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## *JESUS AT THE DOOR*

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Thank you. Let's just remain standing just a moment for prayer if you will, as we bow our heads.

Eternal and blessed God, we come into Thy holy Presence to offer to You the adoration of our hearts, thanking Thee and praising Thee for what Thou has done for us. We are unworthy of the blessings that Thou has given us.

We would pray that You'd be merciful to us and extend Thy blessings to us this night. Lord, do not look at our sins, but look at our faith that looks to Christ, Who was our sin barrier, Who forgive all of our sins and heals all of our diseases. And we believe in Him, Lord. And we love Him.

And we know that Your love projected Him to us: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have Eternal Life." That we do, Lord.

<sup>2</sup> And this, the closing night of this two nights' gathering here in this lovely city. We pray, God, that somehow that You will forgive us of our weakness, and will take the seeds that's been sown, and may they grow into great fields of souls. Grant it, Lord.

Help us now tonight. We stand here not knowing just what to do or say, but we're depending on Thee, the Author and Finisher of our faith, Who has given us the promise if we would open our mouths You would fill it. And we believe that Your Word is true.

Bless these people, bless the ministers, and their churches, and all the laity, and the ones that let us have the building, the school, and all together may we be—may it be a great blessing because we've come together. For we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen. You may be seated.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Sweet was just saying that they taken a little love offering for me. I appreciate that. I didn't come for that, but I appreciate it. My expenses are not too much. I worked seventeen years while I pastored a Baptist church and never taken a penny in. I've never took an offering in my life, myself, never took an offering in my life.

<sup>4</sup> And now, my expenses is not much. They run about a hundred dollars a day at my office, and home, and so forth. Now, that might seem like a whole lot to some. But what do you think Oral Roberts runs a day? It's around ten thousand a day. And Billy Graham sometimes runs twenty-five thousand a minute on his broadcast and thing.

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So see, this is very little. But I've kept my work little, and smooth, humble, so that I could come to small groups like this, and minister. See, if it went up to where I had to have a lot of radio time, and television, great offices, and things (which could've been), then I couldn't have been led just like I am now to go to five or six or whatever. And I've preach before five hundred thousand at one time. See?

<sup>5</sup> And if the Lord wants me to go overseas, then He just somehow, someone sponsors it, and I go overseas, and thousands of people into a great city-wide meetings, He just brings them in somehow; that I don't have to continue with that. So it's just a real lovely life to live by faith.

And I'm so happy that God permitted me to come and have this time of fellowship with you people. I hope someday that we meet again. If not no more here, I will meet you over there, by the grace of God, when it's all over. And you'll hear when I meet you there; I'll have this same testimony I have right now. See? He's still the same.

And now, I'll be praying for you. You be praying for me. And I want to thank you for the little love offering. That—that I have a family, three children and a wife. And so we have the office; we have our expense. And each week we send out thousands of anointed cloths around the world, and letters from many nations . . . We have . . .

<sup>6</sup> You can imagine, we got four phones that I can answer by, and sometimes they average around forty-two long distance calls per hour. See? That's around the clock. See? And you can imagine what it is; it's a great strain. You could've seen my picture of about eight years ago and today, you wouldn't know it was the same person, because of the strain, constantly, night and day, all the time.

But one thing . . . Someone asked me, said, "Brother Branham, when you going to rest?"

I said, "When I cross Jordan, there'll be a rest over there for me." Now, the nights are coming; I must work hard now. And you work with me by praying for me and asking God to help me to do the best that I know how to win souls for Him.

And I want to thank the school, if some of the custodians would happen to be near, that let us have this place; I appreciate it. I thank the—the churches that's been our sponsors, the pastors; we sure appreciate that, brethren. I probably never met you in my life; you might have been in a convention somewhere, but I appreciate.

I know in a town in an intellectual nation that we live in, to say that you put your hands out and say, "Here I believe in this to sponsor it," it's a great big step. I'm sure God will reward you richly for this step that you've made towards supporting. Thank you each and every one.

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7 And now, let us bow our heads again to ask the Author to interpret the Book for us. Lord, this is Thy Word. And I'm tired tonight, Lord. This is around thirty nights straight. And I pray that You will help me somehow, that I might just be so submissive to Thy Spirit, that the Holy Spirit would take the words and place them right out where they belong. Grant it, Lord.

Get glory somehow out of the efforts that we put forth. Bless Your children. They're gathered here tonight for no other purpose but to worship You. And I pray, Lord, that You'll come and let us worship Thee. For we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

8 I have chosen tonight just a little familiar text found over herein the Book of the Revelations, and it's the 3rd chapter and the 20th verse.

*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and will open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*

This is rather an unusual text. But you know, God is unusual. He does things in unusual ways. And it's not very much Scripture to read, but there's sufficient in there, if God will make it revealed to us, enough for salvation and for healing for all the world. It's God's Eternal Word.

9 And the Scripture reading positionally fixed tonight, is to the Laodicean Church Age, which I truly believe that we're living in this Laodicean Church Age. I believe that every minister and Bible reader in this city if they were here tonight, or in the nation, they would admit that this message was to the Laodicean Church, which is the last church age that become lukewarm, neither hot nor cold. And God was to spue it from His mouth according to the reading.

And it's a . . . The setting of the reading is unusual, because that Someone's knocking at a door. I just can't call to memory now, the—the artist that painted that famous picture of Jesus knocking at the door. But I remember taking the history of that picture, how it was painted. I know it's cost the Greek artist, oh, many years of his life to make this picture. And all famous pictures before they can be hall in the—or hung in the hall of fame, they have to go through the hall of critics first.

10 What a beautiful picture of the church. Before the Church can ever be taken out of the critics, it has to go through the critics first. And then it's taken in the rapture to glory after it's stood the test of criticism.

And it ought to make every Christian happy tonight to know that you can live so in this earth, not being of the earth, just a pilgrim and a stranger, a sojourner here, knowing this, that our—our heritage is not of this world. Our kingdom is not of this world; it's of the world that is to come.

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Knowing this that we're living in what they call "the day of man." The day of the Lord will come. That will be the day for His church. All these things are earthly and will perish.

<sup>11</sup> And notice what our Lord said. "All that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Every son that cometh to God must first be tried, chastened, child-trained. No exceptions, every son that cometh to God must be tried. And if we cannot stand the chastisement, then the Scripture says we become illegitimate children and not the children of God.

