
WASHING JESUS' FEET



Let us remain standing just a moment for prayer.

Our dear, beloved Father, it's with grateful hearts that we come, in the Name of the Lord Jesus, to thank Thee for all that Thou hast done. And we pray that You'll bless our gathering together this afternoon.

We thank Thee for this gallant testimony of our brother, how out of darkness into the marvelous Light that Thou hast brought him. And we pray for our dear brother, that You'll help him and bless him in every way and his little wife and baby.

Be Thou with us this afternoon in the Word. Save sinners and heal the sick. For we ask it, in Christ's Name. Amen.

May be seated. And now, my associate, Brother Moore with the Scripture:

[Brother Moore reads from 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.]

² If I'm not mistaken, isn't this Brother Outlaw sitting right up here? The Lord bless you, brother. I'm glad to see you up there. I just recognized you from down at the platform. Heard your mother, or, *somebody*, has been very sick. Is that right? We're in prayer for her, that she'll be made well. And we are happy to have all the rest of you in this afternoon, to this little gathering.

And I got to hear the most of my . . . our brother's testimony, or part of it, when I come in. And I tell you, when I heard it this morning down to Brother Ballard's church, and how that he was spiritually led to the church, seeking me to have prayer for him: how the Lord did that. And he . . . no one knew I was going down there. Brother Ballard didn't, hisself. And we just felt led to go down there, and there the Lord was. And a young Catholic boy on the platform last night: was said, was told that he was . . . had a tumor in the brain and was, doctor said he was going to die; and how that he had been prayed for on the platform. He was somehow strangely led to that place this morning. We had a wonderful time.

Now, you Full Gospel people, many of you can't understand . . . Was that the boy, raised his hand just then, the Indian boy? Yes, brother. God bless you. Are you feeling better? You feel . . . That's very good. That's fine. We're thanking God for that. And so we're just hoping and trusting and believing with all of our heart, that you, and your lovely little wife, and your baby can go in and give a testimony to the power of the Lord Jesus, is our sincere prayer and our belief.

³ When I heard this Baptist brother that just spoke, what he had come through . . . To you Full Gospel people, well, you hear someone give a testimony; that might not mean too much. Course you'd

appreciate it. But I know where the boy is standing. I come up out of the same tribulations. And I know what it means to step out with real true faith with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I remember what they told me when I went and told them I'd received the Holy Ghost.

Doctor Davis said to me, "Billy, you need a rest. Go home. There's something wrong with you." Said, "You seen a nightmare."

I said, "I seen an Angel." Yes, sir.

He said, "And you with a grammar school education is going to preach the Gospel around the world?"

I said, "That's what He said, and that's what I'll do." And I did it by God's grace.

Now listen, this boy here, he needs a arm and a hand, you know. He's in. . . So you give it to him, brother. He really needs it now, somebody to take him in. He—he's come out from there to stand out for the full thing of God and to believe on the baptism of the Holy Spirit, believe on Jesus Christ, and the—the signs and wonders and miracles. He's come out to be our brother. Now, let's show him we're—we're his brother too in appreciation. God bless him is my sincere prayer.

And I hear that the little lady is to be mother again right away, and just a ousting like that has got him worried and upset and—and everything. And he had a nervous condition, stomach trouble. We prayed this morning. I'm sure God heard. The Lord bless them is my sincere prayer. And to the little lady, she's come from tribulations too, from an opera singer to come down to be a servant of God. I'm so happy for that. I pray that God will richly bless them.

⁴ I suppose the mayor has sent me the key to the city. Gene, I just seen it laying there, Brother Outlaw, and I thought it might be the key to the city. I didn't know. I suppose it isn't, though. But what I want is the key to the Scripture, the Holy Spirit.

⁵ Now, today we've got a little drama that the Lord has placed on my heart for this afternoon. And I want you to be real quiet for a few moments and listen.

Now, we're going to get out early enough, the Lord willing, so that those who can come back tonight. . . And I understand that some of them was looking for this to be the closing service. Many strangers in the city wanted service tonight also. If your pastor desires you to be at your church tonight, hasn't closed, that's your duty to be at your—your post tonight. That's right. No people away from their churches. You've got your church. . .

Now, when this is all over, we want you to go back to your church. Go back to your church where you come from. Take right on and be

a better Christian if you can be. And all the converts that's been in the meetings, try them that's in the neighborhood. Visit them and bring them into your church to have fellowship with you. That's what the revival's for. Rejoice with those who's been healed. And now, always remember me in your prayer.

⁶ Now, there seems to be something wrong with our story this afternoon. As we look at it, there just seems to be not the right kind of a—of a sound to the voice that speaks. How could these Pharisees love Jesus? They hated Him. Why, they had nothing to do with this Man called Jesus. He tore up their churches and everything else. Why, they despised Him.

And how could this Pharisee ever ask Him down to his house for dinner? We usually invite people who we love to eat with us, you know, like somebody that you—that you appreciate. There's something about eating with each other. That's the reason we have the Lord's Supper. It's to fellowship around the Lord's Supper, what makes it so great to us.

But how could this Pharisee invite Jesus to his house? As the old wicked world saying, "he had something up his sleeve" . . . He had some kind of a selfish motive.

⁷ The word *Pharisee* means "actor." The very word *Pharisee* means "an actor." And an actor is a mimic or impersonator. And how well that does fit our modern word of "hypocrite," a actor, an impersonator, somebody who's trying to be something. As Congressman Upshaw used to say, "When you're trying to be something that you hain't." The late Congressman that was healed in our service after being in a wheelchair for sixty-six years, he used to say that; "Don't be nothing that you hain't." That's Southern.

But this Pharisee had invited Jesus. Now, they had no fellowship together, so there must be some kind of a selfish motive. They had nothing in common to talk about.

⁸ You know, we middle-aged men, we have things in common. We like to meet with people of our age and talk.

When you see a little girl about five years old hanging around grandma, there's something wrong. Grandma's got a sack of candy setting somewhere. There's too much difference in their age. They can't have things in common. The little children has things in common. They—they talk each other's language, about their dollies, and about their tops they're spinning, and the little boys. The Bible says in Isaiah, "The little children playing in the street . . ." They had things in common.

The young ladies, they have things in common. They like to meet and talk about their boyfriend, and, you know, and . . . They have

things in common. And the other ladies, you know, they have things in common. They like to meet and talk, and meet and talk. So they just have things in common. Well, the men does the same.

The Kiwanis in the city, they like to meet together, have a little dinner and talk over the business of the city, how they can feed the poor and little things that should be done. The Kiwanis has things in common, the lodges.

