
THE EAGLE STIRRING HER NEST



Good evening, friends. It's a privilege to be here tonight to speak in the Name of the Lord. And as I was noticing, they're having a little trouble with the—my second voice. This is a sermon. This thing is a perfect mute unless something's behind it to speak through it. That's the way a minister is; he's a mute until the Holy Spirit speaks through him, and then it becomes a servant of Christ.

Now, I think tomorrow morning is breakfast, for the . . . I believe the Christian . . . I believe it's just Christians; it is no designation of ministers. And usually it's business men whenever I'm speaking. And that's their . . . Next is their convention. And so I just nodded my head to Brother Vayle. He's back there picking up the acoustics to see if it was right.

² Tomorrow night now is prayer for the sick. I am going to try to let you out. I told Brother Vayle a few minutes ago, "I was going to cut my message about half in two, because we're just a little late." But tomorrow night is the night we pray for the sick. Now, get on the phone tomorrow, and get the people out here that is sick.

Now, the prayer cards will be given out tomorrow afternoon at the afternoon service at the church. And those who are out of town, and come from out of town, and work and cannot . . . I have the boys here to have some prayer cards here at six-thirty tomorrow night for those who could not get in for the afternoon service. If all possible, get the afternoon service and get the prayer cards from the boys there, or at six-thirty tomorrow night from the auditorium.

³ Now, we want to get straight to the message right quick. Expecting to see many of you in the morning at the breakfast. I suppose it's been announced to you here. And we'll be looking for you tomorrow. And then . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . where we continue on with the service at the International Convention of Christian Business Men.

Over in the book of Deuteronomy, the 32nd chapter and the 11th verse I read a portion of God's Word.

And as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, and taketh them, beneath them on her wings.

I said last night I would speak tonight, the Lord willing, on "The Eagle Stirring Her Nest." I spoke on this before over in Virginia a few months ago. And I know it was quite lengthy, so I'll just try to speak on a few of the high spots.

4 But there's something about nature, that if you'll look at nature, you'll see God. And God dwells in His universe, in His people, in His Word, in His Son. He just dwells in His flowers; He dwells in everything. God is universal, omnipresent.

And now, when thinking of the eagle. I've often wondered why God likened this heritage to an eagle. And then it stirred my curiosity of being a rancher myself, and—and watching the traits of the eagle, and how I studied nature. . . . Nature was my first Bible. I used to . . . before I knew one word in the Bible. . . .

When I was twenty-one years old, a man told me to look for James 5:14 in the Bible, and I was looking in Genesis to find it: twenty-one years old. And at twenty-two years old I was an ordained Baptist minister in Missionary Baptist Church. The Lord was good to me. But I studied God from the way of nature, where I found Him.

5 Just like a flower, I noticed you women here with your flowers, how that they will bloom up in the summertime, then death stops them. They bow their little heads, give up the life that's in them. The petals drop off, a little black seed drops out, then they have a funeral procession. Did you know that? God has a funeral procession for His flowers. Sure. The fall rains come and cry their tears down, and grows the little black seeds. Then along comes the cold winter, freezes up, and the pulp's gone, bursts out of the seed and runs out. Spring of the year there is there's no bulbs, no pulp, no seeds, no nothing that you can find, and yet, in there God has preserved a life. Just as that eastern sun begins to shine and warm up the ground. . . . There's no science could find that little grain of life, and yet it's there, and it lives again. And if God has made a way for a flower to live again, how much more has He made a way for a man to live again.

6 Some time ago, I was having ice cream with an old Methodist preacher friend of mine. And he used to sing the little song that I was preaching to you about. Now, he was a real Methodist. He wasn't . . . ? . . . just—just like a lot of Methodists today, just go to church. He was a Methodist; he had an experience.

Like I've often said to the Pentecostal people, you Pentecostal people just got the same Holy Spirit the Baptists got. Now, we're not some kind of Baptists that shake hands and join church. We got down at the altar and beat one another on the back till we come through. We had something when we got through. God knows we need some more Baptists like that, the old fashion type of Baptists, not just the ones believes in grace and brings a lot of disgrace to the Gospel; but one who believes in the grace of God and lives it by the Holy Spirit.

7 And I was having ice cream with this old Methodist friend of mine. And the Agriculture Hour was on. And over in Louisville, Kentucky, there was broadcasting and said The little 4-H club had made a machine that could produce a grain of corn just as perfect as one that has grewed in the field. Said you could reach your hand in the sack that was a—get the machine produced, put your hand in a sack that was raised from a field, mix them together, there was no way to ever tell them apart. Take them to the laboratory, spit them open, they both have the same amount of calcium, moisture, and the heart was in the grain just the same. And everything just . . . One made just as good a corn flakes as the other one, and just as good a grits, hominy, anything as the other one. And they said there's only one way you could really tell; that's bury them. I said to this old Methodist, "Now, if you don't want me to embarrass you, better hold my hand."

8 You can act like a Christian; you might dress like a Christian; you might impersonate a Christian in every way; but unless that grain of Life is in there, you'll never rise in the resurrection. That machine can put all the moisture and all the calcium in there, but it can't put life in there; that's God's work alone. You might be a Christian, be just as loyal and perfect in your church as you can be, but except you're borned again, in the resurrection you'll lay there. Only Eternal Life, God's Life, will He raise up from the dust of the earth.

9 So in watching the eagle, and the birds, lots of times with great joy has it been for me to watch them. And I begin to read what the eagles was, how many were there. And you'd be surprised to know that there's forty different types of eagles. The word itself means "a carrier, or a— a feeder with the beak," with the mouth.

