

MOTHER'S DAY

1 . . . ? . . . Tabernacle . . . is my prayer . . . I am certainly happy this morning, to see the spiritual inclining of this Tabernacle, and how that . . . The sign out there, they're fixing now to build a new church. I think it's needed. And see the after . . . If the Lord Jesus tarries, after we are gone, they'll have . . . Our children will have to have a place to go to church. And we want to "earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints." Think that's a good thing.

2 And as I was just coming in a few moments ago, to add with many of the testimonies that's already been given concerning healings of the last few meetings at the Tabernacle here . . . They just constantly pile up of healings, great miraculous healings.

I'd left my wife out, just now, and children at the—the door; and there was a sister, sitting present now, just so thrilled till she was crying, of a great miracle had taken place on her little grandson, way down, I suppose, in Chattanooga. Mrs. Nash, here, your little grandson was afflicted with an affliction, and the last meeting here, the Lord Jesus, I think, called it out, and said, "THUS SAITH THE LORD, that, it's gone. And he's going to be well." And the little lad is perfectly normal and well, just as well as he can be. And it's—it's thrilling to hear those testimonies.

4 And then a young fellow, which is also present, asked prayer for Mrs. Stotts, that's just undergone an operation. And their interest . . . See, if nobody wants us to pray for them, why they're . . . It shows, as long as you're trying, people wanting you to pray for them, there's an interest. You see? Sometimes it gets so awful, till—not awful, but so many, that you just have to run out somewhere, and stick your head away, and hide for a little bit, to live. But I—I'm glad they do that. Don't never think that I don't like to see them, because if they . . . If there was no one wanted me to pray for them, where would my ministry be? See, see?

But sometimes when you say, "Brother Branham, I don't understand, when people calling like that and—and you'll slip out somewhere." I have to do that in order to live to pray for the people. You just don't . . . It isn't—it isn't just one place, here. It's all over the world. You see? And—and it's really rough. And I'm sure that you understand that.

Oh, it's so good to be a Christian! I just don't know what I would do if it wasn't for Christ, and so. . . And to have the association with Christians, that a per—a people of like precious Faith, who believe in God and are trusting Him, and believing that some glorious day we'll be over all this battle, and have the victory, and stand redeemed in His likeness on the other side.

7 And then I would like to make just a brief announcement, that in the coming of the Tabernacle, and so forth, I. . . We're making a renewment of our foundation, especially my part for the campaigns. All down along through the meetings, since I started in this, on the evangelistic side, many years ago, instead of forming a foundation to have another group of people, I just used the group that I was acquainted with; and from. . . And made a foundation that all of my meetings would be carried under the name of the Branham Tabernacle. And that would be used at the Union National Bank in New Albany, as where funds could be paid—paid through that, that it would not be taxable. If I didn't, all the money was taken up would be taxable to me if I didn't use the Branham Tabernacle as a foundation.

Many of you has heard me announce that, time after time. I have to do it, and to—in order to do that. And then—then we're setting up a new foundation now. And we'd like as many as knows that I. . . How many ever heard me announce that, that all remunerations, I work through the Branham Tabernacle? Just raise up your hands, all. . . Sure, all of you. It's all. . . ? . . .

9 And so when the service is over, if you will, I got a little statement there, so that you, if you'd sign it as you go out. . . Brother Roy Roberson will have it back there.

'Cause we're going to set up another foundation, same thing just—but another foundation, that all of our funds and things that's taken up in the meeting, keep from being taxed, will be—is placed, as usual, in the Union National Bank, to be operate through the Tabernacle, instead of having a—a found—another foundation. 'Cause this is already a foundation, in the name of the Branham Tabernacle. You see? And so there's a Branham here and a Branham there, and like this, and different foundations that don't go too good.

Brother Roberson will take care of that, you that will, as they go out. We'll appreciate it.

12 Now, this morning, before we enter into the service, I'd like to say, the Lord willing, that I'll try to be back again tonight. I hate to take both meetings from Brother Neville, but he's so generously

asked me to speak again tonight. And if the Lord willing, I want to speak tonight on an evangelistic subject of, titled this: "Who Is This?" See? "Who Is This?"

And so this morning, I want to . . . I was thinking of—of speaking this morning on a Mother's Day subject. And I know that this afternoon and the morning's all been filled with Mother Day programs. So I thought I would kind of combine something, because we want to pray for the sick immediately after this service is over.