And isn't it a grand feeling to know that God's grace has carried some of you here through twenty and thirty years of trials and persecutions. God did that for you: shows that you're a real child of God. And He has taken you into His fellowship. Someday in the face of all that has criticized you, you'll be glorified and made a body like unto His own glorious body at His coming. We wait for that blessed hope.

<sup>12</sup> And then, this great picture as it was passing through the critics, there was one outstanding critic who came and he said, "Sir, I think your portrait of Christ is beautiful. And I think that the door, and the setting, and coming at nighttime in the darkness and knocking at the door, I think that that is very fitting of Revelations 3:20." But he said, "There is just one thing that you forgot to do, sir."

And the artist said, "What would that be?"

He said, "You forgot to put a latch on the door. If the man would say 'Come in,' how could He come in when there's no latch for Him to come in by?"

"Oh," the artist said, "I painted it thus. You see, on in this case the latch is on the inside."

<sup>13</sup> And that's the way it is. The latch is on the inside; Christ knocks at the door, but you have to open the door. He will not against your will . . . He gives you ability to let Him in, but He will—cannot force Himself in, for there's no latch for Him to come in by. You must open the door.

And then what would anyone knock at a door for? What would be the object of someone knocking at a door? It's trying to gain entrance inside to—with a message, with a present, or with a commission, or something that the one is knocking is trying to get to the inside to see who is inside. And this has been done by friends and foes through the age.

<sup>14</sup> For instance, what if the great days of the great Caesar Augustus, what if he would've come down to a—one of the peasant's houses in Rome? And he would've knocked on the door of this poor, down in

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more of the trashy part of the city, where the poor lived . . . And the great Augustus would've come down and knocked at the door of some poor peasant, and the peasant would've went to the door, opened the door, and there stood the great Caesar . . . What do you think that peasant would've thought? "Me, a poor man, can hardly know how to get from one meal to the other, and here's the emperor of the nation standing at my door." What an honor that would've been for the peasant, the poor man, because Caesar was the most important man in the whole Roman world. So it would've been a great honor for him.

Now, and so he would've said, "Great emperor, come into my humble home. If there is anything in my home that you desire, it's yours. You may have it. If there is anything that I can do to help my great emperor, this I will do." Because it's the importance of the person at the door what makes it so real?

15 Or what if just recently in Germany, when the late Adolf Hitler, the great Fuehrer of Germany, what if he would've come down to one of his soldier's house, just a little foot soldier, and would've knocked at the door. And the little soldier would've went and looked around the window, and would've saw it was Hitler at his door, the greatest man in Germany, standing at the door of a foot soldier. Why, quickly he would've opened the door, and with the—come to attention, and with the German salute.

16 And then he would've, perhaps, knelt on his knee and said, "Great Fuehrer of Germany, you've honored my little place of abode. Come in, kind sir. And if there's anything in my house that you want, it's yours. I'm so honored to have you, the great dictator of Germany, to come into my house, or to even come to my yard and knock at my door." Sure, it would've been great honor. And he would've let Mr. Hitler in, and anything he desired he could've had it.

And tonight if our dear President Dwight Eisenhower would come to the house of the best democrat there is in this city and knock at the door, you might differ with him with politics, but it would be an honor to know that Dwight Eisenhower knocked at your door, any person here. That's right. Because he is one of the greatest Americans there is; he's the President of this United States. And a good democrat would've felt honored to have Dwight Eisenhower at his door.

17 Or what if the Queen of England that recently visit Canada, then she made her way down to the United States, and what if she'd have come here and went down to a—a little shack where I'd probably live here, or the, say the poorest person in the city, and would've humbled herself, and would've knocked at the door, or would've knocked at your door. And you'd have went there to the door and seen that it was the

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Queen of England. Why, you would've felt honored, because she's a great woman.

I got to see her once. I saw the old mother queen. I got to see them when King George, just when he still had his multiple sclerosis, 'fore he sent for me, come pray for him. And when we passed down the street in Canada, and standing there, there was the queen in her beautiful blue dress, and King George with his, setting up straight, suffering with ulcers in his stomach and multiple sclerosis, which they said he was suffering tremendously that day. But you'd have never knowed it: sit just as straight. Why? He was a king, and he conducted himself like a king.

<sup>18</sup> And I noticed Mr. Baxter, which used to be my campaign manager; he just wept when he seen them pass. And I said, "Ernie, what you weeping about?"

He said, "Billy, there goes the king and the queen." Said, "Oh, aren't they lovely?"

I said, "Yes, Mr. Baxter, they are."

But I thought, "If the subjects of King George would've felt that way when he passed by, what will it be when Jesus comes, the King of glory? How will His subjects be when He passes by?"

The schools had let the little children out, and give them little flags, and told them . . . little British flags . . . And they wanted to be patriotic. They wanted to make him welcome. He had knocked at the nation's door.

<sup>19</sup> And the teacher dismissed the little fellows, and they go out on the street, and when the king come by they would wave their little British flag to show that they were loyal to him as the king. And a certain school, one little child did not return. So the teacher run out into the streets looking to see where the child was. And she found this little girl leaning against the telegraph post just weeping her little heart. And the teacher said, "What's the matter, honey?" Said, "Did you not get to wave your flag?"

And she said, "Yes, teacher. I—I waved my flag."

She said, "Well, did the—did the king pass this way?"

And she said, "Yes, teacher. The king passed this way."

But said, "Did you get to see the king?"

Said, "Yes, teacher. I saw the king."

What said, "What you weeping for then, honey?"

She said, "You know, I'm so little. I saw the king, but the king didn't see me." And she was disturbed.

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Oh, how different it is with Jesus. No matter how small you are, how poor you are, any little worship He will see it.

<sup>20</sup> And this great queen, his daughter, if she would come to your house, a woman of that caliber, and would humble herself to come to your door and knock, and you'd know who she was, you'd say, "Oh, great queen." Yet you're not her subjects. But, "Come in. You're welcome into my house. And anything that's in here you may have it."

No matter how much you treasured a little trinket it would be hers, because you'd feel honored to—to surrender this, though you thought much of it. You'd surrender it to the great Queen of England. It would be a—it would be a honor for you.

<sup>21</sup> And if she would humble herself like that, every newspaper throughout the world would pack it. The great Queen of England humbled herself and went to New Haven, Connecticut, and to the poorest person there was there, and went into their home. Why, the television would pack it. All the radios would blast it. It would be on the Associated Press. Sure, she humbled herself.

And anything that was in your house, she'd be welcome to it. You wouldn't turn her away, certainly not, because she's so important.

