
THE UNWELCOMED CHRIST



So happy to be out this afternoon. We're having showers. May we have showers of blessings inside. I am very happy to be here this afternoon. I just love to talk about the Lord. And my—my interpreter is getting better. He's—he's doing a good job. (Go ahead.) I got him on that one. He sure has been very good though. We appreciate that.

I—I'm going to learn to speak French too. You know the strange thing was, I heard a baby crying this morning; and it was crying in English. And I seen a little German Dachshund, and he barked in English. I heard some people laughing, and you all laugh in English. That's all the same everywhere. Oh, those guys at Babylon (those guys from Babylon), they mixed us all up. But we sure have enjoyed this time of fellowship.

² I always like a Sunday afternoon meeting, because it gives me a time to speak and relax. When I come in at nighttime, I usually go into prayer along about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. And I just keep praying, and believing that He's close to me, and then I see that Light come in the room, then no one don't talk to me no more. Those who come after me, just come in and get me, and I come right to the platform. And standing in the platform, many times I see things happening before it even take place, that is, in the natural.

Wished I could just speak your language. You got a wonderful faith. But I—I can't say those French words. If I could, oh, it'd be so much better. But I—I can't. I see people being healed. They . . . I know what their name is, but I can't speak it. And I see places they are from, but it's all wrote in different language. I can't say it, so I can't tell the people. I just have to point. And—and sometimes that way, if—if it takes quite a little while for the person to recognize it, the vision's moved over to somebody else. So you can see how much difficult it is. But we know He's here. That's the main thing. Amen.

³ I love you very much. And your—the faith has been a wonderful thing to me. Now, I want to say a little word to these here on these cots and stretchers. I've been watching a little lady each—each night. She's been here every night. The woman has been so close to being healed so many times, but (You see?) I can't tell her that until God has already showed that it's done. 'Cause it wouldn't be right. See? And you watch, the healings always first is **THUS SAITH THE LORD**.

Now, you'll watch, while the vision's going on, I am just speaking of what I see. I'm watching something. If you'll notice, it'll go way

back in a person's life and—and see them as a little child. And it'll tell them things that they've forgotten years ago. Watch them. You'll see them say, "Oh," they forgot it, but here it is coming up. And then it'll come plumb on up to this time. Then if it stops, that's all I know. Then if it starts again and shows what the future will be, you'll hear it say, "THUS SAITH THE LORD." Of course Brother Bosworth and them has explained that to you. Now, I can't. . . I—It's inexplicable; you can't explain God; you just got to believe it. Amen.

⁴ Someone come to my mother, not long ago, and said, "Mrs. Branham, I—I would like to ask you something; that is about your son Billy."

She said, "He's just as much mysterious to me as he is to you."

So they went up to my wife, said, "Sister Branham," said, "what about Billy?"

She said, "No one knows." Said, "He'll be setting here in the house, a house full of people, praying for people, and he'll leave, and we won't hear from him for two or three days. Then it might come out in the paper or something, where about he was sent way away, way up in the mountains, or some other city, and some crippled has been healed." See, see? I don't understand it; I just follow Him. I don't try to understand it. Really, I don't want to understand it. I just love to believe Him.

And, oh, what a victorious life. What a satisfaction to know that I have Eternal Life. And all my loving friends who love Him and has been borned again, they have Eternal Life. And we going to meet again. And all the old people are going to be changed and go back young again. Amen. That's what the Bible teaches.

⁵ If I ever get back again. . . (If I come back again. . .) When I come back, I want to teach on those things. I can prove to you, dad and mother, by God's Word, that someday, mother with her gray hair, father with his stooped shoulders will be changed, and that she'll become a beautiful young girl again and him a strong young man. And it'll never change. Death has brought you where you are now. But the only thing death can do, take you out of this life. When you return, you'll not be like that. You'll be beautiful forever. Amen. Oh, what a hope. That's the Bible. THUS SAITH THE LORD. Amen. I love Him.

⁶ So now, we want you all to be of a real good courage. Now, one word to these here. I want to talk to you. Now, believe me, will you? Now, you watch, just now and then you'll find a crippled person get up and walk. "Why is that?" you say. Now, the world is watching you. They have to see miracles because they're unbelievers. Uh-huh.

Now, here's the reason that you don't see more—more cripples healed than you do as other things. For instance, the man is having a—a toothache, or maybe have a little fluttering at his heart. Oh, you say, "I guess I could be healed all right, 'cause there's not so much wrong with me," and his faith will reach right out and catch it. But you, when you become crippled, you lose hope. Oh, you say, "I can't make it. I—I just can't." Well, it's—it's the Father's good pleasure to make you well just the same as it is the other. Just don't pay no attention how bad you're crippled. Look at Who made the promise.

