

## *GO, TELL MY DISCIPLES*

<sup>1</sup> . . .you all. It is a privilege, indeed, to come to the house of God in this early morning and worship our Lord, our risen Christ. Oh, it was. . .I just got in awhile ago. We had a marvelous missionary meeting last night, a rally, preached plumb on up till towards midnight, and up this morning to worship our Lord Jesus Christ. How marvelous it is to come together to meet.

As Brother Thom was just saying, today was the day that when He proved what He was. Anyone could die, but it taken God to raise again. In His life He looked like God, He preached like God; He healed like God; He acted like God. He was God. And He proved on Easter morning that He was God. He was more than a man. He wasn't a prophet, yet He was a Prophet. He was a good Man, but yet He was more than a good man. He was God. And so this is the day in memorial of His resurrection, that He proved it.

<sup>3</sup> We should take a trip this morning and go down along the Ganges River, you'd find mothers there sacrificing their little babies to alligators, crocodiles, throw them in. You talk of sincerity? They take their little chubby ones and pitch them out there for the crocodiles to crush down. That's deep sincerity.

If we went down through India today, you'd find along the side of the streets, many people maybe laying on spikes, walking through fire, and tormenting themselves in some way. Some of them, of course, are just clowning, 'cause it's for tourists. But back in those inlands is the real man who's laying back there, afflicting himself, thinking that he can find rest and peace, pray—praying to Mohammed.

A pitiful sight, the other day, while going up Golgotha, into the city of. . .out of the city of Jerusalem, rather. There was right on the very crucifixion grounds a Mohammedan graveyard, laid a woman under a little bunch of weeds that she'd laid up there, with an old piece of black bread. She'd been laying there for days, crying for the soul of her loved one who'd passed on; right on the grounds where the cross stood. And so, to see the world in its pagan condition. . .

<sup>6</sup> Was talking to Brother Gadus, not long ago, had just returned from China. He said, "Brother Branham, it was a pitiful sight to see in China." Said, "Some of them maybe with their hands up for as

many as forty years at a time, till their fingernails grewed through their hands, stick out the back. Saying, 'I'll never remove my hand until you give me peace in my soul, great Buddha.'"

And—and then many of the little children, when they're young, they break their feet in the arch, like this; and only wear about a number two or three shoe all their life; little bitty short feet, because they're sacrificing to some heathen god.

<sup>8</sup> I've visit the grave of most all the founders of a religions; the Mohammedan, and also to—to the grave of Buddha, and Confucius, and many of the philosophers.

But today, above all, we Christian people can throw our heads back and sing, "He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus lives today. You may ask me how I know He lives; He lives within my heart." And we have an empty tomb today.

<sup>10</sup> About two years ago I was walking to the grave, real early one morning, to place a flower on the grave of my little boy's mother, who's passed away, his little sister who lays on her arm, out here at the Walnut Ridge Cemetery . . . And while going by, the little fellow snubbed, two or three times, as he cried, bringing a little pot of flowers. We knelt down there, took off our hats; and laid them on the grave, the side of the grave. And I raised up my hand, and put my arms around him.

I said, "Billy, there's your mother and little sister. Their body lies beneath here, their souls, in the Presence of God. But beyond the sea yonder, lays an empty tomb today, that's a memorial to all Christians. He lives." . . . ? . . . That's the fundamental foundation of our—of our Christian faith, that Jesus Christ lives today.

<sup>12</sup> Now, as it was written in the paper . . . Now, usually, on our Easter sunrise service, we usually have a—a song, or two, and place the most the time here in the Tabernacle . . . If there should be some visitors with us, well, most of our time here is on the Word. We're great people to believe the Word of God. And fundamentally, I think, that's the track and that's the place that's right. And today I have some—some very vital things I want to speak of, of the resurrection, some fundamentally things. And I want to jot some things down, myself, as I go along.

<sup>13</sup> First, let's turn over here in the Scripture, in Matthew the 24th chapter, or the 22nd chapter, rather, and begin with the 41st verse. I want to read a text of Scripture, then over into the resurrection. My theme of the service this morning, it lays here. "While the Pharisees were gathered together . . ." I beg your pardon. I—I turned to the

wrong place, in my reading of the text. It was—it was Matthew the—the 23rd chapter, I believe. . . Just a minute. I'm sorry, that I got in late last night and never got my text fixed up just right this morning, to where to find my Scripture reading. Oh, yes.

*Go tell my disciples that I'll meet them over in Galilee. . .*

All right, sir. Now, Jesus Christ, the Son of God made a commission here to these poor women after His resurrection, that He was to. . . what He was to do. He was to tell them that He was going to meet them in Galilee, where He promised them that—that He would—He would appear to them, and that He would forever be with them.

<sup>15</sup> Now, in the 28th chapter of Matthew, rather, and beginning with the 7th verse, we read.

*And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him: lo, I have told you.*

It was the Angel's message to the women, to Mary and—the two Mary's. It was on a—the first Easter morning; the glorious tidings had been rung out.

<sup>17</sup> When He lived here on earth, He walked as a man; He looked like a man. He had all of His—His outward being as a man; yet, inwardly He was more than mankind. He was the Emmanuel. Today is the memorial of the greatest event that ever taken place in all the world. There never was a man, outside of this Man, Christ Jesus, Who said, "I have power to lay my life down, and have power to take it up again."

Confucius, yes, and Mohammed, and Buddha, many of the others, were great philosophers; but when they died, that settled it. They were finished forever. They buried them, and that's—that ended it.

But this Man had power to lay His life down and to raise it up again. The only Person that could do it; the only One that had, has ever proved that He could do it.

<sup>20</sup> And now, in there's been the fear of man, down through the ages, was death. Every man that come into the world always feared death. Great. . . We've had Napoleons; we've had Hitlers, and everything; but when it comes to the hour of death, every one of them shrink. I've heard man speak and boast of great blasphemy things; but when it comes to death, they every one, shrink back.

<sup>21</sup> Like Bob Ingersoll, the great noted infidel, when he took his watch out and held it out to his folks, and said, "If there is a God, I'll

die in a minute, from the tick of this clock.” Then, after the minute passed, he never died. He made a great big “ha-ha,” and word, and said, “You see, there is no such a thing as God.” But when . . .

‘Course, that was only to fulfill Scripture. The Scripture said that, that, “Scoffers come in the last days,” and we have them.

So he said, “Now, see, there is no such a thing as God.” But in the hospital room when he was dying, where many had gathered to see what would take place, he screamed, “O God, have mercy on my soul.”

<sup>24</sup> My father was a very personal friend to a . . . or, no intimate friend, rather, to a noted infidel. And he said, “There is no such a thing as God.” He cursed the very thoughts of God. His wife would hook up the buggy and go to church, and he would go out and plow his corn on Sunday, and everything, just to show that there was no such a thing as God.

One day, he’d just put up his wheat, and got it all shocked up; lightning struck it, burnt it up. He got out there and raised his hand and cursed the very thoughts of God. And when he did, then lightning struck his barn where he had some fine racehorses, and killed them, every one.

And a few weeks after that, he set in with walking typhoid fever, and died, while my daddy help hold him into the bed. And he screamed and cried, the devils, with chains wrapped around them, was coming after him, and everything else. And when he went to go out, he called his family together, his little children. He said, “Don’t you go the way that your daddy’s gone. Go the way your mother goes, for that’s the only way of Life.”

<sup>27</sup> I have a book at home, and gives the testimony of many outstanding men, such as the great . . . one of the great queens of—of England, and some of the other men. When they were stepping out into death, they screamed and cried.

The Queen Elizabeth of England, said, “If I could only have . . . I’d give my kingdom if I had five minutes more life, that I could make my repentance, and my heart right with God.”

Another great noted man said, “I’m stepping out into darkness. I know not where I’m going. I could . . .”

And another great atheist spoke, and said, “There seems to be two walls, and I screamed,” and said, “just an echo from wall to wall.” That’s all he could hear. He had put off the day of salvation until it was too late.

<sup>31</sup> Then I think of great, noted men who died, believing in our Lord Jesus Christ and His resurrection. I think of, here, of—of D. L. Moody, at his death, a lot have said. “Why, is this death?” He said, “This is my coronation day.” And I thought, when—when John Wesley, when he was dying. When Abraham Lincoln was shot and was bleeding to death, laying in a—a place. . .

<sup>32</sup> I was . . . passed by a museum, and over in Illinois here, some time ago. I seen an aged colored man with a little ring of white hair around his head, walking around, looking. After while he stopped, and the tears run down his cheeks. He backed off and started saying over a prayer. I watched him for a few minutes. I was walking around too, so I walked over, and I said, “Uncle, what’s the matter? I notice you’re praying.”

He said, “Look, laying there.”

Well, I looked laying there, and the only thing I could see was a dress. And he said . . . I said, “Only thing I see is a dress.”

But said, “Look, sir.” He said, beneath my coat is a scar of a slave belt.” He said, “And that’s the blood of Abraham Lincoln.” He said, “It taken the blood of Abraham Lincoln to take that slave belt off of me.”

I thought, “If it would excite a colored man, because that of the blood of Abraham Lincoln, because it taken a slave belt off of him, what ought the Blood of Jesus Christ mean to the believer, when we look back to Calvary and see there that He taken the slave belt of sin from our hearts and freed us,” that we’ve been talking about, the last few nights. What a difference it is.