But I want to ask you something. Who's more important than Jesus? Who could be more important, and who's more turned away than Jesus? He's turned away more than anybody ever was turned from any door. And He don't want to take nothing from you; He wants to give you the best thing that you could ever have: Eternal Life. And yet He's turned away. He wants to heal you when you're sick, but He's turned away. Oh, how He must feel.

<sup>22</sup> If I knocked at your door, and you would let me in and say, "Brother Branham, come into my house. You're—you're just welcome here. I'll be glad for you to visit with me." Oh, I would appreciate that. And then I'd just feel at home. I'd go right in and if I want to take off my shoes and lay across the bed, I would do so. If I wanted to go into the refrigerator, and make me a great big sandwich, and eat it, I'd feel welcome. I'd just go ahead and make myself at home.

But when Jesus comes in, He isn't welcome. Now, I want to ask you something. You say to me, "Brother Branham, I've already let Jesus in my heart a long time ago." Well, I sure appreciate that. That's very nice. But did you just let Him in as a fire escape? Did you let Him in to save you from hell? Or did you let Him in to have full control in your heart, to be welcome?

<sup>23</sup> Many people will let Him in the door, but they won't let Him be Lord. "Lord" is "ruler, ownership, possessor." People let Jesus in. "I don't want to die unsaved, Lord. I don't want to go to the devil's hell,

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so I'll accept You as my personal Saviour." But when He comes in, can He be Lord over your house? Is He welcome?

Now, here's where I want to speak for the next few minutes. In your heart you've got a lot of little secret closets that you don't want Jesus to come into. That's the little doors inside the door. Now, as you turn the corner to the right, after you come in, where Jesus, you accepted Him in as your Saviour . . .

But you'd say, "Now, look, Jesus, You stand right there. Don't you go to meddling in my business now, or any of my societies, or telling me what I have to do, or like, or what I have to wear, or what I have to do. You stay right there. Don't let me go to hell. It's all right. You can stay there. But don't you meddle in my private life."

<sup>24</sup> Oh, we each have a little private life all of our own. And we don't want nobody tampering with that. "I've got my own ideas of things, so you just stay away."

Now, would you feel right if you come to my house, and I would say, "Brother Branham, I was at your—your meeting in New England."

I'd say, "How do you do? Step in." But what if you . . . I'd say, "But don't you move from this spot. You stay right here. Don't you meddle around in here anywhere."

You'd feel not welcome. You'd probably go back out the door. And I wonder if that isn't the reason that we come and get all worked up during the time of revival and then after while we find ourself right back into the world again. Is because we don't let Jesus become Lord of our lives. We won't let Him, surrender our own private lives and all—all we are over to Him. That's what He wants in for, is to take control of you.

<sup>25</sup> And the first thing, if we say, "No, no, no, no, no. I don't want You to do that. Well, I play cards, but don't—don't—don't do that. I—I—I—I'm—I'm—I'm a woman. I—I cut my hair, but I know the Bible says not to. Don't—don't . . . No, don't tell me that." See?

"I wear manicure (or ever what they call it, the stuff you put on your face). I know women don't do that, not supposed to, that the Bible said they shouldn't. But now, but don't you tell me about that now." First thing you know, He's right out the door again. And you're in the same shape that you were before He come in the door. He's not welcome.

<sup>26</sup> "Now, don't tell me that it's going to hurt me to go to a little dance now and then. And the Joneses and all of us come over and have just a few little bottles of beer and a sociable drink on Christmas day and so forth. Now, don't go to tampering with that." See? He walks right out

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the door. That's the reason that we have the trouble in the churches that we've got, is because we're . . . Jesus, they accept Him as Saviour . . .

Just recently when the great famous preacher, Billy Graham, and our paths have crossed many times overseas, taking the same stadium, but I never had the privilege of shaking his hand until he come to Louisville, Kentucky.

27 And Dr. Mordecai F. Ham, which is a bosom friend of mine, an old Baptist preacher friend, that we associated together since I was a little boy . . . Billy, is one of his converts to Christ. So I was eating breakfast with Mordecai Ham, and—and Billy came down after speaking and raking the preachers over the coals for about a half hour, and telling them how lazy they were, and didn't get out and work, and set their feet up on the table on their desk, and so forth. And he give them a real good old Gospel thrashing.

And I was introduced then to Billy Graham, a wonderful man, a great servant of Christ. And Billy took the Bible, and he said like this; he said, "Here is the example of Christianity. Paul went into the a city and had one convert. Next year when he come back, that convert had won thirty." Said, "I go into a city and have twenty thousand converts, come back a year later and can't find twenty."

Says, "What has happened?" He was laying it onto the preachers.

28 I thought, "Mr. Graham, you have your own category you work in: anointed like John the Baptist was, doing no miracles, but preaching the Gospel. Following John came Christ, not a mighty preacher, but great signs and wonders. Christ never drewed the crowds that John did." But I thought of that spirit upon him, a moving as it was with John.

I thought, "Here's where it is, sir." You see, under the emotion of the great crowds, and the people come in and accept Christ, but they won't let Him have the right-of-way in their heart. They turn Him back out again. "Don't fool with my private life now."

29 When the Holy Spirit says it's wrong for you to do so and so, oh, you don't want to fool with that. See? No, sir. "If it's going to interfere with me and the Joneses, well then, I don't want nothing to do with it. It must be fanaticism." And you will finally drift off in some big cold morgue or something. And that's the way you get it.

Now, now, that's what takes place. And Jesus is not welcome if He can't come into your private life. If Christ can't be Controller, Lord, over all your being, then He doesn't seem nothing to you.

Then there's another little door of pride. Oh, that sure is a great door in the human heart in this twentieth century. People want to feel like that they're just somebody. I just want you to stop a minute and

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take analysis: Who are you anyhow? Do you think the world would stop turning if you died tonight? Do you think it would worry God, or the Angels, or so forth? Maybe in two days from now if you are a very important man you'd never be known any more, just among your relations.

<sup>30</sup> Here not long ago, I was standing at . . . I love art. And I like to see where the sculptors has made great artistic work, and painters, and so forth. And I was at a certain museum in Tennessee. And there was a—two young men were standing there looking at a—paper that was laying with the little dippers of stuff, material. And one of the boys looked at it, and he turned back and said, "Come here, John, and look at this."

I was looking over the boy's shoulder, reading. And it was giving the analysis of a male, which is more valuable in weights and so forth than the female. And a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, you know what he's worth? Eighty-four cents. And then you'll put a hundred dollar suit and a fifty dollar hat on your eighty-four cents.