14 And as usual, we believe that God is a Healer, and He heals the sick and the afflicted. And I know He does that. And it's beyond any—any doubts, that . . . 'Cause there's too many testimonies piled up, that we know that . . .

Yesterday I was looking in a sack that Brother Gene and Leo had just kept of testimonies that they picked up. And it was a great sackful of outstanding miraculous healings that the Lord has did for the people.

And I thought, if that would be so, what if we kept account of all that had taken place? I guess, in Puerto Rico and Jamaica, alone, would've run ten thousand, or better, outstanding testimonies of healings of the Lord, that He did.

17 Now, before we open the Book, let's speak to the Author. Lord, we are so grateful to You, that it's, when we bow our heads, we just stammer for words to say; for I do not believe that it lays in the human lips to express the feelings of the heart of a man or a woman, boy or girl, that's ever been in contact with Thee: to express our adorations of how we adore You and what You mean to us. It separated us from sin, and it separated us from the world. And it give us something that's eternal and blessed. And we could not find words sufficiently.

As it was once said by a noble man a few weeks ago, that he could speak fluently in about nine different languages, holding his position with the adviser to our lovely President Dwight Eisenhower . . . And although able to speak nine languages, fluently; he said, when he received the Holy Spirit, he tried every nine, and there was no words that he could find, nothing he could express, and so You gave him a new language to express and to thank You with. And we feel that way too, Lord, that when life is over, that maybe we'll talk altogether in a different language, so we can express what we think about You.

19 Now, we would ask, Lord, that You would bless this Tabernacle, its pastor, its trustees, its deacons, all of its associates,

the people who visit here, come in and out the doors. May it be found always as dedicated, a haven of rest, where the weary can come in of its doors and find rest and peace to their soul, and that the sick might come in the door, and go out well, because of the ever living Presence of the Almighty God Who dwells under its roof.

We would ask, Lord, that in this coming program of—that's being formed now, that You would meet with the board and meet with all. And if it so pleases You that there would be a continual commemoration of the prayer that was prayed in this old pond, and a weed patch, one day; that now it's become a lighthouse, a haven of rest for the weary, because of the answer of that prayer.

Now, forgive us of anything that we have did, or said, or thought, that was contrary to Your great will; and remember, Lord, it did not come from our hearts. We only might've expressed it in our action or in our lips. But quickly, Thou did hear us. When we seen we were wrong, we were willing to confess it. And we do not want to hold in our heart, iniquity, then we know that God will not answer our prayers; but constantly confessing our errors . . .

22 And we would ask, Lord, that You would bless this morning, all across the nation, as it's celebrating this memorial day of Mother's Day. But may this not just be a—a mother's day; may every day be so.

God, grant this morning, that mothers, women, who are wandered away from God, that they will come to theirselves this morning and will recognize that what the word mother means, "one who has begotten." May she realize that the offsprings from her union with her husband has been sacred little gems that God has placed under her care. Then God will hold her responsible for the rearing of those children. And as the Scripture says, that the good woman, and the mother what she is, that her children will call her blessed.

24 O Lord, when we see this day, when they get so far away from the Scriptures, and act as almost as beasts, we pray, God that You'll give us an old fashion revival that'll call them back to the place where they should be.

Lord, we would not, by no means, forget to thank You for real mothers, for we know that we have such living today: real, genuine mothers. God, bless them. They are great treasures to us, and we pray that You'll continue to be with them, Lord, and may they live happy and see the fruit of their womb serving God.

And we pray, God, that those who wear the white rose this morning, or the white flower, to say that their mother has passed beyond this scene of action today, may, Lord God, they rest in peace and their labors follow them. Grant it, Lord.

Now, take Thy Word, Lord, and speak to the people, and give them comfort, for that is why we have gathered here: to feel Your Presence, hear Your Word, and be blessed; and leave here to be better men and women, boys and girls, than we were when we entered. We ask this in the Name of Jesus, God's Son. Amen.

28 I love the reading of His blessed Word. So now we shall turn, this morning in the Book of First Corinthians, and read for a portion of the 15th chapter, beginning with the 1st verse.

Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also you have received, and wherein you stand;

By which also you are saved, if you keep in memory that I preached unto you, unless you have believed in vain.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures:

29 You might say, "Brother Branham, that's rather an unusual text for a Mother's Day message." Well, that's true. But you know, God's unusual, and He does things in a unusual way.

