
PRODIGAL



Thank you, Brother Paul. Good evening, audience. [Congregation applauds—Ed.] Thanks a lot. Thank you. That makes me feel real good to know that I was welcome back after almost three weeks of staying with you. Goes to show that we have a mutual fellowship. It doesn't. . . Even death doesn't separate us from each other. We live on somewhere. Love moves on; after all things are gone, love still stands. "Where there's prophecies, they shall fail; where there's tongues, they shall cease; but when there's love, it endureth forever," lives on, on, lives on.

Happy to be here, as I say again, this afternoon, to have this opportunity to talk to you just a little while. It's rather warm. And tonight this is healing service, the closing of the revival. And we're going to try tonight, if possible, to minister to every one that we possibly can in the audience, just put most of the time in for praying for the sick.

Now, I got home just very late, but the next day, that was on Saturday, or, on Friday night, and then Saturday morning I had a service. Saturday afternoon late, I had several emergencies that had to be taken care of right at once. And then, I left for church last night and got in just a little while ago, about a hour. I'll have service this afternoon and tonight. Tomorrow at noon, I have service at New Albany, Indiana. So, you see where it poses, just constantly on the move. But we're very happy to be anywhere that we can speak just a little word for Jesus. That's what counts.

² I'm so thankful for the—the ministers here, and them that sing, that kind of inspired or helped them along. That's the purpose of being here, is trying to help others. We. . . I could never take the Message to all the world myself. It's going to take thousands of us together to do this; and together when we can unite ourselves, forgetting about our churches, and our doctrines, and so forth, to just know this one thing: Christ and Him crucified, and know that among us. And I think that God will. . . fixing to do a marvelous work right away. I believe we're going to see the moving of the Spirit like we have never in all the ages.

And I feel led to say this, which I've felt for some time, or, the last few weeks, that I believe that the little portion that God has given to me to try to minister to others God is going to step it up again now, into something else that'll be more marvelous than what the other two signs that God has given me to do before the people. And I believe it'll be more gracious than ever been yet. Pray for me. And if others

can catch the inspiration and just move up close to God like a great Christian army go marching on.

I want to say again from the—the little presents and things that was give to me this week, I didn't get to open some of them till we got home, it was all appreciated. Even the little girl and I, when we got home, why, someone gave me a box of cookies and we set down and eat the cookies with each other, my little girl and I; we were very happy to have them.

³ Now, that we do not wish to take too much of time. How many people are in the building here today that's Christians? Let's see your hands, that's Christians, all over the building. Oh, my. Is there any sinners? Let's see if anybody's a sinner, put up your hand. You mean that you're not a sinner? [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . one sinner! My! . . . ? . . . God bless you. That's fine. We're all Christians. I'm sure happy for that. That's very nice. Well now, how many has received the Holy Spirit since you believed? Let's see your hands . . . ? . . . Oh, my. Looky here. This would be a good time for the rapture, wouldn't it? Already . . . ? . . . Well, I was going to speak this afternoon on *The Return Of The Prodigal Son*. Usually I would speak on this subject to get sinners to come to Christ, and since there's no sinners here, well there would be none to come to Him, would there? So, maybe I'll change my text and get something . . . ? . . .

And when you get home just call up the neighbors and all the sick people and get them out and maybe the Lord will do something for us tonight that will just start (Oh, my.) it'll just give us a great outpouring tonight. And I think they said they was going to rope off some places here for all the sick and the afflicted and cot, stretcher cases and so forth in here somewhere, they were telling me, for tonight's service. That will be very fine.

And I pray that God will . . . Let's all join together and pray that God will just heal everybody that's in the building at one time tonight. Wouldn't you like to see it here? I promise God here . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] heal everyone that is present and if He desires to do it, you . . . that will be a sign between He and I, that just as quick as you can get a place, I'll return back up here again to continue this meeting on.

[Someone says, "They want you to preach that sermon."—Ed.] All right. [Someone says, "We're all sinners saved by grace."] Amen. That's what we are "sinners saved by grace." Is that right? We're all sinners saved by grace. I remember when I was a prodigal. Am I too close to this?

4 All right. Everybody remember and pray, and if we happen to leave to be gone for some time, don't forget me in prayer. This afternoon's time before I come in the service, out from under the anointing, praying for the sick. And it's a great liberty to stand and greet the people, and we're—we're—we're happy to do that. It—it builds me up, and then, at nighttime when the anointing comes for these things. . . . Just imagine, sometimes in our meetings where we've had many, many thousands of people, setting all around, you can feel there is critics, reporters, there's ministers sometimes criticizes, churches that doesn't believe in healing. And they're—they're just waiting to find one thing wrong. If they can do that, they pin it on. It's a—it's a . . .

Now, I've got to be just at—just at my best at all times till the Holy Spirit can move right in and know just exactly what's what. And that's the reason that I don't visit much with people, not that I don't want to. God knows I want to do that, but I—I just can't do it because when I get with someone, they're talking of something else, then that gets me away from that and I want to be just so that if the Lord would say, "This person has got a *certain*—*certain* thing, or this one over here. Who's this standing before you?" Remember what one mistake will do. And I can't depend on myself, for I don't know nothing. I have to depend on Him.

And in there, I'm trusting that when the Lord does that, that He'll inspire the entire congregation to believe the Supernatural Being, God, is in the midst of us, ready to glorify His works among us. And I'm very happy that He makes Hissself known that way. Can we just speak to Him just for a moment now, while we bow our heads?

5 Our Heavenly Father, we're very thankful to be here this afternoon and to be represented among Your children. Those who believe You, who suffer for You, who preach the Word, who minister through the day and through the night, those who fast and pray, and look Heavenward all day long.

We're thankful to be associated with such a Heavenly group that we're setting before this afternoon, where many, many hundreds of people gathered out here and are all filled with Your Spirit, waiting for the moving of the waters, we might step in. And peradventure there would be those, Lord, who doesn't know You here, just was a little backward about putting up their hands to make a public confession of it. I pray that You'll speak to that heart today, bring them to the altar of repentance that they might find Thee dear to their heart. And those who without the Holy Spirit, may they come today. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

Say, “Oh, God, search me and try me and see if there be any evil in me, then wash it by Thy Blood that I might receive Thee, the Holy Spirit, in my heart.” Forgive us of our shortcomings, Lord, please. Thy children have erred. Many a times we error from the Way, and we pray that You forgive us. Bless the Word. I do not know, You know Father, that I do not know one word that I shall say this afternoon. Just announcing, perhaps, on *The Return Of The Prodigal Son* to speak. Just going to wait on You, for what You say, we’ll say. Bless all the words that go forth. May they fall in fertile ground, bring forth a hundredfold; for we ask it, in the Name of the Master, Christ. Amen.