And that's like Him. No wonder God likened His heritage to eagles, His prophet. Because they feed the Word with the mouth, by preaching. That's the reason He likened them to eagles, feeding the flock by the mouth. "Faith cometh by hearing, hearing of the Word." So that's why, one reason He would liken them to eagles.

And another reason He likened to eagles, an eagle is a special bird. He can fly higher than any other bird there is. Oh, I know a lot of people here, you think that the hawk . . . The hawk is no equal to him at all. Why, if the hawk would try to fly as high as the eagle, he'd just disintegrate in the air. The hawk can lead . . . The eagle can leave the hawk any time. He can go so high till a hawk couldn't even breathe.

10 And then in order to get up there, that means that he will have to be able to see farther. Then another thing, he will have to be a special made bird. If he wouldn't . . . His wing feathers are so tight, you can't pull them out with a pair of pliers. He has to be to hold his big weight

in that thin air. So when he gets up there, he has to be a special bird, special built bird, or he will never get up there.

And that's the way a Christian is. He's just not re-made over, or something, kind of a bird fixed over. He's born and made a Christian by birth. He's a special-made bird. God designed him so he go above, way high, soar above the things of the world, and watch things that's coming in the distance. Now, it wouldn't do him to get up there, unless he was able to stay there, or to be some benefit while he was there. And that's the way the—the prophet is, the preacher, that can climb in the Spirit, far beyond anything, go a way high in the heights of inspiration. A real servant of God can climb so high till the normal mind can't even follow, because he's a special-built bird. Oh, how I love to think of that.

¹¹ I've always liked to be a little different anyhow from the things I don't like. And I don't like the world or the things of the world. And I'm glad to know that they're built different, just made different.

Now, you know, a little wrens that run on the ground, and a buzzard can soar, but he could never follow an eagle; he'd die. I'm just so glad that God's got some eagles that can climb above the things of the world, way up high. And he has to be a special bird to do that.

Then I noticed again that he . . . The reason that he gets up there, and is a special bird, not because that he desired to be a special bird, but because God made him a special bird. He's a special bird because he was borned a special bird. And that's the reason a lot of lukewarm church members can't follow a real Christian in the spiritual things; he's never been borned again. He hasn't been designed for that purpose. No wonder he can't understand It, couldn't even see.

¹² And another thing about the eagle. The eagle renews his youth, renews his strength and his youth. That represents the Church again. Because a man can be backslid and away from God, and put him in a good revival somewhere, and he renews his covenant, he renews his youth. He comes back to God, and just feel like he's all washed up and ready to go again. That's the way the eagle does. He gets old, and his—his—his habits and things begins to fail. He can't see good no more. Then all of a sudden, something happens to him, and he becomes back like a young bird again.

¹³ Why, I remember the first Pentecostal meeting I ever went into; it was at Mishawaka, Indiana. And they had about five hundred preachers on the platform. And they said, "We want every man up here, just to stand up and say what church he belongs to, what his name is." And I just stood up and said, "Evangelist William Branham, Baptist," set down. All of them got through. And that day, I'd been noticing many the young preachers preaching. And—and I listened to

their message. I thought they were kind of noisy, but you know, if you're not a little noisy, it's a sign you're—sign you're dead. If your religion hasn't got some emotion in it . . . I can prove to you, anything without emotion is dead. That's right.

When Aaron went into the holiest of holies, they put a pomegranate and a bell. And when that's the only way they knowed he was still alive, because he made a noise in there. That's about the only way you can tell the church is alive, when you hear a good "amen" once in a while, or something that will witness back that there's still Life there somewhere.

¹⁴ And I remember that night. They got an old preacher out there. He was about eighty years old, had to help him to the platform, just had a little rim of cotton around. He was an old Negro preacher, and just a little rim of cotton around like this, and a great big old . . . one of those old felt-collar preacher "pigeon tail coats," we used to call them. Walked out there to the platform, throwed it over . . . And the old fellow couldn't hardly speak. And he said, "Children . . ." He took his text from over in Job, "Where was you when I laid the foundation of the world? Declare unto Me where they're fastened. And the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

Oh, all the ministers that day had been talking about the life of the Lord Jesus on earth, but he picked Him up about a million years before the world ever begin, when the morning stars was singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy, brought Him down the horizontal rainbow in the second coming.

He'd been on the platform about five minutes, and directly, he jumped in the air, and kicked his heels together, and said, "Glory." Said, "You haven't got enough room up here for me to preach." And kicked off of there like a little kid.

I was about twenty-three years old. I said, "That's what I want. If it'll make an old man do that, what will He do to a young man. I need some of that." Oh, I'm so glad it's for all.

And so the eagle renews his youth. "And they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up like eagles; they shall run like lightning; they shall walk, and not faint." And oh, how the Lord does give us those little . . . ? . . .

¹⁵ Now, and another thing the eagle has. He is a bird that has ambitions not to let his little ones be hurt. He builds his nest way high in the rocks. And there he makes his nest for his young ones. How different it is with the other birds, how they build their nest down low. But the eagle goes high to build his nest.

Some time ago I was down to Cincinnati, Ohio, to the—to the zoo. I've got two little girls and a little boy, and how I love little children. And every time when I'm gone from them so long, come in, get in the house, one wants a piggyback. You know how it is. And I just love the little fellows. And I'm going to use them now for an expression. Some time ago . . .