And I think, the thoughts, of mother. And I have one this morning, by the grace of God, still here on earth with us. And I'm grateful for mothers. But beings that we were to have also a healing service, and not knowing that I would be back again tonight, but I thought maybe that we could paint a different type of a picture.

31 Mother is so great. You know, the first one that receives you is—this life is your mother. No one can touch you, because you're conceived, and she bears you under her heart. And she is the first to know you, and the first to, in this life, to—to hold you. Then when you're born, she is the—one of the first hands that touch you and wipes back the tears out of your eye. She's the first one to pat you and to love you, and to coo over you, in this life, is your mother. Now, I think that there is not enough honor that we could give to a mother.

Mother is first with the child, and she's a great responsibility of what that child will be, will be based upon the way that mother

starts that child on the path that it must travel. Mother has the responsibility from God to place that child on the right road. And I think that's why mothers has a special little touch.

33 I know of a boy in this city. I think his mother's present now. He's almost my age. But I don't say this to hurt the mother, because that she has enough hurts, as all mothers. But the boy drinks, and he drinks heavy. And when he gets real drunk, he will come home, and jump in the bed with his mother, and put his arms around her. And he's got grandchildren. But there's something about just the pat of a mother that seems to take a—a different place than anything else can touch, that is, in this life, humanly speaking.

34 You know, a man like Moses, he . . . If I could credit anything to his character, it was because he had a God sent mother. You know it was she that had prayed, Jochebed, and had longed for this baby. And when he was born, she was the one who cooed him, and cuddled him, and built the ark, and placed him in the bulrushes, when her poor heart breaking. Her only little baby, and it was the—the most outstanding little chunk that was in all the world. And how a mother likes any baby, but to see this special little fellow . . .

And then, in her heart she knew that he was born for a purpose, and then to take him and place him into the very den of crocodiles out into the river . . . By faith she did that, knowing that God was able to take care of him. And to summarize the love of a mother, and the action of the character of her faith . . . For faith does not place itself upon the shifting sands of what it can see; faith rests solemnly upon the unmovable rock of God's eternal Word. "For by faith," says the Scripture, "she did this."

36 And faith can take its stand on the rock, that the waves are beating the foundations out, and look straight into the face of death, and know that it'll be just in a little bit, but faith can look across the sea to Him that said, "I am the Resurrection and Life," and fail to even hear the waves a dashing.

That's the kind of faith that Moses' mother had. She taught him, and she reared him in the palace of Pharaoh, teaching him that he was born for a purpose, that Jehovah had answered her prayer. And, she . . . He could not have had a better teacher. That's what help mold the character that Moses was.

38 I believe it was Abraham Lincoln who once made a statement like this . . .

Now, I'm neither Democrat or Republican; I just . . . I'm a Christian. For I think one side could not say anything against the

other side; it's all corruption. But Abraham Lincoln, to my thoughts, was one of the—and was one of the greatest Presidents that this United States ever had, including Washington, and so forth.

For, Abraham Lincoln had a—a bad start. He was poor. He had no background, as far as education, or—or some great something, or money, or something that could've helped him, like Washington did. Washington was a college graduate, and he—he knowed; he was a smart man, a great man to begin with. But Lincoln was raised in a little log cabin, under the great grounds of Kentucky, and with no glory in the little old cabin, which sets as a memorial here at Louisville now. But being the great man that he was, and had to learn to write, upon the ground that he plowed, to plant the corn. . .

41 But I might pass this on to the young people. Do you know Abraham Lincoln never owned a book in his life, until he was after twenty-one years old but the Bible and the Foxe "Book Of The Martyrs." See? what you read molds the character that you are. No wonder we got a bunch of neurotics today. Little old fiction magazines, and vulgar, and nonsense is placed upon our newsstands. He owned the Bible and the Foxe "Book Of The Martyrs." Look what it made him.

But in the face of all that, one day he made a statement like this. He said, "If there could be any good thing found in me, it's because of a godly mother," that reared him to serve the Lord.

43 You see, a child listens to its mother; some little touch about that mother, that a child will listen to. When it's hurt, it'll go to the mother for consolation before it'll go to the father. Because she was first with it, you know. And there's some gift that God gives a mother to be that way; I mean a real mother. Now, I believe that mothers are honorable and godly.