⁶ I do not know why I said that subject to speak on *The Return Of The Prodigal Son*. I haven’t read this Scripture for the past eight years that I know of, haven’t read this piece of the Scripture. And to speak on it, I guess it’s been eight or ten years ago since I spoke on it. And I think when I did then, I approached it from the way of the Pharisees. The son that was left at home, that felt bad towards his brother and I believe that’s the way the story goes. And he was very provoked because the father had received the—the lost, straying son back, and his attitude of approach to it. And I spoke to the church about how that they should not feel that way, that when a sinner comes to the altar, the whole church ought to gather right around them. Don’t you believe that?

Not long ago, down near Burkesville, Kentucky, where I was born, it was on Memorial Day, been about five years ago, I was speaking there on Sunday afternoon. And they . . . I was just thinking a few moments ago what a difference, here we are, cars parked around, lovely auditorium, and down there was a little old church, made of clapboard shingles, and split logs, way back up. And when they taken me up that day, there was horses all along. They was speaking of the morning, had hymn singing. And I was standing there on the platform, and they had the “Amen corner” on one side, with the ladies over on the other side. And they were, didn’t have no songbook at all. They had an old organ that you pumped with a stick. Did you ever see one? Let’s see if anybody ever seen an organ? Oh, yes, that you pump with a great big pole that cut out of the woods, they pumped this organ. And sometimes they wouldn’t use it because some of the keys were out. They had an old tuning fork, they’d hit with that fork, the minister would go, “Hmmmmmm.” They’d all catch it and start singing. They were singing, “We’ll fear no evil when we come to die, for Jesus will take us in His arms and carry us safely Home.”

⁷ Those people, how that they respected God. I spoke to them about Divine healing that afternoon, and, or, that night, rather.

And the next day I was squirrel hunting up on the side the hill. I heard the saws going down in the hollow and I thought I’d go down

and see what they were doing. Four or five men were standing down there with their rifles setting against the tree, lot of feuds goes on, and they were sawing wood.

And one of them was speaking, said, "I believe that preacher told the truth."

And one of them said, "That was a *blankety-blankety* good service." That's the only way he had to express hisself, I guess.

And there was . . . I walked up where they were at, and they were talking, and one of them had a great big chew of tobacco, almost looked like *that* big sticking out the side of his mouth, jaw puffed out. He was just the head speaker. When I walked up, I said, "Hello." And they turned around, this big fellow looked at me, swallowed that chew tobacco, took off his hat, and said, "Good morning, Parson Branham."

I thought, "My, that was enough to kill him, almost," that great big wad of tobacco like that.

⁸ But while speaking in the afternoon, dinner had been served. Course I believe to the people up here that would have been lunch; but now, it's dinner. I eat three meals a day: breakfast, dinner and supper down there in the south. So, I got mixed up when they begin to say dinnertime up here at suppertime, I—I missed out supper. So, anyhow, the horses were chomping down in the woods, and I was speaking on the subject of the resurrection of Christ, and when a big old boy standing back there, the place was crowded and full, and he ran to the altar, and hollered, "God, have mercy on my soul." And when he came up, why, he never got halfway to the altar, "If God would save me." Why, there was about fifty of those old mammies out there, grabbed him around the neck and down at the altar they went with him.

There was about fifty some odd conversions that afternoon. And now, they didn't get down there and just make a dry-eyed confession and get up. They prayed through, about two hours of it. They got up, their clothes were so wet you could just wring them out where they'd perspired. They got up shouting. And down through the woods and up over the hills they went hollering, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Listen folks, they might have been Baptists, but they had real old-time Holy Ghost religion. That's right. Cause they lived that way. By your fruits you're known. That's true.

⁹ Now, while I read, you pray, if you will. Over in 15th chapter of Saint Luke, we wish to read these verses of the Scripture, beginning with the 11th verse of the 15th chapter of Saint Luke.

And he said, A certain man had two sons:

. . . the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided—divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger . . . gathered all together, and took his journey to a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough . . . to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and . . . say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And I'm no more worthy to be called thy son: make me . . . one of thy hired servants:

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

. . . the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, I'm no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; . . . put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

. . . bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; . . . let us eat, and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they begin to make merry.

May the Lord add His blessings to the Word.

¹⁰ As a minister, or as a speaker, I—I am not. My part in this lot here on earth is to pray for sick people, which I greatly love to do. And I'm not educated. The only thing that I can say is when I read the Scripture, just look for every Word, just as He says it then I have to say it. And you pray with me, all of you, and minister brothers, while I try speak on this subject for just a few moments.

The one thing. . . And notice both Jesus speaking this parable, He was trying to express the feeling of the Father to the lost, to those who

were alienated from God, gone out. Remember, one time we were all alienated, cut off from God, without mercy, without hope, walking about in the world of darkness, lost forever; Jesus taken our place as a sinner and died in our stead. And the Father receives us gladly since the Son has become the sinner. How the marvelous Gospel.

I've often wondered what would life be, what could I ever expect if it had not been for Jesus? Where—where would I be? What would be my fate?

¹¹ I laid in the hospital not long ago, the best medical doctors, I guess, a patient could ask; looked into my face after anesthetic by mistake went to my heart. Shocked to find the anesthetic was above where that it should have been. . . ? . . . it went to my heart. My heart was only beating seventeen times per minute. The doctor told my father. . . ? . . . has three minutes to live. Oh, my, how would I ever get out of that place? Three minutes to live. All of my sins stood before me, and I. . . faith that I did not claim. Sin to stand before me as sin. Many times, we Christians here, we try to justify ourselves. You say, "Well, this isn't very bad; but the least sin should be confessed, always, no matter what, how little it looks to you, it's sin in the sight of God.

Look how little the first sin was, but look what it did to the human race. When the first sin was committed, look at the difference. When the message came to Heaven that, "Your son, has fallen." Well, it looked like Adam ought to have been running around through the garden, hollering, "Oh, Father! Oh, Father, where are You?"

But Adam went and hid himself. And it was just vice versa, it was the Father calling, "Son, son, where art thou?" See how man will try to justify himself. He'll try to stand behind something. Instead of coming right out and saying what he is and confessing his sins before God, he'll try to hide behind something.

¹² And here was the searchings of God, walking, running up and down through the garden, screaming for His lost boy. The Father hunting, searching for the son; it should have been the son searching for the Father.

And today, it's just the same. Just as soon as man sins, and instead of coming out and confessing his sins before God, he'll try to get back. He'll try to hide behind something. He'll try to get a self-made religion.

Look at Adam. Made. . . they made aprons of fig leaves, and put that around them, the fig leaves. But when they came to the place where God called Adam and Eve to stand before Him, they realized that they had a man-made religion. The word *religion* means "a covering." And they were covered by a self-made apron. You see it?