And Christians have things in common. That's what we're out here for this afternoon. We got things in common. We've got something that we're all interested in. If it wasn't, we'd be out in the parks or out on the highways. But we got things in common. We want to talk about Jesus, for that's what we have in the common grounds today among us is the Lord Jesus. We never come out here just to be seen. We come out here to talk about Jesus. And we come to fellowship around His Word and with His people. That's what we're here for.

⁹ But how could this Pharisee, ever invite Jesus, Who he hated, to come down and have dinner with him? And it must have been late in the afternoon, I suppose, just as the going down of the sun, and the sun's setting. And Jesus was tired. He'd been preaching all day, and, perhaps, a hoarse voice . . . and—and from speaking, and His face burning from the direct rays of the Palestinian sun.

And as our story starts, I can see a young man, sweaty all over. His legs are sweaty and dusty. And he's standing outside of the great ring of people, pressing upon Him to hear the Word.

¹⁰ And, you know, I've heard many good preachers. And how I love to hear good preaching. I don't get the privilege of doing it very much. But I love to hear a good preacher who knows the Word. But, oh, how it must be to hear Him say something. Just one Word from Him would thrill our hearts beyond any voice that we ever heard.

And how the people must have pressed on Him to hear the Word. And as we look down to one side, I see this young man, tired, quivering from fast running, sweat all over his body, standing on his tiptoes, looking up. "Oh," he says, "that's him. That's him. For I never heard a man speak like that."

You see, he had been detached and had been sent out by his great, rich pastor to find Jesus. It must have been a relief for him when he found Him. He had went into one place and to the other and find that He was not here, He'd gone somewhere else.

¹¹ But a few days before that, his rich master, who lived in another city, was a great man in that city. He had great influence. And people had great respects for him. And I can see him . . .

Now, these Pharisees was a long ways from being poor men. Some of them was exceedingly rich. They got the tithings, and the offerings, and the cuts from the sacrifice. And they were rich men. And they were looked up to. And they had to live an honest life, and respected as the clergyman in the city.

But may I say this, that with all that, which is all right, but if your heart isn't right with God, you're not nothing in the eyes of God yet. No matter how religious, how respected, how good a name you have, how honest you are, doesn't mean one thing in the eyes of God.

¹² We're watching this Pharisee. And I can see him as he walks back and forth in the great corridors of his home, "I'm Doctor *so-and-so* in this city. You know, I'm—I'm a—I'm a well-respected citizen. What I say is the law and order. I'm a great man." And when you get to thinking that in your heart, then you're nothing that you ought to be, says the Bible.

When a man thinks he's just a little bit better than somebody else, you're on your road out, brother. That's right. We're all the same in the sight of God. Rich, poor, brown, black, white, yellow, whatever we may be, we're all on one equal basis with God.

And when this self-styled Pharisee walked up and down the floor and said, "You know, I believe I'll put on a great big party down here. You know, if I could just put on a big party, cause all the people to talk about it, I would get, probably, in the front page of the paper or in the society column," (if there was such a thing).

¹³ Now, as we dramatize this, we're going to use names and so forth, which may seem just a little strange, but, to get the principle, the message that I want you to hear.

And as this Pharisee walked up and down his floors, he thought, "Now, if I could only do something that would cause the people to know that I'm a great person . . ."

We see that same thing today, people wanting to put on a show that the outside would look at them, that somebody would think they would be big. They want the biggest meeting, or the biggest *this*, or the . . . something on the—the better-dressed crowd coming to their church, the biggest church, the highest steeple, the best of pews, something big. What we need is more God and not so much of the world. "He that will humble himself, God will exalt." But humbleness has to come first.

¹⁴ And we watch this Pharisee as he walks up and down the floor, and he's trying to think. "Oh, if I could only think of some way now, that I could get somebody for a drawing card. If I could only think of somebody or something that I could put on a big show with . . ."

And all at once, I can see him as he rubs his little chubby hands together, and he puts his hand on his little roly-polly stomach, and he says, "Oh, why didn't I think of that. That's the very idea. Not only will I be great before the people of the city, but I'll be great amongst the other Pharisees, the pastors of this city. You know what I'll do? I'm going to send over and invite that fellow called Jesus of Nazareth, that holy-roller, and I'm going to get him down here and expose that guy. Because Pharisee Lavinsky just told me the other day that he knew that he wasn't no prophet. And we know he's not. And we know he's only deceiving the people. So I believe I'll just send and invite him to come down. And when I get all the other Pharisees in, then we'll just expose that fellow. I know when the state presbyter and all them gets together, we'll sure trim him down. If I could only get him to come. Oh, if he will come, it'll just be a wonderful thing.

"Courier, come here. Take out through the country, find this Galilean prophet, so-called, and tell him to come down to my house, I'm giving a great big spread down here. I'll feed him well. He don't get to eat very much; I'm sure. But I'll really give him a good feed if he will come down. Tell him to come down and see me."

¹⁵ Well, the courier, to do this, he took out across the country, and we find him here looking. And his heart must have just been satisfied when he said, "That must be the man." I don't believe anybody could ever see Jesus and ever fail to know Who He was. He's different from all other men.

And as the courier, as he notices everybody swarming around Jesus, as they swarm around Him, and it's just setting of the sun, he elbows his way through the crowd, and he bumps into a line that's around the Lord Jesus. He stumbles up against somebody and starts to break through the line.

There's a gentleman lays his hands on him, said, "Sir, you cannot go inside the line. Our Master has just got through speaking. Oh, He's so tired. I'm sorry, but we just can't let you go in." Who was this fellow? It could've been Philip.

And then he said, "But, kind sir, I have an important message for him. I just must see him, for I have a message from my master, that I've been for several days chasing him around through Galilee. And now I have found where he's at, and I must do it, sir. I'm tired and I'm weary, but I—I must just say one word. Will you be so kind as to help me to get to him?"

¹⁶ I can hear Philip say, "Certainly. I'll see that you get to say this word." I can see Philip take him by the hand, walk up, and say, "Master,

this young man says he has a message for You from his master. Would you have a moment's time to say a word to him?"

I can see Jesus bow his head, "Yes." There's nobody ever asked Jesus anything but what got an answer. He's always willing to answer.

And the courier, as he looked at Jesus, knowing he was standing in the presence of Him, he gave Him the invitation and told Him that his Pharisee master wished to see Him.