44 But I believe, such as Mother Days, like this, is a racket, make a lot of money out of flowers and things. But mother's day should be every day, not to send her a bunch of flowers on Mother's Day, but to love her and care for her three hundred and sixty-five days and nights through the year. But of course, the commercial world has a great hold in things like this, and it—it—it depreciates mother.

"Oh, well, last Mother's Day I sent her a bunch of flowers."

She'd appreciate a whole lot more, just set down and talk to her just a little bit, write her a line, pat her on the shoulder, kiss her on the cheek, tell her you love her. It'll go a lot farther than all the flowers that you could buy from the florist. That's true.

46 I believe it was in the “Ten Commandments,” the late Cecil DeMille, that wrote and put on the screen one of the masterpieces of the movie world. And before it was put on the scene, or let out, Cecil DeMille called Oral Roberts, and Demos Shakarian, and a bunch of the Full Gospel ministers, and took them into his own studios, and showed the four hours of the “Ten Commandments,” and asked them their opinion of it. God rest his gallant soul.

And when I seen it, was looking at it, and a little remark always stuck to me. If many of you who did see it, it was when the daughter of Pharaoh. . . After Moses had found out that he was a—*a Hebrew*, and he had decided to go dwell with his people, and there sat his once beautiful mother, faded out, with her gray hair and her wrinkled face, setting in an old armchair, a typical mother. . . And the Pharaoh’s daughter came in. And he said, “Whose son am I anyhow?”

And when it was brought to light that Jochebed was his real mother, the daughter of Pharaoh, with her paint and so forth, and all fixed up, she said, “But look. He may be your son,” but she said, “I give him wealth and splendor. You could’ve give him nothing but the slime pits.”

But the aged gray-headed mother said, “But I give him life.” That makes the difference. “I gave him life.” And God gave him Eternal Life. How true, mother. . .

50 Sometimes people say to me, mostly always in my campaigns I’m constantly preaching upon the resurrection. And I read a text this morning, the 15th chapter and the 4th verse of First Corinthians on the resurrection.

But you see, the way they place mother today, is a pot of flowers setting by an old lady, who is old and can’t get up, maybe, and feeble, and gray-headed, and wrinkled, and setting in an armchair. That’s true enough. But I want to take my theme and paint you another picture of what mother is.

52 Someone said, “You preach too much on the resurrection. Most every message has got something about the resurrection.”

Why, sure, it’s the—it’s the cardinal resting place of the Gospel. No matter what He did, if He did not rise again from the dead, then all of it was in vain. It, to me, proves that He was God, proves every claim He made: the resurrection. And it also is the place of the resting of the soul. It’s the starting point. It’s the crowning of our consolation.

And when we see that He rose from the dead, it places us with the Gospel armor at the battle front to take the place to fight. For we know He said, "He that will lose his life for My sake shall find it again."

55 And I think it's the great coronation of the Full Gospel, is the resurrection, and its Divine promises, and the consolation that it gives those who are trusting in it. For it promises the great union of our uniting together again. It promises in the—the fading away of all sin. It promises the fading away of all deformity. All the sufferings that we have did in this, had to go through with in this life, It promises then the vanishing of us all. It promises that even death will lose its hold, and we'll rise in the likeness of Jesus. So to my opinion, the resurrection is the greatest of all the promises in the things of the Scripture. There is where it sealed it.

And the last Easter, when I was preaching on the five things of . . .

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;

Buried, He carried my sins far away;

But rising, He justified freely forever.

That's the day for me, that great day of days. And to see what it'll mean to all of us in the resurrection, as we labor and wait for that blessed day of days . . .

58 It gives us the promise that someday that these old weakening, feeble, gray-headed, broke down mothers will be changed. Not only will mother set there by herself, but all of her family with her. And what a day that will be. What a time it will be, when we look upon the faces of those who we have loved so well. What a difference on that morning when we shall see our loved ones, and—and to watch what they'll be. Then all the afflictions will be taken away. All the marks of suffering will be done, no more pale cheeks of death, no more tears from the eyes; the resurrection promises all of this. There'll be no more funerals, no more patting the baby on the cheek that's like a piece of stone, where the undertaker has embalmed, and pushed out, and put paint on, and so forth, to look natural. It'll never be needed again there.

60 Then I think of when we see them standing yonder, our loved ones, our mothers, our kindreds, all our friends, and to see them in their immortal bodies, their celestial bodies, watching their character, seeing how they conduct themselves with that sweetness and quietness, no more nervousness or flusterations. To see them in-standing in the likeness of the Lord Jesus, that'll be a wonderful day.