Now, that strain is in man yet today. And instead of trying to come God's way of repentance and believing on His Son, letting the Blood of His Son cleanse us from our sins, we slip around, try to find some other way, some way of escape from coming God's way. We'll say, "Well, this religion . . . We'll join this, or we'll do this where it's not quite so strict." And the fig-made leaves, when they had to face God was no good.

And you'll find out, my dear friend, that man-made theories will not stand when you're coming down to the last breath of this body and this life. It's good to live by those things, but you can't die by them.

And I guess for my age in the ministry, I've probably stood by as many dying people as—as anyone of my age, because I've been much called-on to the dying.

¹³ Not long ago, a certain young lady in our city had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. She came up to the tabernacle. Another young lady of the city, very popular, belonged to a modern type of religious group that denies the Blood and the covering, and said that we were a cult and a bunch of—of holy-rollers because that we believed in the saving grace of Christ. If that's what it takes to be a holy-roller, then I am one for I believe in the Blood.

This young lady went to dances and shows, but she was the Sunday school teacher in the church. The church denied the Blood of Christ, said there was no such a thing. The pastor said it dried up nineteen hundred years ago: a social gospel. And by and by the young lady got out with some boys, fine looking little lady.

This little girl come up to the tabernacle. She kind of dressed kind of old fashion. She used to go down the street, and her hair combed back just as tight as she could get it without these, ever what you call the manicure on her face, or ever what the stuff is that they wear; on down the street she would go.

Yes, it's the truth; we teach against it. God help preachers to get down to the Gospel. Listen, ladies, there was only one woman in the Bible that ever painted herself to meet a man, and that was Jezebel; and God fed her to the dogs. So when you see them wear that, say, "How do you do, Miss Dog Meat?" That's exactly what it was: God fed her to the dogs. You don't want to be like her.

God will make you pretty in your ways: pretty is, as pretty does. But even our holiness churches are letting down. You know that's the truth. You better come back to the old hewing line again, back to the Gospel.

¹⁴ Now, notice. And this young lady, she just carried on every way: went out to dances and parties, and so forth. She taken sick. She didn't understand what was the matter. But when the doctor got to her, she

had a venereal disease, she was too far gone. Tried some shots, but it didn't work.

So the pastor told her she would go right on to Heaven because she was a Sunday school teacher. So, they all gathered in the room to see her go out, the Angels of the Lord come to get her.

I just passed by the street a little while before that. The pastor was setting out in the hall of the home, lovely big home, fine people. He'd just stepped out of the room, the Sunday school class was all in singing songs, to see her go to Heaven. And the pastor stepped out to smoke, out in the hall. And when death struck the girl, she begin to get hysteric, she said, "Where is that girl?"

They said, "What girl?" She said, "Here's all of your class."

She said, "I'm not talking about them. I'm talking about that girl that (called her name), that's from up there at the tabernacle, that used to speak to me about my soul." Said, "Go get her."

¹⁵ They went to the pastor, and he came running in. He said, "Now, honey, listen." Said, "We'll call the doctor and give you a shot. You're getting a little hysteric."

She said, "I'm not hysterical." She said, "You deceiver of men. I'm lost and going to hell because you taught me that." And the girl died and went out to meet God, lost, crying for the girl that had tried to tell her what was right.

Look, brother, when you come down to the end of this life's journey, you'll wish you had lived a holy clean life before God. Be sure to remember that.

Now, about your church, what you belong to, that doesn't mean nothing to God. It's what you are in your heart. That's right. God ain't going to ask you whether . . . what church you belonged to; it's what you are in your heart is what God is going to look at.

¹⁶ Notice, how that Jesus speaking here about the father and the son going away. He must've been . . . had this on His mind of how that God's searching, calling, pulling the people to repentance. And today, the Holy Spirit's still going through the land, calling out to the lost and the dying.

Before we leave this here, about the fig leaves, I wish to say one more word. Notice what God did. God, when He met with Adam and them, and they had their own made religion. It hasn't been twenty-four hours ago till someone said, "Brother Branham, you know what my religion is?" He said, "My religion is the Golden Rule: Do unto others as you'd have others do."

I said, "That's good, but that hasn't got any salvation in it." That's right. "Except a man be borned again, he will in no wise enter the Kingdom." Borned of the Spirit of God, renewed, regenerated, become a new person in Christ Jesus: old things passed away and all things become new, converted, changed over; going your road this way, and turn, come this way; vice versa.

¹⁷ Now, but then when they stood before God, Adam was afraid to come out, he said, "I'm naked."

Now notice, God went out and got some skins, and come in, and made aprons, and tied them around them. Now notice, if God got skins, He had to kill something. Something had to die to make a covering; and He killed something, and got the skins off of them. And something died in their place because the penalty was death. So, an innocent victim had to die for the guilty to cover them up.

And so is it today, friends: not the Golden Rule, which is all right; not the Ten Commandments, which is holy; but God killed something to cover you up. His Son, Christ Jesus died on Calvary, the Innocent for the guilty to make a way that you and I might be innocent in Him before God. And that's the thing that the Holy Spirit is searching through the land today to try to find someone to believe on Him, on Christ Jesus.

¹⁸ Now, our story starts, a very pathetic story to me; as I shall try to approach it just a little bit now. Listen closely. Let's set a drama this afternoon, picture back just a little bit, so that the children might receive it. God, help our children of these days.

Not long ago, the great J. Edgar Hoover outfit, Captain Al Farrar, great man, over all the juvenile of the Hoover outfit, came to my meeting and was converted, led to Christ. I stood in his office. What it was, I was in Fresno, California and was having a meeting, three nights. We went from there to Seattle. . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . platform.

When I walked in I never seen so many police everywhere. They took me in a little room, when I came back out, Dr. Bosworth was making his address, fixing to introduce me; and just as he did, someone stepped up with plain clothes on, and touched his shoulder, said, "I'd like to have a word to say."

Dr. Bosworth said, "That's not customary here, sir." He showed his credentials. He was Captain Al Farrar.

And he said, "Yes, sir?"

He said, "Friends. . . ." Ten thousand had gathered.