Oh, I can see a great big fellow rush up by the name of Peter. "No, Lord, certainly not, you can't have nothing to do with them people. There's a rabbit in the woodpile somewhere. They've got something up their sleeve. You're too busy. Your schedule calls for this and this, and thus and thus. You just can't go down to see that Pharisee. After all, they haven't got no use for You. You see how they treat You. You can't go to such a person as that."

¹⁷ But, you know, He was the Word of God. "Ask and you shall receive," regardless of who you are or what your state is. I can see Jesus politely say to the young man, "Go, tell your master I'll be there on such-and-such a date. I'll be there."

"Seek and ye shall find. Knock, it'll be opened. Ask, you shall receive, for everyone that asks, receives. Everyone that knocks it's opened to him. Everyone that seeks, finds." Oh, if we could seek for Him and knock at His door with that kind of a faith that believing that He would hear and answer. . . .

But then the courier, as soon as he had got his word from—that Jesus would be there, oh, he was so excited he turns around and rushes away. How could he do it? How could he do it? Think Who he's standing before. Oh, I wish I could take his place. He was so carried away with the duties of his master, he failed to recognize that he was in the Presence of God.

¹⁸ I think that's a whole lot of we couriers today, we preachers. We are so carried away with our denominations, with our little groups, until many times we fail to recognize when we're in the Presence of God. Oh, I wish I could get to Him like that. I wish I could've come to Him and talked to Him. Before I ever would have presented some earthly need, I'd have fell on my face and said, "Jesus, be merciful to me."

Little, maybe, did that courier recognize, that one day that's going to be his Judge. We do the same thing. We're so took up with little factions, and little things of petty understandings among us, and so forth, till we fail to recognize the very God that's in our midst. We do it. It's too bad, but we do.

And then I notice as he hurries away . . . I don't know how he did it—because he had other things on his mind. Oh, he thought he had done something great because he had found Who his master sent him after, not realizing that he'd done the worst thing he ever could do: to be in the Presence of Christ and not worship Him and ask forgiveness and for mercy.

¹⁹ Notice, he hurries back down and tells his master, "I found Him and He promised He would be here." Oh, how that pleased that little fat Pharisee.

Now, he said, you know, "Now I'll make arrangements for the feast. I'll set the—all my tables out here under this great veranda; the grapes will be ripe at that time."

And if you ever was in the orients, or the eastern countries, how they can really put on the dog, as we call it. And there's no—there's no middle class of people there. There's either the rich or the poor. And the rich has everything, and the poor has nothing.

And how he was going to cook and barbecue the lambs, and how the outsiders would stand around and lick their lips and everything, couldn't get a bite of it . . . And . . . But he could do it. He was rich. He could put it on.

²⁰ Now, let's look at him as he's in this great mood. He gets everything ready for this visitation. And after he got everything ready, the day finally arrives that Jesus was to appear. He had enough confidence to believe He'd be there.

So he got all of his sheeps killed, and his ox, and so forth; the very best of cooks; oh, my, how they can cook. They can barbecue that lamb; and I'm telling you, it sure is delicious: cook those great big roasts on the outside, on this big turning spindle, till you can smell it for a mile.

And, oh, he got everything ready, and the day finally arrived. I can see him have his floors all repolished and the very best robe on. He had sent out all of his invitations to all of his pastoral friends, everything, to come in to see. And the great joke of it was, they were going to have Jesus there. That was a joke. They were going to have a big time out of this guy after they done eaten.

Then they got . . . These Pharisees had a lot of "flunkies." You call them "servants" here. They had flunky for everything they wanted done; they had a little flunky to do it. So, the barns was all fixed for those who come in carriages, to put away their horses. Everything was just at the hand for the great feast to come.

²¹ Then we see, after while, up drives a great big carriage. And when the horses are stopped out there by a flunky . . . And then this Pharisee

gets out and he gets his welcome; there's a flunky there at the gate to welcome him in. There's a little place at the gate, and the first thing this Pharisee does, or ever who is a visitor . . . It's the compliments of the host to have a little place there before you come in for a footwash.

The most of the Palestinian people, they—they're . . . The way they visit and the way they got their transportation was by walking in those days. And as they walked, they had . . . The Palestinian garment has a underneath garment and then a robe over that. And the Palestinian garment is down to the knee. And as they walked, the robe twisting like this, picked up the dust. And the dust and the perspiration on the limbs, caused the dust to stick. And they walked over the dusty roads where animals traveled. And the animals along the road with the droppings, and so forth, they got into the dust, and when the dust picks up and got onto the legs, it stuck on the legs from the perspiration; it created a horrible odor, like in the stable, as they walked. So they was coming to be a guest; they was not presentable, because they smelled with the—the odors from the road.

²² So, we've read in the Bible of the footwashing. So the lowest paid flunky of all the flunkies he had, was the footwash flunky, because he had to wash the feet. And when the guests come, he set down, the first thing before he entered in the little hall or little corridor. And they wore sandals in those days. He slipped off his sandals, and he got some water, and he washed his feet and leg real good, and taken all the stench of the road off. And then when he did that, he set his sandals up and wiped them out good. And then he . . . The courtesy of the host, brought him a pair of cloth shoes he could wear in his house. So he slips on the cloth shoes. Now, his feet's washed and now he has on cloth sandals.

Then as he enters into the next door, there's a man standing there who has some ointments and oil. And the reason they did that for both men and women, them direct rays of the Palestinian sun cooked the neck, just browned it, and their face. It was worse than what the Arizona is, I suppose. So as they come in, there was a man stood there who . . . He held out his hands, and he gave him some and oil, and he oiled it over his hands, put it on his face, back behind his neck, and then he give him a towel and he'd wipe the oil off.

²³ And when he wipes it off from his neck and from his hands, that oil had an odor about it, a beautiful odor, a real fragrance. What it was, it was made out of a certain little apple, the apple of the rose that had been . . . After the petals drop off, then it leaves a little apple. And this apple is found way in Arabia: very expensive. They crush this apple; and when they do, then they get the ointment out of it and put in this oil. This oil would deteriorate if it wasn't for the sake of the perfume that's in the—that goes into the oil.

Now, I think the—the queen of Sheba brought a lot of that, sometimes called frankincense. And they give them that oil, and they anoint themselves with it and then wipe it off, and behind their necks, and they smell real good from the—this perfume.

Then they got their feet washed, a pair of soft sandals. And, oh, they had those great big imported Persian carpets on the floor. They really are rich. And when you go in there with these . . . You wouldn't feel at home with them old dirty feet and stinking, and that way, if you went into their homes. But they—they fix you up so you feel at home. And then when you're anointed . . .

