
THE DOOR INSIDE THE DOOR



Thank you very much, you may be seated. I certainly deem this a great privilege to be here on this Monday night and seeing this nice turn out of people hungering and thirsting for God.

I believe the Scripture said, “Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” And if God has given us that blessed promise, then the only thing that would keep us from being filled with everything that we thirst for, would be because we do not believe it. We could just believe now, that God will give us the very thing that we’re here for, we’ll all go home tonight so happy and satisfied.

I’m so glad that He supplies our every need. He promised He would do that. Now, He never promised that He would supply our wants, but it was our needs that He would supply. I’m so glad of that, because there’s many times that we want things that’s not good for us.

² I was just thinking of that the other day, when I was trying to shave with a straight razor. And my, I was very awkward with it; I had never undertaken it before. And my little boy, Joseph, was saying, “Daddy, let me do it, too.” Five years old . . . And I thought now . . . And he cried because I wouldn’t let him have the razor. But you see, I knew better than to do that.

And that’s the way God is. Sometimes we think that we must have certain things, and we’d only hurt ourself with it. So if we’ll just be submissive and humble, like little children before Him, God will supply what we have need of.

And if—and if I being a father of flesh and of the earth, love my little boy enough not to let him have a straight razor, regardless of how much he cries for it, how much more does our heavenly Father know, though we cry for something that we think we have need of? But He promised us that all things would work together for good to them that love God. And, again it is written, “He will not withhold any good thing from them that walk upright before Him.” Isn’t that a promise?

³ So, I’ve always had a little slogan that I always give to people as: Do three things in life. First thing is do right; that’s your duty to God. Think right; that’s your duty to yourself; and you’re bound to come out right. That’s exactly right. You do right, and then think right. And as long as you are going right, you can’t be going wrong.

When my boy, Billy, about fourteen years old . . . Before I sent him down to the Bible school, he was in the common school and did not

have a very good background. And all the children, girls, boys smoking and carrying on . . . And one day I come into the house and set down. And Billy was staying with his grandmother. And while the Presence of the Lord was near, there was a vision: I seen my boy with a cigarette in his hand. That liked to killed me.

⁴ So, after while, his bicycle stopped out front, and he came in and said, "Hello, dad," and run, threw his arms around me.

I took him in my hands, and I said, "Billy, when did you start this?"

He said "What, daddy?"

I said, "Smoking."

He said, "I don't . . ."

I said, "Don't tell me. You do smoke, Billy."

He started crying. I couldn't keep from it. I went out to the bathroom; I set down out there, and I cried like a baby. I thought, "His mother in glory and last thing she said to me, 'Take care of Billy.' And here I've tried to put the example before him and to see him do a thing like that," it almost killed me.

⁵ So I took him out on the walk. I said, "Son, you're coming away from there right now. I'm going to send you to Bible school, no matter how lonesome you get." And so I said, "I want you to stretch out your arms like this."

And he did. He said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "This is left and this is right. Now, you cannot be going both ways the same time. You're in the shape of a cross." And I said, "As long as you're going right, you may think you're going wrong; but you've got to come out right. You can't go east and west at the same time. You can't be doing right and wrong at the same time."

Sometimes people are going wrong, thinking they're doing right; but it'll wind up wrong. So always think right, do right, and you'll come out right; you just got to. That's exactly. Do right; that's your duty to God. Think right; know that you've got to come out right; and you will come out right.

⁶ Then I always had a little slogan I said to the people that I married. You see the young couple, and they come up before me, I always think of Christ and His Bride, that great wedding supper that we're all anxious to attend. And to see them there, they're young youth; and their bright eyes, as they're standing there to take this vow to bind them through life's journey.

Always say to them something like this: "Now, you want to be happy, and you cannot be happy without Christ. There's no home

happy without Christ." I just want you to show me one. You have some make-belief, but you can't be happy without Christ. Right. No, you're just—you're painting a fire.

Like a person pretending to be a Christian . . . How can you get warm by a fire that's been painted? Painted fire won't warm. It takes real fire to warm.

7 We can read back and see what the Holy Ghost done on the day of Pentecost. That was on Pentecost two thousand years ago. If that same fire doesn't bring the same results today, what good does a historical God do us, if He isn't the same God today?

It's like feeding your canary bird vitamins to make good strong wings and feathers and put him in a cage. What good does his wings do him. See? If you're not going to preach the full Gospel, and believe everything, and receive the Holy Ghost like it was then, what good does it do to have a Bible, if He is the same God? See, it—it's a—He's got to be the same, or it doesn't do no good to go to school and learn theology and things, if you want to place Him back as a historical God. He's the same tonight.

8 And I always tell my young couples like this: that happiness does not consist of how much of the world's goods you own, but how contented you make yourself with the portion that's lotted to you. That's right too.

I've seen couples that didn't have nothing. I married a couple here some years ago. I don't know how they ever asked me to marry them, but the boy was a friend of mine. His father worked the public service company with me, very sharp, intelligent-looking young man, and he married a millionaire's daughter. The door knobs was fourteen karat in their home. And I had to practice the—the ceremonies so long, going back in there, and throwing rice and stuff, and kneeling on a silk pillow. And oh, such a ceremony . . .

9 But when I married them, about three months later, my brother said to me, he had a couple that was going to get married, only the boy didn't have enough money to get married on. He had a girl, but he didn't have the money to pay the preacher. And he said, "Well, my brother never charged nobody for nothing."

And I . . . You know, I'm fifty-one years old, been in ministry thirty-one years, and never took a offering in my life. Never took a off . . . Don't never intend to. So, I—I just don't do it. It's all right. It's got to be done. But I just . . . Whatever anybody gives me anything all right; if they don't, it's all right anyhow. He—He can rain food out of heaven, so I just let it go like that. So, I just believe Him. I've never missed any

meals; I've postponed some, but I haven't—I haven't missed any as yet. But it's always been nice to know Him.

¹⁰ So when—when this young couple come down, I looked at that boy standing there. During the time of that depression, he . . . Old washed-out pair of trousers, and an old shirt, one collar, piece of collar buttoned higher than the other . . . Hair cut, needed it bad. That little girl had hitched-hiked from Indianapolis down; her little feet was on the ground. I felt like buying that child a pair of shoes. Very pretty little girl . . .

And when I . . . I said, "Where you going to take her, son?"

He had an old boxcar down on the river, where there used to be an old Dial Ironworks, where they used to . . . They do the puddling there. Why, he was going to go down there and live in this boxcar.

And I said, "What are you going to do if this job runs out? You haven't got nothing; you don't even have nothing to eat?"

She said, "I—I'll love him just the same." That's right; that's it.

¹¹ Well, one day I went down, going to visit my friends that lived on Silver Hills. And Herman, I knew him real well, Herman Holtz, a very good friend of mine, he married E. V. Knight's daughter. And they had a nice home; he didn't have to work no more, just had it made, because they had plenty of money, run the big sand companies and things on the river and so forth.

And I went up there to see him just at the right time, I suppose. One was setting in one corner and the other in the other, fussing. And they had been out to a dance the night before, some party, and there'd been some man to dance with her, and made her angry, or him angry. And so there it was; they was fussing.

¹² And when I come up on the porch, you know what they done? Run grab one another's hands, and come up to the door, and said, "Hello, Brother Branham." Now, that's painted fire. That don't last. That's no good.

I said, "I'm glad to see you all." I said, "Are you happy?"

"Oh, yes dear, aren't we?"

I knew right then; I'd done heard them when I come around the house. See? I knew they were fussing. Well, they went on and you could see it wasn't right, the spirit didn't feel right.

One day, I thought I'd find out what become of this couple I'd married and lived in a boxcar. So I was working for the public service company; I was a lineman there for seventeen years. I went out on the river and kinda played the part of a hypocrite, put my spurs

on and safety, and went walking down along the river like I was watching poles.