<sup>31</sup> And some of you women will take a five hundred dollar mink coat and go to church on Easter morning with a little certain bonnet sticking up, with your nose up in the air, if it'd rain it would drown you, and then what are you worth? Eighty-four cents.

But, oh, you think you're pretty. But remember there'll come a day. You may be pretty, but you'll be nothing but the skin worms will crawl in and out of that flesh, and maybe by this time next week it'll be doing that. You know what I mean?

Oh, you say, "Mr. Branham, I'm an official here in the city." Somebody else will take your place, and you'll be forgotten when the worms are eating you up.

<sup>32</sup> And this certain boy said to the other one, he said, "John, we're not worth very much, are we?" Said, "Don't look like we are. We would have to weigh a hundred and fifty pound to be worth eighty-four cents." So they was standing there.

And I tapped them on the shoulder; I said, "Boys, pardon me just a minute." I said, "I was looking too at that because I'm amazed." I said, "I'm under a hundred and fifty pounds."

But I said, "There's just one thing I want to tell you; that's this. You may not even be worth eighty-four cents in chemicals of your body, just enough, oh, whitewash to sprinkle a hen's nest, and a little bit of potash, and so forth. You might not be worth eighty-four cents, but you've got a soul in you that's worth ten million worlds."

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<sup>33</sup> If you went to a restaurant and got a bowl of soup, there was a spider in it, oh, my, how you would fling that back, and your face turn red, and you'd call the proprietor, say, "You want to poison me? A spider in your soup. I'll never eat here again," throw your napkin on the table and walk out, puffed up like a big toad frog eating buckshot. Then you'd . . .

But you think you're somebody. But then the devil can poke any kind of a old dead religion down your throat, when that soul that's worth ten million dollars, and you receive it. What are you anyhow? Who are you? Where did you come from? And where are you going? All the poets and everything else, we've got no book that tells us but the Bible. It tells who you are, where you come from, what you are, and where you're going. It's God's Looking Glass. You ought to look into It once in a while, instead of so many creeds and so forth. Yes, Jesus wants into that door of your pride.

<sup>34</sup> Now, you're not going to like me, you women, after this. But this may be our last time meeting. It used to be in the Baptist church, the old Southern Baptist, the one I come out of. . . Now, you northern Baptists, I don't know about you.

But I tell you, the old Southern Baptist, we didn't walk up with a dry-eyed confession, get back in the room, and put our name on the book. We'd get down at the altar, and pray, and beat one another on the back till we come through. That's what you need again. We had something; we found Christ.

That's been twenty-nine years ago for me, and I've been preaching twenty-eight years. He gets sweeter each day. It's something that happens. And when Christ comes into your private life, He changes all your life.

And it used to be wrong for our Baptist women to cut their hair, and to wear manicure, or the stuff that you put on your face. I know I say that wrong. But ever what it is: paint. That . . . It's wrong. And today . . .

<sup>35</sup> An old Methodist preacher used to sing a song, Brother Kelly. He and Sister Kelly, they'd say,

We let down the bars;  
We let down the bars.  
We compromised with sin.  
We let down the bars,  
The sheep got out,  
But how did the goats get in?

You let down the bars. That's easy. It's because the pulpit got weak and his parish was a meal ticket instead of a commission from God.

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Listen, ladies. This is not a joke, and this is no place to joke. But I want to say something to you. There was only one woman in the Bible ever painted her face. And that was Jezebel. God fed her to the dogs. So you see what God thinks about women that does that? Now, you say, "Wait a minute, preacher." There you are. You don't want to open that door, do you? "That has nothing to do with it." The Bible says it does. But you don't want that door open. You don't want Christ to come in.

<sup>36</sup> The Bible claims that if a woman cuts her hair or a lock, her husband has a right to divorce her and send her away. The Bible said so. She dishonors her husband. And a dishonorable woman shouldn't be lived with. Oh, you say, "I'm just as pure as a lily." That might be true, sister; it's because the preacher never told you about it, or either your stubborn will that won't let God come in. Maybe it didn't come into the preacher's heart.

I know that's rough. I don't mean to hurt you, but that . . . We can't handle the Gospel with white gloves on no more. You've got to pull your gloves off and tell the truth. That's what people like. In all this modern day when you women let your girls, and even you, grandma, get out on the street with them little old ungodly clothes on and call yourselves Christians? Oh, you say, "I don't wear shorts; I wear slacks." That's worse.

<sup>37</sup> The Bible said that a woman that'll put on any garment that pertains to a man, it's an abomination in the sight of God. Little old clothes . . . Mrs. Vayle, and Mr. Vayle, and I was going down the street and they had a statue standing in the window, looked like a sack pulled over a woman. And it was so . . .

And let me ask you something. Do you realize this, my sister, that if you dress like that, may you be pure to your husband; and you girl, you may be pure to your boyfriend; you're going to be answered at the day of judgment for committing adultery. Jesus said, "Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, has committed adultery with her in his heart already."

No matter how pure and clean you live, if you present yourself to a man like that on the street, God is going to make you answer for committing adultery. You placed yourself out there for that sinner to look at; you're guilty of an adultery. Oh, you say, "Brother Branham, that's the only kind of clothes they sell." Well, they still sell sewing machines and they have goods.

<sup>38</sup> Now, you say, "Brother Branham, you're really beating us women." All right. Here you men are. Any man that'll let his wife smoke cigarettes and wear clothes like that, it shows what he's made out of. He's not much man to him, a man that would do that. God give us old

fashion, borned again, sainted, godly homes. Juvenile delinquency will be no more. It isn't juvenile delinquency; it's parent delinquency. They had the old wood shed and the big hickory limb laying over the door. That's discipline in our home.

All right. You say, "Now, Brother Branham, I . . . We shouldn't hear that kind of stuff." You should hear it. That's right. You don't let God in that private life. You won't let Him in that little cell of yours on the inside. "Now, don't you tell me what I'm to put on, what I'm to wear. Don't you tell me how I'm to act. And if I want to smoke a cigarette, that's up to me."

Go ahead. "If—if you love the world or the things of the world, the love of God is not even in you," the Scripture says.

Now, that's the little private door.

<sup>39</sup> Let's hurry, get to another door right quick (I want to speak about it.), and that's the door of faith. The reason we can't have miracles no more, like they ought to be among the people . . . Why? Is because the door of faith has been closed.

Now, you say, "I go to church, Lord. I've accepted You as my Saviour. But I believe that the days of miracles is past." How can God work in a heart like that? You got your mind made up. You're going to do what you want to do. God can't tell you nothing. Then if He can't do that, how can He give you faith? Why don't you just let Him stand in the door? And every word that He says in the Scripture, you say "Amen" to it, and accept it. That's what takes place when Jesus stands in the door of faith.