¹⁶ They would get up of a morning, and every who gets up in the morning, gets on my lap first. And Rebekah is a little older than Sarah, and so Rebekah got up first, and she run in and jumped across my leg. And her leg's long, hung down to the floor. And she put her arms around me and begin to hug me. And just then the smaller girl came into the room. And she looked, and Rebekah turned to Sarah and said, "Sarah, I've got all of daddy. There's none left for you."

And the little fellow, the little girl puckered up her little lip to cry, and I motioned to her and put my other leg out. And she come over and jumped on my knee, and I put my arms around her. Then she turned those big brown eyes, and looked over to Rebekah, and said, "Rebekah, you may have all of daddy, but daddy's got all of me."

So that's the way it is, brother. You may have all the theology and all, but I want Christ to have all of me. Everything that I am, every fiber and every bit, I want Him to hold me. How that God and—does His great marvelous work.

¹⁷ One day I was up in Colorado where I elk hunt a lot. And there was . . . Oh, it was early in the fall, and the snow hadn't come yet, and the elk herds were high. And the rancher, Mr. Jeverez and I, had ranched together for years now. And we were hunting, and we knowed the land like you—you would your city here.

And so we was about two day's journey back on Troublesome . . . ? . . . up the Troublesome River. And we separated that morning. He said, "Billy, I'm going over to look after some sheep," wild sheep, mountain sheep. Said, "I'll meet you down at the other line camp," which was about seventy-five miles away. Said, "I'll meet you down there about day after tomorrow, because the elk is in this district."

I said, "Okay, Jeff."

¹⁸ So I went high plumb to the timber line. And I tied my horses down in the bottom, and be back the day after, or something, to pick them up. And I was walking along. And that time of year, there's . . . Well, it rains and then the sun will shine; then it'll snow, and the sun will shine. And there come up a storm, and I got behind a tree and stood like this, until the storm was over, it was raining and blowing. And I stood there and was thinking about how good God is and how I love to

be alone with Him up there in the mountain. There was a blow down near where I was at, where the twister had come through and blowed the trees down.

And then, after the storm went away, I begin to think on the Scriptures, the great meetings. And then the sun was setting in the west, and a great eye looking across the valley. And where the evergreen had froze, up there high from the storm, it formed a rainbow.

¹⁹ And oh, David said, “When the deep calleth to the deep.” If there’s something in you that loves God, and you can see something that’s godly, there’s just something that takes a hold of you and grips you.

And I remember. I said, “There He is, Jehovah, the great Eye looking.” There’s a rainbow; that’s His covenant. And I said, in the New Testament, I remembered reading, that He was looked upon as jasper and sardine stone, Benjamin and Reuben, the First and the Last, and the covenant and the rainbow over His head.

And just then an old gray wolf howled up on the mountain, and the mate answered down in the valley.

My mama’s a half Indian, and my conversion never took it out of me. Oh, something begin to call the deep to the deep, the wild call. Then I heard the old bull elk bugle, who got turned away from the herd. And then something within me begin to call out, “O God, You are present. There You are in the wolf call. Here You are in the elk bugle. Here You are in the rainbow. There You are in the setting of the sun. Lord, You are everywhere.”

²⁰ And then I was amazed that a little old pine squirrel jumped up, a little old fellow about so long. And he just all like the Irishman’s owl, all fuss and feathers. He just begin to jump up and down and carry on like he was going to tear me to pieces.

“Well,” I said, “little fellow . . .” What I been doing when I felt that real deep call, I set my gun down against the tree, and run around and around and around the tree just as hard as I go screaming to the top of my voice. “Why, if there’d been somebody in the woods, they’d said, “A maniac’s out here.” But I didn’t care what they thought. I was worshipping God; that’s all I cared. I knowed He was there. And a person just can shout in church, his shouts are no good. You must . . . Everywhere you see God express yourself to Him and love Him . . .

And I thought, “Did I excite you, little fellow?” And I happened to notice, he wasn’t paying much attention to me. But he cocked his little head and looked around. He was looking down in that blow down. And the winds and the storm had forced a big eagle down (We have the brown eagle in Colorado, which is a very big bird.) and forced him in there, and that’s what he was excited about.

21 “Well,” I thought, “Lord, why did You stop me from shouting for something like that?” This big eagle jumped up on one of the limbs, great big gray-looking eyes, beautiful bird. And he set there just as straight. And I said, “Now, what did You want me to see in that eagle? You mean I could see You in that eagle? Why did You interrupt me from worshipping the way I was around and around this tree?” Then I thought, “Well, there’s one thing I can see in him; he’s not afraid.” And God’s creatures are never afraid. You’re not afraid of nothing.

So then, I noticed again . . . I said to him, “Do you know I could shoot you?” Just talking to him, nobody else there to talk to, just he and I and the Lord. So I said, “You know I could shoot you?” And I made out like I was going to reach for my gun. I seen those big eyes look at me. And I noticed he begin to feel those feathers, see if everything was—was in running order. He knew that God give him two wings, and he could trust those two wings. And he knew before I could get my gun to my shoulder, he’d be in the treetop and I’d never see him again. He knew what he was doing.

22 Oh, I thought, “How much more, if—if God give a eagle two wings, and he knowed where he was standing with them, what ought a Christian to do with the baptism of the Holy Spirit? How he ought to know where he’s standing.” For he—he seen that I wasn’t going to hurt him, because I admired him. But he got tired listening to that little old pine squirrel, “Chatter, chatter, chatter; chatter, chatter chatter.” And finally he just made a couple of big flops or jumps, flopped his wings about twice, and he was outside the timber. And then I seen what God was meaning.