And he said, "Captain. . . I'm Captain Al Farrar." He said, "Most everyone here knows me because my native home is here in

Washington, Tacoma.” He said, “My business is to break up rackets.” And he said, “When I heard this Branham affair of praying for the sick, I went to Fresno to stop the racket.” He said, “I’ve seen those things, I heard the preacher speak; and he didn’t seem like a racketeer to me.” Said, “We brought, went and got a medical doctor, and sent a little boy in there that was, been paralyzed in his limbs, polio. The polio just . . . ? . . .” And said, “When he came through . . . We stayed two nights. Finally, they got the boy in the line.” Said, “When he came through, that, Brother Branham said, ‘He—he’s a victim of polio.’ And he asked the father if he would believe. And, so, the father was on the police force.” And said, “He said he would believe.” Said, “Brother Branham said within the space of eight days the boy shall be well.” And said, “We’ve watched him.” And said, “The little lad is standing behind the curtain here tonight perfectly normal, returned back to school.” He said, “I want you all to well rest assured of this: We’ve checked their finances, what they do with them, and the things.” He said, “I want you to know that it’s not a racket, that it’s truly the hand of Almighty God.”

¹⁹ The next day he taken me down to this big jail where they had there. And they had the young ladies in there, some of them gunfighters. They were walking up and down the floor, cursing one another. Said, “What do you think of that, Reverend Branham?”

I said, “Oh, my.” I said, “Can I speak a word to them?”

He said, “Certainly.”

I went down to the young men there. And there they were in there, in a horrible condition. He showed me how from his desk he’d press a button to open certain cells, and could only do from here. If someone would shoot him he’d touch the button here, and it’d locked every . . . police and everything, all around the place.

Then after he was finished, he had two guards with him, and when we went down to the galleries, he said, “You like guns, don’t you, Brother Branham?”

I said, “Yes.”

²⁰ We went down into the gallery beneath, way down in a cell-like. He said, “Here’s where we practice with the young men.” He begin to tell how far you could be from one place to the other, and how to shoot, so forth. And I noticed he kept looking down at me. And I wondered what he was going to do; dismissed the officers that were with him. And we were in this little place alone, metal all around. Said, “Brother Branham?”

I said, “Yes, sir?”

He put his hand over on my shoulder, and I thought, “Oh, my.”

He said, "Wonder if there's a chance for me."

I said, "What do you mean, Captain Farrar?"

He said, "I—I haven't been a bad man." He said, "I try to hold to the law and do what's right."

"That's your duty, sir."

He said, "But I really want to find Jesus."

And I said, "Do you believe?"

He said, "Yes, sir. But I haven't found God." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] "...belong to a church here. I—I don't know Him." Said, "There's no need of me trying to fool myself." He said, "I joined the church. I been a member for years." Said, "I don't know Him that way."

I said, "All right, Captain Farrar, you—you can receive Him if you'll just believe."

He said, "I tell you. Before you leave Washington, you set some place where we'll meet, and we'll go together, and there we'll talk it all over." Said, "You just fix it. We'll have a dinner and go out together, and so forth, and maybe I'll take my yacht, take it out in the—the bay area."

²¹ I said, "Captain Al Farrar, He'll receive you right here."

He said, "Not down in this [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . ."

I said, "Yes, sir."

Said, "Would He come down here?"

I said, "He went into the belly of a whale for a man. He went down in the fiery furnace to get some of His children out. He'll come down into this gallery." There that officer, unbuckling his gun, and laying it on the floor, and putting his arms around me like that, and God miraculously come down, saved him. Going to preach the Gospel now. Preacher going out, seeing the Father is still concerned about the lost. No matter who you are, what environment you're in, Jesus will come anywhere to receive you.

²² Look at this prodigal this afternoon, where he was: worst place for a Hebrew there could be is a pigpen.

Notice, look at the drama now. There's an old-fashion country home. Let's just fix it in our minds for a moment. I can see, living there, a lovely old couple, worked hard all their lives and had two sons. Of course, the son always falls heir to the inheritance. And then this younger son, perhaps . . . Let's say they'd went to church every Sunday, and they loved God, and they served God with all their heart.

But one day, this younger son, let's say he would start going out with a group that he had no business going to. Listen young man, here

this afternoon, young lady, just as soon as you get out from under Christian influence you're in bad hands, you're on your road back, right then. Remember that, just as soon as you get from under the influence of the Holy Spirit. I don't care who the boy is or who the girl is, if they're not saved keep away from them. That's exactly right. And men, you too.

Somebody said, "Well, I can go into the barroom with a guy. I can drink a Coke while he drinks beer and whiskey, and come back out and be the same person." I doubt it. That's right. The Bible said, "Shun the very appearance of evil." Stay off the enemy's ground. The old toboggan slide is so slicky . . . ? . . . toboggan, move around and all once before you knew it down the chute you went . . . ? . . .

²³ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . wondered if he hire somebody to take him around the hill. One said, "Well, I can drive these horses within two foot of the rim at a full gallop and never go off."

The other one said, "I can drive it within six inches and never go off."

He said, "What about you?" to the next one.

He said, "I stay just as far over as I can."

He said, "You take me around."

Don't see how close you can get to sin. See how far you can stay away from sin. Get way away from it, just altogether shut it off. It's a shame that our American people here wallowing and doing the things.

You go to homes today . . . I've went into Christian homes, when they open the icebox and it would be full of beer cans; supposed to be Christian home. Christians don't fool with that stuff . . . ? . . . We've traded the old-fashion prayer altar out of the house and made a card table out of it. That's what's got your children to turn into juvenile delinquents. It isn't juvenile delinquency, it's parent delinquency. If the parent would teach the child and see where they were at, take care of them, it wouldn't be . . . ? . . . on that . . . ? . . . That's right.

²⁴ See these young ladies, laying down there on these beaches, bathing suit on before men. And out here on the streets with some of these vulgar clothes, and let somebody insult one of them, and you want to . . . ? . . . You're the one. That's right. Send her out like that or let her go out like that . . .

So, I was talking to some little lady the other day; she said, "Well, I'm trying to get a suntan."

I said, "Look, I got a little girl at home; I don't know what will ever be her outcome, but if I ever catch her stretched out like that, she will get a son-tanning, but it will be Mr. Branham's son giving

her the tanning with a rail or something behind her, just as hard as I get her home.” That’s right. She will get the right kind of tanning she needs. That’s just exactly right. [Audience applauds—Ed.] Thank you. That’s the kind of tanning we need . . . ? . . . My daddy . . . ? . . . Ten Commandments, the golden rule . . . ? . . . out to the woodshed. I think we’d be better off . . . ? . . . Spare the rod and spoil the child . . . ? . . .

²⁵ Then, I can see this young man, he goes out . . . ? . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . “Why don’t you tell your mother you’re not going to that old church over there. All that . . . ? . . . All you do is patter back and forth to church.” Well, you couldn’t go any place better than to church. I can hear him say, “Why don’t you come on down to the city and come on down to bright lights and live like a boy should live.” Well, first thing you know, I can see him now, he’s going to ask his daddy and his dad’s getting old, and his mother’s getting old.