7 I don't want to take much of your time, but I want to give you a little example. How many here are Bible readers, raise your hand? Good. Now, under the old law of redemption, now when the—say a mother horse—(mother horse has gave birth to a little colt, you know. You don't get it. See? You know what a horse is? Now what she has a baby.) All right. And that little other—her colt is a—he's a mule and his ears are hanging down. His knees are knocked together. His eyes are crossed. What a mule? Now, that little fellow, if he could think, he'd say, "Look what I am. I—I—I won't be able to live. Well, when the man of the house, the owner, when he comes out and sees me, why, he'll just knock me in the head. He'll never—he'll never feed me. He won't care for me."

Now, listen. You crippled. . . Now, if the old mother was instructed right by the laws of God, she'd say, "Wait a minute, honey, you know what? The high priest will never see you, but you're born with a birthright. You're my colt. And you're my first one. So you have a birthright."

8 Now, what if the man comes out and sees him? There's a horrible looking mule. Now, what happened. He has to go get a lamb, a perfect lamb without a blemish, and he has to take it down to the high priest. And the lamb's throat's cut, and the lamb died so the mule can live. Why? It was born with a birthright. They never examine the mule; they examine the lamb. The priest looks at the lamb. Now, you Bible readers know that under the laws of redemption.

In the New Testament no matter what's wrong with you, don't look at yourself, look at your Lamb. Amen. Can you find any fault in Him? God don't look at you; He looks at the Lamb. So if there's no fault in the Lamb, there's no fault with you. So then have faith. Rise up and say—and claim your God given privilege. No matter what it looks like, how sick you feel, how far advanced your stage is, you can be healed.

9 I've got it in my home. . . (my home city, my hometown) one of Mayos' nurses. . . (Mayo Brother's Clinic, the nurse.) looking now—looking now at a cancer case. This woman only weighed thirty

pounds when Mayo Brother's gave her up. She'd lost her mind. And she came . . . They brought her to the meeting. She was to die in twenty-four hours. So her sister brought her and her husband. While preaching, I saw a vision and it told all about her. And it commanded her to rise up in Jesus' Name. That's been ten years ago. In a year's time, the woman weighed a hundred and seventy pounds, and perfectly normal and well.

Now, that's just one of the hundreds. Something has to create there. Faith has to create. Well, her organs was—was gone. Why, even a cancer eat her so bad till holes was in her intestines. It'd eat her up. And today, there's not a blemish about her, all because of Jesus Christ.

Now, look what she—what had to happen there. That don't have to happen to you that's crippled. See? The spirit is gone out, polio and paralysis. It's just like the devil going into a house and breaking up the lamp, tearing up the bed, then going out. That's the results of him. But God is the One, the Housekeeper Who comes in and straightens it up again. Amen. Now, believe Him. And tonight, I want you to put your faith in action. Believe Him with all your heart and God will heal you.

¹⁰ Now, I've got about thirty-five or forty minutes. While the showers are falling outside, we pray that the showers will fall inside. And I—I'm sorry you all are standing. (I'm sorry you're standing.) Don't get wet. Just move in. And make yourself comfortable if you possibly can. And there's some seats left back in here. If you want to come, there's this corner over there. It's empty that you can come to. And for you back in here, right in the corner over there, there's some more seats. Just make yourself welcome. It's for everybody now. I'm going to ask my interpreter if he would read for me, this afternoon out of Saint Luke the 7th chapter, and I want to begin at the—at the 36th verse and read the rest of the chapter. (All right. Now, I—I think that's right: Saint Luke 7:36.)

¹¹ Now, listen real close to the reading of the Word.

[The interpreter reads Luke 7:36-50—Ed.]

[And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.]

[And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,]

[And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.]

[Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner.]

[And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.]

[There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.]

[And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?]

[Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.]

[And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.]

[Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.]

[My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.]

[Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.]

[And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.]

[And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?]

[And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.]

May the Lord add His blessings. Shall we pray.

Our heavenly Father, We thank Thee for Thy Word. God, I can hardly pray just now. You know what I was looking at. Be merciful, Father. Grant it, Lord. And I pray that You'll come now with Your Word. May the Holy—may the Holy Spirit take the Word and give it to each heart just as we have need of. We ask in Jesus' Name. Amen.

¹² (Now, you're doing a real good job. You see . . . ? . . . just as much as . . . ? . . . just fine, very fine . . . ? . . . than that.)

¹³ There's something wrong. What would this Pharisee want with Jesus? Why, the Pharisees hated Jesus. And here he is asking Him to come, eat dinner with him. Just something wrong. How they hated

Him, and here he is, ask Him to come to dinner. Just doesn't work right. There's something wrong.