¹³ I slipped up, and I seen his old Chevrolet out there with the headlights wired on with baling wire. And I went up towards the door. I heard them talking. And he'd got him a job off the PWA, or what it was, they worked on there. And he had worked at some lumber company up there making about eight or ten dollars a week. That was pretty good money. And so, he had . . .

They had taken that old box car and put newspapers up and tacky buttons. Who knows what a tacky button is? What part of Kentucky you from, son? Take cardboard, and put a tack in it, and just push it in the wall. See? And paper and newspapers . . .

He had brought down some old boxes, and they'd had a table made out of it. But, brother, if I ever found a heaven on earth, it was. She was setting on his lap. He had his old hat out, mashed the top of it in, had poured his pay check out. And they had so much laying here for food, and so much for the insurance, and so much for here.

He said, "Honey, I want to get you that dress so bad. I believe it was about a dollar and a quarter, something like that."

She said, "But, honey, we . . . I appreciate that." One arm around him like that . . .

And he looked up at her. And I was standing there like a hypocrite watching, you know. And, so, they begin to count this money out, and they didn't have enough to go all the way around.

And he said, "Well, I worked till . . . I've been trying so hard. The little dress hangs in the window up there, it's a dollar and a quarter. Couldn't we just let the insurance go or something?"

She said, "No, honey, I appreciate it." Oh, he put his arms around her.

And I stood there and turned around this way and looked up on top of the hill, and I could see the home of the other, the steeples on top of the house. I thought, "Which is the rich man? Which one would you want to take, Billy, if you were going to take your choice?" Let me have a real true wife, one that loves me. Let me live down here in a boxcar. For I tell you, happiness and contentment money cannot buy. Money cannot buy love. That's the real things.

¹⁴ Well, here I go talking. The first thing the time will be gone. And let us bow our heads just a moment and speak to the Lord now.

Our precious, Heavenly Father, we approach the shadows of Thy mercy in the Name of the Lord Jesus, knowing this, that He has promised us that we could have an interview with You at any time

and be sure that we would receive it, if we would come in His Name. Therefore, Lord, we have no righteousness, no name. There's not anything that we possess in this life, or know of, here on earth that we could approach Thy throne, only through Jesus' Name. And we come humbly, Lord, offering to Thee the adoration of our hearts for sending Him to the earth, that we might have this great avenue to enter into Thy Presence by the shed Blood at Calvary, and would have the assurance that You'll hear our prayer. . .

¹⁵ We thank Thee, most holy Father, for all that Thou hast been to us in this meeting so far. We have seen Your great mighty hand go down into the audience and convince sinners that they were wrong, see them come to the altar in penance and—and accept Thee as their only Saviour and Lord. We have seen those, Lord, who were sick and afflicted, leave the building well, rise up out of the wheelchairs and walk away. We are grateful to Thee, heavenly Father, for these things.

Then we have seen Thy Holy Spirit anoint this audience, till there would not be one secret in a heart but what You would make known, bringing to pass the very Words that He promised that would take place. Oh, our Father, be merciful to us unworthy creatures. We cannot express to Thee, Lord, the way that we wish to. How we love Thee and appreciate Thee for these things.

¹⁶ Knowing that in this dark hour of the closing scenes of the world's history, when men are confused, and people are running from church to church and from place to place, changing letters and packing them from place to place, and yet we found that abiding, resting place in God.

How we thank Thee for the Holy Spirit that gives us comfort in this hour. And we pray, Father, that He will abide with us forever, as the shadows are lengthening out and we know the sun is setting on civilization.

God, we would pray now for this great nation of ours, that's in the time of the changing of presidents. It might seem like a light thing, but, God, it might change the destination of this nation. O Lord, Thou Who could choose the prophets and—and anoint the kings, we pray that Your Holy Spirit will anoint the right man for us in this hour. Grant it, Lord. Where the great rallies are going on on both parties. . . Father, we realize that You're not interested in parties; it's man that You can trust. So I pray, Father, that somewhere along that they'll choose the right man for the hour.

We know that the hour has to come when the wrong man will be choosen—chosen, too. So we pray, Father, that You'll give us a little more time to bring in the lost. May, if there be any of those here tonight, seeing the shadows lengthening out, may they come sweetly to the Lord

Jesus and be saved. Heal the sick and afflicted. Strengthen the Church. For we ask it in His Name. Amen.

¹⁷ Brother Borders, that read the Scripture just a few moments ago . . . Sometimes I read it myself, and I thought tonight that I'd have Brother Borders to read it for me, Revelations the 3rd chapter, the 14th verse and the continuing of that chapter.

For after they read the Scriptures then the song begin to sing when I gripped the hands of Brother Mercier standing behind there.

He said, "Why did you do that?"

I said, "Listen at the song."

He said, "I see what you mean. Only believe; just believe what's being wrote."

This message is a message to this Church Age, the Laodicean Church Age, which was a lukewarm church age. Now, I'm trusting God tonight to draw from the text that I shall choose being the 20th verse. From this text, I want to say this, that is says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man will hear My voice and open unto Me, I will come into Him and sup with Him and he with Me." I want to take the subject there of "The Door Inside The Door."

¹⁸ Now, this is rather an unusual scene. And it's an unusual text. But you know, God is unusual. God does things in an unusual way, at an unusual time, in an unusual place, sometimes to unusual people. God is unusual; He does the unexpected many times.

And then we might say again to an audience here of several hundred people, "Isn't that kind of a small text to make: 'The Door in the Door,' choose about seven words out of one of the verses?"

Well, it isn't the quantity of anything that counts; it's the quality that counts.

¹⁹ Some time ago, there was a—a little story I heard of a little boy that was searching up in the attic. And he, in an old trunk, he found a postage stamp, a little, bitty, fellow, yellow with age. And the little fellow had ice cream on his mind. So he had a stamp collector down the street that he rushed down to sell the postage stamp to, thought he'd get five cents, the purchase him an ice cream cone.

When the collector put it under the glass and looked at it, he said, "I'll give you a dollar bill." Why, the transaction of business was closed right quickly, because he was glad to get this dollar. Way down the street he went with several cones of ice cream dreaming in his mind.

Later on, I understand that this collector sold this stamp for five hundred dollars. And then it went from that to hundreds and hundreds of dollars. And I forget now what that stamp is worth. The paper that

it was wrote on was not even worth picking up. It wasn't the paper; it was what was on the paper that counted.

²⁰ And it isn't the size of my text tonight; it's not the value of the paper that it's written on; it's what it is that's wrote on the paper. It's the Word of the living God, an offer of pardon. A pardon. . . It's a pardoning. The Word is pardoning to every man, or woman, or boy, or girl that will receive It.

²¹ Some years ago in the civil war, or the revolutionary, one, it was. . . I believe it was the time of Abraham Lincoln; it was, that there was a soldier that had done a violence. And he had run away in time of battle, shirked his line of duty. And they caught the man. And they tried him before the courts and found him guilty. And the sentence was to be shot by a firing squad.

And there was a man who had thought so much of this young fellow; he was a nervous, upset boy. And when the old muskets and cannons begin to fire, he just run, because he was scared to death. But he had shirked his duty, and he was going to be killed. In a certain day his execution was set.

And a friend of his went to the president of the United States, the gracious Abraham Lincoln. And good, old Abe, as he was entering into a hotel room, this friend run to him and he said, "Mr. Lincoln." And he said, "I know you to be a Christian man. You're the commander and chief of the army. And this certain man is guilty of what they've tried him for. But his conditions, he was scared. He's a good man. And I know you don't believe in taking a man's life. With your word on a piece of paper, his life will be spared. Even if he has to stay in federal prison, don't let him be killed. He was a good boy. I knowed him; raised up in the neighborhood with him."