<sup>36</sup> Abraham Lincoln, when he was dying, he had an alternative. And when he . . . But when he was shot there in this great cathedral, and he was dying in his bed, he said, “Turn my face towards the setting of the sun.” The sun was going down at evening. Lincoln was breathing, and the blood gurgling in his lungs. He’d always trusted God. He said, “Hold up my hands.” And he held his hand. He said, “Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name,” as he bowed his head and gave up the spirit.

<sup>37</sup> Paul Rader, a bosom friend of mine, that wrote my theme song, “Only Believe”; when he was dying yonder, he had just leaned his shoulder, head over on the shoulder of my manager, Mr. Baxter. He’d been a great gallant man who had traveled the seas and overseas, and everything, and he’d got mixed up out yonder, and got

mixed up with some fundamentalists, and his message just worried him to death. And when he was dying, he was laying in the room, and near death, was struggling up close.

And here's the real victory of a man. He was always a great cutup, Paul was, as many of you knew him. They had the quartet from the little Moody Bible Institute down there. And they had the shades all pulled down around the windows, when he was going. He raised up, looked. He shook his head, and he said, "Who's dying, you or I?" Said, "Raise them curtains, and sing me some good, lively, resurrection, Gospel songs."

<sup>39</sup> And when they begin to sing like that, he said, "Where's my brother, Luke?"

Brought his brother. Luke went with him like my boy does with me, and so forth. Luke was in the next room, crying. Luke come in, a great big wide-shouldered man, probably you know him. Him and Ma Sunday, and all of them, was there.

When he turned around, he took Luke by the hand, said, "Luke, we've come a long ways together. But, think of it, in five minutes from now, I'll be standing in the Presence of Jesus Christ, clothed in His righteousness."

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We could make our lives sublime,  
 With partings, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;  
 Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing over life's solemn main,  
 When a forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

<sup>42</sup> I think of "The Psalm Of Life," the great English poet, Longfellow, when he wrote it. I stood by his grave, here a few months ago. I thought of his great poetry and what he give to the world, in life. That "Psalm Of Life" was one of my favorites.

Death always was a fear. Man feared it, all the way from the beginning. Way back, from the garden of Eden, man feared death.

<sup>43</sup> I think of the great prophet, Job, when he set there that time and he knew he was going. He spoke of the great sermon there, that we get from Job 14. How he watched flowers; how they died and rose again. How he watched the trees; if it blows over, tears down, the wind tears it up. "In death, yet it lives again," he said. "Through



a few drops of—of water, yea,” he says, “it lives.” We watch our—our—our animals, and so forth, as they live and die. Everything that has a moving being about it, when it dies, it never lives no more.

So Job wondered how it was that God could take a flower and make it live again, and yet he couldn't live again. He said, “Yea, a man giveth up the ghost; he wastes away, and where is he?” He said, “His sons come to honor him, but he perceive it not.” Then he said, “Oh, that Thou would hide me in the grave, that Thou would keep me in a secret place, until Thy wrath be past. Thou appoint me a times and bonds, and I cannot pass. But if Thou would just keep me in the secret place until the day of Thy wrath. . .”

<sup>45</sup> Right in the midst of his distress, right while the very darkest of hour was, just in that great crucial moment, then came down little Elihu and begin to speak to him, telling him that the flower had not sinned, that he was the one that sinned, and that there would be a resurrection. “Someday there would be a just One Who would come, made conformable to this world, and in the form of God's image, made after the fashion of man, would take upon Him the form of sinful flesh, otherwise, and would stand in the breach between a angered, holy God and a sinful man, and would put His hands on both of them and bridge the way.”

And when Job saw that, he was looking to the resurrection of the Lord. He saw it. Now, notice. In other word, Job was trying to get this, that, “I know that when a man goes to the dust of the earth, he just contaminates and goes away. I watch him. He never rises again. He just lays down and gives up the ghost, and he's gone away. And where is he? No one knows where he's at. But I notice other things raise from the dead, but he doesn't.”

<sup>47</sup> Then when this prophet got in the Spirit, God begin to show him what was going to take place: that there would be Someone Who would take away the sin of the world, and would rise again. He saw the resurrection of the Lord. Then I love that, when I think. He said he stood up. He shook himself.

He'd been setting on a ash heap. My, what we call, today, bad luck had hit his home. His children was all killed. His riches was all gone. His health had broken down. Him setting, a Christian, or a believer, setting, forsaken. Man, even his church, had turned their back on him, him setting there, scraping his boils.

And then when the Spirit of the Lord come upon him, and he saw the resurrection this morning, you know, he stood up, and he said, “I know my Redeemer liveth, and at the last days He will stand on the earth. And though the skin worms destroys this body,

yet in my flesh shall I see God; Whom I shall see in my . . .” He knew he would see Him in the last days, because there would be a resurrection, a general resurrection.

<sup>50</sup> I think of David, when he was getting old. Being a great king that he was, God had sworn to him, according to the fruits of his loins he would raise up Christ to sit on His right hand. Then I see David, when he was old, getting down to the end of his road, and all the physical strength was just about gone. He said, “Moreover, my flesh shall rest in hope, because He will not suffer His Holy One to see corruption; neither will He leave His soul in hell.” He foresaw Jesus, the resurrection of Christ; and knowing that His body would not stay in the dust of the earth, but it would rise again.

<sup>51</sup> I think of Abraham back there when God set him down, and said, “Now, Abraham, you’re getting old, and you’re past the age, you and Sarah both. But you’re past the age of having children, but I’m going to give you a son of promise.” Then how Abraham took his journey and went into a promised land, and waited there for the time that this blessed one would come, which would represent Christ Jesus.

And after twenty-five years of believing this promise, just before the promise was fulfilled, then God appeared to Abraham and showed him, that in death He would crucify His Son and in resurrection He would raise Him again, and would give Him all. Make the shadows fail, all things that had been haunting around man, and death, and what horror death had, would fail, when they seen this.

<sup>53</sup> And He give old Abraham a preview of it, and He passed through these pieces of animals that he’d cut up. Where we just taken a few weeks ago, or last week, rather, or week before last, in our services, of how that He made this little white Light, which was God, pass through these, confirming the oath of the covenant . . .

And then turned and blessed Abraham, and an old man a hundred years old, and a woman at ninety, turned back to a young man and a young woman again, and brought forth a—a son, Isaac. Which, in him, come out the Seed of Abraham. Out of Abra . . . Out of that, out of Isaac, come David; out of David come Christ; out of Christ come the resurrection from the dead. What a glorious promise. How God down through the age foreshadowed all these things.

<sup>55</sup> Then finally, and as we have took in the last few days, for a background, of how that all the people, all the prophets of the Old Testament specified their place of burial.



Today you'll go to the graveyard, many of you, put flowers on your loved ones or on their graves.

Now, watch this. All of the prophets of old, not having any Scripture to go by as we have, any Divine promise of God, only through the leadership of the Holy Spirit . . . "Men of old, as they was moved by the Holy Spirit, wrote the Word of God." Each one of them, when they died, they specified they wanted to be buried in Palestine. They did not want to be . . . They died out of Palestine, many of them, but wanted to be buried in Palestine, because God gave the firstfruits of the resurrection out of Palestine.

<sup>58</sup> Then when along came Jesus, they done to Him what they said they would. When He was born in Bethlehem, He came in by the way of a stable door, went out through capital punishment. While He was here on earth, He never made a fifty-mile journey in His life. He never went anywhere around Palestine, yet the Message of His Gospel has traveled to every crack and corner of the world.

He never wrote a book in His life, yet the Book was written of Him, has outsold every book in all ages: the Bible. And yet, in there He never had a . . . Never went to a college in His life, and yet there's been more colleges erected in His honor than—than any other thing has been upon the face of the earth, or any other name, or any other man. And He never went very far. He lived a humble, low life. He was made fun of, scoffed, laughed at.

<sup>60</sup> And He said that He had power to lay His life down, and power to raise it up. Any man can make boasts like that: anyone can. But He proved His contention when He rose on Easter morning.

When they pierced His hands, and His—and His feet, and in His side; and thorn crown on His head . . . And He died, yonder, screaming for mercy at Calvary. When He was on earth, He looked like a man and He acted like a man. And when He died there at Calvary, He screamed for mercy like a man.

But when He rose up on Easter morning, He proved He was more than a man. He was God. He had power to lay His life down.

<sup>63</sup> Now, the first thing on the morning, the little group of disciples were all heartbroken. They didn't know what had taken place. Some of them wanted to return back to their fishing nets.

<sup>64</sup> Now, as a little preview of what death was, and how horrible death was, and to the founders down through our Christian religion, how the promises was given down through these patriarchs that I've mentioned this morning . . . Now, let's come right down to home, where it's at.

65 These little disciples, after they . . . little band that was hated in the beginning . . . They had not many friends of this earth.

And any man that serves Jesus Christ will not have many friends of this earth. You have to stand on your conviction alone. Many times you have to stand by yourself, but He promised He would stand with you. "I'll go with you even to the end."

67 And now, while I see Him, let's look at it. He had been taken away; they expected, because He could do miracles . . . And He claimed He did nothing in Himself, but what the Father showed Him. But He—He was a miracle worker. And when He was given into the hands of Pilate, how could they expect to see the Messiah of God stripped down with His clothes, and stand there, and beaten, and bruised, and mashed, and crushed, and spit on, and not even open His mouth and say a word about it. That had broken their hearts.