Like a little girl about eight years old. She's hanging around with grandma, and now there's something wrong. There's too much difference in their age. Now—now, she might be grandma's pet. (Pet or a baby.) Maybe grandma's got a pocket full of candy. There's some reason; there's too much difference in their age that this little girl just stays with grandma.

Now, you see, little children have things in common. And they—they play together, because they have things in common. The Bible speaks of that in Isaiah, said little children playing in the streets, because they have things in common.

¹⁴ Now, the young women, they have things in common. They—they hang together. And the older women, they have things in common. The young men, and the old men, the lodges, like the—the men of the city, they have things in common. They get together and talk about things of the city, because they have things in common. That's the reason Christians hang together, we have things in common. It doesn't matter whether we are German, Swiss, or—or American, or what; we just have things in common. We're interested in something. And you didn't come out this afternoon because I was American; you come because I'm your brother. And we're speaking about something that we're all interested in.

¹⁵ An old American proverb, my mother used to use it. She said, "Birds of a feather flock together." You know doves and buzzards don't have any fellowship. They just don't flock together. Well, that's a . . . Why? They don't eat the same thing. A—a—a buzzard eats dead things. A dove couldn't eat that; it would kill him. You see, a dove doesn't have any gall; he couldn't digest that: a very beautiful type of a Christian. See? When you're converted, God does an operation; He takes the gall out; then you don't want no more of the buzzard's diet; you got all the gall taken out. You can't digest the things of the world.

But did you ever notice a buzzard or an old crow? Now, he can set out there and eat on a dead carcass, and he could come over and eat wheat with the dove too. Now, he's a hypocrite. Well, now . . . But the dove, he can't go over and eat with the crow. So birds of a feather flock together.

¹⁶ There's something wrong with the picture. What did this Pharisee want with Jesus? There's something up somewhere. And now let's look and see what it was. Now, the Hebrew—or the Greek word for "Pharisee" means "a actor, somebody that acts like something." We got too much of that in the world today.

In America, we have too many actors, especially out in Hollywood. They're always before the camera. So when they come out in public life, they still think they're before the camera: they're acting, putting on something that they're not. I don't like that. I like for you to be just what you are. Don't you like that? Just be what you are and everybody will know how to take you.

Too many of us look at the television and bioscopes. And—and when we go out, you see little children that go to such places. They go out, act like the actors. The devil does that. I want . . . I don't want to act; I want to be what I am. And sometimes, preachers become actors. Oh, sure. And they get in the pulpit, they use the pulpit for it. "Well, brethren, we are here today . . ." because they're in the pulpit. Pharisee, get saved: quit that putting on. God don't want you to be an actor. He wants you to be a partaker of His Holy Spirit. Let It do the acting. Amen.

¹⁷ Notice, this put on. Now, I don't believe they do it here, but in America our sisters do a lot of acting sometimes, when they're in the home, oh, what a different person. And brothers too. . . And in the home, sister will say, "John—John, hurry up. Get going." Then the phone rings: "Oh, hello." You actor. Get right with God. Be what you are at home like you are in church. Amen. God grant the day when we can be so—we can either be Christians or say we're not. If you ever get right with God, then quit acting and stop acting. I don't like acting; just be what you are. God will respect you then. You believe that? You like a person that you know what they are. Don't act one way one time and act another way another time. That's no good. We'll have to be the same all the time. Amen.

¹⁸ This Pharisee must've had something behind this motive. Oh, he was a great man. He had a lot of prestige. He was a doctor, or perhaps he had a—a degree of Bachelor of Arts. He might've had a—he might've had a LL.D. Oh, he's was a great guy. And he was going to have a party. I can see him as he walked up and down his perfumed room, upon his fine Persian rug in his fine living room. Oh, he was rich. "I—I—I—I—" That's all you hear. "I'm the greatest man in town; I have the greatest church; I have the nicest people, the best dressed people, the best paying people. All the public looks up to me. I—I—I. . ." So, he wanted to get a little more I's.

So I can . . . So I can see him as he starts walking around, rubbing his chubby, fat hands. That fat, roly-poly Pharisee said, "Wonder what I could do? You know, everybody will come out to my banquet. Say, I wonder who I could get to entertain right quick. And all at once he said, "Why didn't I think of that? I'll send and get that divine healer. Ho, ho, ho, ho. He says he's a seer. We know he's a fanatic. We know there's

nothing to him. In the seminary we learned that that's psychology, or perhaps, mental telepathy. If I could only get that holy roller to come to my party, oh, I'll be the talk of the church. Oh, I'll just see if I can get him. And I'll bring him over. And when we got him there we'll expose him. I believe it's psychology. Ho, ho, ho. What will Dr. Jones say? He hates that guy as bad as I do. And what will Pharisee Simeon say? Oh, it'll be a joke. Oh, won't that be wonderful? And then It will all happen on my place." That big hypocrite. They're not all dead either. They didn't all live back there. They still live today. Amen.