When he comes in one day, and gets tired and gets to sassing his mother and his father. First thing he said, “Father, I want you to give me my portion. I’m tired of laying around the house here and doing these things. All I see on Sunday is go to church. And the rest of the boys . . . ? . . . way or that way. They’re all out going, have their own way. I want to do as the rest of them does.” Don’t you never follow the crowd; you follow Jesus.

But that’s the attitude of young people, isn’t it? “I want to do like the rest of them does.” Don’t never you pattern yourself by them; pattern your—your pattern by Jesus.

²⁶ Then I hear him say, “Well, you . . .” I hear the father say, “Well, son, this is the only way I have of making a living. This is the only livelihood.”

“Well, I have an inheritance, and you give it to me. My rights . . .” What is your right?

I can see the poor old father; it bothered him very much. “Well, what are you going to do, son?”

He said, “I’m going down to the city, and live like the rest of them.”

Said, “Well, can’t you stay with mother and I? We love you with all of our heart, and we want to be good to you. We’ve done everything we can.” But that wouldn’t satisfy. Satan’s got a hold of the boy. So he was going down to the city to live like the rest of the worldly people.

Then I see his father tell the mother, say, “Mother, you know what’s happened? Our—our—our boy has got with the wrong crowd. He’s a young man now, so he’s asked me to sell the farm and take all that I have and divide it amongst he and his brother. I can’t talk him out of it.”

27 I can see the old mother. God bless those dear old mothers. I have one of them at home. How I love her, I told her good-bye yesterday, her chin was quivering. . . ? . . . coming down like . . . ? . . . mother hasn't got very long. I so enjoy the peace when we go up there for a feast. And I said, "Mother, I—I must go." I said, "I must . . . ? . . ."

This old mother, I can see her in our story this afternoon, see her go to her son and say, "Son, mother's washed over the board, and ironed, to try to do everything she could for you."

Now, I can hear him say, "Mama, you get on away from that stuff. That's old time. I don't want nothing like that. I'm going to have my way. I'm nearly of age now, so I'm going to have my way about this."

I can see her put her arms around him and hug him. She would hug him; he turned his head. . . ? . . . He don't want a kiss in public. No affections. . . ? . . . The Bible said they would be this way. Paul speaks it: without natural affections. That's the way it is today. The child rules the home now instead of the father and mother. They're the one who does the talking. It's a shame: without natural affection. I can see the mother pat his cheeks.

Look young folks, one of these days, it'll be the only thing in the world. . . ? . . . she's gone, she won't be here. That old dad that you'd be ashamed of him just because he goes to church and maybe gets happy and shouts once in a while. That boy friend or that girl friend of yours in church say, "Well, look at him, isn't that's awful?" And you're just a little bit ashamed of him? There'll be a time when you won't be ashamed of him.

28 Not long ago, a young lady come in from college. Her mother had washed over a board to send her to college. And when she drove into the station, she had a . . . brought young girl with her. She'd got away from God and away from church. The young girl was with her. The young girl setting in the train looking out the . . . There stood her mother on the outside; she was all scarred up. And the young girl was with the other, coming from college said, "Look at that old haggy-looking woman." That was the girl's mother. Said, "Isn't she horrible looking? My, wouldn't you hate to have to set at the table with her to eat?" That was her girl friend. Now, instead of the girl speaking up, she turned her head. When she got off the train, this old wrinkled woman run up to her, and threw her arms around the girl to kiss her. And the girl was so repulsed, she got away from her, got away from church and God. And she was so cold; she turned her back to look the other way.

She said, "My darling, my darling, what's happened to you?" And she was so embarrassed because of her girl friend.

²⁹ Just then, one of the conductors who knowed the story, walked up and grabbed that young girl by the shoulders, said, “Looky here, Mary, what do you mean?” Said, “Are you ashamed of your mother since you’ve been away to college?” Said, “Remember, you know the story. One day the house was burning down. Your mother was a beautiful woman, far more beautiful than you are, or ever would be.” And said, “You were a little crying baby, when she was hanging the clothes in the back yard, and all at once the house caught fire. And here come the fire engine to put it out. And the house was aflame. And you were crying up in the upstairs. No one would dare to pierce the flames. That little mother wrapped herself, and in there she run through those flames. She grabbed you. Took her clothes from her body and wrapped your face up, and wrapped you all up, and put your arms and placed her own face to the flames. And through the flames she come to rescue you.” Said, “That’s why you’re pretty today, and that’s why she’s scarred. Are you ashamed of those scars?”

³⁰ That’s the way Jesus did for us. When we were sinners, ugly before God, cast away, turned away, He came, the lovely Son of God from the ivory palaces, come down upon the earth, and took the shame upon Himself and the sin upon Himself, and died there at Calvary, crying.

Should I be ashamed of His Gospel? Christians on the streets, we’re ashamed to stand up for the Gospel. When He was marred and made ugly that you could be free. He was marred with sin when you could be free from sin. Don’t never deny Him. Always love Him. Stand for that which is true. Stand for His Gospel.

³¹ And now, that’s the way of the attitude, nearly, of young peoples today. This young son’s feeling the same way, he said, “Mother, I don’t want no more to do with this family. All you do is go to church. That’s all I hear.”

Watch. I can see the old father put a sale sign up now. We’re kind of dramatizing this, of course, for the benefit of the young people. Then, I can see him put a sale sign up, sell the old farm, and get all the goods together, and—and divide it up among the boys. Mother and dad will just live as long as their portion lasts, maybe, and then it’ll be over.

Notice, I can see when they divided the portion to the young boy, got his money in his pocket, he said, “Now, I’ll have a good time.”

The next morning, I can see him go and say to his mother, “Old lady, pack my clothes now. I’m going to leave in the morning.” Oh, my. How that poor old mother will go away, get the little things that he wore when he was a little boy, tuck them away, look at them. I can see her pick up a little pair of shoes that she . . .

You know mother's like to keep things like that. Mama's got my old shoes that I wore when I was a little baby. She's got the long dress like they had the babies then. It's a treasure to a mother's heart. I can see this old mother take these little shoes, and set them up on the organ, get down there, and pray, and say, "Oh, God, take care of my boy. Leaving me now, I . . ."

³² How many of you here have an old-fashion mother like that? Let's see your hand. Oh, aren't they lovely and sweet? "Take care of my boy. He's gone out with the world, and I don't know what will happen to him; only take care of him, Father." Praying. Did you ever have your mother pray for you? Oh, when my little old mother . . . I've seen her go back in the room to herself when we would be without food, and kneel down on her knees, and cry out to God. God give us some more old-fashion, praying mothers like that. That's the backbone of our nation (That's right.): good God-saved mothers.

I can see her crying out to God, "God, take care of my boy." No matter what you ever do, she's forgiving. Her heart's always ready to forgive, come back.