The very Man Who could stretch His hand out, and say, "Be still," and the winds and the waves obeyed Him, the One Who could stop a funeral procession, and lay His hand upon the casket, and say, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise," and he come forth.

One Who went into a heartbroken home, where a daughter had just died: Jairus, a little priest who would set himself with Jesus, and became a believer. And He walked in, said, "Give peace, because the damsel is not dead; she sleepeth." Surely they would've knowed. Surely there was something there. He walked in, took her by the hand, looked at her, and said, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." And a girl that was dead, and her soul gone, stood to her feet and lived again.

71 How that He went to the grave of Lazarus, crying like a man, the tears rolling down His cheeks as He wept and stood there. And a man that had been dead four days, and the skin worms crawling in and out of his body . . . But see Him raise His little figure like that, said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Think of it. "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

What a hope we have this morning then, when we visit our graves of our loved one. What a hope we have in this mortal flesh, today, as the Holy Spirit bears record, "He lives! 'Shall never die, has Everlasting Life.'" Yet we pack the bodies over the grave of the saintliest of us, but inside they are alive. They're living somewhere.

When He stood, said, “I am the Resurrection and Life,” and there was a man laying there, He said, “Take away the stone.” And the contamination of his body, that odor of a human body, you know what it is. When they raised up, why, it was a sickly smell around there. But He spoke out, and said, “Lazarus, come forth.” And a man that had been dead four days, rose up from the grave.

<sup>74</sup> How could they see a Man with that kind of a power, hanging on Calvary, with great mocking, gobs of soldiers’ spit, that made fun of Him, dropping from His beard, while they jerked handfuls of beard from His face, and hit Him on the head, and said, “Prophecy and say who hit You!” When they see Roman nails drove into His hands and into His feet, how could they see a Man like that die? Because, God required judgment, and Christ took our judgment.

<sup>75</sup> How they were so disappointed. They’d went away to their fishing nets again. Peter said, “I go fishing.”

The disciples said, “I’ll just go with you.” They did. They were altogether tore up, disappointed.

There they took His body down, wrapped It in some linen, and laid It in the grave.

And said, “That’s the finish of that fanatic.” How the world was against Him. They said, “He was a holy-roller. He was insane. He was—He was a fanatic, and so forth.”

But He said He was God. He looked like Him. He acted like Him. He proved He was God. That’s right.

<sup>79</sup> A woman said not long ago, as I’ve said this many times. She said, “He wasn’t Divine, Brother Branham.” A Christian Science woman, she said, “He was only a man.” Said, “He was just a man.”

I said, “He was more than a man. He was God.” I said, “He was either God or a deceiver.”

She said, “Well, because He cried at the grave of Lazarus He proved that He wasn’t nothing but a man.”

I said, “When He was crying, He cried like a man. But when He rose the dead, He proved He was God. That’s right. I said “When He was hungry, He hungered like a man.”

<sup>83</sup> But could you imagine a man standing around a fig tree trying to find something to eat, and a few days later, picked up a few biscuits, about two biscuits and two or three pieces of fish, and fed five thousand people with cooked fish?

Could you imagine a man standing on Calvary, hanging there between the heaven and the earth, crying, "I thirst, I thirst"; and turned even water to wine, the very Creator of—of the water, standing there, screaming for water?

He become sin for us, that we in His poverty—poverty might be made rich. He . . . In His death He died like a sinner; that us in our death, could die sons and daughters of God.

<sup>86</sup> I think of what a difference between deaths. Old Daddy Hayes down here when he was dying, he called his children to the bedside. And there, he had been laying in a coma for two or three days. He had a byword; he said, "Dear, bless my soul!" He was all . . . He called his children to the bedside. Long, white, flowing beard; he said, "Dear, bless my soul! You thought Daddy Haye was dead." He said, "I'll never die. Because Jesus lives, I live also." And there he blessed each one of his children.

Said, "Raise up my hands." He couldn't hold his hands up. And one of his boys got on one side, raised that hand, the other one raised that hand. He begin to sing. As his eyes begin to look up towards heaven, he said,

Happy day, happy day,  
Since Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to—to pray  
And live rejoicing every day.

And closed his eyes and went out to meet God. I tell you, that's the way I want to go. That's the way. Let me die in Jesus Christ.

<sup>88</sup> Then when His disciples had seen that, all the disappointments and everything, that—that—that He had, looked like, had let them down. They all started to go back fishing. One went back to his work, and the other one went back this way.

<sup>89</sup> Now, we want to start this morning on tomb. Then after His resurrection, Mary, Martha, and the Mary—the Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Jesus . . . It was early one morning. They kept His body in the ground over the Sabbath, which was a customary that they didn't do anything on the Sabbath day. So He died Friday afternoon at three o'clock, and rose up real early Sunday morning.

Now, I want to settle this question, while you're here this morning in this sunrise service. Many people says, "How comes then that He said that He would lay . . . He was in the grave, three days and nights?" He never said He would do that.

He said, “Within these three days will I raise up my body.” See? Now, the reason He did that is because David had said, one place in the Scripture, “I’ll not leave his soul in hell; neither will I suffer my holy One to see corruption.” And He knew that corruption set in the human body after seventy-two hours, three days and nights. And sometime within that three days and nights, God was going to raise Him up. So He died on Friday afternoon at three o’clock and rose up early Sunday morning.

<sup>92</sup> Now, let’s just take a little drama right here and stop for a moment and watch. I can see, it’s all night long, poor little old Mary, the mother, her heart was broke. The prophetess Anna told her she would be pierced, to reveal the thoughts of many. How that His body was afflicted, and her own darling Babe hanging on the cross, and what a disgrace He had brought to the church. But yet, in her heart that mother’s love reached out; there was . . . No matter what He had done, how much disgrace . . . He died, capital punishment, like a—a convict today that would go out there to be hung, or electrocuted, or something. That’s the way He died, in shame and disgrace. See how God punished sin? And then how she had wept, probably all night, and her and . . .

<sup>93</sup> Mary Magdalene, she’d knew His power. She knew there was something about Him was different from anyone else. She had seven devils cast out of her.

Everybody that’s ever been free from the devil by the power of Jesus Christ, knows where they’re standing. No one can ever come in His great Divine Presence, and ever be the same person any more. You’re—you’re changed. There’s something happens to you. Oh, you can stand off, and psychology, and imagine this, and accept this, a certain thing, and some theories, or something like that. But we don’t believe in theology. We believe in the power of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. And when you come into His Presence, there’s something that happens in your life, that changes you. And you’re never the same any more, a man that’s ever been in the Presence of Christ.

So she had seven devils cast out of her: pride and envy, and she thought she was so pretty and there was no one like her. But when Jesus spoke and said, “Be thou clean,” all that left her. She become a new person. She wasn’t so pretty any more in her own sight. But she wrapped herself in the robe of meekness and gentleness, and followed the Master. She loved Him. Then on Easter morning I can see her.

<sup>95</sup> His disciples were out, pulling the fish boats, some of them, Some of them going home, and some going different ways, go back to their tasks.

<sup>97</sup> And then real early, I can see Mary the mother, and Mary Magdalene, starting up the hillside, to go up to the grave. They had some spices and things. They wanted to anoint His body and put Him away.

<sup>98</sup> And so, as they go up the hill, I can imagine seeing another scene. Let's look over here.

I can see a bunch of soldiers standing there. They'd been playing cards all night, or—or shooting dice, or playing with their dice, the—the—the dice on the ground. And they'd been carrying on. Some of them say, "Say, do you remember that deceiver? He said in three days he was going to raise up. So now let's just see. Let's go up to the grave."

<sup>100</sup> And I can see them walk up there, and pat theirselves on their chest, and throw out their big armor like that, and the Roman sword; say, "We will see what He can do." Because the tomb was sealed, a Roman seal; woe unto him that breaks that seal. A stone laid there, that taken a century of men; that's a hundred men rolled it up there, a great big stone they'd rolled up again the tomb. Say, "He's in there, plenty safe." And they were having a great time. But coming along, it was almost breaking day now, as Mary . . . they're coming up along the hill. And they're two little women, early out, maybe with their arms around one another, going along. Oh, oh, I can just almost see it, how they were going along the side of the hill. And I can hear Mary, the mother, say to Mary Magdalene, "Say, who will take away the stone from the grave? What will? How we're going to do that?"

Well, I can hear Mary say back, "God will take care of that."

That's the main thing. No matter . . . People say, "How am I going to do this or do that?" God will take care of it. You just go on. See? God will take care of all the rest.

<sup>104</sup> Then, all at once we see all the stars begin to fade out. And the first thing you know, there's only one star left, that's the big, bright morning star standing yonder.

I can notice how everything, and the soldiers laughing and making fun, saying, "Now, you see, it's daylight. Nothing's happened yet." And they was going on, said, "See, he was just a deceiver. He's just a man like a lot of these deceivers has rose up in these days, and other days, and been—done these things, but then . . . or made these claims."



But then, all of at once I can imagine all the little birds, the robins, quit singing. The birds stopped singing. The poet said, "His Voice so sweet till even the birds hush their singing." Something was fixing to take place.