¹⁹ Notice. So he starts a runner, a courier, to go see if he could find Him. Up over the mountain, down through the valleys, across the desert he goes. It's evening time now, and I can see him standing on his toes, perspiration running down his face, dirty, and he's looking over. "Oh," he sighs, "that's him. Look at that crowd of people. They're all listening at him teach." Oh, I would've liked to have been standing there. Wouldn't you have loved to stand there to hear them lips that spake like never a man spake before?

²⁰ As he stands and listens, Jesus is teaching. The sun's a going down. The courier's tired. Jesus quit teaching and starts praying for the sick. Here comes the courier, elbowing his way through. He's trying to get to Jesus. The first thing you know, he runs into Philip, and he says, "Sir, could I see your master? I have a message for him."

Philip was busy, the disciples keeping the people away from Jesus, so perhaps he pushed him back. And here he comes again, saying, "Sir, I have a message from your master. I will only take a moment of his time. Can I speak to him?"

Finally, Philip takes him up to where Jesus is, said, "Master, this man has something to speak."

The Master said, "Say on."

He said, "My—my lord, the Pharisee, has set a great dinner. Oh, he's a great man. And he's invited you to come and be his guest."

I can hear Peter then, "Don't go, Lord. No, no, Lord. Don't go to that Pharisee. He don't have no need of You. Look at the sick and the afflicted. They're all wanting a moment with You. Don't go to that Pharisee. His motives are not right. He don't need You. He's wealthy, and he don't need You."

²¹ But Jesus will always go where He's invited. Isn't that wonderful? He will go to anybody that'll invite Him. I can see the courier as he bows and said, "Master, would you receive my lord's message and his invitation?"

Jesus looked at him, smiles a little, said, "I'll be there on that day." And then the courier turned and runs away. Oh, my, how could he do it? I'd like to have took his place. I'd like to have been up and talking to Him. Wouldn't you? I'd talk to Him more about something else. I would've fell down at His feet and said, "Lord, have mercy on me." Wished I could've stood there as was in His presence to hear Him speak. I'd give more than a message from a Pharisee. I'd have told Him I loved Him. I'd have poured out my soul to Him. I would've like to have put my hands on His feet, and patted Him a little bit. "Oh, Master, I love You."

²² Listen. So many people in that day missed their opportunity. You know, there's so many people today missing that opportunity. When you come into His Presence and then turn away, oh, what an opportunity for men and women, boys and girls, to come before Christ and pour out their soul. But He had a mission that seemed to be more important.

Listen. Isn't it the truth today? That our work . . . (our work) and our housework, the washing tomorrow, or some little card party we belong to, or our social standing is too important to come to an old fashion altar and weep before Him, and receive Him into our hearts. Oh, how earthly things, the ties of this earth seems to be so much greater to us than meeting Jesus.

That's the way this courier felt to get this big fat Pharisee's message to Jesus was more important than the destination of his soul. There he stood in the very Presence of the Fountain of Life. And his duties of earth had him so bound until he could not see his own need for Jesus. And he turned away, and back across the mountains he goes, down through Palestine. How did he do it? Could you imagine it: Such an opportunity, and then lay it down. Don't let that be your stand. What if he could raise up today and had the same opportunity? What a difference it would be. You do it today.

²³ Now, when he gets back to Pharisee, Pharisee said, "Did you find him?"

"Yes, my Lord. And I . . . And he's coming."

"Oh, good. Now, that'll help my social standing. I could even sway the divine healer. They'll come to my feast. Why, sure. I can put the best spread on in town. I can . . . yeah, I've got the best servants. Look at my beautiful gardens. Now, let me see. Now, I believe I will not have the dinner inside. I'll take it outside. I'll put it out on the lawn. Oh, those beautiful grapes hanging down . . . And—and when it's cool in the evening, all the people will come around, all the city will come out, and they'll see it. And they'll know what a great man I am. And I'll set out my best table, and I'll invite all the celebrities. Oh, they'll all be

glad to come, 'cause I'll get the best cook. I'll have the fattest lambs, the best wine. Oh, I can do it, 'cause I'm a—I'm a rich man. And then for entertainment so we'll have this holy roller, that divine healer; we'll call his hand."

Now, isn't that just like one of them today? Shame on you that would treat Jesus such a way. Sometimes you use your church for a place of entertainment: dances and so forth, parties. Shame on you, should never do that. Reverence Christ.

