tomorrow night they're to be down at the auditorium, or what, Madison Square Garden. Say, I hope they haven't brought that out west now.

Everything's going west. I heard sometime ago, a little poem, said,

They turned the grazing lands . . .  
 When the easterners come west,  
 They turned all the grazing lands out here into a  
 golf course.  
 And they took the old corral and made a swimming  
 pool;  
 Put the coyote in the New York Zoo.

And said,

There's only one thing left,

That was a rope to hang themself with,  
On a cottonwood tree.

So I guess that's about the way it goes. That's right. That's . . .

<sup>10</sup> Did you ever notice civilization moves from east to west? And where civilization goes, it pollutes its way as it goes. That's exactly the truth. You think I'm a pessimist right tonight, don't you? But that . . . I want to preach on, one of the nights while I'm here, the Lord willing, on when the east and the west meets. And that's what they've done. We . . . The oldest civilization is China. And if we go straight west, we go right into China again. There's nothing but the ocean between us. And the east and west moves together.

And remember, the Bible says, the prophet said that there would be a day come that it would not be neither day nor night, kind of a dismal day; but in the evening it shall be Light in the evening time.

<sup>12</sup> Now, civilization has traveled from east to west. And as the sun geographically rises, it rises in the east and travels westward, and goes down in the west.

Therefore, let's look what the S-o-n did when It brought Gospel Light. At the beginning on the eastern people, there was a Pentecost, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, signs, wonders, miracles, great things taking place.

Now, we've had a day that hasn't been neither day nor night; it's dismal. We've had enough to—to join church, put our name on the book, "But in the evening time it shall be Light." The same sun that rai—rai—rises in the east, sets in the west. And now, that great Holy Spirit down through the years has shone enough Light through the midst of church-anity and denominations, and so forth, for a people to be saved all down through the age.

But it's come the evening Lights now. And now the same Holy Spirit, with the same manifestation, doing the same things, working just as It did, is shining on the western people, taking from the Gentiles a people for His Name's sake.

<sup>16</sup> And now the east and the west has come together, and civilization has clashed together, and it's brought in one of the most ridiculous, uncivilized condition that the world has ever seen or dreamed of. We'll get on it one night; that's what—wasn't what I was going to speak on tonight. But it certainly is a time, that we're at the end time. That's what I am trying to do to warn the people, constantly, that we are at the end time.

What can we do? There's not hopes in anything no more, only in Christ. Just remember that. Christ is the only Stay we have.

<sup>18</sup> We can't look at democracy. Now, it was right; but it's run; it's lived its life. Kings lived their life, and kingdoms, and dictators and all have lived their day. Democracy was the best thing they had. But it's so polluted through politics; it's rotten to the core, no hopes on it at all. You're just like trying to build on a charred city that's burnt to smolders. You can't build it. It's ruined and gone. And it has to be that way. It must come that way. The Bible says it'll be that way.

Satan is the ruler of every nation. Every kingdom belongs to Satan, and he rules them according to his own way of ruling. But did not he offer them to the Son of God one day? "These are mine, I do with them whatever I want to, all the kingdoms of the world." That's the reason they fight, and kill, and murder.

But Jesus said, "Get thee behind Me, Satan."

For He knew that He would fall heir to them. "And rejoice, all ye heavens and ye holy prophets, for the kingdom of this world has become the Kingdom of our Lord, and He shall rule it and reign a thousand years." Then there'll be no more war. Oh, for that great day to come.

<sup>22</sup> Oh, let me persuade you, in Christ's Name. You precious people here, put all your hopes on Him, for He's the only foundation. For there's coming a shaking. Democracy's shook to pieces. Kingdoms is shook to pieces. Nations is shook to pieces. We're at the end of all things. "But we receive a Kingdom that cannot be moved; steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the mercies of God." Oh, I love that. I'm so glad tonight to be a Christian. I—I—I don't know what I would do if I wasn't a Christian. I'd probably be a suicide case if I wasn't a Christian. For knowing and seeing these things, and—and then with the gift that the Lord has given me to foresee and understand what He will let me do, just let me see it. . . I know it's just across the horizon yonder. See? See it coming as close as it is, then it makes me scream with all that's in me. Oh, flee the wrath that is to come.

<sup>23</sup> God, be merciful. Heavenly Father, O God, I pray. Somehow help us, Lord. Give us a understanding of this great something that's slipping up like a serpent, charming, as it was, the bird that's has once been free, setting in the tree, but now the serpent has caught its eye. And it's weaving, giving a way, soon it'll be into his mouth and his poison fangs. God, be merciful. May everyone here tonight, that's not perfectly anchored away in Christ Jesus the Son of God,

may they come tonight and be borned anew of the Spirit, Lord, and that their hopes might be on His coming, "All those that love His coming." Grant it, Lord. In Jesus' Name we pray. Amen.

<sup>24</sup> I want to take my subject tonight, the Lord willing, from the Book of I Peter. And if you wish to read with me, the I Peter the 5th chapter, and let's begin about the 5th verse: I Peter 5, beginning with 5.

*Likewise, you younger, submit yourselves to the elders. Yea, all of You be subject one to another, that—and be clothed with humility: for God resists the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.*

*Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due season:*

*Casting all your cares upon him; for he careth for you.*

What a beautiful Scripture reading. Now, I'd like to take this for a subject: "He Careth For You."