²⁴ And then the next thing you do, you're ready to meet your host then. Then you walk into the—the room, and you . . . Come here, little brother. I'll show you how it's done. When they meet the host, they take hands like this and kiss on that side, take hands this a way, kiss on that side. [Brother Branham illustrates with a brother—Ed.] Thank you. That's kissing welcome. Do you remember the Bible said, "Greet the brethren with a holy kiss"? That's what it is. They kissed each other on the neck, on both sides of the neck.

Then when you have had your feet washed . . . Now, you wouldn't want to meet the host with those dirty, sweat all over you, stinking from the road. Neither would you set in his parlor with those feet and just, like almost mud, with animal droppings, dust, and so forth, of the manure along the road where your garment has picked up. You would smell bad. So they washed that off, and they give you anointing, and you were all cleaned up.

And when you went to meet your host, then he kissed you, and the kiss was a welcome kiss. You wasn't embarrassed when you met your host. You—you're—you're not embarrassed because you're—you're prepared to meet your host.

²⁵ Oh, if we only had time to go back and get the Gospel meanings of that, but we haven't. We must continue with our little story. How that God prepares His Church to meet Him. But . . . That's the real spiritual meaning.

But when the host come in then, and met the guests, he kissed him. And if the host kissed him, he was a brother then. Anything was in the house belonged to him. Go ahead in and set down on the divan, go to the icebox and get what you want to eat. Brother, you're just . . . That's home to you. You're welcome if the host, if the host kisses. But if he doesn't kiss the—the—the person that he has invited, if he doesn't kiss—kiss them, then they're not welcome. But when he kisses them, that gives them the welcome. That's why when we are taught in the Bible, "Greet the brethren with a holy kiss," that is a welcome of

fellowship. See? Today we shake hands; then they kissed on the cheek or on the neck.

²⁶ And when all would be brought in, oh, they were having a great time. And the city was all alarmed. The feast was going on; the cooking was going on. And the outside . . . Only the easterners will know, how they stand and, “Mmmm, isn’t that wonderful.” Oh, my. But there’s a fence around them. They can’t come into those people’s yards. But how they liked to see them.

And then, they’d go in. And I can see our friend, the Pharisee, standing in there and beating the goblets together, and drinking a little toast of wine, and having a big time. And the party seems to be well on its way.

²⁷ Now, I happen to look setting over in the corner, not noticed, but there sets Jesus with dirty feet, unanointed head, and not even kissed welcome. How did it happen? What happened to that flunky at the gate? How did He ever get in there? Oh, I wished I could be that flunky. I wished I could’ve washed His feet. I wished I could’ve done something about it. How did he ever do it? But there set Jesus, unwashed feet, unanointed head, and not even kissed welcome. But oh, they’re having a big time.

That’s all the world cares about today: just having a big time. The Bible said, “Kiss the Son lest He be angry.” Brother, this world better humble their old starchy hearts.

If the president should come to this city (and I love our president), and if he should come to this city, the streets would be full of flags. There’d be a band to meet him. Every house would have a banner flying. The mayor of the city would go out, the best that there is in the city, to show him welcome; you would do it. But he’s a man.

²⁸ But Jesus can come to your town, and He’s considered a holy-roller. Then what can you expect at the end time? Oh, yes. You invite Him. Sure. But when you invite Him, where do you bring Him to? In a little room upstairs, the garret, or go down in the basement and have a few little words. And if you’re give, or, get up of a morning and give a prayer meeting this morning, and Susie calls you up and tell you, “Let’s go shopping,” Jesus sets on the sideline. That’s right.

And preacher, you—you who call your congregation to pray, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian, expecting an old fashion revival to break out in your town, and some of you Pentecostals, too . . . And when Jesus comes to town, you tag Him as a fanatic and won’t even cooperate with it. That’s right. You won’t have your hands on it. No, sir. How can you expect God to do anything for you, when you turn down the very Prince of Life? God, be merciful.

What this nation needs . . . It's got a lot of hogs in the wallow. It needs an old fashion washing out. Evangelists has crossed the country and people harden their hearts till the Gospel don't even have any effect on them any more. I believe the day of grace of this nation is finished. I believe it. Preach, persuade, bring the Gospel; it'll never attract them. A little handful of saints will gather out, but the world sets on the sideline and makes fun of it. That's the way you treat Him. No wonder He doesn't visit. Jesus only comes where He's welcome.

²⁹ And here He was by the invitation, come, but you see the way they were letting them act. He went down; He . . . You invite Him to come. He comes to your church to have a revival, and the first time He does something, you want to put the person out. You want to run Him from your church. You don't want Him there.

He could come in and heal somebody sick, and you'll say, "Oh, there's no such a thing as that. Now, wait a minute, you're getting all worked up."

Some dear saint can get happy and raise up, with the tears running down their cheeks, and weeps in the Presence of God, what do you do? "Mm-m, Mm-m, usher, would you see that they get the door." You self-made Pharisee. That's right. [Congregation applauds—Ed.] Then you think God's going to take you home to heaven. That's the way that Jesus is treated.

And now, somebody can come around and say, "There ain't nothing to that bunch but a bunch of holy-rollers." And you, as a minister, hold your peace. Oh, brother, how can you do it? And when today the very cause, the very Gospel, the very Word, the very power of God in a straight Gospel power is talked about and made fun of in the city, letting Jesus set there with unwashed feet. That's right. Religious people, who call themselves religious, letting the Lord's Gospel be treated like that, they don't say a thing, just set there. "Oh, well, I'm Doctor Jones, you know." You're no more than that ungodly Pharisee. You might be doctor but I don't know what of. But that's it.

³⁰ Notice, there they was setting there tipping their glasses together, "Oh, you know, I tell you; our great denomination is a growing. I tell you, we taken in so many members; we did this, that, the other," and Jesus setting there with unwashed feet. God, be merciful. What's happened to people?

Why, men gets so they act like they don't pay any attention to it. And women, it's hard to find a woman with enough modesty about her to blush. I haven't seen a blushing woman since I was a kid. That's right. What's the matter? The whole thought of—of decency has left the American people. You crack jokes and keep your head in them

old televisions and things. No wonder the church is in the condition it is. And your self-made style, pastor [Congregation applauds—Ed.] permitting such as that. Don't tell you any difference.

Jesus wants to come to your home. He wants to heal you. He wants you to love Him. But you won't let Him do it. He wants to come to your church. But, "Oh, that's something back." You set Him back in the corner. He will not always come, remember. But He's so good.