²⁴ Now, the way they eat in the old—over in Palestine, they don't set down like we do. They lie down to eat. They push a little cot out, like a little sofa, and they push it into the table. And the—the patient—or the man comes; he sets down; he lies back; and takes his hand like this, and there he eats. Hours, oh, what luxury. And could they put it on. Why, they had the very best waiters. They even had music on their toes, little bells. And as they walked, they played music. Oh, my. You ought to visit Palestine. It's very interesting.

And now. . . Now, he's got everything fixed up. Now the day of the feast arrives. Oh, my, here comes Pharisee with all of his religious clothes on. Oh, he's a big fellow. And he comes walking out. Here comes a chariot up. (chariot) "Oh, that's Dr. Jones." Walked out, "Dr. Jones, I am so glad to see you come to my feast."

²⁵ Now, in Palestine, for a real reception, man would travel, many times by foot, walking. Now, listen close. Now, the Palestinian garment, underneath, it fits just above the knee. And the robe went over the outside. And as they walked, the dust—or the wind from the robe picked up dirt, dust. And along the Palestine road in those days, they didn't have them paved like ours, neither was they oiled. They were dusty and very rugged. Animals passed over the road, like horses and caravans of camels. And the animal's droppings on the road. . . ? . . . birds pecking at it, scattering it, and the dust had turned back to dust, and a person walking, that dust come up on their leg. And when he was perspiring, it stuck to their legs, so it smelt. And they had to be washed before they come in.

So the—the rich people usually had a bunch of flunkies around. And the one that washed the feet. . . Listen. Was the worst paid flunky of the bunch. He had the lowest job of any of the rest of the flunkies. That breaks my heart to think that my Lord took the place of the lowest flunky and washed the feet of His disciples.

Then we go along with our head up in the air like we are something, and the Prince of glory washed men's feet, took the place of the lowest flunky. Shame on you, when you think you're something. Remember,

you're nothing, just six foot of ground: "Dust you come, and dust you return."

²⁶ Now, listen. Here's the way they did it. They got a clean basin of water. And the flunky took the man's foot, laid it over his own leg, and took the water and washed his feet. Then he took his sandals and set them up on a little shelf. And then he went back with compliments of the host and got a nice pair of satin slippers and put it on his feet, make him feel comfortable. And then when he was leaving, he got his sandals back.

Now, listen. Now, when that happened, the next thing he did, he went into another little chamber. And there there was poured out in his hands spikenard oil. It's a very famous thing, good smelling. And it's made out of a little thing that comes from Arabia. The oil will become contaminated, stink, but when this spikenard's mixed with it, it'll last for years: smells real good. I had two little drop—bottles of it once. It comes off of a famous tree in—out in a—way up in Egypt. And you . . . I rubbed it in my hand and it would smell for two weeks. That was some of the treasure that the queen of Sheba brought to Solomon: very expensive. So in the direct rays of the sun in Palestine hurts your face; it burns the face of the traveler. So they give him a little oil and he rubs his face; behind his neck; then he gets a clean towel, wipes it off. Now, that's the second c—course.

²⁷ Now he goes into the main room. Now, look at this, and you'll see where he's entertained. Then the host comes out, and he meets him like this, like my brother. Now, the first thing he does, he takes a hold of his hand, his right hand. He bows down, then he takes his other hand, and he bows down. Then he takes him, puts his hands like this, and then like this. And then he kisses on both cheeks. And as he kisses on both cheeks, he kisses him, welcome. Then he's a full brother. Look: his feet's washed, he's anointed, he's refreshed, he's kissed welcome. Why, he—he's just a brother. He's welcome. He can go in, set down, go to the icebox and get something to eat. He's a brother. That's the way he was welcome.

²⁸ My, how did it happen? Jesus got in without being made welcome. Pharisee was too busy. He was meeting the doctors and the fairest celebrities. He had too much to do to see Jesus come in.

Listen. I wonder if that isn't the case today? If we're not too busy with our profession, and other things; and we fail to entertain Him. Oh, my. When I see Him come in, and He left His work to come to His . . . ? . . . there where He was invited, and that's the way He gets entertained. Is it that way at your house? Is it that way at your church? Is it that way in your life? You pray, "Lord Jesus, come." And when

He comes, you don't pay any attention to Him. Is that the way you're treating my Lord? If it is, shame on you.

²⁹ How did He get . . . ? . . . How did He do it? I wished I could've been that flunky. I would've liked to have been there. If I knowed He was coming, I'd have been watching for Him. I wouldn't have cared about Dr. Jones, all those big old Pharisees. I'd been looking for my Lord. Hallelujah. I'd have been looking for Him, watching for Him, so I could give Him courtesy and made Him welcome.