<sup>40</sup> Then it says another thing in here. You got a—a door to your eyes. And oh, that's a great door, a door to your eyes. You know, we see things. Us American people has been spoiled. God has sent us great revivals, and great things, and great gifts, and it's become common to us.

Some time ago a—a man was going down to the sea to take a rest. He wanted to smell the salt water, and hear the gulls hollering, the great big beautiful waves a leaping, and—and the whitecaps on the blue sea as it pull down the skies into it. And he thought it would be a thrill. He'd never seen it before.

And on his road down he met a certain sailor coming. He said, "Where goest thou, my good man?"

He said, "Down to the seashore to rest, that my soul will be thrilled, when I can see the great salty waters, and hear the waves roar, the gulls and so forth."

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“Why,” he said, “I was borned on the sea. There’s nothing thrilling about it.” He just seen it so much until it wasn’t a thrill to him.

<sup>41</sup> That’s the way with a lot things with you Full Gospel people. You’ve seen God do things, and miracles, and work among you until it’s become common. It don’t—don’t thrill you any more. The Presence of the Holy Spirit doesn’t—doesn’t give a joy and a great zeal to go. Why? It’s in the Laodicean Church Age: lukewarm. That’s the day that we’re living in. That’s the day that Christ said, “I stand and knock.” [Brother Branham knocks—Ed.]

Now, notice as we’re closing and going to start the prayer line. Just this in closing . . . He’s standing knocking. He wants to get into the door of your pride, the door of your private life. He wants to get into the door of your faith so He can make you believe Him. He wants to get in there and get the preacher out of your door. If the preacher stands in the door, then Christ can’t stand there; you listen to what the preacher says. Listen to what God says.

<sup>42</sup> Or if the denomination gets in your way, anything that’s in the way, brush it aside and say, “Come in, Lord Jesus. I welcome You. You’re knocking at my door. You come in. I want You to speak to me as I read Your Word. Give me faith to believe It, Lord, not what anybody else says. If they say the days of miracles is past . . . If You say they’re still the same yesterday, today, and forever, I believe You.” There you are. Then your eyes . . .

You know the Bible said here that you are . . . Today’s a very beautiful picture of the Church because you say, “I am rich and increased in goods, (the biggest churches we ever had, the best trained preachers we ever had), increased in goods, and have need of nothing; knowest thou not (You don’t know it.), that you’re naked, miserable, poor, blind, and don’t know it.”

<sup>43</sup> If a man on the street . . . Could you imagine, you people, of seeing someone on the street that was walking down the street just as heady as they could be, and they were naked, and poor, and blind, and wretched, and disgraced? Then you’d walk to him and say, “Sir, just a minute. Here. You—you don’t realize you’re blind, you don’t. . . .”

“Get out of the way. I know right where I’m at, and you keep your mouth shut.” There’s something wrong with that person. They’re mentally wrong.

Here the other day a woman in Louisville, she was taking her little boy around to the places, and the counters of the ten cent stores, and she was saying, “Look, honey.” And the little fellow set staring. And she took him to another counter; she said, “Look, honey.” And he just stared. And the people began to watch her.

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44 And finally she picked up a little trinket that made a noise. She said, "Look, honey." And the little fellow just stared. And she fell across the counter, screaming.

And the people come to find out if they could comfort her, said, "What's the matter?"

Said, "He's a little human being." Said, "He's the—he's the offspring of our union, husband and I." And said, "He's got to a place that he won't even notice things that pertain to human beings. His mind has become addled, and he just stares."

45 If that ain't a condition of the church today. God's showing Billy Grahams, Oral Roberts, great signs and wonders, and the church says, "That's not my denomination," just stare, become spiritually insane, just stare. "Oh, this is my church." That's not the signs that follows the believer. They listen to their church and forget the Spirit of God that makes you act Christ-like, that makes you love Him and believe Him.

But what's happened? Their eyes are blinded. They can't. . . You say, "I have 20/20." But you see, the blindness He's talking about is spiritual blindness.

A fellow said to me some time ago of a certain church, that don't believe that. . . They say they speak where the Bible speaks, and silent where it's silent. And I said, "Well, sir, what about a certain. . ."

He said, "I don't care what you'd say, Mr. Branham. I don't believe it."

I said, "It wasn't made for unbelievers. It wasn't sent to unbelievers. It was sent to those who believe. You're an unbeliever. And what a pitiful shape you are that the devil has blinded you."

He said to me, said, "Smite me blind then."

I said, "You already blind, sir."

He said, "My eyesight's perfect."

I said, "But your spiritual sight. . ."

He said, "Oh, blindness means your regular eyes."

46 I said, "What about Elijah down at Dothan, that day when they woke up that morning, and the Syrians had surrounded, the army had surrounded the city to come in and get Elijah, 'cause he was telling their secrets and so forth. And they hated him."

"And Gehazi woke up and said, 'Oh, my father,' he said, 'Looky here. The Syrians has the whole city surrounded, and we're in the middle of them.'"

And Elisha, that old prophet, raised up and rubbed his eyes. He said, "But there's more with us then there is with them."

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Gehazi looked around, he said, “I—I—I don’t see nothing, nobody but just you and I.”

He said, “God, open this boy’s eyes.” And when his eyes come open, around that old prophet stood Angels of fire and chariots of fire by the millions. See, Gehazi was blind.

47 And then he said, “Come, go with me.” He walked out to the chief captain, and he said—raised up his hand when he went to the gate and said, “Lord, smite them blind.” And he walked out to the chief captain and said, “Are you looking for Elisha?”

He said, “Yes, sir, we are.”

Said, “Come, follow me. I’ll take you him.”

Blind and looking right at him, blinded seeing Elisha. That’s what it is tonight to church. God, be merciful. They’re blind . . . ? . . . know that Jesus Christ is here on earth today, the same that He was yesterday and will be forever. They’re spiritually blind. They don’t know that the—the devil has blinded them.

48 The Bible said Jesus had done so many things, they called Him Beelzebub and so forth, because they—the prophet said, “They got eyes but they can’t see.” And the Scripture here, Jesus speaking, said the Church would be in that condition in the last days . . . ? . . . people that set here, got good churches, you got smart men. You got plenty of money and well dressed, but you’re blind, naked. There’s hardly no Blood, no sanctifying grace upon you. Living in the world if you . . . If you were sanctified by the Spirit of God (I believe in holiness, His holiness.), you’d act different, live different than people does today. I’m not talking about maybe just the individuals setting here. You know who, where it’s hitting where it isn’t. I’m just responsible for telling it. Blind . . .