³³ Then I can see the old dad. He's just worrying, walking back and forth, up and down on the outside, from the barn up to the house, back and forth. I can hear mother go to the door and say, "What's the matter, Dad?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mother." You know, our parents, if they're good, God-saved people; they worry about their children. I'm a father myself, and I got a little boy setting here, listening at me right now. God knows I love him. I'd . . . If one of us had to die this afternoon, "Let me die ten thousand times to his one." That's right. Let him stay. It's a love that we have for our offspring. That's the reason God so loved the world, His offspring, that He came Himself to die that we might be free; paid the penalty Himself.

³⁴ I notice, this father, weary, walking back and forth, up and down. The next day when it come time for the boy to leave, I can see him pack his little suitcase and get out there. I can see him go round, say, "So long, folks," and start off.

Mother say, "Just a moment, honey. Before you go, let's have prayer one more time." Kneel down on the floor, I can see the old mother and dad with their arms around one another, praying to God: "God, we've raised him and took him this far. He's gone out from the way from us now, wandering. Please, Father, take care of him."

I can hear him say . . . Oh, just restless while they're praying; they didn't want to hear them prayers of mother and dad no more. He had other things on his mind. That's the reason sometimes we're impatient;

just can't wait a few minutes, can't pray, can't wait for a prayer. But there'll come a time, friends, you'll have all eternity to think about it. Pray now. Be ready now to meet the Master.

I can hear them pray and get up, mother try to hug him, and he'd turn his head. His dad put his arms around him. He cries, "Oh, you all go on off," and start off went over the hill. I can see father and mother standing there, with their hands, arms around one another, waving good-bye to him as he went off over the hill, down into the city to be with the rest of the world. And this parent, I can see them return back into the house again, weeping, crying, praying.

³⁵ I can see him get with the big crowd down there. And as long as his money lasted, he was a good fellow. That's the way the world treats you. As long as you got money, you got friends. But when your money is gone, your friends are gone. That's dry-weather friends.

I know a Friend Who will stick by you if you haven't got a penny: Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I've been to a place where I had not a cent. He loved me. He loved me just as much if I wasn't to have a penny as if we'd had a million dollars. He loves you just the same. That pure, holy, unadulterated love comes from God alone down into His people. That's the way we should love one another with that godly love.

³⁶ Notice, and I can see him in the great . . . in the places with gambling devices, and halls of ill-fame, and so forth. And after while his money was gone, and his friends was gone. He was a popular boy. He could have a date with any of the girls. But when his money was gone, they were gone with the crowd. That's just the way the devil leaves you. As long as you've got money, and popular, all right, but when that time wears out, you're finished. That's all before the world.

Then I can see him, he had to get himself a job. So he went to a citizen of the country, a hog raiser. Look where he dropped from now: a Jew, not even supposed to put their hands on the carcass of a hog. And he was in need; he was starving; and he had to take a job. And they give him the worst thing. That's the way the devil does. Just as soon as he can get you started down the hill, he'll tramp you with everything he's got. I've seen . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . then, he wasn't a good fellow then.

³⁷ And He joined himself with a citizen of the country. And the citizen give him two big slop buckets to go slop the hogs. Think of a place, a Jewish boy out there slopping hogs in the pigpen, away from mother, away from religion that he once had, to keep away from hogs, now he was rooting in it.

That's the way the devil will do. He'll get you to smoke your first cigarette, telling you there's no harm in it. And after a while, you're a cigarette fiend. He'll tell you there's no harm in taking a sociable drink.

I've stood by them before they went to gallows, stood by them before they was electrocuted, and "I never intended," they say, "to be a gambler. I never intended when I was playing cards to be a gambler. I never intend to be a drunk. When I stole the first . . . ? . . . out of a filling station, I didn't intend to be a thief." But only thing the devil wants you to do is to start, and he'll take you on. Get over on his ground one time and watch him. You know what it means to do wrong, but there's an influence of the power of darkness, the prince of the power of the air that leads you trapped into these things. You've got to stand up. Separate yourself from the things of the world and come out and live for Christ. That's right.

³⁸ And I can see this child. Now, he's feeding hogs. Here he is down in the pigpen, slopping the hogs and eating from the same slop bucket. Feeding the hogs. Think of it, what he had left and what he had then. And the portion that he'd spent was really his father's that he'd earned. But here he was in the pigpen. All he could hear was the grunting of hogs.

That's the way it is tonight, or, today. There's a many a mother's boy, now, out in the roadhouses, drunk, out in hall places of ill-fame. Many young ladies, prostitutes on the streets. Why? Because they got away from home, got away from God, got away from the Bible, got away from Its teachings, went out to live with the rest of the world. You stay away from the world.

The Bible said if you love the world or the things of the world, the love of the Father is not even in you. Stay away from it. And as long as that desire is in your heart to do that, come back to the altar. Amen. Stay there until it's all gone. Oh, my. That's the kind of old-fashion religion that I'm speaking about, the kind that takes the desire out of you.

³⁹ I was first converted, a young lady came, and said, "Brother Branham," said, "what pleasure do you get out of life if you don't smoke, drink, or go to the shows, or anything?"

Few nights after that about eight or ten sinners came to the altar. I said, "I have more pleasure in that in one minute than you could have in the world in ten years." Lost coming to God; that's where we have pleasure, Christians, seeing newborn babes in Christ coming into the Kingdom, soul that is eternal, something that's real.

Now, I can see the chap down there now, laying in a hog pen. Nighttime, that old place would stink, so I suppose he was left in the hog pen, lay down by the side of the hogs in the trough.

One night, I see a restless mother and dad begin speak about their boy . . . ? . . . Hear mother say, "I'm just so restless, Dad, I don't know what to do. I just keep thinking about our boy. Wonder where he's at? Wonder if he's got something to eat."

I hear dad say, "Well, we've always been taught that all things work together for good to them love God. Let's pray." I can see them get down on the floor and begin to praying about little Johnny. I can hear them pray, "O God, take care of our boy. Wherever he is, whatever state he's in, take care of him, Father, and send him home." Where's he at? Down in the hog pen, going to the hog pen.

⁴⁰ The Angel of God come to him, "Boy, wake up." Talked to him, said, "Oh, what about you just get back home to them."

"Think of my father that has all the wealth that he has and all the things that he has given to me. Here I am laying here, dying of hunger, laying in a hog pen, eating. . ." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] The Bible said he came to himself.

And that's what the church needs to do today, is come to themselves, to realize Who—Who is your Father, for sometimes we act as though we have no Heavenly Father. For all the goodness of Heaven belongs to the church: Divine healing, salvation, freedom from worry or anything, all belongs to the church. Jesus died, and we are . . . we inherit all that God has through Him, heirs of the Kingdom, rich.