³¹ And some of you people that don't go to church, shame on you. Go to church about once a year and that's on Easter to show your pretty hat . . . That's right.

But you know what? You . . . God deserves the first place. Jesus ought to have the first place in every life. But we give Him about the fourth place. He deserves the first place. Well, you say, "I pray once a day." That's all right. He receives it. If you want to give Him fourth place, that's all right, He will take it. You only went to church once this year, maybe, and wore the new hat and everything, but He never condemned you for it. That's what makes Him God to me. If you want to give Him fourth place or fifth place, He will take it. He will take anything you give Him, but He ought to have the first place. He ought to have the best we can give. He ought to have our first, our best, our all. He's deserving of it.

³² Notice, now. There He was setting there, just a wall flower. I say this with respect and not critical, but I say it knowing that I've got to face Him someday in the judgment. Jesus Christ is no more than a wallflower in a lot of your big morgues around here. That's right. You just . . . The only thing you use is His Name. He can't come in and be blessed and worshipped by His saints. You won't permit it. You've got too worldly, that's what's the matter. You're too took up in something else, just like old Pharisee was.

You're too took up in the things of the world. You have to stay and see "Who loves Susie." You have to see Arthur Godfrey, or go down and get Elvis Presley's records and play them. And call yourselves Christians. You are weighed in the balance and found wanting. And when you do go to church, just a little sideline or something, don't worship: "In vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men." In vain—don't do no good to worship, if you worship like that. Jesus said it was in vain.

³³ Now, look at Him setting there. All the big religious people standing there tipping their glasses and having a fellowship, and Jesus setting over in a corner with dirty feet. O God, forgive me. When I think of it, Jesus with dirty feet, oh, my . . .

That's why I stepped away from the Baptist church. Hallelujah. Yes, sir. I believe my God ought to be worshipped in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Yes, sir. I don't believe in your old cold formal creeds. He wants to be loved. Look at Him setting over there, can't be loved. He can't be loved because the way He's treated.

And that's the same thing today. You self-made seminary chickens of pastors. Hatch yourself out and try to place the dirty name of holy-roller on the worship of Jesus. No wonder your congregation don't stand taller. It's the way you've treated Him. If you would preach the Bible in the power of the resurrection of Christ, saints would be shouting in every church the Maricopa valley. [Congregation worships and applauds—Ed.] It's not Jesus' fault; it's your fault. Here He is in Phoenix today. "Holy-rollers, bunch of fanatics." Go on, Pharisee. Your time's a coming.

³⁴ But notice, way down in the city was a young lady. Let's imagine her now, just before closing. Now, be real reverent and quiet. This young lady had taken the wrong road. She was a bad lady, maybe just a girl, eighteen, nineteen years old. She was a woman of . . . Oh, well, we don't have to go into details of that. She was of ill-fame. And you like to point your finger to her.

But let me tell you something, brother. There can't be a bad woman unless there's a bad man to be bad with her. That's right. So don't scorn her like that. Some mother's darling. . . I believe instead of pointing to her and . . . If you'd open your church and send somebody to bring her in, there wouldn't be so many of them. That's right. Poor little kid, no one loved her, no one cared for her. Society had turned her out, and nobody wanted her. So she had to live, and she done the best she could, maybe. She was bad.

I wouldn't uphold her sin. No, sir. But what I'm—I'm after, is the church that won't open a door to her. You don't want her in your society. Who are you anyhow, Pharisee? Right. You're no bet. . . You're worse off than she is many times. "Oh, but we couldn't stand. . . Our crowd wouldn't let a woman like that. . . We couldn't put her in the church membership. Oh, no, no." That's the reason she is what she is. Some mother's darling, certainly it is. It's a soul that Christ died for.

But you're too stiff and starchy, your society. If I had a society like that in my church, I'd kick them out the door and start it over again with harlots. I sure would. Self-made bunch of educated idiots in this nation. . . That's right. I don't say that to be mean [Congregation applauds—Ed.], but they—they love the praises of man more than the praises of God. Jesus said, "Whosoever will, let him come." But you

don't want them. Sure. The last call was go get that kind of people. That's the supper call.

³⁵ Notice. There was this little lady or little woman, rather . . . In her immoral act she couldn't been a lady. Lady's a higher name than that. But she was just a prostitute of the street. She smells the food. Oh, her little hungry stomach . . . She said, "Wonder what's going on?" She goes up around the bend, and she looks, and she said, "Oh, look up at the Pharisee's, the pastor's house. There must be a great host up there at the bishop's house today. Let's just slip up and see what it is." So she goes up and she looks around, said, "Oh, my. It smells so good. I remember when I was a little bitty child; my mother used to cook food like that. But, oh, it's been so long since I've eat like that. And now, nobody loves me. I'm just an outcast. I've took the wrong road and . . . Oh, I remember mother used to tell me not to do this but, oh, I . . . Mother died and daddy died, and I had no one to look after me. I got with some girls that was bad. Here I am."

And she was looking over, and she tipped on her toes. She looks up. And she's looking over. And there all the pastors are tipping their glasses, and, oh, talking about the great things that's going on, and their new members, and so forth. And her precious eyes looked over in the corner. She stopped.

³⁶ She said, "Look like I've seen that Man somewhere. Who is that? Oh, that's that Galilean prophet. Oh, I've always wanted to see Him. But why don't they pay attention to Him?"

Now, His disciples wasn't invited. They set on the outside. It was just Him invited. You had to be invited.

And she looks, the tears begin to run down her cheek. She wipes her eyes, and she looks again. She said, "That's Him, and look, His feet's dirty. Look at His parched lips and the dirt on His hair and His neck. Oh, they haven't made Him lovable." How true that is today. "They haven't made Him lovable."

Oh, all at once something strikes her. Down the street she goes; she runs down that street and up the alley. She gets on this little crickety steps and up she goes, unlocks her door and goes in.

"Oh," she said, "no, I can't do that. I just can't do that. I must be dreaming." She rubs her eyes again. "I can't do that. Oh . . ." Then she reaches up in the little cupboard, and she's got a little stocking top up there. She pulls it out. She lays it on the table. She begins to count.

³⁷ "Oh, but I can't. I can't. If I would go before Him, He'd know what kind of a woman I was. And I couldn't take this money that I've earned in this way. He would know how I got this money. It's not good money in that way. He would know it, because I believe that He is the Messiah.

Oh, I know they don't treat Him right. I know they cast Him to one side and there He sets unlovable. But I couldn't take this money and do that. But I . . . He—He's unlovable. He's dirty. He's got dirty feet. But this is all I got." That's all God requires.