49 When I was a little boy down in Kentucky where I was born, we had a little old cabin . . . ? . . . on it, and a stump for a table, and—and a little old rail put around the side, and a bunch of shucks laying there where papa and mama slept, an old shuck mattress and shuck pillow. Summertime they took straw when we could get it, make the straw beds.

And we little kids slept upstairs in a—just a little . . . Two little limbs, saplings with little sticks of wood across it, we’d go up and go to bed, have just a shuck mattress laying there and we’d get on it, and—and little old clapboard shingles shrinking up and great big holes in them. Mama used to put a piece of canvas over us to keep us from getting wet when it would rain.

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<sup>50</sup> And I remember too, that the draft through there at nighttime would get cold in our eyes, and we—we . . . Mama called it matter. Their little . . . Our little eyes would stick together. And she said, “The cold wind done it drafting through the building.” And at nighttime when she, morning when she would call us, she’d say, “Billy . . . ? . . . come on down. Bring Edgar with you so he won’t fall coming down the steps.”

I’d try to get my eyes open, and I’d say, “Mama, I can’t see.”

Now, grandpa was a—a trapper, a hunter. And he’d say . . . He would trap coons, raccoons. And he’d take the grease off of it, make called coon grease, and mama would set it on the little old stove and get it hot. And she’d rub our eyes and massage it with this coon grease so that the cold would go out of our eyes and we could see. Then after the coon grease was applied, warm coon grease, until our eyes got all the matter out of them, she’d wipe them out and then we could see to where we were going.

<sup>51</sup> And there’s been a spiritual draft come through the church in America, and they caught a spiritual cold, and their eyes are stuck together. Jesus said, “Counsel of Me and buy eyesalve, that you might anoint your eyes.” Brother, coon grease might work for the literal body, but it’ll take more than coon grease to work for your spiritual eyes.

It’ll take an old fashion God-sent baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Oil of God’s Spirit, to open the eyes that’s been caught in this draft of sociology, oh, or all kinds of theologies and everything, just so mixed up, and such a conglomeration with all kinds of jokes and carrying on, and nonsense, and ill-living, and just wading in sin.

<sup>52</sup> The nation is so populated, and sin’s come in, and it’s caught our people. Used to be the vulgar was in Paris. We have to go over to Paris to get our—our—our modern dresses for women. We got so dirty and low-down till Paris has to come over here and get their modeling from us. What a disgrace. And you break motherhood, you’ve broke the backbone of any nation. There they got rock-and-roll and the, even the policemen can’t be at peace on the street, teen-age riots, stabbing them and everything else. Because it’s a spiritual draft come through. The home life broke down.

What is it today? It’s a modern church member. Dad’s down in the, somewhere playing a deck of—a game of poker. Mama’s out somewhere with some of her societies. And—and sis is over at the canteen, and at a rock-and-roll party. And junior’s got his hot rod out somewhere. The Church sets empty. That’s the way of the modern church today. No wonder Jesus said, “I’ll spue you from My mouth.”

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<sup>53</sup> If they'd open them doors of pride, and selfishness, and indifference, and the door of faith, and their—and let God put some salve on their eyes and open their eyes, they'd see that He remains the same yesterday, and today, and forever. They'd see His goodness. But it's such a pity. That's the reason, people, it's so hard to get them to stay in church.

Right up here in your own state, a little above here, I used to hunt with a buddy of mine. He was a good man. But the church, the people on the street are looking to see something genuine.

And this fellow, he was a good hunter. And he . . . I used to go up and hunt with him. But he was the meanest man I ever met. And he—he used to tell me . . . He'd shoot little fawns when we'd go hunting, just to be mean. And . . .

<sup>54</sup> Now, it's all right to shoot a fawn if the law—law says so, but—but—but just not kill them to be mean. I'm a conservationist. I was a game warden for years. And I don't believe in destroying them things like that, shooting little birds for targets. That's wrong. It's sin to do it. And here if you want a target, go to the range. Don't kill it 'less you eat it, but just to be mean . . .

And one year I went up to hunt with him, and he'd made a little whistle. And he could blow that little whistle, and it sound just like a little fawn, little baby deer crying. And I said, "Bert, you're not going to use that."

"Oh," he said, "Billy, get next to yourself. You're just a chicken-hearted preacher."

And I said, "Don't do that."

<sup>55</sup> Well, we went hunting that day. And there come a little snow, and we was tracking. And it . . . We hadn't seen a deer track. It was about noontime, so he set down. He reached down in here, right by a little opening. I thought he was going to get a sandwich to eat. And he pulled out this little whistle. I thought, "Oh, you're not going to do that, Bert."

And he took this little whistle, and he cried like the little baby deer. And when he did, I noticed just across the way, a great big mother doe raised up. And she was looking around. I could see her big brown eyes, and those big veins, and . . . She was a mother. Now, that's unusual in hunting season for a deer to raise up out of that brush. She stays bedded down, especially about eleven o'clock in a day. She's resting.

But a baby cried. It was something in her. She was a mother. The baby was in trouble. She begin to look. And I seen Bert with those lizard looking eyes, looked around me kind of that Satan smile; he pulled the

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lever back of the bolt and throwed that shell up in the chamber of that .30-06; and he was a dead shot. I turned my head; I thought, "Oh, my."

56 And he blowed the little whistle again. And the mother deer stepped right out in the opening, altogether unusual. And she spotted the hunter. She spooked, or we call it that, just startled for a minute, but she didn't run. What was the matter? She was a mother. She wasn't just playing church. She wasn't playing loyalty. She had something in her. She was borned a mother: something real.

And the hunter slipped his gun down. He put that cross hair right across that loyal mother heart of hers. I thought, "O God, in a minute he will blow her precious loyal heart plumb through both sides of her, with that big hundred and eighty grain bullet mushroom. It'll clean the whole heart out of her. How could he be so brutal as to kill that precious mother who's standing there displaying something that's real, mother's love?"

57 And I turned my head; I couldn't watch it. And I—I thought, "O God, don't let him do it." And I was listening any minute to hear the roar of the gun, and it would've blowed her about ten feet, that close to her. I thought, "Her poor heart will be blowed out of her. But she's so loyal."