<sup>26</sup> And it is also written in the 14th chapter of St. John:

*Let not your hearts be troubled: if you believed in God, believe also in me.*

*For in my Father's house are many mansions: if it wasn't so, I would've told you. I will go and prepare a place for you.*

*And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will return again, to receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.*

<sup>27</sup> Another statement of the Scripture is that He would pray the Father, and He would give us another Comforter. And that Comforter would be the Holy Spirit, who the world could not receive, but It would be a Comforter to the believer. "And when He comes, He will testify of Me, and bring things to your remembrance, that I have taught unto you, and will show you things to come." The blessed Holy Spirit . . .

<sup>28</sup> And in the days of Paul when he said, "If we—one unlearned come among you, and you all speak with tongues, and there be no interpreter, then the unbeliever will say you're mad. But if there be one prophesy and reveal the secret of the heart," said, "then they'll fall down and say truly God is with you." And here we are in this day, with that same Comforter manifesting Himself in the same way that He did then. What a consolation with a promise . . .

Now, everyone doesn't have this wonderful Comforter. They—they don't. . . They don't have It. They refuse It; they reject It because they just don't believe in It.

31 There's only one way that you'll ever be able to receive this wonderful Comforter is when you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, confess your sins, repent, have Christian baptism administered to you, and a promise that God will fill you with the Holy Spirit. That's His promise. He cannot go back on That. It's His promise. I've always said, if a person was thoroughly taught, and was repented, and from their heart had believed on God with all that was within them, and when they are baptized, immediately the Holy Spirit will come upon them, because He promised to do so. He promised it. "You shall receive the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you."

32 Now, people today, the reason that they don't receive that, is because it interferes with their spiritual life that they desire to live. The Bible said that the world, man, loved darkness more than Light, because their deeds are evil. And a person who loves to walk in darkness and do evil things, is—loves evil works, cannot love the Holy Spirit. Because the Bible said, "If you love the world, or the things of the world, the love of God is not even in you."

33 Now, you might've heard these Scriptures before, but let's take heed to Them. Are They true? They are more true than you're setting in this church tonight. They're more truer than this is the state of Arizona. They're more truer than you are a live human being. They're God's eternal Words, and His promises. And all heavens and earth will pass away, but them Words shall never pass away. They have meaning, the—meaning sublime. But they'll never mean nothing to you until God reveals Them to you. How beautiful it is to know that He cares for us.

34 So if man . . . He was made to want to be comforted. So then if he doesn't accept God's way, then he'll take a way for himself. And he'll try to substitute something to take the place of that Holy Spirit. Oh, I want you to listen to it. A man or a woman that will not accept the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, will try to comfort themselves with some violent substitute that Satan will present to them. Satan's just got plenty of substitutes. But why do we have to have a substitute, when the Pentecostal skies are full of real? Why would I eat from a garbage can when a clean table's setting full of choicey food? There would be something mentally wrong with me if I did that. Now, what a pity it is to see that man will try to substitute something to take that place. Sometimes he'll try to ease his conscience by going out . . .

35 Like mother sometime will try to teach their young girls to be popular, to make . . . They . . . Their whole ambition is to make that young girl a—a ballet dancer or something. And you know that



you're giving her strychnine; you're giving her arsenic that'll nothing but break her heart and send her to a devil's grave, or a devil's hell and a sinner's grave, for there's nothing good can come out of it. But you try to think, "If my daughter could be such-and-such. . . ." And you'll send them over to the—even to as much as to our YWCAs, where they practice rock-and-roll. And the old people will get out for a barn dance, or some kind of a hoedown.

<sup>36</sup> When they get around about thirty years old, they get the blues. They think that, "Then because that I have gotten this old, I haven't sowed enough wild oats yet." And they—they try to sometimes cheat in their marriage vows, both men and women; they're both guilty. What's the matter? It's something that they are lacking.

Sometimes they'll take to drinking. And after they get older, why, they'll go down to the barroom, and they'll start to drinking. And when they drink, and try to drink it away. Just a few drinks, and—and then it brings some more drinks, and after while they end up an alcoholic.

<sup>38</sup> And sometimes to be popular, they'll watch television on the—and on the streets, and smoking, the lowest thing that women has done in the twentieth century, when women started smoking cigarettes. That's the greatest fifth columnist this nation ever had. It breaks morals; it—it—it sends these institutions out here full of insanity people; it sends the hospitals full of tubercular, cancer cases, and everything developing from it, and yet they do it to get comfort.

God gave us something to comfort us: the Holy Spirit, God's Comforter. These things are only substitute that'll finally lead to a place rioting, and cheating, and stealing, and doing things wrong.

<sup>40</sup> My little girl asked me the other night; she said. . . Or it was little Joseph, he said, "Daddy, is there such a thing as a witch?"

I said, "Oh, sure."

He said, "Does she have a long nose, and she rides on a broom at nighttime?"

I said, "No. She has a painted face and rides in a Cadillac to a—cocktail party." That's the new modern version of it.

And he said, "Is that a witch?" I don't know whether I should've told him that or not, because every time on the street he sees one, he says, "Daddy, there's a witch, isn't it?" Well, I suppose that. . .

<sup>44</sup> You know, they used to have old Charlie BarleyCorn. Some of you older people remember him, with the hat pulled down over his

ears. And even a crow would be scared of him: Charlie BarleyCorn. Oh, he's changed since prohibition went out. But now he's in a little bumper, setting in every icebox, and he's the most popular fellow in the city. But he's still the same damnable thing that sends men's soul to hell, and young people to the insane institution; and has got an age up here of rock-and-roll idiots and beatniks, and juvenile delinquency, till it's become insanity. Even till our schools can't touch them; we lost twenty thousand teachers last year.

Why? They're searching for something. They're looking for it, and the church has failed to give it to them. The reason they do that, because they were made that way to search.