But today, we're looking for everything but the Lord. That's the reason we miss Him. And there He was: unwashed feet, setting back in the crowd in that condition. Isn't that pitiful? But that's the way it is. That's the way it is today. That's the way it is in too many homes.

³⁰ Listen. In America, when we send—when the President comes to a city, well, they lay out the carpet. They drape the flag, put flowers everywhere. The bands play. Everything. The show is booked. Everybody. They want to make him welcome. But when Jesus comes, you push Him in a mission. You make ready for everything else but Jesus. That's the way that Pharisee did. Oh, my, what a pity to see that condition.

³¹ Listen, I want to ask you something now. Did you ever pray for Jesus to come to your house? If you did say—if you have, say, "Amen." Sure you have. How did you treat Him when He come? Do you give Him a little place up in the attic? Maybe your sewing party's there that day. When Jesus comes to your heart, do you feel like crying; you feel like weeping out; you feel like praising Him? But what do you do with Him? You put Him up in the attic. You put it . . . You go up in the attic, over in a little room, or down in the cellar, and you get down there, say, "Thank You, Jesus," or something. You're ashamed of Him before your company. (Shame before your company, ashamed of Him before your company.) If you are, you ought to repent today. Amen. Give Jesus first place: first place, first in life. First your best; not—not your second, your first. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; other things will be added."

³² But do you let Him set back when you're—when you're talking to your boss, and Jesus comes down, and He wants you to testify to Him and tell your boss that the love of God's in your heart? Are you ashamed of Him? Do you give Him a little corner?

I might ask this to Jesus: "Jesus, will you take second place?"

"Yeah."

"Would You take third place?"

"Yeah."

“Will you take fifth place?”

“Yeah, I’ll come anyhow.”

You think your neighbor would come if he taken fifth place? No. That’s what makes me love Him, makes me to know He’s [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] He’s the God of heaven. He’ll take any place (Hallelujah.) that man will give Him. (that man will give Him, any place man will give Him in your heart.)

³³ Some of you people only go to church once a year: “Oh, my. It’s Easter morning.” You put—you put on your most charming garments, your beautiful hat, and you go down to church, and you set twenty minutes. And then you come back, and you say, “That settles it till next Easter.” Does Jesus accept it? Amen. Yes, He accepts it. Any place you’ll give Him, He will accept it. He’ll never rebuke you. He will give you [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] Oh, yes.

We have other things too that we think more important. My brother, my sister, the most important thing in your life is to entertain Jesus Christ. You believe that? Amen.

I believe that the most important thing in any life is to entertain Jesus Christ properly, in first place in your worship, first place in your life, first place in everything. Jesus Christ deserves that place. Amen. I believe it with all my heart. But if you don’t, He’ll take second place. He’ll go down in the basement with you. If you’re ashamed of Him when you’re out among the people, and then you go down in the basement so nobody will see you, He’ll still come. That ought to make you love Him above everything in the world. Jesus in second place. . . . Jesus in fourth place. . . . Jesus in tenth place. . . . But still He comes; you invited Him.

³⁴ Now, that’s what you do in church, lot of times. Listen. I want to say this in reverence: you’ll call for a revival [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] and you’ll pray hard. And then when the Holy Spirit comes in, you’ll cast It off: “I don’t want none of that. That’s holy rollers.” You are setting Jesus aside. When somebody testifies of being healed, you’re ashamed: “Oh, I don’t know her. I won’t stand with her.” You ought to give Christ your first place then. Stand by that person: “That’s my brother. I love Jesus, too.” He has first place. No matter what anybody else says, give Jesus first place. Amen. That’s what we want to do always.

³⁵ But here’s Jesus setting over there. Look at Him. Oh, He was unpleasant. All the people, as the Easterners do, usually gape around looking on. Hundreds are standing around. Here was big Pharisee talking to Dr. Jones, and poor Jesus setting over there with dirty feet,

unanointed face, unknissed lips. Oh, what a sight. Think of it. Jesus with dirty feet: Jésus, dirty feet. Oh, it does something to me.

That big Pharisee asked my Lord to come and let Him set over there with that dung on His feet, wouldn't give Him any oil, let Him set there stinking, unattended, unrefreshed, unwelcomed, and all of them looking on: "Oh, look at Him . . ." Oh, God, have mercy on this sinful world. What a horrible curse pride is. Oh, you're too good. "Sure, we go to a church that knows better than that. We don't believe in divine healing. Ah, we have nothing to do with that." Pharisee, Jesus is in your town. Amen. Entertain Him; love Him; embrace Him; and love Him.