And I noticed the gun didn't fire. And I turned around to look, and the gun barrel was shaking like this. He looked around, and the tears was running down his cheeks. He threw the gun on the ground, and he grabbed me by the trouser leg, and he said, "Billy, I've had enough of it." He said, "Lead me to that Jesus that you talk about." There on that bank of snow, I led that cruel-hearted man to Christ. Why? Because something had something of real to display.

58 Jesus said, "You're the salt of the earth." But the salt has lost its savour; you're just church members. She had something real. And that hunter was looking for something real, and he saw the loyalty of a mother displayed, not a hypocrite, not a put on, but something real. Oh, don't you want to be real to Christ like that? He knocks at your heart.

Let's bow our heads just a moment for prayer. Before we pray, I'd like to ask you this question, with your heads bowed please. How many in here would just like to say, "God, although I may belong to church . . ." And maybe you don't, but you'd really like to be real, and you said, "Oh, I want to be a real Christian."

And you say, "God, give me the reality to display Jesus, Your Son, my Saviour. Give me a real experience and put something in me as real as the love of that mother deer was for her baby deer." Would you just raise your hands up and say, "Remember me, God."

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<sup>59</sup> God bless you, all around. God bless you yet. There's twenty or thirty hands up. In the balcony, put up your hand. God bless you, lady. Someone else that hasn't. . . God bless you, mister. God bless you over here, sir, you back there, down through the middle aisle, over to my left. God bless you, young man setting there. God bless you, young fellow. That's very fine.

What do you do when you raise your hand? See, you—you defy the laws of gravitation. Science says ordinarily your arms has to hand down. Gravitation will hold you down. But what's the matter? Your spirit on the inside of you, and a Spirit's at your door right now.

<sup>60</sup> “No man can come to Me, except My Father draws him first.” And when God is standing there, Eternal Life, saying, “Child, you're guilty. Make your decision tonight and serve Me.” Then you defy the laws of nature. You defy the laws of gravitation. You raise your hands towards your Creator. You've made a decision. And shows there's a spirit in you a life, that can do it. That's what does it. If you really mean that from your heart, God will give you that what you desire.

Would there be another or two, while we wait? “Just remember me, O God.” All right. That's good. God bless you, young fellow. That's right, teen-ager, that's. . . You've made the biggest thing you ever done, sister, right at this crossroads of life. You done something real. You might've done a lot of great things, but that's the greatest thing you ever done when you raised your hand.

<sup>61</sup> Would there be another just before we pray for you? God bless you, lady. That's good. Sister dear, you're up in age, but you might've done a many great thing. Maybe that hand there has rocked a cradle, maybe pulled the tears back from a little crying baby's eyes. But the greatest thing you ever did, when God knocked at your heart and you raised your hand. . .

You too, young woman right behind her there. That's the greatest thing you could do when you raised your hand to Christ, “O God, be merciful.” God bless this young fellow up here in the balcony. Let us pray.

Lord God, great Jehovah Creator, be merciful, Lord. And this little broke up message tonight, many has received You as their personal Saviour, and they want a real experience, Lord. They want to be like Jesus. They want to have a real love in their heart, that displays the love of God in the people that they work with and associate with and they go to church with. They want something that's real, that's. . .

<sup>62</sup> You said, “You're the salt of the earth.” The salt if it contacts, it makes a thirst. God, make them in—in such a contact with You and

so salty, as to say, until all their neighbors and whoever they come in contact with would thirst to be like them. Grant it, Lord.

They're Yours. They're the trophies of the message. And You give them to Your Son as love gifts, and no one can pluck them from Your hand. You said, "He that heareth My words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, has Eternal Life, and shall never come to the judgment, but's passed from death unto Life." Grant it, Lord. They're Yours.

I may never be able to shake those precious hands that raised in the air, but that day standing yonder, maybe before morning, when Jesus comes, and we stand at His judgment seat . . . O God, You said, "When I see the blood, I'll pass over you." That's the only thing that will be recognized on that day.

So God, I may get to shake their hands then, and they can tell me that they received You as their Saviour right here at this great meeting here in this great city. Grant it, Father. I present them to Thee now, that Thou will keep them in perfect peace whose hearts are stayed on You. For I ask it in Christ's Name. Amen.

<sup>63</sup> I would like for the pianist if they would, or the organist, whatever, would go to the piano. After the message is over, don't you just love the Word of God? Oh, let's just worship now just for a moment. Don't you like to worship God? Now, let's . . .

How many knows this old song, "I love Him, I love Him because He first loved me." That's good. Give us a chord, will you, sister? And let us just worship God. Don't notice who's setting near you now. Just look up and praise Him. Now, all together.

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

<sup>64</sup> Now, "My Faith Looks Up To Thee," will you? Oh, I love this. Don't you just feel the Presence of the Holy Spirit? Why, soul's come home. Wandering sheep came into the fold. That's what did it. See?

Now, each of you that raised your hand, you find out from some of the pastors. Get you a good church home. Go to church. If you haven't been baptized, have Christian baptism. If you haven't received the Holy Spirit, now receive it.

All together now, come on, now, real sweetly to the Lord.

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My faith looks up to Thee,  
Of Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine;  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my sin away,  
Oh let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine!

How many of you love Him, just raise your hands like this. All right. Let's keep them hands up just a minute.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

Now, with our heads bowed, let's pray this prayer together.

*Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.*

*Thy Kingdom come. Thine will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven.*

*Give us this day our daily bread.*

*And forgive us of our trespasses; as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

*And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.*

<sup>65</sup> Oh, I just feel real religious. You don't think Baptists shout? Well, I do. I just love Him. Let's see.

Prayer cards in the hundreds. . . We haven't got hardly a hundred here. Now, let's. . . I'm not going to use them prayer cards. You don't have to have a prayer card. How many knows that He's present, you believe He's present? How many believes He's the same yesterday, today, and forever, do like this.

Well, if He is, could He not come here now, and anoint me, and anoint you, that the same thing He did in the day of His flesh here on earth. . . He promised, "The things that I do, shall you do also." You remember the woman that touched His garment, and He said, "Thy faith has made thee whole." Do you remember that? You remember that?

Well, isn't He the same God today? And if He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, would not God act in the same way that He did

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yesterday, today, and forever? Let's bow our heads and just believe Him now. And each one pray. Whatever's on your heart, you just ask God to be merciful to you.

<sup>66</sup> Now, Lord, this service is Yours. And I pray that You'll be merciful now, and let Your Spirit move into this building. And grant, eternal God, that all that is sick now, and all the afflictions, and all the sickness may leave this dear people. May there not be one but what will be healed. Your great Presence and Your great Spirit, may it grant this thing to us tonight, Lord.