<sup>46</sup> Finally, what does it end up in? Murder and suicide. Man who thinks that he's doing something when he gets a date with his neighbor's wife, or would break up some home or some woman. You think you're getting by with something, but finally you'll end up with a pistol to the side of your head, and blow your brains out, or jump from some scaffold somewhere, or kill yourself, take poison, dope, or something, and go into a miserable condition, and die and go to a devil's hell, because you've rejected the—the real cure.

We got a cure. Calvary's that cure. Christ is the Cure. And He is the only cure, the only foundation, the only way. There's things that you can get from Christ that you can't get from nowhere else. Christ is the way; not a way, it's the way. The church is fine; we love them; but the church is not the way. Jesus is the Way. Can't cast your cares upon the church, the church has no salvation. It can only point you to Jesus, Who is the only Salvation. He is the Way, the Truth, the Life. The only way to the Father is through Jesus. The only Comforter, the only One Who can—knows how to care for us, for we can't even care for one another.

<sup>48</sup> I read in the Scripture some time ago, where It said, "Not discerning the Lord's Body." And I thought, "What a statement," found in I Corinthians 11.

*. . . not discerning the Lord's body.*

*And for this cause many are sick and weakly among you . . .*

The Lord's Body is the Church. And we do not have spiritual discernment enough to care for one another. How can we care then if we can't care for each other? How can we care for the lost and the dying? What hospital can we take them to? "Cast our cares upon Him, for He careth for you."

Man takes this short routes, and what makes them do that is because God, when He made man, He didn't make man to do that.



He made man to be happy, to have satisfaction, to be comforted. Man. . . God doesn't want His children to be uncomfortable. You would not. . .

<sup>51</sup> Why, you mothers would get up in the middle of the night, if you were ever so sick; if junior had the cover kicked off of him, and you know that the little fellow might take a cold, you'd struggle some way to get to the bedside to make him comfortable. If one of your loved ones was laying sick with a fever, and you could stay there with a rag and bathe their face in cool water to make them comfortable, you would do it, one of your children. You would set there, though you were sick and you needed to be in bed yourself, you'd still set there; because your children mean something to you. They're a part of you; they're your life.

<sup>52</sup> And the Church is the Life of God on earth, and He wants to comfort His Church.

And how it would be, if you knowed that wiping the fevered brow of your child would comfort it, and it would refuse, and spit in your face, and reach and get a bottle of whiskey or something to take instead—instead of the touch of the mother's hand or something.

That's what we do when we turn to other remedies. There's many remedies, but one Cure. Christ is the Cure, and the only Cure in this. He cares for us. He loves us, and He wants us to come to Him. God made us that way, that holy thing in us that wants to be comforted.

<sup>55</sup> God gave man a wife to comfort him, to touch him. And any man knows, that's got a good wife, there's something about a good wife that can. . . A man be upset in his business or—or his walks of life, and can come home; no matter, there's no one, no doctor. . .

It is that way with me. When I come from overseas or somewhere, and I'm so nervous and upset, and loss of sleep. And—and hear the cry, and seeing the little hungry children on the street, and, oh, crying and going on, it just kills me. Then when I come home, if wife will set down on the arm of the chair, put her arm around me, and say, "Oh, Bill, I—I understand it, you know."

And just a few little pats from the wife mean so much: same thing, a husband to a wife. That's the way God want it to be. And when we substitute something for that, and you'll get some other woman to try to take that place, or some other man, you see what you do.

<sup>58</sup> Now, why, He give us friends. He loves. . . We—we should be friends. We should be brothers. And how that it's good to go to a

good friend in time of trouble and say, "Oh, friend of mine, certain-certain thing has happened." And a good, trusted friend to set down and talk with you, that's wonderful. That's of God. Just like your wife is of God, your husband, when you're true.

But it's got so in even man to show his fallen nature, he degrades that that God give him. First thing, he took the bottle, or the world to give him comfort in the stead of the Holy Spirit. God give him a wife to be his life's companion, and he's not satisfied with one, he has to get another and another; vice versa, the woman to the man; young people, and so forth.

<sup>60</sup> And even all those comforters that the Lord has given us, when it comes down to the end of the journey, and we are pressing a pillow against our fevered brow and dying, our wife can only stand, and the tears run down her face, with her eyes up towards God. Our friend can pat us on the shoulder and shake our hands, and stand, wringing his hands, because he can go no farther. But then when the Comforter, as David said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I'll fear no evil. Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me, even in the valley of the shadows of death."

<sup>61</sup> Why is it man thirsts and hungered? Because when he was made, he was made and created with a little place in him that God dwelt to comfort him. And when he shook himself away from God by sin, then that place is vacant. And that's why he's hungering for it, reaching for it.

And the trouble today, with us Christians, I'm afraid we're not doing all we can do to show our fallen brother that that's what's the matter with him. That's what's the matter with juvenile delinquency, is because there's been a delinquency in the church and a delinquency in the home, that's made the juvenile a delinquency.

That's the reason that the beatniks and so forth are on the streets a-jumping up and down, and is growing all these things, is because they're trying to find something to satisfy.

<sup>64</sup> Let me say this tonight in the Name of the Lord Jesus: There's nothing will satisfy like the coming of the power of the Holy Ghost, that'll change your life and your attitudes, and give you comfort and Eternal Life.

There is a Fountain filled with Blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 When sinners plunge beneath the flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stain.

A wife might comfort and pat. A friend might set down and give good advice. But there's only one thing that can take away sin, that's the Blood of the Lord Jesus.

What can take away my sin?

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus;

What can make me whole again?