²² Good, old Abe got him a piece of paper and wrote just a couple of words across there, "Pardon this man, Abraham Lincoln."

Oh, the boy rushed back to the prison cells and he showed his friend. He said, "You are freely pardoned."

He said, "Don't make fun of me, knowing I'm to die in the morning."

He said, "Here is the president of the United States, the commander and chief. He signed your pardon."

And the boy looked at it, said, "That's just a piece of paper. There's nothing to it. You're trying to make my death more miserable than it ever was intended for it to be. I will not receive it."

And he walked back and behind the cell and refused to look at the paper any more, because he said, "If Mr. Lincoln would've signed my

pardon, it would've had the—the all the—the letterhead and so forth and his seal upon it and so forth. So, therefore, I will not receive it because it's only a mockery."

The next morning the man died before a firing squad. Now, what's going to happen? There's a commander and chief of the army says that this man is pardoned, and now he's shot by a firing squad. Now, what are we going to do? It was tried in the federal courts of our nation, and here was the verdict of the Supreme Court or the federal court. It said, "A pardon is not a pardon, unless it be received as a pardon."

²³ Therefore, this Word tonight is a pardon to everyone that will receive It. But if you do not want to receive it, it is not a pardon. "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man will hear My voice and open unto Me, I'll come in to him." What an invitation.

There is a famous painting. I forget the Greek artist that painted it. Many of you might know the artist's name. But he'd spent a lifetime painting the picture of Christ at the door knocking. And when . . .

All great pictures before they could be famous pictures, they had to pass the critics. And when the critics was criticizing or trying to find something to criticize the picture, one critic said to him, "Sir, your painting is a great painting. It shows that Christ has the light in His hand, as He comes in darkness to the sinner. He's coming at nighttime; there's nothing I could say about that. For that's when He comes to a man, is when he's in darkness. And the expression on His face as He knocks at the door with a expectation of hearing someone on the inside respond to His voice or His knock. . . ." And said, "It's all beautifully drawn and illustrated here." But said, "There's one thing that I must say that you forgot." He said, "How would He be able to enter? You have no latch on the door."

And the painter said, "Is that your criticism?"

He said, "It is."

He said, "Sir, I painted the picture this way." He said, "You see, this is a different kind of a door. The latch is on the inside."

²⁴ That's the way it is. Christ cannot by His own will open the door and come in. He can only knock, and then you open the door. The latch is up to you. He can knock, but you have to open. So that's the way it is.

And then when we think of a man knocking at a door. It's no unusual thing. The thing, the main part that counts, is not the man knocking at the door; it's the importance of the man at the door. Many people knock at doors every day. But the importance of the man. . . . And a person knocking is. . . . What's he doing anyhow? He's trying to. . . . He's. . . . Maybe he has a message for you; or maybe he wants you

to do something for him; or maybe you have something that he wants. There's some reason he's trying to gain entrance, trying to get your attention, trying for you to open up to get an audition with you, trying to talk with you just a little while. And there's been many knocks on many doors by many great men.

²⁵ For instance, in the days of Rome, when Rome controlled the known world, what if the great emperor of Rome, Caesar, would've of come down to a peasant's house, where a—a poor person lived, and would knock at the door? And the poor man would look around the corner and see that it was the great emperor of Rome knocking at his door. What do you think that poor peasant would think? What an honor it would be for this Roman emperor to come to a poor man's door and knock at his door.

That peasant would go to the door, throw open the door, and say, "Great Emperor of Rome, you honor my house. You give me a great honor, kind sir. Welcome into my little home. And if there is anything here that I have that you want, you are more than welcome to anything that I have. If there is anything that my lord desires of me, I will gladly give him unto my life to him." Oh, it would be an honor to that home for the—the emperor of Rome to visit the home.

²⁶ Or in the last wars, this late Adolf Hitler, the Fuehrer of Germany. . . In the days of his great success and his dictatorship over Germany, what if this great Adolf Hitler went down to a soldier's home, a footman of his army and knocked at the door? And this little soldier raised up the curtain and saw that it was the great Fuehrer of Germany standing at the door, what an honor. How he could stick out his chest and tell the other soldiers, "Hitler came to my door. I was the honored guest. I was honored to have Hitler to come to my house."

He would be glad to say that. He'd throw open the door, stand at attention, and give the German salute, and say, "Sir, is there anything that the Fuehrer of Germany desires of his servant? I stand ready even to die for you. Is there anything in my house that you desire? You can have anything that I've got. What an honor it is to me. Today is my coronation day to know that the great ruler of Germany stands at my door, and me just a footman, just a soldier in the army. And you honor me, sir, to even stand on my ground." Why certainly it would've been a honor.

²⁷ Or what, even tonight, if our most honorable and beloved president, Dwight Eisenhower. . . If he would come to the—your house, if he would come to the—the house of the best Democrat in this valley, though you would differ with him in politics, it would be an honor to you, for he's an important man. He's still the president of the

United States of America. And he's a highly honored man. You might disagree with him in politics, but yet he's one of the greatest Americans today, is our president, Dwight Eisenhower.

Well, if he would come to your house in the morning and knock at the door, you would be an honored man. Every newspaper in Oregon would pack that article, that President Dwight Eisenhower come to your house. How everybody would think how humble he was to come to our house, we poor people, him the president of the United States . . . It would be a great honor for you to receive him.

You would say, "Mr. Eisenhower, enter into my home. You bless . . . Your presence blesses us. You give us an honor."

And tomorrow, the papers would say, and the—the radio, and the televisions would pack the article, "President Eisenhower comes to Klamath Falls and visits the—a poor man." Why it would be a very humble thing for him to do. And it would be a great thing for you to receive him, and you would gladly give him his desires which would be a great thing.

²⁸ Or just recently, when the queen of England, when she came over here to visit. If she would come to some of you women here, come to your home and say, knock on the door, and you'd go to the door.

And she'd say, "I am the queen of England."

Though she does—you do not have anything to do with her. Her domain isn't in America. But yet, she is the greatest earthly queen we have. She's an important woman. It would be an honor for you to entertain the queen of England. You'd say, "Come in, Queen. And you honor my house."

If she'd ask for any certain thing, little trinket or gadget you had on the wall, you would think it was an honor to give that to the queen of England. She is a great woman.

²⁹ Some time ago in Canada, my beloved brother and friend, Doctor Ern Baxter . . . When the late King George and the queen came down the street, we was told that he was suffering terrible with ulcers and cirrhosis in his back. That was before we had prayer for him at London. And he was suffering tremendously that day. But he set up there in that seat of the carriage just as gallant with his lovely queen setting by his side, with her blue evening dress on. As they passed by, and Mr. Baxter said when he looked up on them, said he just shook and cried.

And I said, "Why, Ernie?"

He said, "Our king and our queen was passing by." Said, "It, sure, it made me weep for joy."

I thought, "If the king of England passing by would make a Canadian weep for joy, what will it be when the King of glory comes by?" What an effect it'll be upon the Church of the living God when we see Jesus.

³⁰ Sure, if she knocked at your door, you would think it was an honor to entertain the queen. And it would be a great thing for you to do that. But, oh, how many honors would you give for that? How honorable it would be. . .

But listen, there's Someone comes to the doors. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, knocks on more doors than all the kings and potentates that was in the world. Who's greater and more important than Him? And who's more turned down than He is?

Do you think if Caesar would've been turned down, what would he have done? Why he'd have had that man assassinated and his—and his house burnt, and his wife and his children burned up. Hitler would've poured gasoline upon that soldier and have cremated him.

But Jesus continually comes back and knocks at the door. Turn Him away one night, come back another night. You'd turn Him again; He will come back again.