My Father is rich in houses and land,
He holds the wealth of this world in His hands.

That's how we are, if we'd just come to ourselves. Oh, I can see him as he begin to come to himself and say, "Oh, if I could just go home. But I've sinned, and I'm no more . . . not worthy to go home. So what can I do?"

⁴¹ And he . . . I can think of it here, time when he was a little boy. When he was sick, his mother rocked the cradle to take him back-and-forth, up and down in the room and love him and care for him. And now there's nobody to love and care for him. He's out in the cold world to shift for himself. All he hears is grunting in the little . . . ? . . . And I can hear him begin to sing an old song, maybe that his mother knew. I believe it goes something like this:

If I could hear my mother pray again,
 If I could hear her tender voice again,
 How glad I would be, would mean so much to me,
 If I could hear my mother pray again.

Here is you, an old mother, wouldn't you like to hear her pray this afternoon? Many of you . . . ? . . . Oh, if he could hear his mother pray, the Angels of God look down from Heaven. Pray now.

⁴² Then I notice down there again, I can see father get real restless, get up and pull his coat and walk out through the gate, a moonlight night, looks down across the path, wondering, "Where is his boy?" Old song my daddy used to sing when we first . . . ? . . . old father singing like this. I used to see dad, he had an old red handkerchief; he used to get out and stick it halfway out of his pocket. He used to get up and sing this song:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 My heart overflows,
 For I love him he knows.
 Oh, where is my boy tonight?

⁴³ Oh, my. Looking down the road to his boy who is far away. I can see the boy come to himself, look back and it sound like he hear his mother praying. The Angels of God waiting to take the message, I could hear him raise and sing and say:

Tell mother I'll be there (Let's all sing it.), in answer
 to her prayer.
 This message guardian angel to her bear.
 Tell mother I'll be there, Heaven's joys with her to
 share.
 Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

How many's mother has gone on today? Let's see your hands. Let's just hold our hands and sing that.

Tell mother . . . (Did you promise her you'd meet
 her?), in answer to her prayer.
 This message guardian angel to her bear.
 Tell mother I'll be there, Heaven's joys with her to
 share.
 Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

⁴⁴ I can hear him say, "I'll arise, and go to my father." Here he comes, crawling . . . ? . . . daylight. I can see dad and mother . . . ? . . . sitting out in the room. Here he comes; the rising of the sun across the fields. Shoes off his feet, clothes tattered and torn, staggering home.

I can hear his mother say, "There he's comes, Dad."

Hear dad say, "That's my boy."

I can hear him say, "Oh, Father, I'm not worthy to be your son, make me one of your hired servants. But I'll just go on . . ." The father and mother, down through the gates they went. No matter what he'd done, he's coming home now. Run, threw their arms around him and said, "Go, kill the fatted calf. Let's make merry; this is my son that was dead and is alive again. He was lost and now he's found. Put a ring on his finger, shoes on his feet. Put the best robe you got in the house on him." That's the attitude of the Father to every sinner here this afternoon.

⁴⁵ I remember when I was lost and undone, out in the world, dying, a sinner, laying on a hospital bed. The doctor said I had just a few moments to live. But I cried, coming down the road. And as I cried, I run to meet the Heavenly Father; He kissed me on the neck, kissed away all of my sins and cares. He put the Robe, the Holy Spirit on me, put the wedding ring on my finger; I'm going somewhere one of these days. Put me amongst His people here, where we can rejoice and live together and be happy. Why? I was once dead and now I'm alive. Oh, my. I was once lost and now I'm found.

There's many prodigals in the world today. There's prodigal men, prodigal women, and God calls for all to come to repentance. Is that right? He wants us to come. He wants you to come, all prodigals everywhere.

I wonder if there isn't a prodigal here today that's strayed away. I wasn't aware of my time getting away. Is there a prodigal? Raise up your hand. Somebody that's run away from God, would you raise your hand right now and say, "Brother Branham, I been prodigal. I want to find Christ right now."

⁴⁶ How many hasn't got the Holy Spirit . . . ? . . . hasn't got it? God bless you. I wonder all of you that hasn't got the Holy Spirit with hands Heavenward, if you'd come right down here now. While we sing that verse again, *Tell Mother I'll Be There*, and come right here and let's—let's talk it over with God right now. Do you believe if He'll open the eyes of the blind for me, unstop the ears of the deaf, don't you believe that He'll hear my prayer now for your needs? Let's sing. Let's all of us together now.

Tell mother I'll be there . . . (That's right. Come sinner friends, you . . . God bless you, my brother. God be with you. God bless you, sister. God bless you, my brother.) . . . to her bear.

Tell mother I'll be there, Heaven's joys with her to
share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

I hear the father calling the son tonight.

Oh, where is my boy tonight? (Looky here, friends
[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . a hard life.)
Oh, where's my boy tonight?
My heart overflows,
For I love him he knows,
Oh, where. . .

⁴⁷ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . come. My, that's wonderful
they're gathering from everywhere, all meeting around. Oh, Christians,
isn't this beautiful? Raise your hands. Wonderful. Do you think the
Master is standing here this afternoon? Look kneeling here. . . [Blank
spot on tape.]

I've got a Father over yonder,
I've got a Father over yonder,
I've got a Father over yonder,
On the other shore.
Some bright day I'll go and see Him,
Some bright day I'll go and see Him,
Some bright day I'll go and see Him,
On the other shore. (Let's sing it.)
That bright day may be tomorrow,
That bright day may be tomorrow,
That bright day may be tomorrow,
On the other shore.

⁴⁸ How many's got a father on the other side? Let's see your hand. Oh,
my. How many's got a mother over there? Let's see your hand. Brother
and sister, someday we're going to see them, aren't we? If you're not
sure about your experience, come now, will you? While we sing:

That bright day may be tomorrow,
That bright day may be tomorrow,
That bright day may be tomorrow,
On the other shore.
Oh, won't that be a happy meeting!
Won't that be a happy meeting!
Won't that be a happy meeting!
On the other shore.

I remember when my brother was dying out at the hospital . . . ? . . .
"Tell Bill, tell Bill I'll meet him on the other side."

Oh, that bright day may be tomorrow,
That bright day may be tomorrow,
That bright day may be tomorrow,
On the other shore.

⁴⁹ You moms want to know why we're waiting . . . ? . . . gathered here, knelt on the floor. What do you think the Master thinks this afternoon? How this little group of . . . ? . . . gathered along here, hungering and thirsting for righteousness. Oh, God bless you, my dear friends. Someday . . . this is not a mythical call, it's real, we'll meet Him.

I believe that I'm in touch with Glory, with Heaven, with God. And I believe that the Father is well pleased this afternoon now. Seeking down through the audience and finding these that's hungering and thirsting for righteousness' sake, even today they'll be filled.