³⁶ Oh, I see Him setting there with head bowed. He's usually unwelcome among the rich. They got so much of the world; they don't have time for Jesus. Great religious orders, they don't have time for Him, so there He sets: unwashed feet, nobody paying any attention to Him.

I can imagine Peter and John, His disciples, they were looking at Him, but they wasn't invited; they couldn't come. Now, listen close before closing. I want you to get this.

³⁷ In that city, was a prostitute, a bad woman. We won't go, details of that. You know what I'm talking of: a poor human being that took the wrong road. Many of you point your finger at her. Did you ever stop to think, that's some mother's daughter? There can't be a fallen woman without a fallen man: it takes them both. Maybe some sweetheart introduced her to this life (some boyfriend). Maybe he told her how he loved her until he won her heart, and then he introduced her to this kind of life. I don't know. But anyhow, the Bible said she was a fallen woman; she was an outcast. The churches wouldn't have her. They wanted nothing to do with her.

³⁸ And I can imagine seeing her coming along the street, and she says, "Where's everybody at? The town seems to be evacuated." Then she heard the noise. She heard the wine glasses tipping. She said, "It must be up at the Pharisee's house, a banquet." And she goes up, and she raises up, and said, "What's all of it about?"

When she comes up, I can see some men standing over to one side, oh, self righteous: "Look. Look what's coming." Oh, Pharisee.

She stands up; she looks over; and she sees Him setting with dirty feet, unwelcome. Oh, she couldn't stand it. She said, "Look at Him." Oh, she started weeping. "Oh, that's not right," she said. "Look at Him. How sad He looks. He had to be invited or He wouldn't be there; and look at Him. He's uncomfortable; feet's dirty. His face is not anointed. The red of the sun is still in His face. He's so unwelcome. She said, "I

can't stand it. I heard Him preach one time: 'Whosoever will, let him come.' That must've meant me."

³⁹ Away she goes. Let's follow her. I see her go down the street; goes through a alley; up a little creaking steps. She goes into a room; she opens up a little treasure box; taking out her money; she lays it down. She said, "No, I can't do it. He would know how I got this money. He would know how I got that. He's a prophet; He's a seer. He'd know how I got this. I cannot do it." And she puts it back, but she thinks again. "It's all I got. And look at Him. Now, I want to do something for Him." I wished you could get that attitude.

You look at Him today, healing the sick, saving the lost; and we set around, indifferent about it. Let's do something. Show Him He's welcome.

⁴⁰ Now, look at her then. She weeps. She felt sorry for her life. But everybody's turned her down. And she said, "Surely, He won't mind." There's something about women that's a little different than—than men. Usually she's got a high instinct. I would that she would use it for God. She gets her point and stays with it.

I can see her put it in her sock. She gathered up her clothes, put them around her, and on the street she goes. She goes into a—a perfume shop. And there's an old Jew—fellow setting there, saying. "My, why the business has been bad today. I haven't even made the rent." Here comes this woman in. As she . . . ? . . . He comes out, he don't act nice; say, "How do you do? What could I do for you?" Said, "Well, what do you want?"

She said, "I want the best spikenard box you've got," and she lays the money down. When he hears the clink of the money, oh, that's different.

So he said, "See how much you got." She counted out two hundred and eighty Roman denarii. And it's just enough. So he gives it to her.

I can hear him say, "Wonder where she's going? Wonder what she's going to do with that?" That was the last penny she had, but she knew it.

And she knew He was deserving of the best. He . . . She never said, "Give me a good one." She didn't say, "Give me a good anointment." Said, "Give me the best you got." Praise God. That's what we ought to do. Give Him the best there is: The youth of your life; the best of your life; the praise of your lips. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

⁴¹ Notice, here she goes. She comes out. She looks in there. Now, she sees Him over there, so miserable. Now, she's not welcome. They'll probably throw her out. But yet she goes. They all going her way,

trying to get to Jesus. Did you do the same? Would you elbow your way through critics? Would you elbow your way, today, through unbelief? Get to Jesus to be made well? Would you push aside everything, all the criticism, all the unbelief, elbow your way? Here she comes. He said you can come . . . Get through the crowd until she got to Him. And there she stood weeping: she couldn't hold herself. The tears was running down her cheeks. She fell down at His feet, the tears running down her, tried to stand up; she couldn't do it. Oh, the tears running down her cheeks. And the first thing you know, she said, "I must be beside myself." Oh, that you would get beside yourself.

Listen, brethren. I wish the Christian church would get beside themselves long enough to get saved. Sure, she broke all the rules. Who cares about the rules? Let's get to Christ. We don't care about the church rules. Get to Jesus. Oh, when I come to Him, I broke every church rule: I wept; I screamed; I was beside myself. I was by Jesus.