You say, "I can't come in the life that I live in." Oh, yes, you can. You say, "I've drank. I've stoled. I've done this. I've lied." I don't care how you are. He wants you just as you are. That's all you have to do. Yes. And He looks . . .

And she says, "Now, wait a minute. Now, what will they do? What if He will condemn me? Wonder what will happen?" But something on the inside of her keep giving her courage. "It's the right thing to do," something said. "It's the right thing to do." Certainly, it's the right thing to do.

³⁸ She gets her little stocking of money. She slips it down under her waist. She pulls her little shawl over her face and down the street she goes.

Well, it's almost closing time down at the perfume shop. Everybody's up at Pharisee's. And there's a little old Jew setting in there all sour, "Oh, business is no good today. Don't know why it is." The door opens. This little soul walks in the door. "Well, look who it is. That's what comes in my shop, huh? Well, what do you want?" That's about the way some merchants ask, you know. "What do you want?"

She said, "Sir, I have come to buy some frankincense."

"What do you want? A dime bottle?"

"No, I want the best you got. It's for a very special occasion." That's it, a very special occasion.

³⁹ Oh, we who give one little prayer a day, ten cents. Oh, goodness. This is a rare and a special occasion when we meet Jesus. He just don't want you to be a member of a church. He wants the best you got.

"Well, I've got it here, but I want to see the money first."

Oh, sure. He was out of that type, that said, "What profit is to leave Joseph in the grave, in the ditch." Make some money out of it, all right. Brother, that thing's got in the church. If they can make some money out of it, all right. That's not the reason: no, a million times no. I know you think I'm crazy; maybe I am. But when I think the way that people treats my Lord Jesus, is no better than that was back there. No wonder Jesus said, "The harlots and so forth would come in before you self righteous."

⁴⁰ Well, he . . . She pours the money out on the counter. He counts it. Yep. Just exactly right. Thirty pieces of Roman denarii. So he gets up and he said, "Where are you going to take this."

She said, "Sir, it doesn't matter, does it? As long as you've got your money, what difference does it make? What difference does it make how—what I want to do as long as I ain't bothering you?"

She gets her money—her little frankincense box. She sticks it under here, the alabaster box, and she puts it under her coat and—her little shawl, and she walks up the street.

As she goes up, the devil kept talking to her. "Now, you're going to get really embarrassed. Sure enough. They'll . . . That Pharisee will put you in jail for doing that."

Why, if . . . "They'll throw you out of the house if you shout. You'll be excommunicated." What do you care about excommunication? Get to Jesus is the main thing.

⁴¹ She gets up there to the place. She looks over, and there He's still setting. Yeah, He was invited. He come, but nobody paid any attention to Him. They was . . . This was a big time, having too much fun.

That's what's the matter with America today. It's got too much fun to pay attention to Jesus. Oh, yeah, they like to make light and say, "Oh, there's no such thing as Divine healing. All that speaking in tongues and them other things, that's just all nonsense. We belong to a better class." Do you? If you want to call that big bunch of actors, impostors like acting like religion . . . They know no more about religion than a Hottentot knows about Egyptian night. You want to belong to that kind of a cult, go ahead. But I want to get with a bunch that likes to get to Jesus. That's the main thing. Get to Him.

⁴² She stops. She looks around and there some of the big self-righteous dudes standing out there, points, and say, "Hey, look who come up to the feast. Look at it. Shhh. See. Looky there. There she is."

Yeah. That's the way with some of these buzzards today. They like to point their finger to somebody like that but never give them a hand out to help them to get to Christ. You're talking about the fallen. Brother, Jesus died to save the fallen. True.

Then I see the little fellow as she stands there, looking around. She thought, "How can I get to Him? Oh, look at Him setting there. He's so unwelcome."

How He is today right in Phoenix: unwelcome. I noticed in the brother's church this morning, while the little fellow was standing there, the little shepherd trying to feed his flock, right next door, spading and working and everything else. Oh, he . . .

Walked out here and half-dressed women, this park here. Some of them with overcoats on and the other one with little bitty short clothes on, like a handkerchief tied around them up here. Some of them old,

wrinkled grandmas and everything else. "Oh, we're very religious." Oh, you self-styled Pharisees. I don't know what's the matter with me.

⁴³ When I noticed this little fellow . . . "Oh," she said, "if I can just get to Him. I'll change this picture." She begins to nudge her way through. Here she come. She's determined to get to Jesus.

Brother, that's what I like about it. I don't care what the outside world says. Let's get to Jesus is the main thing.

She moves through the crowd as she's pushing them right and left. She runs right in by the side of Jesus. Oh, when she stands by Him . . . The devil begins to say, "Now, He's going to rebuke you." But not one word.

Now, the way they eat then, was a little different from now. We set up and eat. Then they laid down and eat sideways. You kiddies were right in the beginning.

⁴⁴ So they laid down and was eating. And she run right to the end of this couch, where Jesus was laying. I can see her as she stands there, and she looks up at Him. All of her sins comes before her. Brother, you can never look at His face and not feel guilty. She sees all of her sins, her ill-living, her ill-fame. There they all are, right before her, and she starts crying. She looks at His dirty feet; she knows it shouldn't be that way. And she begins to weeping so much for her sins until the tears begin to drop upon His feet. And she takes His feet up like *this* and she begins to rub them.

Oh, my. What did Pharisee do? Oh, he stuck his chest out. Oh, my. He'd blow up like a frog eating shot as he looks over; somebody broke up the party.

Why, who cares about the party? As long as you can get to Jesus, who cares about what's going on? She wanted to get to Jesus.

And there at His feet . . . Look what beautiful water, Jesus had His feet washed. What beautiful water: the sparkling tears of a penitent sinner.

⁴⁵ I believe for the first time since Jesus been at the feast, He felt at home. Jesus feels more at home with a repentant harlot than He would in your big fine classy church, the way you're treating Him. That's right.

She's repentant. The tears are running down her cheeks and on His feet. And she's washing His feet with the tears. And she's [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.] kissing His feet. Sure she did. She didn't care what anybody thought. She was in the Presence of Jesus. What does she care about her action? Her heart was just pouring

out the fountains of repentance, what beautiful water for His feet. She was washing them.

And she was so hysterically . . . I was too. I was too, when I got in His Presence. I got hysterically. I didn't care what anybody else thought. I know they said I was a holy-roller, but I don't care. I was before Jesus. I didn't care if they excommunicated me from the church. I was in the Presence of Jesus. As she was washing His feet. Oh, I'd love to be there, wouldn't you?