³¹ And if the queen would come to visit you, or our president, or some great person, no doubt they'd be wanting a favor of you. But Jesus don't want a favor of you. He's trying to bring to you Eternal Life. He's trying to save your soul from a devil's hell and a eternal destruction and separation from the Presence of God. And yet we turn Him down.

And if it would be a humility to the president of the United States to come to your home, yet the King of Glory, the Lord Jesus, comes down to the poorest man in the country, to the bootlegger, to the drunk in the street, to the immoral woman, to the disobedient child; to whosoever that He can come to and knock at his door, Jesus comes and knocks.

No matter how low you are, how little you are, how immoral you are, how indecent you are, how far out of society you've been ousted, yet the Son of the living God loves you and knocks at your door day after day and night. And you turn Him down. That's terrible. It doesn't even sound sane to do such a thing, to turn down the Son of God Who's coming, not to take something from you, but to save you from destruction, and then is turned down. What a pitiful sight. It doesn't seem mentally right to turn Him down. It isn't mentally right to turn Him down. It's a loss of mind to turn down the Son of God when He knocks at your heart's door. And yet, He's turned down and will return back.

³² Now, it may be that you would say to me, "Just a minute, preacher. I opened my heart a long time ago and let the Lord Jesus in."

Well, I'm sure happy you did that. And maybe that's just what you done, opened your heart and let him in. But is that all you done? God wants to do something else. Looky here in the Scriptures. "I stand at the door and knock: if any man will open, I'll come in and sup with him."

Oh, you say, "I accepted Him as my Saviour."

Well, maybe you did. But that's not enough. He wants to be your Lord. You were glad to let Him be your Saviour. No one wants to go to eternal destruction. No one wants to go to—the—to hell. But you want to escape hell, but you won't let Him be your Lord. He wants to come in to be Lord, and Lord is ruler, ownership. He wants to own you. For you're not your own; you're bought with a price. He wants to take control of you.

³³ Oh, you're gladly say, "Come in, Lord. Don't let me go to hell." But what if I come to your house. And I knocked at the door and I—I believe you don't—you, many of you don't know me. But just as being a minister, you'd probably welcome me in; I believe you would. You'd say, "Come in, Brother Branham."

Well, if you welcome me in, I'd feel like that that was just like home to me. If—if I come to your house, and you'd just welcome me and say, "Now, wait a minute. Come in. But stand here at this door. Don't you go any farther." I—I. . . You might as well not even welcome me in, 'cause I wouldn't feel right.

If you come to my house, and you say, "Brother Branham, I was at your Oregon meeting at Klamath Falls. And I—I heard you just come back, so I thought I'd come."

I'd say, "Come in."

Say, "Thank you."

And I'd say, "Don't you go no farther than there though. You stay right there." If I ever welcome you into my house, you're welcome anywhere in my house.

³⁴ You know, after you get inside of the door of the heart, you know, there's some more little doors in there, lots of little doors in the house. You go and have a little closet here, and a little room over here, and a little room over here. There's several doors. Many people are ready to welcome the Lord into their heart, 'cause they don't want to go to hell. But they are—don't want Him to be Lord when He comes in.

Well, if I come into your house, you say, "Welcome in, Brother Branham," well you know what I'd do? I'd come in, go down to the refrigerator, and get me a piece of cheese, and some bologna, and slice me off a piece of onion, and cut me some bread and mustard on it, and some lettuce, and everything, and go in and take off my shoes, and

lay across the divan or across the bed, and eat this sandwich, and—and drink a soft drink if you had one. And, oh my, I'd just make myself at home, hang up my hat. If you said, "Welcome," I'd take you at your word.

³⁵ But do we really welcome the Lord Jesus, take Him at His Word? So, can He take us at our word? Now, let's look around some of these little doors in the heart for the next few minutes.

The first little door that you turn to the right (we'd say), and you go in the heart; there's a door there called pride. Oh, my. You know, you don't want to know Jesus standing in that door, 'cause He takes all of it out of you. He swings that door right open. Oh, if you could . . .

You say, "Now, wait a minute, Jesus. You can save me, but don't you go to messing around with my pride. Now, if I'm going to have to stand up there and act like some of those people do, I couldn't do that." Then He's not welcome. And let me say this: He won't stay very long either; you can just depend on that. I wouldn't stay if you told me that. You wouldn't stay if I told you that. So He won't stay if we tell Him that. Pride . . .

"Well now, I tell you, Brother Branham, if I'm going to have to get down there on that altar, cry out, make my girlfriend hate me, my boyfriend turn me down, my wife tell me I'm a holy-roller, my husband say I've lost my mind . . . Now, if You're going to do something like that, stay out Jesus." That's just exactly what they say, so much. "I'll not do it."

³⁶ Here not long ago, I was talking to a—here in Oregon, to a little lady that come to interview me. And she had a—a little book in her hand, and she was going to interview for the paper.

And I said, "Have you been to the meetings?"

She said, "I was there last evening."

I said, "What was your conception of the meeting?"

She said, "I never heard so many idiots in all my life."

I said, "Are you . . . I know now that you're not a Christian." And she told me what kind of a church she belonged to. And I said, "I'd like to show you, my sister, that in the Bible that your goddess, Mary, that you pray to, that woman had to come up to Pentecost and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and stagger under the impact of it, like a drunken person before God would ever let her come to heaven. And if God made the blessed virgin Mary do that, how are you going to get there anything short of it?" She gave birth, a virgin birth to the Lord Jesus. But yet, she could not go in, until she had been filled with the Holy Spirit.

I put my finger on the Scripture, and the woman not even the audacity to look at it. Talk about uncouth. . .

³⁷ There, when she turned and looked at me, and she said, “I don’t believe that.” . . .

I said, “Do you believe the Bible? The Bible said that Mary, Saint John, Saint—all the other saints, Peter and all of them, had to go up there and remain until the Holy Spirit fell. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and begin stammering with their lips, and then begin to speak with other tongues, and acted in such a way until the audience on the outside said, ‘These people are full of new wine. They are drunk.’”

See, we want; take Jesus to be our Saviour, but not our Lord. That was not the apostles acting that way; it was Christ in them acting. The Acts of the Holy Spirit in the apostles. . . The apostles were men like you are and I am. But the Holy Spirit made them act different, because He had become full Ruler in their life. They had no more prestige and pride.

Look at Nicodemus came by night and said, “Lord, we know that Thou art a Teacher comes from God for no man could do the things that You do except God be with him.”

Jesus said, “Except the man be borned again, he cannot even see the Kingdom of God.”

Pride. . . What was holding the Pharisees out from making Him Lord? They believed He was the Christ, but it was their pride.

You say, “Well, I belong to a church that does. . .” I don’t care; that’s fine. Remain in that church, but let Jesus be Lord in your heart. Let Him have control. It’s not you no more; it’s Him. And then, let’s leave that door. We could stay there a long time.

³⁸ But let’s go over to the next little door. “Oh, stay away from that.” What is it? “My own private life.” Oh, you don’t want nobody messing with your private life, telling you that you can’t drink any more, you can’t smoke any more, you can’t go to your ladies’ club and play cards any more. No, you don’t want to fool with that. But I tell you: If you ever let Jesus become Lord of your heart, you’ll quit it. He will satisfy every longing.

You’re ashamed of Him. You’re ashamed that you just—that you bring reproach upon your people, upon your friends. I’d rather every person in the world forsake me, but never let me bring reproach upon Him. Let me live by the Word, the Word of God. My private life. . .

“Now, we. . . Every afternoon we go so-and-so.” And some people even Christians, oh, people that call themselves Christians, that profess

to be sainted people, they're falling so far away. They don't want any more of the rulership of Christ.