<sup>107</sup> I can see the great Morning Star hanging yonder in its socket, who had hung there since the beginning of time, begin to move. I can see it take a circle. Mary, them, watching It. What's It doing? It's an Angel, and It's looking around for the grave where they had laid Him. The Scripture was ready to be fulfilled.

Brother, sister, whenever a Scripture of God is ready to be fulfilled, don't you worry, It'll be right there.

I can see that Star take Its journey, moving around. I can see the Romans standing there, a hundred of them, strong with their swords drawn, saying, "Now, we'll see what takes place."

<sup>110</sup> And, all of a sudden this great Fire ball come flying from the heaven, stood by the grave. And It turned out to be the mighty Angel of God Who stood there. The soldiers fainted and dropped like dead men on the ground. With just a brush of His hand, He moved it back, the stone that was laid; broke the Roman seal.

What does the Roman seal mean to Him? No more than a seal of the United States would mean, or anything else, or a seal of some church, or anything else. God has to live. He has to come out. He can't live among the dead.

So He moves back the stone, when it rolled back. And He stood there. Now, Who's taking over? The soldiers grabbing their shields and things, and running as hard as they could go, down through the garden, down over the hill; and their clanking of their material, their iron that was on them, their shields and things. And there He stood alone. After while, Mary said. . .

There was a great earthquake when that happened, that shook the very earth there that morning. Someone say, "Wonder if something went off somewhere. There was a . . . There must have been a—a blast somewhere, of lightning, or something struck the earth." But it was Jesus arose from the dead.

<sup>114</sup> Then when they walked to the tomb, Mary and Martha, they seen the Angel standing there. He said, "Go, tell His disciples that He goes before them over into Galilee, and there He will meet them. Lo, I have told you. Go quickly now, and tell the disciples that He's going to meet them just as He said He would meet them."

Oh, when I think of that: “He that heareth my Words and believeth on Him that sent Me has Everlasting Life, and I’ll raise him up at the last days.”

“Lo, I have told you.” His Angels has spread that through the world, that any man that would dare to deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Him, He will meet you in the resurrection. What does it matter if we sprinkle flowers over the grave, if we say “ashes to ashes, and dust to dust”? That body’s just as sure to rise from the grave as there is a God in heaven. “Lo, I have told you.”

<sup>117</sup> Let’s notice. Here goes two of His disciples now. They’re on the road.

And some of them went out to fish. And so Jesus was standing on the bank, and He looked out, and He saw them out there. And He said, “Children, have you got any bread?”

First thing He said to them, said, “Cast your net on the other side.” They’d fished all night, hadn’t caught nothing. That’s the way it is; you’re fishing on the wrong side of the boat. So Jesus said, “Cast your net on the other side.”

And then when they threw their net on the other side and made a pull like that, my, there was so many fishes that even their nets almost break.

<sup>121</sup> And Peter begin to look around, said, “There’s only one Man could do that.” And looked back to the bank, and there He stood; bread and fish on the fire, ready for them. Peter couldn’t wait for the boat to come in. He just jumped into the water and away he went to meet Him. He had to hurry.

Oh, I wished every sinner in the world would be like that today. Peter had denied Him down there. He went out and wept bitterly. He had prayed through. He wanted to meet Jesus. He wanted to get down there so he could fall at His feet.

<sup>123</sup> There was a couple by the name, one of Cleopas, and so forth. They was on their road to Emmaus. And they were going along, sad-hearted, broken. And they were going along, talking about it, oh, how bad it was. And all of a sudden, Someone stepped out of the bushes, an ordinary Man, not with His collar turned around, or any different dress.

He dressed like the rest the men. He wore His hair and His beard just like the rest of them did. He didn’t. . . He wasn’t any different. He didn’t make any great different. His life proved what His credentials, what He was. And that’s what God wants us to be; wants our life to be our credentials. That’s right.

125 And then He begin to walk along. He said, “Brethren, why are you so sad? And why you at this conversation?” Oh, I just love that.

“Why,” they said, “are you but a Stranger around here, Sir? Why,” he said, “all the whole country’s tore up. And here we are,” he said, “we’re on our road, going back home.” He said, “Why, Jesus of Nazareth, the Prophet, we thought surely that He would, when He come, that He would be the King of Israel. And now He’s dead, and they’ve buried Him. And they pierced Him in the heart. And they’ve put Him away.” And said, “Even this is the third day since it all happened, since He was put to death.” And said, “Some women was down at the grave and—and seen a vision of Angels, and come back and said He was alive.” But said, “Oh, we couldn’t believe that story. We just going on.”

So going along there, He said, “Fools, and slow of heart (See?) to not to believe all that the prophets have said concerning Christ, how He must suffer and raise again the third day. Well, how slothful you are.”

128 Look, how beautiful. My, look at this: Christ amongst the sad and brokenhearted. That’s where He goes, amongst those that’s sad and brokenhearted.

They were going along in the darkest hour that they had ever seen. All their hopes was gone. They’d been put out of the church, the synagogues, because they believed on Him. And now He, Who they had trusted in, was dead. And some women had come around with a little story about some vision, they’d seen some Angels, “tell His disciples He’d meet them in Galilee.” But, oh, he just . . . They couldn’t believe that. They were brokenhearted and sad, crying. And there the lovely Jesus appears among the brokenhearted.

130 Another thing, it was the first Easter morning. Jesus, the resurrection of all life, was alive and amongst the springtime, amongst the whistling of the birds, amongst the bringing forth of the new flowers. The resurrected Jesus was in the springtime, also, coming forth of the—the resurrection.

How that He walked along there with them, and begin to talk with them, telling them. Said, “Well, now, you ought to believe what the prophets said. You ought to believe what all the Scriptures that’s been written concerning Christ: how He must suffer, and raise again on the third day, and so forth.” Well, they were too brokenhearted.

132 After while, after He begin to speak, there was something about this Man that spoke a little different from other men. He wasn’t the average line of man. There was something about Him

that seemed to have a deep sincerity. There was something about it that had a meaning, and He begin to explain about the Scriptures. He was a Scripture Teacher: that how that the prophets said that Christ would die, and raise again on the third day. How their hearts begin to burn within them; something was taking place.

And as they journeyed on, they talked through the day. Now, they was about a few furlongs, about a mile and a half from Jerusalem, where they were going, slowly walking along, right with the very resurrected Christ, and didn't know it.

How many times has He set in the seat with you? How many times has He stood with you in the hours of your trials and troubles, and you didn't recognize it? How many times He was at the wheel when you almost was killed in that accident, or just dodged that accident or something, and you didn't recognize it was Him. How that He was with you when the barrel was empty, and the cruse was dry, and there was nothing for the babies; how that man come and set them groceries down at the door, whatever it was. That was Christ. He's alive today. He's not dead, but He lives.

<sup>135</sup> Standing a few mornings ago, by a very atheotic doctor in Louisville. He was . . . I was down, after coming back from Africa. They was giving me examination for ameba. He said, "Rev. Branham," he said, "and you believe that's foolishness. . . ?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

And he said, "You mean to tell me you believe that Man rose from the dead?"

Said, "Yes, sir, I believe it."

And he said, "How can you prove that He rose from the dead?"

I said, "I can prove that He is the resurrected Christ." "How can He?"

I said, "He lives in my heart. That's how I know Him. In here He changed me from a sinner to a Christian. He changed my nature. He changed my attitudes. He changed all that was in me. He made me a new creature. Therefore I know, personally, that He rose from the dead."

He said, "I believe He died."

I—I said, "I do too. But He died; yea, more than that, He rose from the dead."

<sup>140</sup> And today He lives within our hearts. That's why we're happy and can sing. That's why we can notice Him. Here not long ago,

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, done a great miracle for me in my own life. He's done miracles for you. He walks with you daily. He walks with every believer. "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." No matter what comes or goes, Christ still lives and reigns today in the human heart.

<sup>141</sup> That's why, as the story said; you watch, every morning, we get up grouchy and get out, and, "Well, I'm just about half asleep," and so forth. No wonder we've got high blood pressure, and diabetes, and everything else.

Look at a little robin. He will raise of a morning, the first thing, throw his little face up towards the heavens and go to singing to the top of his voice. You never seen any of them with high blood pressure, walking on crutches, with diabetes.

Said, a little robin said, one time, said, "Well, wonder what's the matter," said "these people, these things, and creatures that call themselves human beings?" Said, "Why, they must be so sad. Maybe they haven't got a heavenly Father like we've got, that takes care of us."

<sup>144</sup> One night, holding a meeting here in the Milltown Baptist church, when I was the pastor down there, I was coming home with an old friend of mine to stay all night. And I used to notice, when I'd pass by, there'd be a nightingale setting in a cedar bush there. All night long he would sing to the top of his voice, just as loud as he could sing. How well I could understand why the birds sing when it's daylight. I can imagine the sunlight bathing on them, makes them sing. But what makes that nightingale sing?

So I got me a book and begin to read up on the nightingale. I come to find out, that the nightingale, what makes him sing, that he watches the skies. And every time that he can look to see the clouds begin to move back, and see one star, one ray of light, he begins to scream and sing to the top of his voice. Why? Because he knows the sun's a shining somewhere. He's speaking back to the earth that the sun's a shining somewhere.

<sup>146</sup> And, brother, sister, as long as down in my heart, through the black clouds of torment, and trials, and troubles, if I can feel the Holy Spirit press through once in a while and give me a blessing, I know the power of God still lives and reigns somewhere. That's right.