And now, the people are submitting theirselves to You. I'm submitting myself to You. And let Your Holy Spirit move in us to honor and to glorify Thee. And let the people know that You are the same yesterday, today, and forever, that You set some in the Church, apostles, prophets, teachers, evangelists, pastors, for the perfecting.

Grant, Lord, that the people may hear that's just received You as their personal Saviour, may they see, and understand, and realize that You're still living tonight. Grant it, Father. This may be strange, but I believe You will do it. Let this act as we had last night, the woman at the well, told the secrets of her heart, may it be tonight that the—that the men or . . . Like Peter that came and You knew who he was. And like Philip, You knowed where he was at.

<sup>67</sup> And like the woman who touched Your garment, and You turned and said, "Who touched Me?" And all of them denied it, and You said, "I've gotten weak." And You looked around till You found the woman and knowed what her trouble was and told her, and her faith saved her. Grant it, Lord.

If You'll do that, we'll be happy. And it'll make a great climax for the meeting tonight. You've been so good to bless us. We just feel refreshed with Your Presence. Great God of heaven, grant this through Jesus' Name, Thy Son. Amen.

<sup>68</sup> Now, I do not say that He will, but if He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, then He will act the same. Now, the Bible said He's a High Priest that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmity. Is that what the Scripture says? Now, if He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and He's the same yesterday, today, and forever, would not He have to act the same as He did when He was here on earth?

<sup>69</sup> Now, you just believe with all your heart, and God will grant it. Now, you just look. Every one of you's strangers to me. I don't know no one in the building but—but Captain Stadsklev here, Chaplain. Everyone before me is a stranger. These boy here, I, these recording boys, I know them. Behind me is the group.

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How many out there that's really sick and you want Christ to heal you, you'd say . . . I don't care who you are, just raise your hand, say, "God I—I want You to heal me. I want You to heal me." Just be reverent, up in the balcony, wherever you are.

And if He will act the same . . . Now, His Spirit, not you can see Him, you can see His works. If He will act the same that He did when He was here on earth, will you all believe Him? The Bible said, "Two or three witnesses, let every word be established." Now, just be praying.

<sup>70</sup> May God grant that He will—He will come from one side to the other. Let's start over here. Get something out of everywhere in here, if God will do it. I'll watch this side. And you people in these rows pray and believe God. Just remember, He's present.

Now, here it is. Appearing before me is a man. He's suffering with a rupture, setting right here: Mr. Shaw. I don't know you, do I, sir? Never seen you in my life. That's right. Have faith. You were praying, "God, let him speak to me." If that's right, raise up your hand. What did you touch? You never touched me, did you, sir? But you touched the High Priest; He answered back.

<sup>71</sup> Someone else pray. Here's a man, another one setting right here on the end, suffering with the same thing, a rupture, hernia. Sure. I don't know you, do I, sir? Never seen you in my life as far as I know. Your name is Mr. Spencer though. That is right, isn't it? You believe? Same Christ?

Lady right behind him there with asthma. If you'll believe and surrender your life to Christ, He'd heal you of it. You believe He'd do it? Will you surrender your life to Him? The lady with the little white, or little red rose on her hat, you believe Christ with all your heart? Will you do it? Surrender your life to Him and the asthmatic condition will leave you. You'll get well. If you'll accept Him as your Saviour and your God, He will grant it to you.

<sup>72</sup> I never seen you in my life; you know that. It's dark and light too. He wants to give you the blessing, but you accept Him first. Just a little skeptic in your life. Get away from that. Believe Him. The young lady's prayer did that.

What about you setting here, sir? You got something wrong with your arm, right here in the middle row. You believe God will heal you? Your wife setting there with diabetes, you think that she'd be healed too? I don't know you, do I? But it's Christ.

What's these people touching? Here by the way, this woman setting right over here is connected to you somewhere, a mother. That's right. You're all together. And you've got arthritis. That's right, isn't it, lady? If you believe, God will make you well.

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This man setting right straight back out here, right looking me right in the face, he's wondering if he could touch Christ. He's by you. You got a hernia, sir. You believe that God would make you well of it? If you believe it, you can have it. If thou canst . . .

<sup>73</sup> What about in here, some of you people? Have faith; believe. Here. Show you grace, let me show you grace. Here sets a colored man setting right back here with his head down, praying, his hands down like this, setting by the side of a white man, lady setting next to him there, the man's suffering with diabetes. If you believe with all your heart, you can be made well.

Would you believe it with him, sister? Do you believe it? I don't know you all, do I? Never seen you, but that's right, isn't it? Raise your hand if it's right. Put your hand over on him, and have faith now. See Who He is? He's still the same yesterday, today, and forever.

The gentlemen setting over here in this next aisle over here, you're suffering with something wrong with your ears, and you also have a throat trouble, don't you, sir? Got glasses on, wearing a white shirt . . . That's right. You're setting there praying, wasn't you? That's right. God bless you. Have faith in God.

<sup>74</sup> Setting right here on the front row, sir, with the ulcers, do you believe that God would make you well? You believe it? Young fellow setting here with your head down, saying, "God, let me be next." That's right. Raise up your hand if that's so. All right. Go ahead; your ulcers is gone from you.

Do you believe He's here? Isn't that Christ all the way around here? Is that Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever? How many now accept Him and says, "I know He's here." See, I don't know you people. It's your spirit doing that. See? The Holy Spirit's speaking to you. Now, put your hands over on one another. Let's pray for all—all the people in here.

Where was the little baby here was crying a few minutes ago along. Put your hands over on the child. All right.

<sup>75</sup> Lord God, be merciful just now, Lord. And let Thy Spirit move in this building and heal every person that's in Divine Presence. Tonight You have proven Yourself to be God. You're God yesterday, God today. You're not a painted fire or a historian God. You are a God that's always been God and always will be God.

And Father, I pray that as You have manifested Yourself by saving sinners and healing people that was in a place where they couldn't be healed, then they see the miracle of the Lord Jesus. God, grant that each one of them may be healed just now.

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Satan, move out from this building and get out of here. I charge thee in Jesus Christ's Name, let these people go.

Do you accept your healing? Raise your hands to Him, say, "Lord, I believe. I believe. All things are possible, Lord, I believe."

All right. If you believe it with all your heart, you people that's bowed your heads a few minutes ago to receive Him as Saviour, bow your head again just a minute, every one of you. If you'll bow your heads just a moment now. Brother Sweet, right here this moment while you're leading in prayer. God bless you.



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