³⁹ I stay at a motel. And last night across from it was a—a little church. And, oh, I was setting in my room, and I heard something crying. I couldn't get the window open, because the windows don't open. I run down the steps and looked around the house.

I said, "That sounds good to me." And a bunch of people standing out in the yard laughing at the people across the street in a little meeting, crying over a soul, praying through to God. I said, "It sounds like heaven to me." My . . .

Let Christ come in; be Lord, free. "He who the Son makes free is free indeed."

⁴⁰ If you're bound up by your social standing, your social prestige . . . American people is contaminated by social prestiges. Your churches is contaminated with gatherings of soup suppers, and bunco games, and lottery, and nonsense in the churches. Some of the preachers letting out early on Sunday morning so the—the members can go fishing or hunting. Fishing and hunting's all right, but it don't have to be done on Sunday. That's the Lord's day.

A lot of people let out their churches early for—in our country, because the saloons open at twelve o'clock. They can spend a little afternoon at peace . . . Any man that does that is wrong with God.

⁴¹ Excuse me, audience, if I make a rude interruption here. Would it be an evil thing for you, or an unusual thing, to see a pig in a barnyard, on the manure pile eating? Certainly not, that's his nature. But when you see a lamb on that same contaminated place, now that would really be something horrible, because it shows that that lamb has been perverted. He took the nature of a hog. And when I see a Christian that claims to be God's servant . . .

Setting yesterday at the restaurant, nice little lady come up; she said, "Are you connected with the bunch over there that's having this meeting?"

I said, "I'm Brother Branham."

She said, "I want to say that them people that's been in here are the nicest people I ever seen."

⁴² At the same time, two clergymen setting there with the collar pulled around the other way, and was drinking martinis and wine. And when they finished their dinner with a big pipe and my little four or five year-old boy said, "Daddy, is that God's servant?" A five-year old kid knowed different.

Nothing against those men; they may be setting here now. What I mean to say, brother . . . You say you're saved, the Bible said, "By their fruits you shall know them." It's not wrong for me to see a sinner right here on the street, drunk. It's not wrong for me to see a sinner with a pipe in his mouth or a cigarette in his hand. It's not wrong; I—I don't think nothing about it. He's a pig; he don't know no different. When I hear a person profess to be a Christian . . .

I said to one, "What you do this?"

He said, "This is relaxing; this is my pleasure." How the devil has perverted that. God made a man to thirst. God made a man to want pleasure. But He made a man with a place in his heart to want, and to crave, and to relax and get pleasure. But that pleasure is in the Lord. How dare you, you've got no right.

You say, "I'm an American citizen."

Yeah, but if you're a lamb, a lamb forfeits his rights. A lamb don't have but one thing; that's wool. He lays right down, don't kick up a bit of stew about it all, let them shear what they got on, off.

⁴³ If you're a real Christian, a real lamb of God, you're willing to forfeit your American rights to be a Christian, 'cause your nature's changed. Sure. God in a heart, fully Lord in control . . .

You say, "Why . . ." People are ashamed to say "amen." People are ashamed to praise the Lord.

I believe it was Finney, Charles G. Finney (I'm not sure it was Finney; I believe it was), that was going out behind his study, or his office to pray. And one day while kneeling out there in the—under an old tree that had blown down, he was praying. And while he prayed, he thought somebody was coming up, and he stopped quickly, and cleared up his throat and said, "Hmmm, hmmm." And raised up and looked around. And there God convinced him.

He said, "You're ashamed of Me. But you'd think it was a great thing if somebody seen you talking to your boss. You'd stand right by your boss and talk, think it was a privilege. Let all the office people see that you had the privilege of talking to your boss. And I'm your Lord and you're ashamed of Me."

He fell on his face and said, "Lord God, forgive me as a sinner."

He said he preached the same messages that he'd preached before, but the next time he preached them, they was inspired. It done something. The Holy Spirit took a hold of him. He become one of the greatest ministers since Saint Paul. Why? He let God come in and take control, took his own private life, his pride as a scholar, whatever he was.

⁴⁴ If you're willing to do that, if you're willing to let God have the right of way in your heart. Let's go to another door before we leave the subject.

There's another door in the heart called faith. This is a great door. Oh, you let Jesus come in to save you, but when it comes to giving you God-given faith, you turn Him away from that door.

"Don't tamper with this. My church preaches the days of miracles is past."

But if Christ ever comes into that door, here's the words He will say, "I'm the same yesterday, today, and forever."

He proves it to those who will open the door of faith. You'll not be contaminated with the locks on the door. Let Christ stand in the door. He will tell you that the Scriptures are true.

⁴⁵ When Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, when the people were staggering under the impact of the Holy Spirit, and the religious world, sanctified man, great scholars, and authors, doctors of the law stood outside and laughed at a hundred and twenty people staggering and acting like they were drunk . . .

When they was asked about it, the apostle Peter, who was given the keys to the Kingdom, they said, "What could we do to receive this?"

He said, "Repent every one of you . . ." Told those so-called believers to repent of their unbelief. "Repent, and be baptized in the Name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins; and you shall receive the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you and to your children (and to them in Klamath Falls, Oregon), even as many as the Lord, our God, shall call," the promise is to us. And when someone tries to shut that door and say, "That was for another age; the Holy Spirit isn't for this age," they deny the Word of the living God.

⁴⁶ But when the Holy Spirit, Christ, comes in to be Lord, He will say, Hebrews 13:8, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." He will say, Saint John 14:7 or 8: "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also." He will say, Mark 16 was the last commission He give to the church, "Go ye therefore in all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In My name they shall cast out devils, speak with new tongues. If they take up serpents or drink deadly things it wouldn't harm them. They'll lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover."

If Christ can come into the heart, come into the door of faith, He will make you believe that all things are possible to them that believe.

47 Did you notice the Bible speaking of this church in this day? “Because thou sayest that I am rich . . .” The richest times the church has ever had. Most prosperous age the church has ever lived in is now: great buildings, fine places, educated, scholared ministers. We got better ministers than we ever had, got better churches than we ever had, and the world’s sinking every day into sin. Got weaker pulpits than we ever had, and that’s why, people that don’t want to surrender themselves to God, they don’t want . . .

Oh, they’ll say, “I’m saved. I let Jesus save me.” But you won’t let Him be Lord, so He won’t stay with you long. And that’s the reason you go back into the world again. That’s exactly right.

Now, what takes place? In this hour that we’re living in, when Jesus comes in . . . Notice what He said, “You . . . Because you say, ‘I am rich and increased in goods, and I have need for nothing . . .’” We got the best pastors, the best-dressed audience, the finest churches, that church has ever knowed of. We . . . “Because you say that I am rich and increased in goods, and have need for nothing. Knowest thou not . . .” Now see, they’re professors; they let Christ come to the heart to save them. “But knowest thou not that thou art wretched, miserable, naked, blind, and don’t know it.” [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

48 And she was blind. And you go try to tell her, “Lady, come into the house quickly. You are—you are exposing yourself. You are naked.”

She’d say, “Get away from me, you holy-roller. I know where I am.” There’s something mentally wrong with the woman. She is that way and don’t know it. She actually doesn’t know it. She’s not putting on; she don’t know it. She doesn’t know it. The Bible said she doesn’t. She’s naked and don’t know it. She’s trying to cover up with fig leaves like Eve did in the garden. But to stand before God, she could not: Miserable, wretched, naked, blind, and don’t know it.

If a man was poor, miserable, wretched, blind, and naked, and if he knew it, he’d try to help himself. But when a man is in that kind of a condition and doesn’t know it, and won’t listen to it, you can’t tell him. He won’t listen.