⁴⁶ And they was standing, and Pharisee nudged the other one, said, "Now, if He was a prophet, He'd know what that woman was. Now, it goes to show that He don't know what He's talking about. We told you. He'd know . . . Let's watch Him a minute."

And all the time she's kissing His feet [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.], kissing His feet 'cause she's repenting; the tears are flowing down. And all at once her hair, she had done up on top of her head, the curls all fell down around her. And she stops and takes this alabaster box and she [Brother Branham illustrates.] didn't break, and she [Brother Branham illustrates.] breaks it again, and she just pours the whole thing over on Him, all that she's got. And with tears and oil she was washing His feet and kissing, the grease all over her mouth. And her hair falls down, and she picks up the curls, and she sets His feet up, and begins to wipe them with the hairs of her head, just kissing His feet, kissing His feet, kissing His feet.

⁴⁷ Oh, sure, the celebrity were there. All the society of the city was there. She looked like she was out of her head. Maybe she was, but she was at the feet of Jesus. Hallelujah. People may act like their crazy but what difference does it make if you're at the feet of Jesus. What do I care what they think? She was at Jesus' feet. She was kissing it.

And Pharisee, oh, my, he was ready to blow up. Then Jesus turns and He looks. Oh, I can just see those eyes as He turns that sacred head. He knowed the thoughts of Pharisee. He said, Simon, I've got something to talk to you about." (Oh, you Pharisee, one of these days that's coming to you.) "I've got something to talk to you about. You invited Me here, and you never give Me any water for My feet. And you never anointed My head when I come in, neither did you kiss Me welcome. But this poor sinner, ever since I been setting here, she's done nothing but wash My feet with her tears, wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kiss My feet, ever since I been in here."

⁴⁸ Oh, Pharisee changed a little bit. He looked over. Now, the woman's scared. Oh, what's He going to say? Is He going to condemn her? Did He jerk His foot back and say, "Don't do that?" No. Jesus don't do things that way. No, no. He never pulled His foot back. Oh, no, sir. He

set right still and watched her. She was doing for Him what they ought to have done.

And you be careful calling somebody a holy-roller who's doing what you ought to have done. Don't you think you're just a little better than they are now.

Now, look. There was Pharisee, the bishop of the church, with all the pastors and elders standing around, thought themselves too good to touch this holy-roller. But this poor little woman standing there now, what's she going to receive. Oh, she knowed that she loved Him. Something happened. Had she done wrong? No. He said one day, "Whosoever will, let him come." They wouldn't do it, so she wanted to do it.

If these big starchies won't worship God, God will pull out you poor people. He will get you to do it, somebody. He will call the sinners and harlots and—from the street to do it. Somebody's going to worship God.

⁴⁹ There, look at the little woman. She's startled. Her big brown eyes, as beautiful as they was, looked up. Then He turns, after looking at Pharisee, grease all over her face; her tears had washed down her face; her hairs were hanging in streaks; there she was. What's He going to do? What's He going to do?

And then He said, "Simon, I come at your invitation; you invited Me. You never washed My feet. You never give Me anointing oil for My hands and My neck. And you never kissed Me welcome. But this poor sinner has constantly kissed My feet."

Then He turns and looked at the little woman. He said, "And, verily, I say unto you . . . [Brother Branham cries—Ed.] verily I say unto you, her sins which were many, are all taken away."

Oh, brother, I—I—I'm not a baby, but when I think . . . I'd rather have Him to say that to me than to make me the archbishop or the pope of Rome. "Your sins which were many, has all been washed away. Go in peace."

I just can't preach no more. Let's bow our heads just a minute.

⁵⁰ Lord Jesus, oh, to this cruel world, self-styled, lot of glamour, and here You are in the last days, moving among the people. And they laugh and write You up dirty in the newspapers, and everything else, and magazines when they should be washing Your feet. Be merciful, dear God. Wayward men and women today don't realize, God, they can't realize, that this selfsame Jesus is looking right at them now.

How self-styled church members, with all their pomp and self—set around and criticize and make fun, and don't know that the very

Jesus that'll judge them someday, they're talking about Him, making fun of Him, calling Him bad names. God, let men and women today in this auditorium, if there be some that's self-styled church member, or maybe from the streets as the woman was, may they come sweetly and humbly to Your feet and wash away all the reproach by their testimony to the public: "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." Grant it, Father.

While we have our heads bowed and your eyes closed, I'm going to ask you something in the Name of Christ the Saviour. Here He is come to Phoenix to visit you, comes nightly and heals the sick, speaks to you, tell you who you are, what you've done, just the same as He did, gone by. Always willing to forgive you and love you. Oh, may God be merciful.

⁵¹ How many in here really feels your guilt of neglecting Him, place Him off in some little corner somewhere, of a little two minute prayer a day, or maybe never read His Word once a week, yet, you belong to church. And you say, "I'm sorry that I've done Jesus that way. I want to repent right now." Will you raise up your hand, say, "Christ I want to repent." Oh, God bless you. There's at least a hundred hands up. You feel that you've mistreated the Lord Jesus.

I don't care what church you belong to. That doesn't matter. Might be Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Lutheran, that doesn't matter. Have you realized that you've mistreated Jésus? And you know you're guilty. You don't pray; you don't worship Him.

Would you like to walk up here at the altar just now with me, and say, "Lord, from this day on, I'll take You. I want to serve you from today on with a true reverent heart." I'll wait on you. Move right up out of your seat now. With your heads bowed, the rest. Just give them room as they walk out. I want to see every person that raised their hands and those who are convinced that you've mistreated Him. Would you just stand here for a word of prayer, then you go right back to your seat, just before we close.

⁵² To the grace of God, it was a woman who made the first start. Now, the men are following. God bless you. (God bless you. . . ? . . . God bless you, too. Come right on. . . ? . . . Just a moment.) Little lady repenting here said, "I just want to worship Him." O, God. Let your supper go; what do you care? Come here. Sister, brother, this means more to you than going to supper. This may mean going to Heaven. It may mean Life Eternal. I don't care if you're Pentecost, Baptist, whatever you are, it don't matter. Come up here. Come here. You know you've mistreated Him. Come on up.

My Indian friends here, bless your heart. I wanted to go to the Apache reservation. I'll be back. I'll come up there. Won't you come if you missed . . . Up in the balcony? Don't think you're too far away. You may be plumb in hell someday, and then you'll be too far away. You're not this afternoon. Will you come? That's right. Move right up.