<sup>147</sup> If I could ask that morning star, "What makes you shine up there? Why are you shining?"

He'd say, "It's not me that's shining, Brother Branham," if the star could speak. "It's only the sun shining on me, that's making me shine."

And that's the way it is with every man that's a believer in Jesus Christ, that's hid in Him. It's not you shining; it's the Holy Spirit shining on you, that gives you this hope and this joy of the resurrection.

<sup>150</sup> I used to say about, speaking down here, about an old spring I used to drink from. It was bubbling and jumping, and jumping and jumping, down around Milltown. I used to wonder why that spring jumped, so one day I set down there and was talking to it. Imagine a man talking to a spring? But I was talking to Nature Who made the spring. And I wondered, "What makes you so bubbly, so jumpy? Is it because that—that the children come here and drink from you, or I drink from you, or something?"

If the spring could've spoke back, he would say, "No, Billy, it isn't because that you drink from it. It isn't because anybody drinks from me. It's something down beneath me here, pushing me and making me bubble, and jump, and carry on like this."

And that's the way, every man or woman that's born of the Spirit of God. It's not you. It's not human emotion. It's because that the resurrection, or the power of God, is in that human life, and is pressing up into Everlasting Life, moving into Eternal Life. Something in here. . . You could not hold your peace if you had to. There's something within you.

<sup>153</sup> When Jesus came, walking into Jerusalem, and they cut down palms and begin to scream and cry and carry on like that, some of those starchy Pharisees said, "Make them hold their peace. Why, they give us the shivers. Oh, how them people are screaming and carrying on."

He said, "If they hold their peace, the rocks will immediately cry out." Something has to come. When Life comes amongst death, there is a resurrection: bound to be.

<sup>155</sup> And when the Life that's in Jesus Christ comes to the tomb where our loved ones are sleeping, there'll be a resurrection. Life and death can't dwell together, no more than darkness and daylight can. Just as soon as darkness—as daylight comes, it presses the darkness away. Daylight has to shine. No matter what takes place, when that world moves around there in front of that sun, it's got to come daylight. It has to.



And just as sure as eternity, as it pulls around to the time of the coming of the Son of God, there'll be a resurrection over this world. And all that sleep in God, Christ will bring with Him in His resurrection. It'll have to be. There's no way out of it. You've got to have it. And how can you have it unless it's in here?

<sup>158</sup> Standing sometime ago, I was standing at Gary, Indiana, where they taken me through the big Gary steel mill. And I was very much alarmed, when I was watching. The superintendent taken me up, and he was showing me all around the place. And he said . . . I was watching the men. A little whistle tooted, five minutes before quitting time. I noticed every man taking his apron off and laying it up on his machine. And right out through, around his lathes and thing, he was sweeping out into the aisle, a bunch of shavings that had been collected from the material he was working on. And he sweep them all out in the aisle. And he said, "I'll show you something here, Rev. Branham."

I said, "All right."

Then he walked back to a little place. After the main whistle blowed, all the men went out. Everybody was clear from the building; we were left standing alone. And he pressed a button. And away back in the back, I heard a something thunder, and roar, and "burr," coming down. I thought, "What is that?"

<sup>160</sup> After while, he said, "Now, you stand to a side." I stood aside.

I seen a track coming down through there. And when it did, here come a great magnet coming down through there. And as that magnet passed down through that line, I begin to notice those shavings flying up to meet it, like that, them metal shavings. I noticed some of them didn't come up. And I noticed several pieces of iron didn't come up. And as that magnet went on back over into the cupola and mel—dropped all this stuff down into the cupola, and it was melted and made over again . . .

And I said, "Well, why didn't it all rise up?" I said, "I see some shavings."

He said, "Rev. Branham, we make some aluminum parts here." He said, "And those aluminum pieces are not magnetized to that magnet."

I said, "Praise the Lord." And—and I said . . .

He said, "What's the matter with you?"

<sup>164</sup> I said, "I was just thinking." So I said, "Why—why didn't them other iron pieces go up?"

Said, "If you noticed, they're bolted down. They can't raise up."

I said, "Praise God. Hallelujah."

He said, "What's the matter, Rev. Branham?"

I said, "I was just a thinking."

He said, "You must've been."

I said, "Brother, way back yonder somewhere, in the eternities (hallelujah), there's a great Magnet. The Son of God is going to be turned loose, one of these mornings. He's sweeping down over this earth like a magnet. And every soul that's magnetized to Him will go up to meet Him in the air, and there be in the resurrection to live with Him, be taken out yonder. And these old bodies that we now live in, or even like we have now, that's getting old, and draping up, and dropping down, will be dropped over yonder into the cupola of the dust, and molded over, and made like unto His own glorious body in the final resurrection, when He comes again."

<sup>167</sup> And I said, "Well, now looky here, there's many people that's not magnetized. There's many people that's bolted down with circumstances, say, 'I can't do it. I just couldn't do it. It's too much of a price.'"

Brother, except that heart is changed, and that soul setting yonder, magnetized with God by the Holy Ghost, when Jesus comes, you'll be left on the earth alone. Remember, there'll be a resurrection one of these mornings, only for those that are dead in Christ, will God bring with Him.

<sup>169</sup> "Walking among the disciples, making Hissself known," say, "making Hissself known."

<sup>170</sup> I have man, everywhere across the country, sometimes criticizing me about Divine healing. Why, my brother, how could I keep from believing in Divine healing, when it's the very nature of the Holy Spirit. Every man that's born of the Spirit of God will have to believe in the supernatural, because he is a part of God, he's an offspring of God.

I say, "You look like your daddy." Say, "You got a nose like . . ." Tell me I got a nose like dad; I got a mouth like dad. Why? He's my father. I got a right to look like him.

Hallelujah. Then if God is my Father, I've got a right to believe in the supernatural, because I'm born of the supernatural Spirit, that makes a supernatural being out of me. Inward, outwardly, I am—I'm a man of clay; you're a man of clay. But inwardly, when you're born

of the Spirit of God, you become a supernatural being in there, and that supernatural being hungers and thirsts for its heavenly home, yonder. That's right. Amen. Notice it.

<sup>173</sup> There they was. Here He is walking now. He's rose from the dead. Joy begins to come. The disciples begin to get just a little more spring in their step. Something taken place; He's rose from the dead.

That's the way it is with every man or woman, when he's born of the Spirit of God and sees the true resurrection. No man knows that Jesus is resurrected from the dead, unless he's died, himself, in Christ Jesus, and been borned again, anew by the Holy Ghost. Every man is only a theologically believing, he's only materially believing, he's only looking at it on paper, until the Holy Spirit's bore record of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. You, from the dead things of life, unto a new and living hope in Christ Jesus. . . Every man or woman without that is lost this morning. That's right.

Oh, my brother, sister, get right with God. Get that heart cleaned out, to where joy bells of heaven rings, and there's a resurrection; Jesus lives and reigns within the heart.

<sup>176</sup> Notice as they begin to go along the side of the road. I think that was such a wonderful thing there. I. . . The Bible said that they went on along the road, and they talked one with another. And when they got to the end, just where they was going to stay all night, they just didn't want Him to leave.

There's just something about Him, if you ever get acquainted with Him, you don't want Him to leave. That's right. Now, He. . .

They said, "Come in and abide with us."

I like that, "Come in and abide." Every man that ever come in contact with Jesus Christ wants Him to abide. "Abide with us." The world's dead. Christ is rose. Here He is living with us. All right.

"Come in and abide with us. It's drawing closely. . ." And, Jesus. . . Now remember, they invited Him in.

And every man that ever comes into Christ will have to invite Christ into your little house which you live in. He only comes by invitation. He doesn't push Hisselt on you. You say, "I don't want none of that fanatical stuff." All right, don't worry, it won't be there. But when you're willing and ready, and ready to sell out to the things of the world. . .

<sup>181</sup> Like speaking last night to the missionaries. I said, "Yeah, you go over here to school and you learn your theology, and go out

here, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and go to Africa and make a twofold child more of hell, out of the native, than you did in the first place.”

But I said, “Jesus, when He was commissioned His disciples to go be missionaries,” He said, ‘Behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you, but tarry ye first in the city of Jerusalem,’ not in some seminary, not in some school of ethics. He said, ‘Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until you’re endued with power from on High. Behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you, but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem till you’re endued with power from on High. After this the Holy Ghost is come upon you, then you shall be missionaries, or witnesses, unto Me in Jerusalem, Judaea, Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the world.’”

And till a man is equipped by the Holy Spirit, not by education, not by theology, not by church membership. . . Amen. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]. . . been to Jerusalem and filled with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he’s unqualified for the pulpit, that’s right, as a missionary or anything else.

<sup>184</sup> And when Philip went down there, the first missionary ever went out, went down to Samaria. And when he got down there, he preached the Gospel, healed the sick, and opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf. There was great joy in the city.

And everywhere a real true missionary of God, or a preacher goes, there is joy bells ringing, of the resurrection of Christ. You can’t keep death and Life together; it’ll separate. Amen. Then when Christ comes into the human heart, He separates you from the dead things of the world unto a living hope, a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he becomes a new man. I tell you, my brethren, if the world needs anything today, is the real true resurrection of Christ preached to them.