49 “Oh, I stand at the door and knock.” [Brother Branham knocks on pulpit—Ed.] That’s the age He would stand and knock. “If you’ll just open and let Me come in and take control, I’ll clothe you with pure linen.” Oh, the righteousness of the Holy Spirit, “I’ll clothe you. I’ll take all the shame away from you. I’ll put your name in the Lamb’s Book of Life. I’ll give you Eternal Life.”

Oh, you’ll be hated by the world, certainly. “All that live godly in Christ Jesus,” says the Bible, “shall suffer persecutions. I’ll make you what you ought to be.”

⁵⁰ And remember, the Bible said they were blind—blind. Oh, there's so many blind people today. He said, "I counsel of thee to come and buy from Me salve, that I might put on your eyes so that you can see, some eyesalve." That Eyesalve is the Holy Spirit.

I was raised in Kentucky and my . . . We lived in a little, old log cabin, that had—made out of logs and the chinked up with mud. And a lot of that had dropped out, because it was old. And we had clapboard shingles on top of the house. And they were put on at the time in the light of the moon, and the singles had drawed up like this. And the rain would blow in, the snow would blow in. And just had two rooms, no floor in it, just the earth. . .

And I remember Papa had made a—a bench for us little boys to set behind the—the block table, that had been sawed out of a piece of a log with sticks under it to support. And the little, old step stove in there . . . Mama had an old trunk setting up on two pieces of a—a log, had little dents in it, an old cabinet the same way. And that, a couple of beds, that's all we had.

⁵¹ And us little boys had to sleep up in the loft. And there was a . . . They had two poles cut down with some saplings nailed across it. And up there, there was a—an old straw tick. And on this straw tick was a feather tick.

Then Mom would come up there at night and put all the blankets she had on us and the coats. And then over the top of that she'd put a piece of canvas, because if it rained, we could get under this canvas. If it snowed, keep it out of our faces.

And these three little Branhams laying up there, the wind blowing through those shingles at night, maybe, we would get cold. We'd get cold in our eyes. And the next morning, Mama would call us; she'd say, "Billy, come down."

And I'd try to open my eyes; I couldn't do it. And I'd punch my brother, Edward; I called him Humpy. I said, "Can you go down?"

He said, "My eyes are sticked together too."

Then we'd punch Melvin, see if he'd go down. "No, my eyes is sticking together too."

We'd caught cold, Mama told us, through the night. And I said, "Mama, I—I—I can't come down."

She said, "What's the matter, Billy?"

I said, "You know, my eyes is full of matter."

She called it matter; I don't know what it was; it's cold. And she said, "Your eyes is full of matter?"

She said, "Well, just wait a minute, honey."

⁵² Now, my—my mother's a half-Indian. Her father was one of the greatest hunters that I ever knowed of. And he used to hunt, and he would trap these raccoons and sell them. And, you know, when he'd get those coons, they'd be fat. And so he'd render out the grease. And coon grease was the cure-all at our house. That's all we had for medicine way back there.

I wonder how many in here, ever set by a grease candle, a little piece of yarn in a . . . Sure. How many ever burn a pine knot for . . . Well, that's the way we had to do it.

And if the neighbor's fire went out, we'd take fire from our own fireplace and go over and help make . . . No matches or nothing. You had to start it with a piece of flint or something, pack fire one for another . . . And I remember that they used to do that many, many times on a shovel and go way down the road to the neighbors. And when . . . We had it hard in them days.

⁵³ And then, I remember Mom would say, "Just a minute, honey." And she'd . . . We'd get the croup. You know what she'd do? She'd take a spoon full of this coon grease and—and put some turpentine on it, and sprinkle a little sugar on it, and we had to gulp that down. I don't know what that did for sore throat. But, anyhow, we got well. God's a merciful God.

Then when our eyes would all be stuck up, she'd say, "Just a minute, honey." And she'd set the old can of coon grease on the stove. And she'd get it good and warm. And up the steps she'd come, this little, old ladder. Come up there and massage our eyes with that coon grease until it—it come open.

Well, that'll be all right for the natural eye. But I'm telling you: There's been a lot of cold weather passing through the church. That's right. And they've got spirituals closes of their eyes. And it'll take more than coon grease to ever open it. It'll take the power of the Holy Spirit to come into the eyes.

⁵⁴ "Counsel of Me, come and buy eyesalve from Me as I knock at the door. Let Me come in and open up your eyes, put eyesalve on your eyes. It will open your eyes."

You don't know. Like Elijah, with—down at Dothan with his servant. When the—the army, the aliens, come up and surrounded the whole city of Dothan, and he said . . . The servant woke up, and he said, "My father, the whole Syrian army's upon us."

And the old prophet . . . You know, he could see. So he got up and looked around; he said, "Yeah, that's right. But there's more with us than there is with them."

And he said, "I don't see nobody but you."

And he put some eyesalve on him. He reached over and took a hold of his head and said, "Lord, open this boy's eyes that he can see." And when his spiritual sight come to him, all around that old prophet was Angels of fire, and chariots of fire, and mountains on fire. See, he was blind and didn't know it.

There's many people today that's blind and don't know the goodness of the Lord, honest, sincere people that don't know the goodness. You don't understand how good God is, what a pleasure it is to serve Him, what a—what a rest it is.

⁵⁵ Someday I got to stop. Someday I'll close my Bible for the last time. I've got to meet God and give an account for every one of you. And every person to . . . I guess I've preached direct or indirect to twenty or thirty million people around the world, seven times around. And I—I—I know I've got to answer for that. And I've got to be in the deepest of sincerity and know that I'm telling them the truth.

You don't realize the goodness of God. If a person, a sinner, could only open their eyes and see how good God is. If He could just rub a little salve on their eyes and they could look around and see how good He is. . .

⁵⁶ Down in Shreveport, Louisiana, not long ago, there was a . . . I was down there preaching in a tent meeting. I'd thought of Billy Graham out to the—the baseball stadium. And—and there was an old, colored brother down there. And he was a great old preacher, good old soul. And he had an old man in his church by the name . . . His name was Gabriel, but we kind of called him Gabe, because of short. And . . .

But he'd never would line up with the church. He would go to church, and he had a good, godly, sainted woman. And they prayed for Gabe, and they done everything that they could to get Gabe to go to church and to do right. But he just wouldn't do it. But he liked to go hunting.

⁵⁷ And one day him and the pastor was out hunting. It was one Saturday afternoon. And old Gabe was a poor shot; he couldn't hit nothing. But when he was coming in that afternoon, him and the pastor were just simply loaded with all the game they could pack, birds and rabbits and squirrels.

And they was coming along an old familiar pathway that they had traveled many times. And the Saturday afternoon sun was setting in the

west. And the pastor, leading the way with his gun across his shoulders, and the game hanging over both of them, walking along there . . . And he noticed as he looked back, Gabe kept looking back over his shoulder towards the setting of the sun. The pastor wasn't very much alarmed about it. So he just walked on.

58 And after while, a great big, dark hand laid upon his shoulder. And he turned around to look at Gabe. And the tears was just rolling off his big, dark cheeks. And he said, "Pastor, tomorrow morning I's guine to take my seat with my loving wife at the front of the church. And I want you to baptize me into Christian baptism. And there I will remain until Jesus calls me home." He turned and looked towards the sun again.

He said, "Gabe, you know I appreciate that." Said, "I want to ask you something." He said, "What sermon did I preach that caused you to turn, or what hymn did the choir sing that caused you to turn and make this decision for Christ?"

He said, "Pastor, I appreciates every sermon you ever preached to me. I appreciates every prayer that the saints ever prayed for me, and the hymns that the choir sing. But," said, "you know, that wasn't what done it." Said, "I looked back at that sun, and I realized my sun's setting too." He said, "Then I looked hanging all over me at the game." He said, "You know, I can't hit nothing." And said, "Yet today, He's give me all this game enough to last me all next week." He said, "Surely, He loves me, or He wouldn't have been so good to me." He said, "I felt Him knock at my heart. And I turned while you were walking on, and I opened my heart and said, 'Come in, Lord Jesus and take Your place in my heart.'" And said, "He did that. He's my Lord now from this time on."