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

As the writer said:

Oh, precious is that flow

That makes me white as snow;

No other fount I know,

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

<sup>66</sup> That's it. That cleanses, and purifies, and brings in a fellowship, "A little while and the world will see Me no more. Yet ye shall see Me, for I (a personal pronoun) will be with you, even in you, to the end of the world. And when He the Holy Spirit has come, He will come—be the Comforter the Father will send in My Name. He'll show you things to come and bring things to your remembrance." When? As we set together in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit coming through the Word, coming down, comforting, giving consolation.

<sup>67</sup> The coming of destruction of the world, all the things that has been are now vanishing. All hopes is gone, and the world has nowhere to stand. They're drinking, gambling, marrying, given in marriage, because they have rejected the true Foundation of comfort, the Holy Spirit.

But we who believe in Him, are looking for a Kingdom to come (Blessed be the Name of the Lord.), where there'll be no more sorrow, or crying, or heartaches; but peace, and joy, and love, and immortality shall take its place someday.

<sup>69</sup> Cast your cares. If you have cares, cast them on Him, for He careth for you. The other leads to eternal death. This leads to Eternal Life. And a man's made so he could want that Comforter. He's wanting a comforter, because he was made that way. That's the way God put him up together, built the rooms in him; his soul, his conscience, his sights, his senses, everything was put together. And in this little room of something to make him happy, to give him consolation, to take weary and nervousness from him, God set there with the Holy Spirit. Oh, what a picture, what a truth.

<sup>70</sup> Now, my poor dejected friend, if you are here and don't know that, I'm a witness that that's the truth. I'm a nervous, upset person, Irish, on both sides, and—and they're nervous and drunks. And my mother's a half Indian, which would, actually, by birth, make me a renegade. That's right. Oh, I'd be a terrible person, a half-breed almost. But what happened? I found something that took that little room in me, and give peace that passes understanding, and I come from death unto Life, from darkness unto Light. Oh, I could never deny that. That's my Life. He's All.

<sup>71</sup> Standing yonder in the hospital, when I come the closest of my thirty-three years of ministry, come the closest of ever giving to Satan. When my little girl, Sharon Rose, was dying in the hospital, I stood there, and the doctor didn't even know I was in the room.

He wouldn't let me go in, because she had meningitis. He said, "Billy, you'll give it to Billy Junior. Don't go in there."

And I said, "Doc."

And he set me down. He told the nurse, said, "Go, get some medicine and give him."

She come out with a little glass about that high and said, "Take this, Brother Branham."

And I said, "Just set it down." And I watched her till she got out of the room. And down through the hall I went, and down into the basement.

<sup>76</sup> And there laid my baby, laying there with flies in its eyes. A little mosquito bar of a thing over the top of its face, it'd kicked it off. And I looked over to the little fellow's mother laying in the morgue. Her little brother, Billy, in a hospital, seriously sick. My father had just died on my arms a few weeks before there. And my brother killed instantly. . . . And there it was, and me nothing but a boy preacher. And I looked over at her, and I looked. I said, "Oh, Sharon, honey, this is daddy, do you know me?" And I know she knowed me. She was trying to, look like, wave good-bye to me. And her little eyes was crossing. She was suffering so hard, I could see those little blue eyes crossing.

And then I looked at her. And I fell on my knees, and I said, "God, her mama lays yonder in the—the morgue; we're to bury her in the morning. Don't take my baby, Lord. Let me raise her. She's so sweet. And don't take her, Lord." Just then, looked like a black sheet come, unfolding, just shut off the vision from her. "You take her, anyhow." I raised up.

78 And then Satan come to my side, and he said, "And then you'd serve Him? Here you are, nothing but a boy. And you mean . . . What have you done? Stood on the street corner everywhere you could, and fasted till you was so weak you couldn't climb a telephone pole to do your work. And what have you done but preached and cried and prayed? And one word from Him would change the whole picture, but would He do it? No, He won't do it. He'll let her die. And then you'll turn around and serve Him? I come almost, in that hour . . .

79 When my legs wouldn't hold me up no longer, I leaned on the bed. I said, "Sharry, you know daddy." And she'd . . . Hear her wheezing like, and she'd look. I—I know she was dying.

I thought, "Just one word. He wouldn't have to even speak; He'd just look; His own mind would just change the picture, and the meningitis would leave her and she'd be well. Just one word, but yet He won't do it."

Satan said, "Then you'll continue on to serve Him?"

And I thought, "Where would I go? What could I do? Who could I go to? Where's my hope? Something happened to me," I said, "a few years ago down here, and I know that I love Him."

82 I walked over to the bed, put my hands on her little head, I said, "Darling, God gave you, and God's taking you away; blessed be the Name of the Lord. Though You slay me, yet I'll trust You." Yes, sir. I said, "I'll take you, darling, and lay you on your mother's arm yonder in the—in the undertaker's morgue in about a hour from now. But yet if He kills me, there's nothing I can go to. He's the only Hope that I've ever found. He's the only Foundation. He's the only Comfort that I ever had. And where could I go now for comfort, if it wasn't to Him?"

When I said that, the Angels come and packed her away. And I just almost collapsed, but something happened. He was my Comforter. He came to me. He cared for me.

85 I went up to the grave, day after day, to meet the obligation of going there each day to mourn awhile and pray. The state senator was a member of my church, the Baptist church. And so then I—I was going up the road, and Mr. Isler, he said—come up and he seen me; he stopped; he run over and put his arms around me. I had boots on, it was right after the '37 flood. And I was walking up the road, my hands behind me. And Mr. Isler stopped, and he run over to me; he said, "Billy, I want to ask you something, son." He's an old man; he's still living, way in his late years now.