<sup>186</sup> They say, “Come and abide with us. The evening, the day is drawing late. Well, we heard them women, what they said wonder if it’s all true enough?” Going along, kind of thinking about something else. But he said, “Drop in now, just for a little while.” They said, “Come in now and stay with us.” He act like He would go on. Lots of times He does do that, just to see what you’ll do. That’s right. So after—after while, they begged Him. They said, “Come on in.”

They went in, probably picked up the menu, said, “Now, what will You have for dinner?”

<sup>188</sup> And they begin, said, “Stay with us. We just love You. Why, we’d like to have you for our pastor. There’s something about You

that's different from other people. There's something about You; You explain the Scriptures a little different from other men. We'd just like for You to—to go with us. We'd like for You to meet our friend, Peter, James, and John, and them. We got some friends that was a follower of Jesus, and we would like for You to come in. Seem like You know so much about Him." And it was Him, Hissself. That was Him. He set by you a many a time.

Here He stood there, and He begin to talk to them. And so, the first thing you know, when He picked up the bread. . . He took the bread. Now, their eyes were blinded. And He broke the bread. When He lifted up His eyes, and blessed it and brake it, and their eyes were opened. I like that. Their eyes were opened. If there ever was a time that the church of Christ needs its eyes opened, is today; some more breaking bread. Their eyes were opened and they recognized that it was Him.

Oh, friend, has He ever opened your eyes that way? Has He ever blessed you in such a way? Has He ever broke you apart from the things of the world, separated you, a breaking and an opening time? That's what the church needs today, is a breaking and an opening time. And his eyes were opened, their eyes were opened, rather, and they recognized Him. Just the way He done that bread, that's the way they recognized Him. My, how many times. . .

<sup>191</sup> Here not long ago, a lady was down here on the corner. She had TB. I guess she's setting in the church this morning. I can't think of the lady's name. She lives across the . . . Reese. Thank you, sister. That's right. Mrs. Reese, she was laying there, had three or four little children, and I went down to pray for her. She'd been sent from the sanatorium up here to die. And so I went down to pray for her.

And there was an infidel lived next door to me, and he worked out here at the government, Mr. Andrews. So I was going past the corner on my old bicycle. And—and I'd prayed for the woman, a night, a couple nights before that. I went home. While setting on the porch, the Lord showed me a vision that the woman would live.

So I goes down. I said, "I have THUS SAITH THE LORD, for you. You're going to live."

And she said, "Oh, thanks be to God," the poor little thing.

I said, "Will you rise and be baptized in the Name of the Lord, calling upon Him, and washing away your sin?"

She said, "I'll do anything that God bids me to do. You just come and direct me, and tell me, and I'll—I'll do it."

Said, "All right."

<sup>196</sup> A couple mornings after that, I met a—a man going down the street there, and it was Mr. Andrews. He said, “Say, wait a minute there, preacher.” Long about this time of the morning, I suppose. And he said, “Wait a minute there, preacher.” He said, “Where you—where you going?”

I said, “Up to the grocery.”

Said, “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

Said, “What?”

Said, “Telling that poor, little, dying mother in there, that she was going to live.”

I said, “Well, she is going to live.”

He said, “How do you know she’s going to live?”

I said, “Jesus has said so. That’s the reason I know.”

Said, “How do you know?”

I said, “He showed me a vision of her.” Just the way He done it; I knowed it was going to be. That’s right.

He said, “I’d be ashamed of myself.” Said, “You just go around and deceive people like that.” Said, “You ought to be ashamed. Now, I know it’s kind of hard for me, first, to meet you and talk to you like that.”

I said, “That’s all right. You got your own ideas, and I have mine too.” I got on my old bicycle and rode on up.

<sup>201</sup> Two days after that, his wife, being a Christian woman, she fell sick. I went over, I said, “Mr. Andrews, could I do something for you?”

He said, “Now, looky here.” Said, “We’ve got a good doctor.” Said, “We don’t need any help from you.”

And I said, “Thank you.” I said, “I know you got a good doctor.” And he called his name; and he—he’s a fine doctor here of the city, a friend of mine. I said, “He is a good doctor.”

Said he, “She’s got appendicitis. We’ll have it taken out, and that’s all.” Said, “We don’t need no prayer around here.”

I said, “That’s, Mr. Andrews, I didn’t ask that.” I said, “I just merely wanted to tell you that I—I could cut your wood. I could do anything I could for you, get in your kindling, coal, anything that I could do.”

So, oh, he was very snippy about it. He didn’t want to, nothing to be done with prayer. I said, “All right.” So I went back over home. And when I did, why, they taken her out to the hospital.



207 And the next morning, I started to patrol. I was—I was a game warden, you know. And I strapped my little old gun and started up the road. I was walking along, up the road, going up through there.

And the first thing you know, there, Something said to me, said, “Turn and go back.” That’s that resurrected Jesus, “Turn and go back.”

I thought, “Oh, well, that, maybe I felt . . .”

Something said, “Go back.”

I turned right around and went back. I called up the Public Service Company. I was patrolling on the high lines also, so I called up, told them I wouldn’t be working that day. It was kind of drizzling rain, although not enough to keep me from working, but I just went back. I didn’t know why.

210 I set down and took my little old gun apart, was standing there shining it. I . . . Meda said to me, my wife; she said, “What are you doing back?”

I said, “I don’t know. He just told me to go back. ‘Obedience is better than sacrifice, hearkening to the fates of rams.’ Just come back.” I set down there and was shining the little old gun.

And the first thing you know, I noticed, coming around the house; and here he come with his hat setting sideways, you know, and the mucus hanging from his nose, and he come in. He said . . . [Brother Branham knocks—Ed.] He said, “Mrs. Branham?”

Said, “Yes.”

“Is the preacher here?”

Said, “Yes.” Said, “Come in, Mr. Andrews.”

Said, “Hello, preacher.”

And I said, “Good morning, Mr. Andrews. Have a chair.”

213 He said, [Brother Branham sniffs—Ed.] “You—you heard about Mrs. Andrews?”

I said, “No.”

Said, “Well,” said, “she’s going to die, preacher.”

I said, “Oh, that’s too bad.” I said, “I hate to hear that.” Said, “Although I know you got a good doctor.”

And he said, “Yes,” he said, “but it—it—it wasn’t appendicitis.”

And I said, “It wasn’t? No?”

Said, "No. We got a specialist there now from Louisville." Said, "It's a blood clot. It's just about couple hours from her heart," said, "moving on up to her heart." Said, "She's going to die."

I said, "My, it's too bad. I hate to hear that." Just kept on shining my gun.

217 He said, "Well," he said, "well, uh, she's, uh, she's very bad."

And I said, "Yes, sir." I said, "That's. . ." Let him sweat awhile, so I just went ahead and kept working on my gun.

He said, "Well, uh, uh," he said, "you reckon you could help her?"

I said, "Me?" I said, "I'm not a doctor. I don't know what to do, sir." I said, "I'm not a doctor."

He said, "Well, uh, uh, you know," said, "uh, I—I—I thought maybe—maybe you could, uh, help her a little."

And I said, "What do you mean?"

He said, "Well, uh, you know, like the woman down on the. . ."

I said, "I see." I said, "That wasn't me. That was the Lord Jesus."

And he said, "Well. . ."

I said, "I thought you didn't believe in Him?"

224 He told me a little story one time. His—his grandmother had, or his—his aunt, I believe it was, had made a promise, she'd pay an old circuit preacher five dollars at the end of the year. She'd washed clothes, and she didn't have the money to pay him. And the wash day come, and then the preacher was going to be there, and she didn't have any money. And she had a dime, or a nickel, or whatever it cost for a big old bar of soap, and she sent him to the store. Come back, and said, she took the—the bar of soap, and the—and was crying." Said, "She reached down and got her big old apron and wiped her tears.

And she was over the old kettle, like your mothers used to have to do. 'Course, you just touch a button now. That's gone, you see.

226 But she put the soap on the washboard like this. And putting it on; she heard something rubbing. And she happened to look down, and looked, sticking in the bar of soap, and there was a five-dollar gold piece; and she had promised the old circuit preacher." She said. . .

I said, "How did that get there?"

Said, "Well, I'm just a wondering?"

I said, "The resurrected Jesus did that. She made the promise with all good heart. She thought she could do it, and God had made a way for her." Just the way He does things, is the way you recognize Him. Just by what He does, the things that He does, the way He does it. She said . . .

He said, "Well, I—I wondered, always." Said, "It's always been on my heart, wonder if there was . . ."

I said, "If there was?" I said, "There is, Mr. Andrews."

229 He said, "Well, Brother Branham, you think she . . . He—He—He could help my wife?"

I said, "Sure. I know He can." I said, "Will you . . ."

He said, "Will you pray for her?"

I said, "No. You pray for her." I said, "You're the person to pray."

He said, "Well, I don't know how to say a prayer."

I said, "That wouldn't do any good, anyhow, if you said a prayer." I said, "Get down and talk to Him."

He said, "Well, how do I do it?"

I said, "Just move your chair back, and just set there . . . just kneel down there on, by the table, and go to praying."

So he got down there, and he begin to pray. And he said, "Now," he said, "Mister, I don't know how to talk to You." He said, "But if You'll just help my wife . . ."

He raised up and said, "Say, preacher, now let's go out at the hospital and talk to Him." Said, "Maybe, if we comes down where it's in a hospital."