59 Oh, if we would just look behind our shoulder and see how good God's been to us, just see His goodness to the sinner, to see that He's brought you safe thus far. Setting in your right mind, look back, Who's fed you? Who's clothed you? When those brakes were squeaking and the car almost rammed you, Who protected you then? Who was that that hour of sickness when the doctor shook his head and said, "I don't know no more to do." But you're here tonight. Look back a little piece and see what happened.

To you Christian, just take a look around and see the sinful world, how it is, and to know that God before the foundation of the world chose you by election, and put your name on the Lamb's Book of Life, and knocked at your heart. [Brother Branham knocks—Ed.] And you opened up and let Him come in. How good He is.

60 "Lo, I stand at the door and knock. And if you'll open the door, I'll come into to you and will sup with you." Sup with Him and Him with

me . . . “Sup” means “to entertain, to—to have fellowship, sup one with the other. It’s to have communion, fellowship one with another.”

Can you open your heart, every door, and say, “Lord, come in. Just don’t only be my Saviour, but be my Lord, my Ruler, my Controller. Take me what I am. Just as I am without one plea, but that Thy Blood was shed for me. Just as I am, Lord, I’ll believe You.”

⁶¹ Let us bow our heads just a moment for prayer. Just before praying. I wonder if there would be someone here that doesn’t know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and you would just like to raise up your hand and say, “Truly, preacher, it’s true that I—I—I don’t know Him; I haven’t never let Him be my Lord.”

Maybe you’ve accepted Him as your Lord, but never able and willing to surrender your whole life to Him, surrender everything that you’ve got to Him. Open every door and just make Him welcome and say, “Lord Jesus, I—I’ll let you in all my heart. You take my control tower, and You control me from henceforth.”

Would you like to just raise up your hands and say, “Lord, remember me?” God bless you, little one. Would there be . . . God bless you, sir.

Would there be some more? Would just raise your hand, say, “God, take complete control.” God bless you, young lady. God bless you, brother. That’s very good.

⁶² Just everyone pray, now, “Lord, anoint my eyes tonight. Maybe I’ve been a foolish child. If death would come to my room tonight, and I’d send quickly for the doctor, and he’d come up there and say, ‘It’s a heart attack. Young man, young woman, elderly person, there’s nothing I can do for you. There’s a blood clot laying on the heart.’”

You feel the veins cooling off in your hands, coming up your sleeve and you are pressing a dying pillow, as you’re moving away. Oh, how you want Him to take complete control then. But why not now? It’ll be too late then.

Maybe, if you’d just raise your hands, it’d mean a whole lot tonight. God bless you, young woman. Would there be another? God bless you back there. We’re not asking you to join a church. You go to any church you want to. We’re just asking you to let Jesus have complete control.

God is not going to question me that day what church I led people to. I’m not leading them to a church; I’m leading them to Jesus. Come, let Him come in. Will you do it?

⁶³ It won’t be long. May be laying you on the side of road in an accident tomorrow, next day, a month from now, ten years from now,

the blood pouring out of your veins, and you know just a few more struggles and you're finished, wallowing in your own blood . . .

Young man in your prime, just in the beauty of life, why, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." . . . Why not raise your hand to accept Him now? Someday, you're going to get old, if you live. It isn't going to be but just a few hours. You only are . . . You only mature from fifteen to twenty years, so science says. Then you start dying after that.

Young lady, beautiful, lovely, who made you that way? Why were you made that way? Not for the fodder of hell, sister, dear, but for the Kingdom and praises of God. Won't you recognize it now? That lovely, little face you have, that beautiful, little person you are, it isn't going to be long till those hairs will be turning gray. Those shoulders will be coming together. The toils of life in the next few years will wear it down. You might grieve Him away from your heart the last time. Remember, when He knocks, let Him in. Would you raise your hand, say, "Remember me, pastor. Pray for me." 'Fore we pray . . . God bless you, lady. That's very fine. God bless you, sister. God bless you. That's good. God bless you.

Someone else would say, "Remember me, brother. I—I—I want the . . . God to come to my heart. I—I—I. . ."

⁶⁴ It's the most essential thing can happen. Remember, life is just threescore and ten at the longest. But eternity is forever. For eternity, it has no beginning or no end. Forever is just a space of time. Eternity is on and on; aeons and aeons of time will still move on.

Will you . . . How many is Christians in here that's never opened up your complete heart to Christ to let Him be Ruler, Lord, and God? If you'd like for Him to do that, and want Him to do it in your life, what life you have left . . . You may be young. There may a many person setting here that's seventy years old will outlive a many fifteen, sixteen year-old boy or girl. If you live till morning, you'll outlive hundreds of them.

Raise your hand and say, "God, be merciful to me. Lord, take complete control of my heart. Take all that I am. I give it to you just as I am." Would you raise your hand? God bless you, you Christian, you Christian, you, you. Yes, my, all around, everywhere . . . You'll feel different when you put up your hand. It shows it's something. You stand for Christ here; He will stand for you there. If you're ashamed of Him here, He will be ashamed for you there. Won't you receive Him now? I wonder if, while we're singing this real softly,

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me . . .

⁶⁵ Won't you . . . Wonder if you'd raised your hands, and you that did not, you would like to make a . . . The Christian would like to come with the sinner tonight. The sinner is coming because that he realizes that God has spared his life and kept him out of hell this long. The Christians comes that knows and appreciates, that God has been so good to him to save his life. He or she . . .

I wonder, tonight, if it wouldn't be a good time for us to come up around the altar and have a prayer of consecration right here now in the church. To you church members, each one of you, let's come to the altar while we sing, will you?

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy . . . (Come, sinner friend, backsliders,
church member, Christian.) me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, receive;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Sinner, come; Christian, come. Show your appreciations. Make a stand for God. Just come right up. If you want Jesus to come into your heart, open up every door. Give Him right a away. Come.

⁶⁶ Here some time ago . . . (Many of you's heard the story. While the people are gathering up) Danny Greenfield, he was a great evangelist, he crossed—he come through Oregon here, around fifty years ago, crossed the United States . . . One night he had a dream that he died. I want you to listen to me. He thought he died in his dream, as he tells it in his book. And he said he went up to the gates of Heaven.

And he said up there at the gate of Heaven, the gate—gatekeeper said, "Who approaches this holy place?"

And he said, "I am Danny Greenfield, the American evangelist. I approach the throne of God's grace. I desire to come in and take my heavenly home."

He said, "Just a moment, Mr. Greenfield. Let me see if your name is on the book."

And he come back out; he said, "I'm sorry, sir. Your name is not on the book."

He said, "Oh, surely, you're mistaken."

He said, "I have every name. And there's no name on this book."

He said, "What must I do? I was an evangelist."

He said, "There's only one thing that I know for you to do is stand at the judgment seat."

⁶⁷ Well, that's all he had to do; there was no more decision to be made. He said he begin to move; he thought in his dream, out through space. And as he begin to come into a Light, he begin to slow up, slower and slower as the Light got greater. Finally, it got so light that he could hardly see anything. And he stopped and said he heard a great voice. And when I read that, my heart quivered. That great evangelist. . .

And he said that he heard a voice said, "Who approaches My throne of justice?"

He said, "I, Father, Danny Greenfield, the American evangelist." He said, "I come to the gates of the city, and I was turned away. And I had to appeal my case before Your justice." He said, "I stand in the shadow of your justice, sir. Is there any mercy for me?"

He said, "Then I'll try you by My law."