And each one of us in our minds are anticipating and longing for that hour of consolation when we meet them. Each one is thinking of their loved one, maybe their mother that's gone on. And what a day it'll be when you see her again. And to dad, and to brother, and to the—all the loved ones, what a day it will be . . .

62 I'm thinking too right now. I'm thinking of my family, what it will mean for me at that day. I'm thinking, that on that resurrection morning, perhaps the first one will come to meet me will be my little Sharon. No, she won't be shaking. That devil can't enter that place. No meningitis can ever touch that land. She won't be waving good-bye to me. Those little blue eyes will be dancing as she throws her arms forth and screams, "Daddy." I'll be glad to see her, to know that she'll never die again, to know that it's all over, why I preached resurrection so hard.

Then I'll see her mother, the mother of Billy, my boy. And I have lots of memories right there that linger on. I remember when I was taking her up by Mr. Combs, up here, was taking her for the last ride, and I was following her in a car. As we went down Seventh Street, right there, Billy, eighteen months old . . .

How that they would bring him out to the street and let her see him. And she'd lay and weep and look at her baby, but she couldn't get near him.

66 And then on the road down, the undertaker come along and went down the—the—the Seventh Street. Mama here was taking care of him at the time. And he was standing out in the yard with a little bitty pair of short pants and a little red cap pulled sideways on his head. And when that mother, laying on that cot in the back of that ambulance, watching me, when she seen her baby standing in the yard, knowing she was taking her final ride; she raised from the cot, and screamed, and throwed out her bony hand to embrace her baby in the yard. But she couldn't have him.

Oh, it'll be a joy to see her on that day. No, she won't have bony hands, neither will them cheeks be sunk in. But she'll stand in the celestial beauty of a queen of heaven and a mother. Her black eyes, as black as ravens wings, will be dancing with joy. She won't be all stooped over where that devil of TB will never enter that land, but immortal, will stand in His likeness.

68 I suppose then, next coming to meet me will be Edward, who we called "Humpty," for a short name. He was the first of the big nine link chain, chain of the Branham family. He was the first link to break, the one next to me. I'll see Edward come running to me; yet he died as a boy, nineteen years old. And when I take him by his

hand, I'm sure we'll have lots of things to talk about, of boyhood, 'cause we were chums. We stuck together. He let me wear his suit and—and—and things like real brothers did. It'll be a pleasure to see him again.

And I'll hear him say something like this, "Did you get my word, Bill? You were working on a cattle ranch at the time of my going from the earth. But in the hospital I sent word back, 'Tell Bill everything's all right.'"

I'll be glad to say, "Yes, I got your word out on the prairie."

70 Then, I suppose, next will come my dad. He was the next link to go. And no, I think Charles was the next link, a younger brother. He had a automobile accident when just a little boy. He always drug his right leg as he walked. But you know, when I see him, he won't be dragging that leg. It'll be all done away with, will stand in the splendor of a young man.

And he will say to me, something like this, as he smiles. He will say, "Yes, Bill, there's no accidents up here. And I remember the night before I was taken in the automobile accident, you talked to me, standing in the little archway of our little humble home," and I'm looking on the top of right now. "You talked to me about the Lord just a few hours before going. And you were in the pulpit preaching when I left."

73 Then will come dad. Oh, I can see him. Though he give me many hard whippings, just exactly what I needed, but I will see that shock of black, wavy hair, more brilliant than ever at that day. And he will look at me and say, "My boy, you know, daddy will never get up from the table here any more, hungry, to let his children eat, for here we have plenty. There is never a want here."

To see him when he would work, and at fifty or seventy-five cents a day, and then get up from the table so the children could eat, go back to work again. . . And he worked so hard till his shirt would sunburn to his back, and mom would cut it loose with a scissors.

I can hear him say something like this, "Bill, you remember that night you and Brother George come to pray for me when I was going? You know, I told mama that there were two white Angels standing at the bed, and a red angel at the foot. And the red angel was trying to get me, but the white Angel stood between. They finally packed me home."

76 Then, also, the next in the link to go, or did go, will come Howard. I'll see Howard; as we chummed together across the

lands, everywhere, called to be a minister, great personality, but his associates kept him back. . . Last talk that I had with him he said, "When I go, Bill. . ."