I said, "All right." My wife got ready. We went out there.

235 And Mrs. Andrews there, couldn't even see her eyes no more, the—the blood had separated, you know. The clot had caused the blood . . . the water. And you couldn't see her eyes. I looked at her. Oh, my. My wife started crying.

I knelt down and started to pray. I said, "Dear God, I pray now that You'll help the woman." I said, "To see that we're all hopeless and helpless. The doctor has done all he can do, and yet she's laying here dying." I said, "O God, what could we do? How could we do anything now? We call on You. We know that You rose from the dead, and You're alive among us. And You're just as tangible as the

light is on my hands. You're here. And You have all powers, and You can do it. Now, Lord, if we have found favor in Your sight, we humbly come and ask for mercy for the woman."

While I was praying, things begin to move like that. I looked and I seen her coming over to my house with a apple pie in her hand and give it to me. And I set on the front porch and begin to carve this apple pie and to eat it. I rose up then, after He had showed the vision.

238 What was it? The resurrected Lord. How was it? He's among men. "The things that I do . . ." He told the woman her sins at the well. He told where Philip was, when he was under the fig tree, praying. He knowed where a fish was, had a coin in its mouth. He said, "The Father shows Me the works, and I work hitherto. And the things that I do shall you also." What is it? It's the resurrection. He's rose from the dead. He's not dead. He's right here with us now. He's just as real in the room as the light is. He's just as real.

239 Why, man, a few years ago didn't know what electricity was, but he had a hunger in his heart to find out what it was. He believed he could make it light: Thomas Edison, and he tried ten thousand wires, but yet he found something. And he gave the world electricity.

Man believed in television and—and all these other things. God put it all here.

And there's power of the resurrected Christ this morning, right here in this building to save every sinner, to fill with the Holy Spirit, and to heal every sickness there is in the world, if you just know the right wire that leads to it. It's love and faith; that's the right wire. Get on in and travel once, and see if He don't tell.

242 You know, when Franklin caught the lightning, he didn't know what he had. He said, "I got it. I got it. I got it. I got it." He knowed there'd been a resurrection. There'd been something he got; he didn't know what it was.

Maybe sometimes the Holy Spirit speaks to you; you won't know just what It is, but you know It's there. It's the way He does it. Just the way God has of doing things, they recognize It.

244 This Mr. Andrews, then when I went out and told him. And on the third day, about two . . . Well, about two hours from then we come back home. And he come . . .

This was the commons here then. He come walking across there. They had called him, said, "Your wife's a dying." Said, "She's got death rattles in her throat. You better come."

And here he come back all disappointed. He said, "Brother Branham," said, "the doctor said she's going to die." Said, "He's right there now. He said, 'She's going to die.'"

I said, "But the Lord Jesus said she's going to live."

Said, "Well, how can . . . If she dies, can she live?"

Said, "She's already alive."

Hallelujah. Don't get excited at hallelujah. It means "praise our God." There ever was a morning the hallelujahs ought to ring from people, is this morning. That's right. Praise our God, for every shadow of death taken away. He lives.

<sup>248</sup> Notice. And he said, "Well, now," said, "how is she going to do it?"

I said, "I . . . That's not me to figure out. It's just me to believe what God said He's going to do."

So then he was awful sad. And after while he went out to the hospital.

Here he come back, and around the house he come, clippity, clippity, clippity. He run in, said, "Preacher, you know what's happened?"

And I said, "What, Mr. Andrews?" I was still setting there, shining away, you know.

He said, "You know what's happened."

And I said, "What's happened, Mr. Andrews?"

Said, "She raised up. All the water has passed from her. She said, 'I'm starving to death.'" Said, "They went and got her some bouillon. She said, 'I don't want bouillon. I want wieners and sauerkraut.'" She was hungry.

<sup>254</sup> What was it? What was it? Because He rose from the dead. That woman come from the hospital a well woman.

He lives, He lives, salvation to impart!

You ask me how I know He lives?

He lives within my heart.

That's right. He come around there. And on three days after that, I propped my feet on the front porch, eat the nicest apple pie, about, I ever eat. Why? He lives. He rose from the dead.

<sup>256</sup> This little woman over here, when she rose up from that tubercular, and the hospital said she was going to die . . . She walked around here, then she refused. She thought it was fanaticism to come be baptized.

And setting there one night with a high fever in her home, she could hear me preaching down through there, through her home. I was preaching on water baptism. She rose and come, and staggered her way into the church. And she was setting right back there. And she said, "I must be baptized." Great lump had swelled up on her shoulder. Mrs. Weber, over here, went and got her a robe and come put it on her. She walked into the pool with a fever a hundred and four and was baptized there according to what she promised God. And today . . . That's been years ago. And today, there she is, setting here alive this morning, is because God lives and reigns, and He rose from the dead.

<sup>258</sup> A few weeks ago, her and her daughter was over in Louisville. They were coming down along the street, and there was a poor, old beggar woman setting there. And she was begging. Said, "Lady, please help me. I'm in need." She looked in her pocket; she had just enough money, fifteen cents, I believe it was, for them to cross the bridge.

She was walking along. She started walking on down the street. The Lord said to her, said, "Now, when you was helpless, I helped you. And that woman's helpless, and you won't help her."

She walked along on a little farther, said, "Lord, but I only got the fifteen cents. How would me and my girl get home? How could we do it?"

He said, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

She turns back around, goes back. She said, "Lady, excuse me." Said, "I only have fifteen cents, is all I had for daughter and I to cross the bridge." Said, "I give it to you. It's all I got. I'm sorry I haven't got any more."

She said, "The Lord bless you, my daughter."

<sup>262</sup> She turned around, started walking on. Her daughter said, "Now, mother, what are we going to do now?" Said, "All the traffic, it would be dangerous to walk that bridge." Said, "We can't walk the bridge now."

She said, "I don't know. He told me to go give it, and that's all I had."

Walking down the street, and just then she happened to look. Her daughter said, "Oh, mother, look. Here lays a nickel." And she happened to look, and she said, "And here lays the dime."

What is it? Just the way He does things. He lets us know He's here.



266 Here this last summer I was out, meetings. My wife come in, she said, "Billy, I got to have a check. Got to go get some groceries."

Some poor old preacher come by here, said, "Brother Branham, I'm out of money." Said, "I—I'm broke. I've got to go to Texas." Said, "I—I'll pay you someday when I can." Said, "Will you help me, help me?" Said, "I want fifty dollars."

I went down to the bank, see if I had it. Well, I had just—just about a hundred, so I went over and give him fifty dollars of it. He took it and went on.

The little things coming up, you know how it is. Wife said, "Billy, I got to have a check this morning, about twenty dollars, got to go get some groceries." We went down and got the groceries. Come back. She forgot eggs. We wasn't getting any. So I thought, "Oh, my, well," thought, "maybe somebody will do something."

270 So I went over, and I was helping Mr. May, was kind of . . . Wasn't nobody at the house yet, and I was shoveling some dirt over there. I happened to look, and I seen an old car come in, drove into the side, and set down. An old preacher got out of there, kind of crippled up, and come walking up, sit on the porch, leaned back. I thought, "That poor, old broke-down preacher; I—I got to go over and see him."

I went over. I said, "Good morning."

He said, "How do you do, Rev. Branham?" Said, "I don't guess you know me." And he told me who he was. Said, "I'm one of these poor preachers." He said, "I was up in Cleveland; they give me enough gasoline, get this far." And said, "My old car is about dry out there. Said, "Something told me to come by here." Said, "Maybe you would help me a little."

I looked at him. I thought, "My, mm," you know. I thought, "Poor old fellow."

I said, "Let's have prayer."

He said, "I want you to pray. I got a bad hip."

And I said, "All right." We knelt down and started to pray.

273 When I started praying, the Lord said, "Give him five dollars."

I said, "Well, Lord, 'course, You know all about it. You, You know whether it's there or not."

And I said, "The Lord told me to give you five dollars."

Said, "That's too much, Brother Branham."

I said, "But He told me to give you five dollars." And I wrote the check. I said, "Take it over to Strother's; they'll cash it." I thought, "Now, what?" Went on out. He drove away, and was gone a little while.

276 There was a man working on the house over there, come over with Mr. Luther. He said, "Say, preacher!"

And I said, "Yeah."

Said, "You know," said, "I got a hundred hens at home." And said, "Them old hens," said, "I—I give them all the starters and everything else and the feeds," and said, "I can't get them things to lay." He said, "About a week ago, I got down, I said, 'Lord, if You'll just—if You'll just make these hens lay, I'll give half the eggs away.'" Said, "You know, they started laying." Said, "Next day I got ninety eggs." He said, "I—I got a case of eggs here, I want to give you." Five dollars, just exactly.

278 What is it? Just the way He does things. What am I trying to say this morning? I'm trying to say this: that Jesus Christ lives and reigns. He's rose from the dead. He broke the bread. Their eyes come open. They recognized that it was Him, just the way He did anything. You watch along and you'll find out; just the way He does things, He still lives and reigns.

He lives, He lives, salvation to impart!

Ask me how I know He lives?

He lives within my heart.

279 His message was, "Go tell My disciples I'll meet them in Galilee."

And His message is, today, He will meet you. "I'll meet you," wherever you'll meet Him. "Come unto me, all you that labor and heavy laden."