Won't you come? Someone else, while we're waiting. Someone here that's not just. You know your experience isn't right with God and haven't got the Holy Spirit, will you come? Gather around while we have prayer? Let's sing this good old song.

O do not let the Word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O tonight.
O why not tonight?
O why not tonight? (Will you come?)
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not tonight?
O why, tell me why, not tonight?
O . . .

O Heavenly Father, speak just now. Grant unto these that hear me come simply now to the altar, while this great moving of the of the Spirit. Lord, receive them.

Why not tonight?

Listen at this, friend: you're here now, but where will you be five hundred years from now?

Tomorrow's sun may never shine,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
O why not tonight? (Will you come? The last call.)
O why not tonight?

Remember, you're lovely. I got to meet you at the judgment. Maybe the last time tonight I'll ever speak to you. I'm offering you Jesus. Will you come?

. . . be saved?
O why not tonight?
You're "Almost persuaded,"

Oh, God loves you. Won't you come? Many unsaved, without the Holy Spirit in their heart.

"Almost persuaded," now to believe;
Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day, on Thee I'll call."

While we're waiting, the Holy Spirit said . . . ? . . . altar call . . . ? . . .
young man and young woman, the aged gathering around
coming . . . ? . . . why not heed God's call.

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day, on Thee I'll call."

⁵⁰ Just before you're seated, while the organ keeps on playing, if you will, is there one more person? Come right now. Look, one of these days, before long, there's many in here that may be gone. I'll be gone one of these days. The moon will refuse to shine one day; the sun won't give its light. Now, if you're not just . . . know that you're right with God. Let's settle it here, this afternoon. Come on. Will you? Stand right here.

Now, remember, if God can reveal His secrets to His servant, and you know what's been happening in the service, won't this be a wonderful day?

Won't you come? Young men and women, you just starting life, just at a crossroad, you come if you're not saved. Will you come just now, sweetly, humbly to Christ?

⁵¹ Someday it'll all be over and then you're going to meet Him and give an account for the deeds that's done for Him. One of these hours there'll be an atomic bomb strike, and this city shall be ashes that'll fall. There won't be a living person maybe that's left, that might be less than a year from now. Where is your poor soul going to be? Don't take a chance with it, prodigal, come now. If you just been kind of playing along, your church, you know you belong to church, but you really haven't got a real experience, won't you come?

I'm very strangely led to make that—make that . . . raise your hands. Looky here, all you Christian people, look upon this scene. Do you think God would hide His eyes from that when He feeds the sparrow that falls on the street? If He knows about the death of a sparrow, how about hundreds of sincere people praying. This is going to be a marvelous time. They're still coming, friends, from both sides. If

you'll make your way, God will be very happy. We'll be very glad to pray for you.

⁵² Would you like to be represented in this number? What if there'd be a sound outside? You've got to die. They'd say, "What's happened?" The trumpet of God has sounded. Oh, my. The last call was made. Where you at? When you can . . . when you . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . [Blank spot on tape.] . . . ? . . . Where would your soul be? Come right now while you have an opportunity.

Don't turn Him away, don't turn Him away,
He will come to your heart . . . ? . . .
Though you've gone astray;
Oh, how you'll want Him to say, "Well done,"
On that eternal day!
Don't turn the dear Saviour away from your heart,
Don't turn Him away.

Now, if you're sick and you'd like . . . you're coming in to Divine favor with God . . . ? . . . I want every one to be seated, if you will, now. If you'll be seated . . . ? . . .

Oh, Christian people everywhere, be in prayer whatever you do. Remember, one soul now, who may come into the Kingdom. Is there one here wanting the Holy Spirit, you're in need? Think of what it means to you. What did it mean to you the night you received the Holy Ghost? What did it mean to you? Now this is the time for them to receive the Holy Spirit. Many are being saved from a life of sin. They're sincere; they're hungering for God. Now, here, I've hold you a half hour or more to make this altar call.

⁵³ Now, let's bow our heads everywhere while we pray. Minister brothers, will you get to this audience now . . . ? . . . Go out among them and be . . . ? . . . Everyone praying, everywhere. All you people here seeking God, raise up your hands now, and just go to saying, "God, I believe."

Our Heavenly Father, we, the prodigals from the Kingdom, strayed away. Many of us, dear Father, are not fit to be called Your children. You could just make us Your hired servants, but You don't want us to be Your servants. You want us to be Your son and daughter, to have the privileges of home, to go to the icebox when we know that we're home, when we're hungry, go eat; when we're tired . . . ? . . .

O God, look today as many of them are remembering back, though wandering home, of father and mother who loved them, an old-fashion mother who prayed for them and blessed them to her death. An old-fashion father who . . . ? . . . Oh, wipe the tears from his eyes, setting . . . ? . . . in glory some . . . ? . . . today. And they're down

there . . . ? . . . looking this a way . . . ? . . . altar call is made. Sinners and souls seeking God has gathered around the altar. O Holy Spirit, move in great power just now; hover over this building. I know You're waiting to baptize every one of them here . . . ? . . . to break out on someone then scatter all over the entire audience. May there be . . .

⁵⁴ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . here in the arena that the Kingdom of God might be made manifest to His people. O Christ, I, too, want to be included in this. I want You to remember me, O God. Remember me, my days are numbered. My lot is set. Someday death's going to squeeze the body from, the life from my body and I've got to come to meet You, Jesus. And when I come, will You be meeting me there, Lord? I'm going to look for You, when the fog begins to gather in the room and the struggle in my neck and my pulse comes up my sleeve, I'm going to be looking for You to stand there. You've . . . ? . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I'll fear no evil. Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

O God, now this great dark hour just before the most global—global war that ever struck the peace, while the power of the Holy Spirit just moving in the land just as it was in the days of Noah, men and women being persuaded today to come to Christ Jesus, enter in at the door, at the strait gate, be born in the Kingdom.

Now, as these are on their knees, penitent souls, Oh, Christ hear the prayer of those . . . ? . . . believe with all my heart that You'll receive each one of them into Your Kingdom. May Your Spirit be on their life and give them the desire of their hearts this very afternoon.

⁵⁵ May many of those that's standing in the balcony now, praying. May the Holy Spirit pour up-and-down those aisles up there. Call out Your people, Lord, and bless them everywhere, getting us ready for the great day. Grant it, Father, through the Name of Thy Son, Jesus.

Oh, Heavenly Father, bless, we ask in Jesus Christ's Name, and for His glory.

While you're praying, everybody everywhere lift up holy hands now and say, "Lord Jesus be merciful to me . . . " . . . ? . . . [A brother comments concerning the continuation of the service—Ed.]



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