⁴² There's where this poor woman was standing. Oh, God, that we could stand there. There she stood. The only One could forgive her; her opportunity to receive Him, maybe the last time in her life; the only One could take her stain away; the only Fountain that could help her. And she was so sorry as she was weeping, that she got beside herself. And as the tears begin to run on His feet, she was rubbing His feet. Oh, she was so sorry. She was washing her—washing His feet with her tears. What a beautiful water; better than Pharisee could've give her: tears of a repentant sinner washing the dirty feet of Jesus. Hallelujah. The dirty feet of Jesus.

⁴³ The world stands back, said, "Look at those holy rollers." But the tears from sinners . . . Yes, Lord. Yes, Lord, we believe You, the whole Gospel.

There she was . . . ? . . . all she had. All of her of money was spent and here she was crying, washing His feet.

And notice, something happened. She had her hair all fixed up, and it fell down. Oh, she took her hair, and she was beside herself. She was so happy, she was wiping His feet with her hair. You know what? Some women today would have a hard time doing that; done cut it all off. You'd have to stand on your head to do that. It's a shame. The Bible said that a woman's hair is her glory. That's what the Bible said. Too bad you cut your glory off. What you need over here is a good old time Holy Ghost revival. Amen. Not only here, but the whole world needs a good old fashioned Gospel shaking again, back to the Word of God.

⁴⁴ The Bible said that was her glory. Look at this poor prostitute. All the money she had, lay in here in this spikenard box. The tears from her eyes, furnishing the water . . . The only—the only decent thing she had

was her hair, her glory. And it fell at Jesus' feet. Oh, God, lay your glory, everything, at the feet of Jesus. That's what you want to do. He's in your city; He's in your midst. Don't be different towards Him. Believe Him. Love Him.

And she washed His feet and wiped them with her hair. Now, she picked up the spikenard bottle. She breaks the top. She—she just can't hardly stand up. She's half stooped. And about that time old Pharisee, oh, turned white, then his face turned red with rage. She was breaking up his party. Hallelujah. God grant that people will be sincere enough, and love Jesus enough to break up some old cold formal worship and get—and get to Jesus. You have need of Him.

45 There she was. The Pharisee said, "Now, see? He's no prophet, for if he was a prophet, he would know what type of woman that was." Self righteous Pharisee, shame on them. He said, "Why, she'll ruin His reputation." How different it was.

Listen. Jesus' reputation is made where sinners is. (Jesus' reputation is made with sinners.) It takes sinners that realize they're sinners, that realize they're lost, realize they're away from God, that would get beside themselves, and then worship Him. That's where His reputation's made. That's how His reputation made this paralyzed woman the other night; with the deaf and dumb; with the blind. They get beside themselves.

They probably tell them, "don't go up there. Nonsense. Nothing to it." But they get beside themselves. They come anyhow and just press in. They . . . ? . . . their way through every . . . ? . . . until they get to Jesus. Then His reputation's made. Yes.

46 Here she was washing His feet. She broke the spikenard. Never just poured a little bit, she poured it all, all she had over Jesus. And all the time she was so beside herself, she was kissing His feet, constantly kissing His feet all the time.

Simon said, "Master, if you only knew what kind a woman that was."

Jesus said, "Simon, I've got something to say to you. You invited Me to your home and you didn't wash My feet. You never give Me any oil for My face. You didn't even kiss Me welcome. But this poor woman, ever since she's come in here, she's continually kissed my feet, and washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair."

47 Then He turns to the poor prostitute, looking at Him; she's standing there; her hair's dripping down, the tears all staining her cheeks. She wondered what He was going to say. Is He going to rebuke her and say, "Get out of here, you awful woman?" No. He turned to her, and He

said, "Child, your sins which are many is all forgiven you. Your faith in Me has made you whole."

Oh, God, let me stand there. Let me stand where she stood. I'll get beside myself. Oh, God, it's a sinful world. Could only see it and would worship Him like that, then the same Words would come back. "Child, your sins are forgiven."

I'll probably never will be able to stand where she stood, but one of these days, I'm going to preach my last sermon; my last drop of perspiration will fall off of my face; last time tears will ever dim my eyes. I'm going to stand in His Presence, say, "I want to come up. I don't want a palace. (I don't want . . .) I don't want nothing great. I just want to crawl up to His precious feet and pat them a little, kiss them once, and then turn away. It would pay me for everything I ever done. Let us pray.

⁴⁸ Jesus, with dirty feet . . . O God, today the world's treating You the same way. So . . . They'll invite You. O God. How can You be so patient? You lovely One, the Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Valley, come to the earth, was raised from the dead, walking among us. Then people are ashamed of You. Oh, [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . the Fountain of Life, the sweet One, the only One . . .



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