He never flopped no more; he just knowed how to set those big strong wings. And as the wind came up there in a big gust, he just rode them waves on, on, on; he never moved a feather. He just knowed how to set his wings, and he went on beyond that little old pine squirrel, till he become just a little dot. I stood there and wept like a baby.

23 I said, “That’s it, God. It isn’t join the Methodist, and doesn’t matter if you join the Baptist, and go over to the Pentecostals. That isn’t it. It’s just knowing how to set your wings in the power of His faith. And when the Holy Ghost comes in, like it does here, ride away, go on and on and on and on, away from this chatter, chatter here, “Oh, the days of miracles is past. Chatter, chatter, no such a thing as Divine healing. No such thing as the baptism of the Holy Ghost.” Just set your faith in the power of His Spirit and ride away without joining Baptist, Methodist, or Pentecostal, or any of them. Just ride away upon the power of the Holy Ghost. Just throw your faith out, and say, “God, You still live and reign, and You’re the same Lord Jesus.” Ride away on His blessings. Certainly. He promised it.

24 One day, little Sarah and I was taking a walk through a zoo. And I seen the most saddest sight, I believe, I ever seen. It was a eagle in a cage. They hadn't had him there very long. That great big fellow didn't have any feathers over his head, all of his wings was beat off on the side. And I watched him. He'd lay on the floor, shake his head. He'd get up; he'd looked at those bars. He'd turn and walk this way till he got a start, and he'd fly across there and beat his head against those bars, flopping his wings, knock him back in the floor. He'd get up, look at the bars somewhere else, walk back, get a start, and here he'd come. He'd bump his head where he beat his head, till he had no feathers on his head or on his wings. And when it finally knocked him out on the floor, and he laid there. And his weary eyes, as he looked towards the sky . . . What was it? He was a heavenly bird. He was born to soar over them skies. And here he was caged in, not a way to ever be free again.

25 I thought, that was the most saddest sight. I'd have give that man a hundred dollars more than he paid for the eagle, if he'd have let me open that door and let him out. Oh, to think that he was born to sail those blue skies, then he looks up there, and couldn't do it. Somebody had put him in a cage.

I thought that was a sad sight. But, brother, when I see men and women who were born to be sons and daughters of God, caged in an old cage of denomination theology, that they say, "The days of miracles is passed." when . . . and to keep you away from the real thing of God. Walking around out here, trying to satisfy that blessed hunger that God put in you to thirst after Him, and satisfy it with wearing shorts, and drinking, and joining churches, and all these creeds and things. That's the saddest sight I ever seen. You were born to be man and women of God, to soar the—the unexplored, and explore the unknown. God made you thus, not to be caged in by, "My denomination don't believe in miracles." I don't care what your denomination does. Your Saviour said so. That settles it. Don't let no man put you in a cage. You don't need in a cage. You need to be free. You . . . The reason you look upward is because you are born eagle. The reason that you love to do that is because God made you thus. You can't stay cooped up in a chicken coop. You were made to be an eagle, to fly in the sky, the heavens above and sail into the unknown, into the power of the living God.

26 You wasn't made to be like other birds. That's what's the matter tonight. That's what your hearts are hungering for, is to get loose and get free, because you're a eagle to begin with.

An eagle is an eagle to start with. He was born an eagle. That's what makes him hunger and thirst for righteousness. But as long as you're standing in a cage that says, "The days of miracles is past. Oh, don't listen to those fanatics. There's no Divine healing. There's no baptism

of the Holy Ghost. They're nothing but a bunch of holy-rollers." Don't you believe that. Don't you believe that.

There is a Man Who's paid the price, that'll open the door any time you wish to, and fly homeward, through the power these blessings. That Man is Jesus Christ. He died to take you out of devil's pawn shop, and to make you free in Christ Jesus, so you could search the heavens above . . . ? . . .

²⁷ Yet, an eagle, all he hears, how much different he is from a chicken, but they're both birds. What is a chicken? A chicken is his denominational brother, but he's a chicken. How much different it is from a chicken. The eagle goes just as high as he can and builds his nest in the cleft of the rock. And he gets up there so no predator can get to him.

That's the way a real preacher builds his church, as an eagle of God, he places it on the Word and the Spirit of God, so that the un—all the old gappers and old short-wearers, and cigar smokers, and hee-haw gamblers can't touch it. Because He could send eagles so high and born into the Kingdom of God, that all the old scavengers of Elvis Presley, Arthur Godfrey, that bunch of stuff. Just turn away from it. Because you are eagles in the hour of God . . . ? . . . is at the Spirit of the living God. Their high ambitions . . .

²⁸ Jesus said, "Ye are a city that sets on a hill, that gives light to everyone." And the real Church of God is built with ambition that won't stop on any certain organizations. It believes in the power and the resurrection of Christ, Who soars beyond these old chicken nests that we have around here. That's right.

An old hen would build her nest . . . Look how they take care of it. They sprinkle her, and dehydrate her, or some way they're putting on flea powder, all kinds of stuff like that, indocumated. What are they? Nothing but a . . . ? . . . a place with a . . . ? . . . a place for the world, a place for the sick, everything that comes along. Brother, a man that's born of the Spirit of God, don't have to be all indocumated, and join this certain church, and that certain circle. He's born of the Spirit of God a free man stands on it, and depends on the living God to take care of him, regardless of what takes place. Your eyes are envisioned to live for God.

²⁹ The old chicken will get out to build her nest. They'll build her a nest, a great big coop, and put a big bunch of wire over it, and put straw in it there, and everything like that, just a domesticated bird, that's all there is to it. When she gets her little ones, they don't know nothing about the heavenlies.