⁵³ How . . . Two deaf and dumb boys walking up, just by sign language. And some of you that God's been good enough to you to give you your hearing, and then you'd set back on a sideline. O, God. You say, "Looky here, preacher. I've got a Ph.D." I don't care what you got. You got a stony heart too. You better worship Him while you can. "Kiss the Son while you can, lest He be angry." I want to kiss Him with my heart.

Two young men got up out of the balcony and come walking down, just young men. Won't you come? We're waiting. Do you want to kiss the Son? Do you want to stand here by His side and say, "Lord Jesus, with all my heart, I'm sorry the way I've done. I've been a church member. Yes, that's right, but I never really treated You right. I want with my tears to wash Your feet. With my testimony, I want to give a sweet smelling savour to You. I want to tell the world that I love You. I've been afraid in my office. I've been afraid with my neighbor. I've prayed . . . She might not like me no more. But, Jesus, I don't care who likes me as long as You like me." Every man's a mortal. He's going to die like you are, but Christ is immortal. Won't you come?

Just as I am, Thou will receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon and redeem;
Because I promise I will believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I . . .

⁵⁴ Now, as the laity is standing here, I'm going to ask how many preachers will walk up here with me? I want to see what you're made out of. I'm putting myself up here at the altar too. I'm guilty. I want God's forgiveness. I'm . . . God bless you, men and women.

Now listen, pastors, ladies and men both. There's one thing that I know you're guilty of here in Phoenix. You're guilty of not having the right kind of fellowship. Aren't you ashamed? Aren't you ashamed the way you've treated Him? Just look at the preachers, both men and women. O God. Are you really sorry in your hearts? How many of you is really sorry the way you've treated Jesus? Raise up your hands. With my hands up to God, I'm ashamed of myself. I am ashamed of myself. There's been a many a place I could have gone and wouldn't, didn't go. There's been a many thing I could've done and didn't do it. I thought I was too tired. But while I was preaching today, something said to me, "What about you?" I've preached it right to myself.

55 Jesus was invited to the Pharisee's, tired and weary and His throat hurting Him, but He went anyhow, knowing He was going to be unwelcome. He went anyhow. I'm ashamed of myself. I repent. I repent before God and this audience. And if you'll repent, brethren, with all your heart, and sisters, I'm sure that Christ Who stands in our presence will forgive us. And we'll have a fellowship here in Phoenix like it was on the day of Pentecost.

Every one of you brothers, just break down your little barriers now. Just forget all about it. Whether you are Assemblies, or Church of God, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Oneness, or what? Trinitarians, or whatever you are, just forget all about it. Let's just worship the Lord Jesus.

56 Now, the rest of you stand, all over the building, everywhere. Do you really mean you'll do it? Raise up your hands to God. "I'll do it. By the grace of God I'll do it." Now, as you take your hands down, shake hands with somebody by you, say, "God bless you, brother. God bless you, sister." Walk over and shake each other's hands. Say, "God bless you, brother." All around everywhere. "I'm sorry I treated you the way I did." If you got any enmity, go to your man right now and make it right. God bless you, brother. God bless you, sister. God bless you, brother. God bless you, brother. God bless you, brother.

Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.
What can wash away my sins?
Nothing . . . (Just remain here a minute, just remain.)
Jesus.

What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

57 How many feels good? Just raise your hands. Let's just praise God like this. [Brother Branham and the congregation clap their hands—Ed.] Praise be to God. How many of you preachers now, women and men, say, "By the grace of God, from this day on I'll break every denominational barrier," stay in your own denomination, "but I will—I'll be glad to shake hands with my brother, though he's different with me. I'll cooperate. I'll do everything I can to further the cause of Christ." You . . . Will you do it? Raise your hands. Say, "I'll do it. I'll do it by the grace of God." I believe you.

Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

58 What about around the altar, you feel good? Feel all our sins are washed away? "What can wash away all sin? Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," not joining in another denomination, but the Blood of Jesus.

Oh, return in peace to your homes. God be with you. Go to your churches. Support it. Stand behind your pastor. Stand behind the programs of God. And pray for your pastor. And let's have a real old-fashion revival sweep Phoenix. It won't be long till Brother Roberts and Brother Allen, and many more of the men that comes through here, will be back in. When they come, everybody, with one heart, go out and cooperate and have a great big time. Don't proselyte. Just go to your own church and worship God. When the service is over, invite them all to your church. If the other fellow don't keep his word, that's up between him and God. You keep your word to God; that's the main thing.

What can wash away our sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus;
Oh, what can make me whole again?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.
Oh, pre- . . . is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood . . .

59 Over at the breakfast the other morning, I said, "God's heritage started up in a stump. Every time it did, the palmerworm begin to eat, the caterpillar . . ." I said, "Someday God would come with an insect spray. He will spray love around that tree till no caterpillar can get to it." That's right. I believe He's doing it right now, don't you? Yes, sir. What is it? The whole Body of the Lord Jesus. All you Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Oneness, Twoness, whatever you are, the love of Jesus Christ shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost makes us brothers and sisters. Our sins are washed away by the Blood. How wonderful. How we thank God.

60 Brother Stadslev, come here a minute. Is this all right? [Someone answers, "Amen."—Ed.] This man who's been with me in Africa, seen tens of thousands and thousands come to Christ at one time. Brother Julius Stadslev, I'm going to ask you to offer prayer for this audience. Then we're going to go home just in a little bit.

Do you have a word to say, brother? Anything to be said, anything farther? Seven-thirty tonight is the services. God willing, we'll be here. Prayer cards will be give out in the next . . . What time is it? Six-thirty. Come down. I hope we have a great outpouring for the healing tonight. Bring in your sinner friends. I'll be preaching to you again in the next couple of hours, the Lord willing. Slip out now and get you a little lunch and come back, closing of the service.

⁶¹ Now, if your pastor is—got his doors open tonight, you go to your church. That's your post of duty. If you belong to the Assemblies, go to the Assemblies. If you belong to the United, go up to United. If you . . . Whatever church you belong to, you take your post of duty tonight. I'm an evangelist. See? And if you're . . . If they close for the night, you come on down, be with us. And then if you're here without a church, you come on tonight. You go into the restaurant and eat, invite the waitress and them to come out tonight. We hope to see you.

Until then, I felt led: my dear friend here has been with me through many trials, and troubles, and ups-and-downs. I want him to dismiss a word of prayer. God bless you, Brother Julius. While you bow your heads . . .



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