And I said, "What is it, Mr. Isler?"

He said, "I've heard you preach. I've heard you talk, and how you exalted Christ and said all these things about Him. And there He let your daddy die right on your arm with an overdose of medicine that killed him."

A doctor killed him. Not knowing what he was doing, give him a half grain of strychnine, and it killed him. And I. . . And he died right on my arms, looking me in the face.

<sup>88</sup> Two or three days after that, I watched a dear Christian, my sister-in-law, my brother's wife, die, and seen her raise up and look at the robin setting in the tree, and sing, "There's a land beyond the river."

There my wife died, me holding her hand, saying, "Bill, you've talked about it; you've preached about it; but you don't know how glorious it is to move from this life to another." All these things there that I'd seen Him do. . .

And, oh, he said, "Now, He's took everything that you've got, what does He mean to you now?"

I said, "Thou the stream of all my comfort, more than life to me; whom have I on earth beside Thee, or whom in Heaven but Thee?" Oh.

He said, "Does it mean that to you?"

And I said, "It means that to me."

<sup>92</sup> I went on up on the hillside there where she was buried. And I set there a little while, and seemed like an old dove come out, would sing, or coo, late of the evening while I set there and thought of her, and the baby laying down there on her arm. And seemed like the breeze, blowing through the pine trees, would sing.

There is a Land beyond the river,  
That they call the sweet forever,  
And we only reach that shore by faith decree;  
One by one we gain the portal,  
There to dwell with the immortal,  
Someday they'll ring those golden bells for you and me.

<sup>93</sup> Last things I told my wife when she died and I kissed her good-bye. . . She said, "Don't live single, Billy. Get some good woman that's filled with the Spirit of God to raise my children." She didn't know the baby was going to die the next day. And she said, "I'll meet you in that morning." She said. . .



I said, "Stand over there at the east side of the gate. And when you see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and those children of the Kingdom coming in, just start screaming, 'Bill! Bill!' as loud as you can. I'll get the children together and meet you there." That was my last date with her. And by the help of God, I'll still cast all my cares on Him with the comfort of the Holy Spirit, that someday I'll make that date real, when I meet her there.

By the grace of God, I'll stay on the battlefield and preach till all my life is wasted away for the Kingdom of God.

<sup>96</sup> Oh, cast your cares on Him; He careth for you. Now, He cares for you, now we know. Let's ask a few minutes if He cares for us. All right.

He cared for the leper when He was here on earth. There set the leper. Did you ever see a leper? Oh, I've seen many of them, hugged them in my arms, them white with leprosy. Looks like a seed wart turned inside out.

Setting where nobody would touch him, down in the slime and dirt and filth of the street, about as low as he could be, where everybody was afraid to get around him. He was a . . . He was a outcast. He was cast away from the society of the city, from the society of the church, from the society of—of everything there was in the city. No one wanted nothing to do with him. If they done anything, they'd pitch him a piece of bread and let him get it out of the dirt. They wouldn't get near him.

But Jesus cared for Him. He walked right down with him and set down. I can just see Him lay His hands upon him and said, "I will, be thou clean." Oh, He cared for him. When nothing else could care, He cared.

When nothing else will care for you, He still cares.

<sup>102</sup> There was an old blind beggar, with his sleeves all torn, whiskers all over his face, and not nothing to eat, sit by a gate side one day, begging. And the Son of God, on His way to Calvary, to be crucified with the sins of the world on Him; but one screamed, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

Would a man of that caliber, would a man, would a President, would the mayor, the governor of state, one on the police force, stop for such a thing as that? Seldom you'll find it.

But Jesus cared. He cast his cares on Him, and He cared. He said, "What would you that I would do for you?"

Said, "Lord, that I might receive my sight."

He said, “Thy faith has saved thee.” He cared for him.

<sup>105</sup> There was an immoral woman one time, like an alcoholic or a prostitute, so immoral till the women of the city wouldn’t touch her. She was an outcast. She come out to get her water; she had to wait till noontime. She couldn’t come with decent women. Nobody’d have anything to do with the woman. She’d been married, and had a bunch of husbands, and living common-law then. Nobody cared for her. They were too stiff and starchy. Nobody cared.

But He cared for her so much that He told her the secrets of her heart, and forgive every sin, and put Something in her, that she run into the city, saying, “Come, see a Man that’s told me the things that I’ve done.”

See, that’s what makes Him great to me. He isn’t a stuffed shirt. He was God’s grace to the people. He was God’s love expressed in human flesh. No matter how little or insignificant, He cared; immoral, drunks, alcoholics, whatever it was.

<sup>108</sup> I think of little Rosella Griffith in Chicago (her book’s coming out now), that came into the meeting so vile till the—the great Alcoholics Anonymous had turned her down. And about six or eight famous hospitals of Chicago had wrote her name off the book, “never to come” there. Even till she was so low, until the only thing she had left was a coat that her mother give her; she cut it on the inside to put her bottles down into there, such an alcoholic, that she might not freeze to death, laying in the gutters at nighttime. A young woman, smart, educated, miserable hag setting in the balcony, up yonder in Indiana where we was having a meeting, no one seemed to care. If they knowed who it was, they moved back from her.

<sup>109</sup> But Jesus cares. He moved me around, and said, “The woman sitting yonder, her name is Rosella Griffith. She’s an alcoholic. She’s been give up by the ‘s-Anonymous, and they can’t do nothing for her. And so all hopes is gone. But she has believed on Him: “THUS SAITH THE LORD. From this hour on, no more alcohol.” And now she’s a sweet, loving Christian; from place to place, and from dive to dive, from jail to jails, preaching the Gospel to save alcoholics.