But the eagle climbs up yonder, builds her nest. How many times have I watched them through my binoculars, up in the top of the mountain. You ought to watch the eagle, and how she takes care to build her nest. She'll go out and get great big sticks. She'll go right to a little straight peak like this, just as high, there's not a serpent; there's nothing can get to her.

I'm so glad that the church of the living God's built the same way. It's built above all the things of the world. It's so high above it, 'cause they don't even look like it no more. If you love the world, the things of the world, the love of God's not even in you. That's right.

³⁰ And then this old eagle, will take these big sticks, and how she'll put them in the little crevices, and she'll build them around till they're tall. Then she'll go get brier vines and she'll wrap them around, and tie that nest together, just as tight, so the winds can't blow it. How God takes care of His own.

And then she'll go out . . . And she wants everything real cozy for her babies that's coming on. So when she kills sheep or rabbits, she'll bring that stuff in. And she will take her big beak, and stuff them little stickery places all full of rabbits skin, all full of sheepskin, and make it real soft and cozy.

That's the way God does when He brings one of His children into His care. He always makes the nest cozy. All of . . . ? . . . and everything, all the burdens has rolled away. You're just a sheep when you're born again. God cares for you.

³¹ Then how she takes care of those little fellows, watches them, feeds them, takes care of them. She goes out and gets sheep. She goes and gets a fish. She watches their diet. And eagles eat off . . . Spiritual eagles eat from the Word of the living God. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word."

Man shall not live by denominations. He shall not live by creeds or by prayers. He shall live by the Word of God. "Let every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God . . ." So he don't love the world no more: can't stand it. He's come out. He's not a buzzard. He's an eagle.

³² Notice, then, after while it comes to a place that these little eagles begin to put forth feathers. How delighted the mother is to see these feathers in the little eagle. After while they become pretty good size feathers. Now, remember, they've never been out of that nest. And that old mother eagle is determined that her kids will not be chickens. They'll not have the habits of chickens.

I'm so glad of that, that God's children, God's determined by the Holy Ghost that His Spirit-filled children will not be formal denominated, so-called Christians. He's determined of that.

And after they get the feathers out a little bit. Then there comes a time, what they call “the stirring of the nest.” I’ve watched it many times. That old mother eagle will come down one day; she’ll look over these little fellows. And she’ll say, “All right.” She’ll get them to stand up. She’ll stand up on her nest. She’ll take those great big wings of hers, and she’ll go to fanning that nest just as hard as she can. Why? After while she’s going to take those little eagles on a solo flight. They’re not going to be chickens, earthbound. “Days of miracles is passed. And there is no such thing as this and that. And . . .”

³³ But she’s going to give them a solo flight. And if those feathers are loose, it’ll break their neck. So she has to fan all the loose feathers off of them with her own wings, before she can take them on the solo flight.

Brother, I’m telling you, if the Pentecostal church ever needs a wing fanning, it’s right now, to get all the loose feathers off of it. That’s right. Too loose, too . . . ? . . . the things of the world. All these churches are guilty of the same thing from one to the other.

And notice, she has to get those feathers out of them. If they don’t, they’ll break their neck. And there’s too many loose feathers. And she—she’s—she’s got the equipment to do it with. She’s got two big wings. And God’s got the equipment to do it with, both Old and New Testament, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever.

What do you think takes place when those little eagles has been born in that cleft in the rock, covered by their mother all the time, and the first time they feel the mighty rushing wind coming down?

³⁴ But somehow God has a way of stirring the nest by a mighty rushing wind even on the day of Pentecost; and we need another mighty rushing wind of the Holy Ghost to fan the loose feathers out of the Pentecostal church. You know it’s the truth. You Baptist, Presbyterian, and the rest of you, you need all the loose feathers fanned out. You can’t say a thing; they’ll cut your neck.

And you chickens there’s no need of trying to think about it. No wonder you can’t take it.

Now, you take an old hen and fly right up there, she’d disintegrate. That’s right. She can’t stand it. She’s got to be a—a eagle or she can’t stand it. You can’t take it. And you got to be borned again before you can ever understand and see the supernatural. That’s right.

³⁵ So the old eagle stands there, and she fans the feathers all out of it. Oh, brother, what a time. Then the next thing she does; she gets in there and takes all of those little sheepskins and things that she stuck down in that nest, takes her beak and throws them out over the hill. She’s determined they’re not going to be chickens. And she’s going to make that nest so miserable for them, that they have to get out.

So then, we have you standing on thorns. Every time you set down, it's a thorn. Everywhere, it's a thorn. Everywhere you stop, it's a thorn. God does that for a purpose. The old eagle wants to make them that way.

³⁶ And did you notice when the mighty rushing wind hit you, and you begin to glorify God, everywhere you hit was a thorn. You thought that your testimony would burn the world up. And as soon as you told your best friend, he said, "Huh, you went to see holy-roller, haven't you?" A thorn . . . Get ready, you're going to take a ride, that's the only thing I can tell you. God's just making you ready.

Get over to the pastor, say, "Pastor, last night when I was praying, all at once something happened to me; my life is changed and I feel different."

"Now, here, don't you go to stretching that around our church," another thorn.

He makes the nest so miserable till you have to get out. You just can't take it any more. Because, if you don't, can't take that, that shows you wasn't a eagle to begin with.

³⁷ Then, after while, when he gets it all—gets them all dissatisfied, then the old mother eagle comes up to the nest. And, you know, really the little eagle hasn't seen what size bird his mommy is. So she gets on the nest . . . You ought to see it; it's a real drama. And she gets on the nest, and she goes to cooing to them, cooing to them in eagle voice. Oh, that sounds good. Then she stretches out her big wings. "See how big I am."