I—I saw him going, by a vision about four years before he went, told him I seen Pop mark his grave and say that was the next.

And he said, "There's one thing I want you to do for me." He said, "I've muddled up my life. I've been married and everything. I—I don't know what's happened."

I said, "Do you believe Him, Howard?"

He said, "With all that's in me, I believe Him." And about two or three days before he left, he made his peace with God, with Brother Neville and them there. And he said, "There's one thing I want you to do. When I go, Bill, have them to sing for me, 'He'll Understand, And Say, "Well Done."'"

I believe, before I shake Howard's hand, I'll hear him stop and look at me, and say, "Bill, He understood."

81 After that will come Brother Seward, Brother Frank Broy, Brother George DeArk. Oh, the resurrection means a lot to me. I'm anticipating on that great crowning hour. And then as the Light begins to spread, we'll know as we are known. We'll understand, and—and we'll remember our acquaintance and the—the ones that's been there.

And—and many, there'll be many there that we didn't even think would be there. For, you know, it's at that time, that I believe that the bread that we have cast upon the human troubled waters will return to us on that day, when we see the effects of our testimony on people that we didn't understand their action towards It, will probably be there. What a day that will be.

And then also, the seeds that we sowed, not even thinking that what they would do, but here they are. They brought forth precious fruits, and we'll see them on that day, the wayward loved ones and relatives.

84 And I think of the thousands that I've seen converted, yes, into the millions now, going, and what their ministry was. Oh, it'll take more than a resurrection. It'll take a eternity to go around shaking hands and finding out things that I don't know now.

There will be those old gray-headed mothers, that you're wearing those white flowers for today, that'll see you, and they'll be beautiful, not represented by a pot of flowers, or some picture of an old gray-headed person; but in the likeness and beauty of the resurrection, they'll stand in the likeness of Christ, their celestial

bodies, young and beautiful forever. Sure, that's the rest. That's the mother's day that I'm waiting for. That's the coronation. Not the carnation on the lapel, but the coronation of the soul, for God has changed her.

86 I think of my old mother, old and feeble, and shaking with palsy. She'll not be doing that that day. It'll be different then. And that great Light begins to spread out as we begin to look around, and the great circle will be getting greater and greater and greater. It's all just reflecting the approach of Jesus. "And after while," as the song said, "and I shall see Jesus at last."

He will be waiting for me,
 Jesus so kind and true,
 On His beautiful Throne,
 He'll welcome me Home
 After this day is through.

87 Then as we see Him, and we will not be as we are now. We'll—we'll know how to love Him more. We'll not stand back with a little fear; because we'll be like Him. Well, He will be more of a relative to us than He is now. We'll understand Him better, because, we're so far away in the mortal bodies; then we'll have a body like His glorious body. We'll know how to worship Him. And when we see what the Presence of His Being has done to us, changed us, the old back young, all the deformed straightened out, oh, we'll understand then why His power healed us.

The questions that's been in our mind, "How can He do it? What would this?" somehow, mysteriously, they'll all fade away. The knots that's been tied in the back of our minds, "Will it be this? How could it be?" somehow, or another, majestic fingers will just untangle, unravel those knots, and it'll all fade into the one big crown of love.

89 Then we shall see Him. Then we shall be like Him. Then we shall worship Him. Then we shall see mother as God wants her. Mother would not be complete there without her family. 'Cause the greatest time of all of her life is to see the children around the table, and all of them healthy and happy, and—and—and to see her pour the coffee, or whatever she does, and fixes supper, and her and dad set down. Why, that's the happiest time in mama's life, see her kiddies all at home.

Now, don't miss—don't be missing that day. Let the great chain of your family be hooked together link by link. Let every spoke be in

the wheel. And then when we sit down with our families and groups, across the canopies of eternity, what a day that will be, then we'll understand.

92 It was Him Who promised this in Revelations 1, where It said, that a sharp two-edged sword went out of His mouth. He was called the Word of God. And it was from that same lips, that said, "I am He that is alive, that was dead; and I'm alive for evermore." From those same lips in Saint John 6:30 it says this, that "I will lose nothing, but I'll raise it up again at the last days." Was Him that made the promise, those same precious lips. . . He's the One Who saves us, Who heals us, Who redeemed us, and Who will raise us up at the last day.