Jesus cares, so just cast your cares upon Him. In your sorrow, He cares. When you lose your loved ones, He cares; He cares for the dead, those who have died in Christ.

<sup>111</sup> One day, He was so weary in His way, He could hardly go, But there come a—a band from the city, a funeral procession, and a little mother frantically throwing her hands in the air, and wringing them. “O Jehovah, why did You take him? He’s my only son.”

He was tired and weary, but He cared for that poor, little, heartbroken woman. Walked over to the—the carriers that—that carried the—the casket, and touched it, and said, “Son, rise.” Why? He cared.

He understands. Now, we know, by His life, that He cares.

<sup>113</sup> Now, the question is for us tonight, do you care? He cares. But now do you care? If you do not care, then He can't help you. But if you care enough, or care enough about yourself . . . I've heard people make this insane remark, “I don't care what becomes of me.” Oh, my. I sure care what becomes of me. Sure, I do. I care. And I believe any person in their right mind cares. I want to know what's going to happen to me. And if I know He loved me, there no one else could love like that. He cares for you. He cares for you. No matter how little you are, how insignificant you are, how poor, how indifferent, how many times you've tried and failed, He still cares. His love still knocks at your heart's door. But are we ungrateful for that? In a day here where . . .

<sup>114</sup> I've just told you. I hope it didn't go over your head. I hope it just didn't pass through lightly, but you remember these words, that everything's at the end. Civilization's at the end. Democracy's at the end. Everything. . . This nation is honeycombed, just any time to blow to pieces. Oh. Other nations, the world's at the end. For every mortal thing must die, that immortality can take its place. We've got to come to this place. We're here. We're at the end. And there's no other foundation; there's nothing else that you can. . . And nothing else can care now but Jesus, and He does care.

Don't you care enough to submit your life to Him, to love Him, to go to the streets, to go to your boss, to your neighbor, to everywhere with a sweet, gentle spirit. . . Separate yourselves from the things of the world and live such a peaceable, sweet life, that others will see Jesus in you. Don't you feel that you owe that to Him? Let's not be ungrateful.

<sup>116</sup> You people here. . . Last evening when I went out, a little woman was standing at the door; I hope she's here tonight. When I went through, she was standing there with a little baby. It got to crying. She wasn't a Christian. But she didn't want the message to be interfered, so she took her baby and slipped out with it. When I went out the door, she said, “Oh, how I would've loved to have heard the end of that message.” And I. . .

Something just said to me, “This is provi—not providential. This is of God.”

I said, "Lady, are you a Christian?"

She said, "No, sir. I hope to be sometime." Lovely looking little mother, with a little baby in her arm. . .

I said, "He's here. Don't put it off too long." And there we bowed our heads together there, and prayed. And I asked God to take her soul.

And at the end, when I got through praying, she said, "Amen." And she begin to wipe the tears from her eyes.

Why? She showed. When she wanted the message though, if she didn't get it, maybe she had somebody here to get it. She wanted somebody else to get it. And what did it do? God cared. So He had her standing right there, just exactly the place to receive it, That's it. He cares. He knows how to work things just right. Are we grateful enough?

<sup>123</sup> Reminds me of a story of something happened in a city near by. Some years ago a mother had sent her girl away to college. Her name was Mary. And so the girl was a fine girl when she left home. She'd. . . Her mother had washed over a washboard, and so forth, to—to pay her way through college. And one day she went to visit home. And she'd got mixed-up out there with a mixed class of people. And she got in fellowship with an unbelieving girl that was very worldly and undodly.

And it's bad when you go to s—segregating with such as that. Separate yourselves from the things of the world. Come out. Don't be better, try to act like you're better; but don't mar your garments with the sin, "Don't be partakers of other man's sins." If you want to speak a word of encouragement to people, all right, but don't have to wallow with the pig. You stay away from it. That's right.

<sup>125</sup> And she'd got down into the gutter with this girl. And then when she come home, the train stopped in front. And the girl, setting at the window, looked out. And there was an old woman out there, that was all scarred all over her face, and her neck drawed way in, her little hands bony like that, looking with all that was in her heart, watching for someone to get off the train.

And this girl was with Mary; she said, "Mary, look at that old haggly-looking woman." Said, "Isn't she awful looking?" And that was Mary's mother.

And Mary, because of the feeling of her friend, she said, "Yes, she is, very."

And when they got off of the train, Mary caught in that stage, her mother run up and said, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad to see you."

And Mary turned her back to her mother. And she said, "I don't know you," and started to walk away.

<sup>131</sup> And there happened to be a conductor standing there, and he jumped on this box, and he said, "Wait a minute." And he attracted the attention of all around. He said, "You child of misery, how could you turn your back on your own mother because of that little flip that's with you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Mary?"

Said, "I happen to know the case. Listen here, young woman," to the other girl that had made the remark about it. Said, "That's her mother. And Mary will never see the day that she was half as pretty as her mother. I knew her when she was young." And said, "She was happily married. And she had this little baby, Mary. And she was upstairs, and she had the windows open so that the—the breeze would. . . . And the little cradle up there." And said, "She went downstairs and was doing her washing, hanging them up in the backyard. And fire caught in the house. And before she knew it, the house was all aflame, the neighbors running. And when Mary's mother come around, said, she said, 'My baby! My baby, it's upstairs!' And the firemen said, 'The house is out of control. There's no way to get to it now.' But what did she do? She grabbed her little apron off of her, that was wet with wash water, and wrapped it around her face, and run through those blazes. And the policemen trying to stop her. She run up the stairs real quick. Why? Her loving baby was laying there. And she grabbed the baby, and she thought, 'The wet garment protected me. But now if I take the baby back through, it'll cut it to pieces, those flames.' So she wrapped the baby in her own wet garment, held it in her bosom, and run through the blazes. And they tore the meat from her face."