And them little fellows begin say, "Oh, mama, what a great bird you are." Now, some of them, them eagles stretch fourteen feet, across the wing, wing spread. They could pick up a calf and pack it away. And that little eagle never realized what a mother he had until he begin to look up to her, and she begin to show her power.

A lot of you people are setting here sick tonight. You Baptists, and Methodists, and Presbyterian, the doctor's turned you down, and you Pentecostals, is because God is trying to show you, or take you up yonder, spreads forth His power, and says, "Look how great I am."

God's going to take you on a flight one of these days, and He wants you to know "How great Thou art."

Did you ever turn at night and look at the solar system? How that those little old stars and moons is nothing but insects, little grains of dust on his feathers. Sure, "How great Thou art."

And say, "He can't heal the sick?" What type of a pastor would that be?

38 “How great Thou art.” He wants you to look at Him. Why? He wants to take you on a ride. He wants to give something good to you, ‘cause ain’t you tired being a chicken? Don’t want to be chicken. Let’s be an eagle.

So then she sets forth her great wings, said, “Look, how great I am,” show those great big wings. “You see how great I am?” They feel that cool breeze coming in.

That’s the way a man, when he gets down before God, and the Holy Spirit begins to moving on him. “How great Thou art. How great Thou art.”

“Trust Me. Can you trust Me?”

39 And the little eagle fluff their wings, say, “Mama, I’m just like you are. I’m ready.” She’s hovering over her nest. She’s fluttering over her young. And each one of those little eagles, she throws those big wings down, each little eagle climbs up there and sets his little paws down in her great big strong wings, takes his little beak, presses a hold of the feathers. You couldn’t pull it out with a pair of pliers. Certainly not. It has to be to hold that little one.

Oh, blessed be the Lord. Hold to God’s unchanging hand. Nothing in my arms I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling. Let the world say, “Holy-roller, fanatic, Divine healer,” whatever they wish to. Let me hold to God’s unchanging hand. Set my hopes infallibly, not in the merits of any church, or any priest, or any preacher, but set my faith in the merits of Jesus Christ the Son of God, Who set me free from the law of sin and death. Certainly. Let me hold to His unchanging hand, when I take the flight.

40 After while, when all the little eaglets are gathered on her wing . . . I like to think of that.

I was staying to Gary, Indiana, some time ago, where Brother Goad here is from. And they taken me up to show me the mill, the steel mill. I thought, “Oh, this is wonderful. I’ve always wondered how this would be.”

And each man at his bench was working his lathes, you know, shavings on the floor. And a little whistle blowed. Every man swept the shavings right out in the middle of the floor from his steel work.

And I said, “What are you going to do, sir?”

Said, “Stand here, Mr. Branham, and you’ll see something.”

I said, “All right.” I stood there. After while, the other whistle blowed; all the men went out. And then after all of them went out, he pressed a little button. And I heard something coming in a distance, a roar, roar, roar.

41 I thought, "What's that?" And down through it come. It was a great big magnet. And as it crossed over that floor, right down that aisle, all those shavings picked right up on it, and went out to the cupola. They demagnetized it, and it dropped in to be molded over again.

I said, "Hallelujah!"

He said, "Sir?"

I said, "I said, 'Hallelujah.' It means 'praise our God.'"

He said, "I didn't know it."

I said, "Where did that stuff go?"

He said, "It's to be molded and made over."

42 I said, "I'm thinking of another great magnet that's coming someday. And It's going to take this old corpse of a body of mine, and is going to mold it over again." I said, "I want to ask you something. Why didn't all those shavings go?"

He said, "Sir, some of them are aluminum. They was not magnetized to it."

I said, "Praise the Lord." I said, "What's the matter with that piece iron there, didn't go?"

He said, "It's bolted down."

I said, "That's it. That's it."

Oh, don't be demagnetized or be bolted down by some creed. But free in Christ when He comes, and when His Spirit goes to pick you up, and make you a new creature, and mold you into His own fashion.

43 As I notice this old eagle, as I go with her again. She squealed three of four times, real squeaky. And she set her big wings out, and she picked those little birds up, and she went, up, up, up, up. The air got thinner. They'd have perished if they wasn't eagles. But she knowed what they was. They were her own brood.

And God ever makes you a promise you in here step out on it, He will give your breathe, breath to breathe. He will give you breath to stand. He will give you grace. Just step out on His wings of promise, see if He won't do it.

44 And soaring so high, way in the air. Now, here's the funny part about it. When she got up there, you know what she done? She shook them every one off, off of her wings. They wasn't going to be chickens. They had to fly. But those little old eagles, they'd turn upside down, flip-flop. What was the matter? They was topsy-turvy and everything else. They didn't care. They were flying. You think that she'd go away from them? No, sir. She just throwed them out to one side and begin to watch them. Oh, my. If one of them got out of cater, she'd pick him up.

Amazing grace would pick him up, and lift him right back up again, into the . . .

⁴⁵ Oh, He's real. His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me. I may not be formal. I may be all out of cater, but I'm trying to fly anyhow, having a good old Pentecostal jubilee, flopping my Pentecostal wings, just a flopping in the air as hard as I can, and singing the grace of God, just as loud as I know how to do. And He's the same . . . Why?

He's not scared. And this is his mammy. He's an eagle to begin with. He's not afraid. And though he turns over, and upside down, if he gets too far out of cater, she reaches right down, picks him up, and bears him right back up in grace again. That's the way He does till he learns how to fly.