93 If you are that little weak link that has separated this great family reunion at that day, may the God of heaven, this morning, somehow in a mysterious way, unravel those little knots that's tied in your mind, and reveal to you the love that He has for you, may you come sweetly to serve Him.

While we think of these things, let us pray. Just before we pray, and you have your heads bowed, I'm going to ask you. Would you like to, on this Mother's Day, to rededicate your lives anew to Him, looking forward for that resurrection? Would you raise your hands to Him, while everyone . . . ? God bless you.

95 Would there be a sinner who's present now, would say "O God, I've not yet hooked myself into that link. I am the missing one that would be not there when mother goes to looking around through glory. I'll not be there, for I've never yet made my peace with God. I have not the hope of Eternal Life in me. But today I—I want to do that." Would you raise your hand say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham, at this time. I want to be remembered in prayer, for I have loved ones across the sea, the sea of Life, and I want to meet them." Raise your hand.

Or someone who is backslid, and would want to come back on this day, and say, "Lord, I reconsecrate myself again to You, coming to renew my covenant with You," would you raise your hand?

97 Our Heavenly Father, as it is drawing, this day will make one day closer to that great event. And we have just been forced, each year to see this represented.

As the people used to go up to Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and for the cleansing of the tabernacle and the sanctuary, and—and the offering of the sin offering, each year they was reminded, when that lamb died out there, that there'd come a time

that the Lamb of God would die to divorce sin. Each time that little fellow bleated, and the blood sprinkled over their hands, they was reminded that there'd be a time when there would be the Lamb of God, that would cry, "Eli, lama . . . Eli, lama . . ." at the cross.

I pray, God, that as we look today and see that . . .

99 A few weeks ago, before leaving in Your service for California, this Indiana laid bare and dead, and there was no life, seemingly. The flowers that died last fall. The leaves had gone off the trees. And the sap in the trees had gone to the roots, and everything was dead.

But there was a season when the sun begin to shine in a different way, the same sun that had shined through the winter, but the elements had changed and it shined differently. And by the shining of the sun with the elements, life sprung up, everywhere. The leaves come back to the trees. The leave . . . The life that had left the leaf, and the leaf dropped off, but the life went in the ground; it came back in new beauty in the splendor of youth. The flower that had give up its—its fragrance, that had give up its radiant beauty and fallen into the earth, born—burst forth again in its youth with a new fragrance.

What are we reminded of, Lord, at these hours?

101 And the world become from a bleak, bleated desert, unto a paradise of beauty, and the bees, and the birds singing, and everything lighthearted, and the trees a—a frolicking in the winds of the warm spring breeze. Warmth and joy was on the earth again because of the sun, s-u-n.

But someday the S-o-n is coming with healing in His wings, and those little lives that's hid like the sap in the tree, in the ground, like the—the life that's in the seed of the flower, it'll bring it forth to newness again, never to fade. Oh, how we thank You for this.

103 And there was many, many hands that went up this morning, for they know that beyond the veil there, there's something. They long to see mother. They long to see their loved ones and their acquaintance, and find out all these mysteries, how they come here, and down through the time. It all lays behind the hidden veil. And someday You're coming. And they raised their hands; they—they—they—they want to be sure, Lord. They're renewing themselves again, and so am I. Now, help us, Lord. Renew our faith and our strength.

And as we feel the approaching of the Lord . . . And the last forty years, there broke forth a new Pentecost upon the earth. The Spirit begin to reveal things. And here we are at the last sign just before the coming. We know the approaching of the Lord is close.

And we see the sick being made well from their sickness, which has been mysterious to the world for two thousand years since the apostles. But here it is appearing again, prophets arising; Angels are appearing, signs and wonders. What is it? The resurrection's drawing nigh. The S-o-n is coming.

105 Let us be ready, Lord. Let us embrace every Divine promise; don't think about these little knots that's been accumulated by science, and so forth, that it can't happen. Let them begin to unravel, this morning, by the immortal . . . they . . .

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . as He vibrates across the Words of God's Bible, like a well-tuned instrument, to sing the rhythm, "I am He that was dead and is alive for evermore. A little while, and the world seeth Me no more; yet ye shall see Me. For I will be with you, even in you, to the end of the world. And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I'll pour out My Spirit upon all flesh: signs and wonders, the old men will dream dreams, and the young men shall see visions . . ." The sign of the latter rain and the end time, let it be felt among us, this morning, Lord, and may our faith be secured. For we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

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