Said, "That's the reason she's ugly. She's ugly, that you might be pretty. And you mean you'd turn your back on your mother that made such a sacrifice?" In shame she bowed her head.

<sup>134</sup> I think that's the way we ought to be. This Gospel, this Comforter that we have, this Holy Spirit that the world calls fanaticism, that the people want to say they're holy-rollers, are you ashamed? Are you ashamed of the sacrifice that Jesus made yonder on the cross, that we might have this comfort? Would you swap It for the comfort of the world, a popularity of some neighbor? God forbid. May we cast our cares on Him, for He cares for us. May we love Him and cherish Him with all that's in us.

<sup>136</sup> And, oh, as the disciples returned back, rejoicing because they were counted worthy to bear the reproach of His Name, that's the

way I feel tonight. I don't care; you can say I'm out of my mind; you can call me holy-roller. And my Baptist church told me I'd lose my mind, or I would go be a holy-roller.

My father and mother turned me from their house with nothing but a paper sack under my arm, with some clothes under it; a little shirt and a change of underclothes, and a couple pair of socks was all I had. And my own people said, "You can't bring that stuff around here and remain our child." And I went to New Albany, not knowing where to go, with no place to lay my head.

But, brother. . . And the devil come to me in that hour in the dying of my child. Many times, that I've come, but I know where salvation lays. I couldn't deny it. Though it would kill me, I can't deny it. I've passed from death unto Life by the grace of God. My cares are all cast on Him, for He cares for me. And He cares for you.

<sup>139</sup> Let us bow our heads just a moment now. And I wonder, if you've never cast all your cares upon Him; you might cast some, but you're just a little afraid to cast them all, like the borderline believer, like in Hebrews 10. It said in Hebrews the 6th chapter, said:

*. . . seeing that we crucify to ourselves the Son of God afresh. . .*

*. . . and count the blood of the covenant, wherewith we were sanctified, an unholy thing, and . . . done despite to the works of grace?*

Hebrews 10, said:

*. . . if we sin wilfully after . . . we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins,*

*But a . . . fearful looking towards the judgment and the fiery indignation. . .*

*For we know it's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*

While there's mercy, mercy at the Fountain, room at the Fountain. . .

<sup>141</sup> That Scripture, while you're praying, I'd like to tell you. What does that Scripture refer to, "Once enlightened, never able to come to the full knowledge. . ."? Like the borderline believer, like in Genesis 14, or when the—when the. . . In Exodus, where the Israelites come up to the promised land, tasted the very grapes from the promised land; but come back with a cowardly, afraid, "We can't go over; the opposition is too great," borderline believers, people who will come to church and, oh, say it's wonderful, but never put their hand to



it, never willing to fall down at an altar, and say, “God, fill me with the Spirit, and let me become one of Your children.” Borderline, we don’t want that.

<sup>142</sup> Let’s be a real Christian. Let this church be on fire, prayer meetings going all the time, meetings through the city, everywhere; workers, not have to be told, but willingly working all the time for the Kingdom of God. Let other churches that’s represented here, may the members thereof return to their church, with that experience. Cast our cares on Him, for He careth for you. He’s the Comforter.

If there’s such a person tonight, honestly confessing before God that you do not have that peace, that you could cast every care upon Him, but you want it; you’ve tried it, you’ve stumbled at it, but you’ve never come to a place where really you could just completely surrender yourself to Him, and you’d like to do it, would you say, “Remember me in prayer, Brother Branham, as I raise my hands”? Would you raise your hands now, just say, “Remember me, Brother Branham, in prayer.” God bless you, lady. God bless you, sister. Bless you, and you, and you over here. Yes. And back there in the back, God bless you. He sees your hands go up. The Lord bless you, lady. God bless you right here in front, sister. And God bless you back there, my brother. He careth for you. We used to sing a little song:

He careth for you,  
He careth for you;  
Through sunshine or shadow,  
He careth for you.

<sup>144</sup> You remember, Arizona, my first trip here, and you sang “good- bye” to me with that song, a little Spanish choir out here from Brother Garcia’s church; when we’d gather together in yonder in California, when I walked down the line, crying, and waving at each other. Many are papas and mamas, and many of them has passed on over the veil yonder tonight. But He still careth for you. He’ll care on. When there’s nothing else can care, He will care. You love Him now, and you want to . . . You want Him to care for you, and you want to care for Him. Raise your hand, say, “Remember me in prayer, Brother Branham, I have a need tonight that I’m not able to lay on the altar. Unless . . .”

<sup>145</sup> And just walk away, cast it upon the Lord, and say, “Lord, I’ve—I’m a smoker.” God bless you, brother. “I’m a drinker. I’m—I’m a liar. I just can’t quit joking, telling dirty jokes. I just can’t quit from taking a drink, a sociable drink, I get with a crowd. I—I want—I want to get away from all of that. I—I—I’m a person that’s always looking

at evil things, the streets are full of—of unclean women and men. And—and it—it—I—I want—I want to get away from that. Will You, O God, let me be able to cast all my cares tonight on You?”

Will you raise your hand, say, “Pray for me, Brother Branham. I here now surrender everything, and put it on the altar, and I’ll cast all my cares upon Him”? Would there be another before we pray?