Oh, how much different it is with a chicken, her brood. She just walks around the barnyard with her earthbound; that's all she knows.

⁴⁶ One day a guy was going to set a hen. And he only had fourteen eggs. How many is a setting? Fifteen, isn't it? And he couldn't find that other egg, so they say he found a eagle's egg. And he set that eagle's egg and put it under a hen. And when all of them was hatched out, that was the funniest looking little creature, to them chickens that they ever saw. Just about . . .

That's about the you we get them in the church, about one out of a setting. That's right. He may be an odd looking bird, but he's a eagle. "Oh, we're going down to the ladies aid society."

"Thank you, I don't really want to go."

"Don't you want to play pool tonight?"

"Don't think so." They're about one of a setting. That's about the way they run.

⁴⁷ So he's a strange thing to watch this little old eagle, how he would look around. He couldn't learn the habits of those chickens. Well, they scratched in the manure pile; he didn't know nothing about that.

And these peoples down here that believes in little sociable drink, and—and going to horse races, and watching Arthur Godfrey, and Elvis Presley, and "We Love Sucky" and don't go to prayer meeting, a real Christian can't understand those things. They hear a "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, come over here tonight. Cluck, cluck, cluck . . . ? . . . Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, so we can see 'We Love Sucky.'"

The little eagle said, "I don't get that. There's just something about me, don't want to do the thing." I'm so glad of that, aren't you?

⁴⁸ "I just can't understand why they do it." That is the eagle to begin with. He was born an eagle. No matter, he might've been born in a hen's

nest, but he's a eagle. Oh, my. He's a eagle because he was an eagle to begin with. His life was an eagle.

So the old hens get around there, and scratch in these old dead things, and eat old carcass that wasn't no good. The little eagle just couldn't stand that diet, and he couldn't understand why they did. So one day he realized out in the barnyard, he just couldn't understand why everything was going like that, and why he had to be the—the ugly bird of the bunch then, so much different the rest of them.

⁴⁹ And the old mammy happened fly over the barnyard. She knowed that was her young one. And she screamed, "Sonny, you're not a chicken. You're mine."

Oh, I remember when I heard it. Do you? "Come out of that stuff. Come out from among them; be ye separated, saith God. Touch not the unclean thing, and I'll receive you. You'll be sons and daughters to Me, and I be God to you. Don't yoke yourself up with unbelievers, but come out of it." If there ever was a coming out time, it ought to be right now. Come out and separate yourself from the things of the world.

That old eagle said, "Hey, that sounds real." Maybe he went to church that night and hollered. Somebody said, "Amen. Glory to God. Hallelujah." That sounds just right. That fitted his nature, you see. He was a eagle to start with.

Know what happened? He turned his little head, begin to look upward, look around. Said, "Sure. That's where I ought to be. But the rest of them is not going up there."

He said to the old mammy hen, "Can anyone get up there?"

"No, don't you start that fanaticism among my chickens. Don't you start teaching them things around here. We'll excommunicate you right away."

⁵⁰ The first thing you know, another revival come through. Here, eagle flew over; she said, "You . . . ? . . . you're not a chicken. You're mine. Raise up."

Said, "Well, mommy, how do I get there? They tell me I have to stay here."

Said, "Just run and flop your wings, honey, I'll catch you." So little junior made a jump, and flopped his wings, and hit on the barnyard post, right in the middle of a Pentecostal organization, right out of the Baptist church into a Pentecostal organization.

And the old mother passed by again; she said, "Junior, if you can't jump higher than that, I can't get you."

You've got to come higher than your organization. Get out in the supernatural, God's Holy Spirit if you're an eagles. God bless your

heart, brother. Turn loose everything you got, you can fly...?... going on if listen to...?...?

⁵¹ Eagles eat eagles food. Hallelujah. You can't be a chicken. A chicken can't be an eagle. You're predestinated by God to be eagles. You were born to be eagles. You're part of the eagle family. Your spirit come from God, Who created the heavens and earth, Who believes all things. And He made the world out of things that wasn't.

If you're His child, you say, "Amen" to everything He says. It's the truth. And you stand on His Word. If the Holy Spirit is in you, It witness back to God that You're His child, and no bunch of creeds or denomination holds you away from God. You'll go, because you're God's.

And oh, when the Holy Spirit of God screams over the building, screams over the people, works among us... .

Here the other night when He was speaking, calling, showing the people that He was just the same yesterday, today, and forever, He's here tonight the same way.

⁵² Let's bow our heads just a minute. I want to ask you something. If you're not an eagle, would you like to be an eagle? Raise your hand, say, "God, catch my hand as I raise it up." God bless you. That's good. That's right. "Make me an eagle, Lord; I haven't been, but I want to be. I want to get into the sphere where denominations won't hold me."

I don't say, pull away from your denomination now, you Baptist.

Methodist, and Pentecostals. I don't say that. But be an eagle in it. There's other eagles in there.

⁵³ Raise your hands and say, "God, take my hand and touch me right here tonight and bring me up into the heavenlies." Sure, He's God. You...?... crazy like Divine healing, 'cause you were born to believe it. There's something in you, says it's real.

Lord God, take these hands that's been raised. Bring them out of the old nest, and let them know that the Spirit of God that's here now is calling them to a deeper walk, to a greater experience; not just an experience of putting their name on a book, walking out; putting their name on a Pentecostal book, or any kind of a book, and walking out, but it means being born again by the Holy Spirit.