But, my friends, as those people were surprised, when they heard this Man on the shore, saying, "Cast your net," they didn't know it. And these men on Emmaus, when they walked and talked with Him, and didn't know it. . .

282 And many of us, my friends, has missed the mark of the high calling in Christ, is because we didn't recognize. Many times, at the judgment bar, there'll be a disappointment, when you realize that that religion of Jesus Christ, it brings salvation and happiness and gladness. Which is called, as Paul said in the days of old, "In the way

that's called heresy." Heresy is "crazy," you know. "In the way that's called heresy, so worship I the Lord God of our fathers; in the way that's called heresy."

Many times you see people that's happy, and rejoicing, and full of the Spirit of God, where Divine healing and powers and wonders and miracles are performed. They say, "It's hypnotism." They say, "It's this, that, or the other." But if you'll only read the Bible, it's the Lord Jesus Christ. You just don't recognize Him. You just don't realize Who it is.

I trust that before this day is gone, before this day is gone, that He will do something in your life, that you'll recognize Him, and the resurrection will spring forth in your heart, if it isn't already. And may . . . And you'll notice the birds sing different. The lovely resurrected Jesus, this morning, has rose from the dead; therefore, all fears of death is gone. Hallelujah. They're sealed away in the Sea of Forgetfulness.

<sup>285</sup> When old saint Paul come down to the end of the road, and he was setting there with the chains around his feet and around his hands; they was building the stocks out there, that they're going to chop his head off with. When they said, "Paul, what do you think about it now?"

He said, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the Faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day; not only me, but all those who love His appearing."

When they walked him out on the block there, and he pulled down his collar, and lay his head down there, death stared him right in the face, he said, "Now, I got you. Now, you're scared."

He said, "O death, where is your sting?"

Looked out there, and he seen them digging the hole to put him in. The grave—the old muddy grave said, "I'll catch you. I will mold you over. I'll contaminate your body. Skin worms will crawl in and out of you. I . . ."

He said, "Grave, where is your victory?"

But he turned his head back towards Jerusalem, oh, my, "But thanks be to God Who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, my.

<sup>290</sup> I got to come to the end of the road. Some of these days, my labors will be over. Some of you boys setting here, that we played together, boxed together, played marbles together, and everything. We were little boys then. But now, I begin to notice . . . Tomorrow is

my birthday. I will be forty-four years old, tomorrow. My shoulders begins to droop, and wrinkles coming under my eyes, what hair I got left is turning gray. What is it? Death set in; she's grinding me down.

But, brother, while death on one side's a grinding, Life on the other side's making new again. That's right. And one of these days you all will stand up here at the cemetery, where they got it arranged, and if I die before Jesus comes, they're going to sing "Only Believe, All things are possible, only believe."

When you hear them say, "he's gone," then sprinkle the clods of dirt upon the casket; I'm not gone. I live, yet, because He lives. No.

<sup>293</sup> One of these glorious spring mornings, when all of it's over; and the atomic bombs done bursted the world and sent her over yonder, and she's whirled around through the years, and been purified, brought back; and the palm trees will rise up in the earth again, a resurrection of all nature, like God did in the beginning. There'll be no pollution in the soil. There'll be no pollution in the air. And the palm trees, there'll be no germs or diseases to ever break them down again. The apple trees will never get old. Hallelujah. She'll raise up. And some glorious, beautiful morning, when the big birds are flying from tree to tree, Jesus shall appear here on earth again. And when He does, those that are dead in Christ, God will bring with Him.

We'll come up on an Easter morning too, meet our loved ones and greet them. Won't that be a wonderful time?

<sup>295</sup> And I can stand yonder . . . And see my old mother setting back here in the back of the building, this morning, getting old and shaky, and full of palsy, and she begins to get old. When I can see her there, and say, "Mother, this is your boy." And I get over there and see my loved ones, and my dear friends that's here at the church, little old Brother George DeArk, all of those who went down in Christ Jesus. All my dear friends, when they're resurrected, and I can meet them . . .

And then go over and say, "Who's that fellow coming there?"

"That's Paul. Here comes Silas. Here's Daniel. Here, here's Ezekiel. Here's all the rest of them." And we can walk down through this Paradise of God.

There'll be a real resurrection some of these mornings, friend. We'll meet you.

That little baby that died, about like this, she'll be a young lady. And she'll put her arms around her mother, and weeping there and crying, and praising God for His glorious resurrection of His Son, Christ Jesus. Some glorious day, it'll come.

We have lived now because we have the earnest of our salvation, the Holy Spirit here, bearing record that there is a resurrection. How is it?

<sup>301</sup> One time I was a sinner. One time I'd a never stood behind this pulpit. One time you'd a never heard me raise my voice and say "amen"; I'd have been ashamed to. There would be one time I wouldn't have had a teardrop in my eyes; I'd have been ashamed to. I was "big bad Bill."

But one day, Jesus Christ met me in the power of His resurrection. He crushed that stony heart and took it out of me. He put a new mind. He put a new nature. He put a new Person in here. And today, because He lives, I live also.

<sup>303</sup> And some of these days, friends, when I come to the end of the road, just as you and the rest of us, and our armors are pretty well beaten up, from the battle. . . Oh, my. Look at the old shield, see how many fiery darts it's had to knock off of me. I'm down there and feel the waves coming in on my soul; I know I'm at the end of the road then. Just like my mother there, and like all the Branham's, when they get down real old they begin to shake with a palsy.

I want to stand there (hallelujah), leaning on the staff, the end of the road. I want to take off my helmet, and lay it down by the seashore, kneel down on the shore, and stick the old Sword back in the sheaf of eternity, and raise up my hands and scream. And I know, as I go through the valley of the shadow of death, the Morning Star will come out to light the way. The Holy Ghost will spread His glossy wings across that terrible muddy Jordan, and bear our weary souls to a better land. Yes, sir.

<sup>305</sup> Don't you fear. "I'll fear no evil, for Thou art with me." "Death's all swallowed up in victory." There's. . . Death can't do nothing. One writer said, that, "The only thing that God had did to death, He put it to a buggy and harnessed it, and set it in the buggy shaft. And the only thing death can do is pull a believer in the Presence of his Maker." That's the only thing death can do. Some of these days, death will grind out this mortal part.

<sup>306</sup> But just when I was a baby, and there was a supernatural Being waiting at my mother, to give me life, when I was born, so if this earthly tabernacle be dissolved, there's already one yonder waiting in

glory, prepared yonder, where there's no sickness or suffering. And just as I've been begotten of the Spirit here, and the Spirit of God crying out, "Abba, Father"; not only me, but every person in the world, that's born again, while this—while this spiritual body, while we're growing in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, someday we will step across the borders yonder and we'll be into that new body, where there'll never be any gray hair, stooped shoulders, or anything like that. We'll be young there forever, because Jesus Christ rose on the third day after His resurrection—after His death, and rose up again.

He lives. He reigns. Now, go tell His disciples. Go tell His people that He said, "I'll meet you over in Galilee." One of these days, in the Galilee of God, yonder somewhere, I expect to meet Him in peace, because He lives in my heart today. I trust that He's the same with every one of you. And while we . . .

<sup>308</sup> I'm sorry I've taken up too much time here, just about a couple hours now till Sunday school service starts. Shall we bow our heads.

O Merciful God, Creator of heavens and earth, Author of Everlasting Life, Giver of every good gift, we thank Thee, this morning for the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Some nineteen hundred years ago, this morning, this great event taken place. Man had been a fearing death before that; but after He come, then He took all the fear of death away.

And today He lives and reigns in our hearts. He said, after He had rose from the dead, He said, "I'll be with you, even in you, to the end of the world." Nineteen hundred and something years has passed, since that event, but this morning, He lives afresh in our hearts.

<sup>311</sup> We've gathered here, this morning, Lord, to worship Him, to teach of His Word, to feel His Spirit, to shake hands with one another, and to say, "Praise the Lord," to one another, because that we believe that He died and rose again.

We believe, that in us this morning, Lord, by the grace of God, reigns immortal Life in our physical beings. We believe that in there is the Spirit of God that cannot die, that It never will die. And He has . . . He said, "I'll give them Everlasting Life. They shall never perish, and I'll raise them up at the last day." We believe it, Lord, for we are witnesses of His resurrection.

<sup>313</sup> Now, Father, bless us through the day. Bless the strangers in our gate. And may today be a happy day.



And if there be those here this morning, Lord, who has never been borned again, that doesn't know the experience of living with Jesus in the resurrected Life, in the new Life, where the old shackles and all the desires of the things of the world has dropped away, and doesn't know what it means to be a new creature in Christ Jesus, O Holy Spirit, move upon them, today. Breathe into their being immortal Life. And may the joy bells of heaven spring forth in this Easter, a yule tidings today, and may they go forth and be a new creatures in Thee.

Hear the prayer of Your servant, Lord, for I ask this blessing in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

All right, shall we stand. All right, Brother Neville.

### Copyright notice

All rights reserved. This book may be printed on a home printer for personal use or to be given out, free of charge, as a tool to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This book cannot be sold, reproduced on a large scale, posted on any website other than [www.branham.org](http://www.branham.org), stored in a retrieval system, translated into other languages, or used for soliciting funds without the express written permission of Voice Of God Recordings®.

For more information or for other available material, please contact:

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS  
P.O. BOX 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.  
[www.branham.org](http://www.branham.org)