<sup>147</sup> God bless this young fellow setting here with his hand up, the little fellow with the red sweater on. “A little child shall lead them.” Truly the Scriptures are right.

Would there be another anywhere would just raise your hand, and say, “Pray for me”? God bless you, the young Spanish boy setting here. Someone else? God bless you there, lady, I see your hand. There, sir, I see yours. And the young Spanish man back there. And this lady setting here. I see. God sees your hand; He knows your emotion. Bless you, sister. God bless you, brother. That’s good, Anyone else would say, “Remember me, Brother Branham”? God bless you back there, sonny boy. God bless you, sister. And you, the little girl setting here. Way back there, I see your hand, that big strong man with his hand up in the air. God bless you setting here, young fellow, just in the prime of life, setting here with his head bowed.

<sup>149</sup> Oh, what a moment, decisions are being made, “Can I cast all my cares upon Him?” It might seem strange. God bless this aged couple [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] “in here, I want to cast my cares upon Him.” Yes, just surrender everything. I . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] “Here is all my cares, upon You. I believe.” God bless you, the young lady back there, the Spanish girl. That young man, that young lady. Yes, God bless you. That’s good. Be another just before our prayer now? Remember, you’re making your . . .

Bless this little boy. Bless this young woman here. Oh. You in prayer, I just want to say something. One of the sweetest little looks . . . If there is a tomorrow, there sets a minister looking at me of about four years old.

<sup>151</sup> Now remember, the spirit of discernment, I haven’t been giving it here in the church just in the last night or two. I’m wanting to get something else first. There’s people setting here with testimonies in their hearts (I know it), healed years ago, and all these things. But I want to put first things first. Let’s get our souls so we can just trust God and lay everything on the altar, say, “Lord God, here I am.”

But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

[Brother Branham begins humming, "Just As I Am"—Ed.]

<sup>153</sup> I wonder now, being that many has raised up their hand. . . There's something about a church that's sweet. It's where the saints gather time after time to pray, where the ministry is preached across the platform. There's something lovely about a church. The world's so populated today, it's kind of hard to hold a campaign in a church, people stand cramped.

And my precious brother and sister, about twelve years ago I come to you as a young man starting the ministry. Many of you are still here. I see Mrs. Waldrop is here, where she was carried in there dead on a stretcher with cancer in the heart; that's been years ago. And the Holy Spirit brought her back to life again. Her doctors give their testimony and had the records of it. Others setting here that. . . It's proven, friends, that He loves you.

<sup>155</sup> Would you come up here tonight now? You that raised your hands, got something you want to cast on the Lord, your care, would you come here and just let me pray with you? Come, stand up. You that doesn't know Christ as your Saviour, or if you do know Him, and you've got some habits you can't get rid of it, or something, would you come here? Don't be ashamed now. You say, "I raised my hand, Brother Branham." Then surely you'd walk up here and say, "I publicly confess that I need Christ. I want to come here and stand."

He said, "If you're ashamed of Me before men, I'll be ashamed of you before My Father and the holy Angels. But if you'll confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father and the holy Angels."

<sup>157</sup> Would you walk and come right down the aisle now? Come right down here and stand.

A young woman's coming, perhaps either. . . I suppose Chinese woman, coming down now to make her public confession that she needs Christ. God bless you, sister. Right there, I'll be with you in a moment.

Would some more come right now while we're singing? God bless you, sir.

Softly and tenderly. . .

Now, if you want to cast your cares on Him, come, cast yourself on His altar here with. . .

Calling for you. . .

Just raise right up; come right down here. We want to stand here and pray with you, just lay hands on you.

See on the portal He's waiting and watching,

Watching for . . .

<sup>162</sup> What's He watching? Watching to see if you really meant that or not. Come on now, come on. Did you mean it?' Sure, you did.

Come home, come, come . . . (God bless you. God bless you, young man there.)

Ye who are weary, come home;

Earnestly, (God.) tenderly, Jesus . . .

Have you got a care tonight that you can't get rid of, you want to cast it on the Lord? Come on down.

Oh, sinner, come home!

Come home, come home,

Ye who are weary, come home;

[Brother Branham leaves the pulpit and prays with the people at the altar; another brother continues singing "Softly And Tenderly" and urging others to come—Ed.]

Though we have . . .

Won't you come on now, right around, kneel around for prayer. You that's not satisfied, just the place you're standing, won't you come? Come on.

. . . for you and for me.

Come home, (God bless you, young man. God bless you, brother.) . . . home,

Ye who are weary, come home;

[Brother Branham again leaves the pulpit and prays with the people at the altar, the brother continues singing "Softly And Tenderly" with the congregation, speaking to them—Ed.]

Come home . . .

<sup>167</sup> Is there any here that doesn't have the Holy Spirit, has never been filled with the Spirit of God, you're not sure of your standing? Raise your hand, say, "I haven't received the Holy Ghost, Brother Branham." Have you received the Holy Ghost since you have believed? If you haven't, raise your hands. Would you like to come and kneel right here now, and let us pray for you, receive the Holy Ghost? Come on now while we sing.

Come home, come home,

Ye who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!

Why should we tarry when Jesus . . .

Won't you come now right around now while Jesus is calling?  
Maybe it might be your last call. We don't know. It might not; but  
still it might be. Won't you come? Don't take a chance on it. If  
you're not sure, come now. Will you come?

. . .linger and heed not His mercy,

Mercy for you and for me?

Come home, (God bless you, brother, sister)

. . .home,

Ye who are weary . . .

[Brother Branham speaks to a brother, and leaves pulpit—Ed.]  
You'll have to take it . . . God bless you . . . ? . . .

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