God, let the scream of the Holy Spirit echo in their hearts, deep tonight. May they rise and be filled with the Spirit. And someday when You come, they'll fly away into the heavens by Your Spirit and by Your grace. Grant it, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

54 You love Him? [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] Without the music or give us chord: "I Love Him." How many knows it? Let's sing it now. All right, "I Love Him," everybody now.

I love Him, I love Him
Because He first loved me
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.

Let's . . . ? . . .

I love Him, I love Him
Because He first loved me
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

. . . Saviour Divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away . . .

[Blank spot on tape.]

55 As the mother eagle flew over her little one, calling, calling, "Come up, honey, come up, you're an eagle. It was for you." The great Holy Spirit, the Pillar of Fire, comes over this building tonight searching, "Fly unto Me, my son. You were born of My Spirit." The Lord Jesus is here.

How many Christians is in here? Raise your hand . . . ? . . . Raise your hand, your hands way up high. God bless you. You don't need prayer cards. I believe the Holy Spirit tells me right now He wants to prove to you He's God, that He's here in the building, here in this meeting. We don't have no prayer card. We ain't got any the house. We don't need them. I believe that God right now is fixing to do something. Amen.

56 You that's got on your heart . . . How many was in the meeting the other night here to see how Jesus does same . . . ? . . . How the woman touched His garment, and He turned and told her blood issue . . . ? . . . Now, have faith and believe.

Oh, I just . . . In my . . . I can't tell you. It's a sight, not a sight . . . There are five senses control the body: see, taste, feel, smell, and hear. But the sixth sense is faith. You don't see, taste, or see, smell, or hear, but it's there. Just like this—this microphone's here before me, because it's . . . ? . . . If there was a man standing here I could see it. But, the only way I could tell if a man moves, is to watch him. But in this anointing that's now, I know so anyhow. When He moves I can tell it. You pray with your need.

57 If God, right here now where we're standing . . . And every one of you know that I'm a stranger to you. If God will do something for you here like He did in His Son, where He promised He would do, how many of you would love Him and know that He's . . . ? . . . that's our hearts has been . . . ? . . .

God, can see your hand. I'm Your servant. They are too. Let it be done, Lord, that they might know that You're God, and I'm telling them truth. I might not be able to polish up a sermon, like a minister ought to, but, Lord, I do know You. And I know that You're . . . ? . . . And help, Lord. Now, You speak the Word to my . . . ? . . . You speak the Word in Your own way. In Jesus' Name we commit ourselves to You. Amen.

Just set quiet. Believe.

58 There was a woman touched His garment. She went out in the audience. And Jesus turned, said, "Who touched Me?" This Holy Spirit, that I speak of, is the same today, living in His Church, then He has to act the same. He's the Holy Spirit.

You that's sick now, pray. Tomorrow night will be the regular healing line; tonight is too.

Here. Yes, sir. Stand there just a minute, you that's come here. I don't know you. 'Course you haven't got a prayer card; man don't know what one is. You believe me to be His servant? If Christ will reveal to me what's your trouble, will you accept it, believe you'll be healed, and whatever you're needing?

And you know, setting right there looking at me, something's going on right now. If that's right, raise up your hand. I never seen you in my life. This is probably our first time ever meeting. But if you'll believe with all your heart, the heart trouble's left you. You had heart trouble, didn't you? If that's right, wave your hand like this. Go back and set down.

59 By the way, that man setting next to you there, had heart trouble too, right next to you. That's right. You couldn't hide your life from me, if you had to. But when I told that man, it made you alarmed, then you believed? That's right. Now, you go and be healed. Jesus Christ makes you well. If that's right, stand up on your feet. There you are . . . ? . . .

I challenge you to believe it. Hallelujah. The old mother eagle's calling to you.

Some of you believe. Some of you believe. By faith, believe. And sit—set reverent. Don't move around. Somewhere in the audience . . . The little fellow . . . ? . . . you got heart trouble too; had an awful

spell today . . . ? . . . over another. But it's heart trouble, sir, weakness, nervous condition. Forget it. Go home; be well.

You come a long ways, and was disappointed on your way road coming here. Something tore up. It'll be all right. Don't worry. You'll be right. I don't know you. God does.

⁶⁰ What about this young lady setting here, looking at me so sincerely? Do you believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Do you believe I'm His—His servant? You believe this Spirit here, is His Spirit working through me . . . You're needing prayer, aren't you? If I'd tell by—by God's Spirit, just like the woman touched His garment, you touched Him too. I never seen you in my life, did I? Don't know nothing about you. But you got spinal trouble. That's right. You did have; you don't have now. Go home and be well. Amen.

Do you believe?

⁶¹ What about some of you over in this way? Somebody over here go to believing. You believe with all your heart? What about you, lady, setting there? Did you put up your hand you need healing? You setting there on the end, I don't know you, never seen you in my life, as far as I know of. You might've seen me, but I don't know you. If God will explain to me, will let me know that you touched His garment . . . Something happened. I wouldn't speak to you unless that Angel standing right there over you, that Light. Did you ever see the picture of It? Well, That's exactly what's making you feel the way are. He's right over you. I never seen you in my life. That's right. If it is, raise up your hand, that I'm a stranger to you. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . .

You got a strangling spirit, which is a goiter inside your neck. You're not from this country. You come from a place that's below here. You come from Orlando, Florida. That's exactly right, **THUS SAITH THE LORD.**

Do you believe? Oh, His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

All that believe Him, stand on your feet and give Him praise and glory. Worship Him. This is your hour of worship. May the Lord God grant it.



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