⁶⁸ Friend, don't you never wait to get to the white throne judgment. You better get mercy now. And He said, "I will try you by My laws." He said, "Danny Greenfield, did you ever tell a lie in all your life?"

He said, "I thought I'd been honest and I told the truth." "But," said, "in the Presence of that great Light, I seen I told things that wasn't just right." He said, "No, I—I lied."

He said, "Then, Danny Greenfield, did you ever steal?"

And he said, "If anything I'd thought I'd been was honest." "But," said, "in the Presence of that Light, I seen a many a little deal that I pulled that wasn't just right."

Brother, you might not think so much about it tonight, sister. But in the Presence of that Light, you'll think of a lot of things then. It won't be like it is now.

⁶⁹ And He said, "Danny Greenfield (after He quoted over the Commandments). . ." He said, "Have you been perfect? My justice requires perfection."

He said, "No, Lord. I was not perfect." And said, "I was listening to hear that great blast, 'Depart from Me, you worker of iniquity, into everlasting destruction, which is prepared for the devil and his angels.'" And said, "Just then, when my bones seemed like they went out of their places. . ." Said, "I heard the sweetest voice I ever heard." Said, "I turned to look, and I saw the sweetest face I ever seen." Said, "There's no mother's voice or mother's face could ever be so sweet as that face." And said, "He walked close to me, put His arms around me."

He said, "Father, it is true that Danny Greenfield wasn't perfect in earth. But when he was there, he did one thing: He stood for Me while

he was there. And now I'll stand for him here. Let all of his guilt be placed upon Me."

⁷⁰ I wonder tonight, brother, sister, if you could have anybody else, a pastor, or a friend, or a church, or anything could stand besides the Blood of the Lord Jesus . . . Won't you make a stand for Him tonight so that He will stand for you at that day? If you want to, you're welcome to come and to consecrate yourself to the Lord while we sing once more.

Just as . . .

Stand for Him. Jesus said, "If you're ashamed of Me here, I'll be ashamed of you there." Come on now, won't you make a stand? Consecrate yourselves, Christians. Rededicate your life. Stand right out in the aisle if you want to. If there's no room in the aisle, stand right up to your feet. Right where you are, stand to your feet.

. . . promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
[Brother Branham begins humming—Ed.] and
waiting not

(Listen to this.)

To rid my soul of one (Just one, that's what it takes
to condemn you.)
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

⁷¹ Let us bow our heads now. Each one, in your own way, the way you pray at your church . . . The sinners that's standing, just as a sinner in the Bible could only smote himself on the chest and say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." . . . He went home justified. Don't fear, sinner. You'll do the same tonight if you'll just make the sinner's prayer, "Be merciful to me, O God."

To you Christians, offer to Him the adoration of your heart, the praises. This city, since I've been here, I perceive that you need a revival. A revival is not bringing in new members, but revive what you have. Now, there's many ministers standing. There's sainted people that's standing to be thankful to God. There's sinners standing, backsliders, church members standing.

Now, as we bow our heads, remember, He's knocked at your heart. "No man can come to Me except My Father draws him." Do you know that? What if you was that person that God never spoke to? What if you were predestinated to eternal destructions like Pharaoh was, like Pilate was. God could never touch your heart.

⁷² Not long ago down in Tennessee, in a Baptist church, I was led to go a young lady at the back of the church. She was a deacon's daughter.

And I asked her, I said, "The Lord is dealing with you. Isn't He, sister?"

She said, "If I wanted somebody to talk to me like that, I'd get somebody that had some sense."

I walked outside the building. A rosebush was standing there. When I come around, oh how rude that woman talked to me. Very attractive, young lady . . .

About two years later, I come through the place. And there she was going down the street. A lady had been a fine character, her underneath garments hanging down; she looked dirty, smoking a cigarette. And I thought that was the girl. And I crossed over the street and went down the other way, kinda behind her.

She knew that somebody was following her; she slowed up. When she got up close, she said, "Hello, preacher." Oh, my . . . And she says, "You remember me?"

I said, "Yes ma'am, I do."

She reached down in her pocketbook; she said, "Have a cigarette."

I said, "Shame on you."

She said, "Maybe you'd take a drink."

And I said, "This hasn't happened, has it?"

She said, "Will you step into my apartment here? I want to talk to you."

I said, "Could you not talk here at the door?"

And she said, "You remember that night that you made that altar call?"

And I said, "Yes, ma'am, I sure do."

Said, "I want to tell you something. That was my last chance." She said, "I grieved Him once too many." She said, "Mr. Branham." She said, "My heart has been so hard since that time." (Now listen at this statement. I asked her if I could quote it, and she said I could.) She said, "My heart has been so hard till I could see my mother's soul fry in hell like a pancake and laugh at it." That's for turning Him away.

Don't turn Him away, don't turn Him away,
Jesus is . . . ? . . . your heart to lead.

Although you've gone a-stray.

Oh, how you'll need Him to say, "Well done,"

On that eternal day!

Don't turn the dear Saviour away from your heart,

Don't turn Him away.

⁷³ Let us bow our heads. Our heavenly Father, the precious, old Gospel, although it's been persecuted and drug through all kinds of dark places, but yet it outshines anything the world has ever offered: a cleansing for the soul, a balm in Gilead for the unclean. We are so glad that the Blood of Jesus Christ in this day, that when we know that our nation is soon to be going into bits, according to Bible prophecy. It will not be long, Lord, when we see the guns and the atomic weapons that's hanging in every nation just waiting for one to cross the radar screen and then the whole world will go in . . . Scientists have already said it's less than three minutes before midnight. When men of the scientific world sees it many times before so-called Christians can recognize it . . .

That great man, the other day, said if he would place it onto the radio or televisions, our most noted science in this nation said that people would be frantic in the streets screaming for mercy . . . God . . .

And to think before that happens, You promised You would come for Your Church. How close is Your coming, Father? We stand here tonight in the shadows of Thy mercy. I bring to You this audience, Lord. I have given to them the Gospel as true as I know it out of the Bible, that You stand in this Laodicean age, where people are justifying themselves by belonging to church or reciting some creed. And yet they will not welcome You as Lord into their heart. I did the best that I know how, Father, by the leading of the Holy Spirit.

⁷⁴ Literally hundreds are standing to their feet. I pray, Lord God, that each Christian here will consecrate their life anew to You right now. Lord God, may the sinner make a complete surrender, open up every door, every avenue that they have to live through, and make Christ stand at the Head of the house, the Head of the door, the Head of their soul, their mind, and operate through them His will to do. Grant it, Lord. Bless each and every one here. Bless the sick and the afflicted. May those who are standing now that's even sick, grant that the great healing Spirit of God will move upon this building. Heal every sick person that's standing here. Grant it, Lord. Save every sinner, and fill every believer, and encourage every Christian to go forward. Grant it, Lord.

We offer to You the adoration of our heart. We praise Thee with all that's in us. We lift our hearts. We lift our hands. We lift our voice. We lift all that we are, Lord, into Thy Presence. Receive us, O Lord. We consecrate ourselves now to Thee. Take this great, ransomed Church of the living God. Sanctify it, Father. Fill it with the Holy Spirit.

⁷⁵ May the Spirit of God sweep over this building now, drunken the people. O God, give them the joy of the Lord, that they'll be filled

with the Holy Ghost like they were on the day of Pentecost: that from this hour on, they'll go forth the power of God to every church and to every person, that they may be filled with the goodness of God, that the power of God might operate through everybody, and every soul would be blessed.

May the people be on the streets tomorrow, testifying, glorifying God. Men and women at their work, giving the praises to God. The hour has come, Lord, that when we're looking for Your coming at any moment. Let us not stand with shamed faces. Let us be filled with Thy goodness and Thy Spirit. Grant it, Lord, as we offer You our ardent prayer.

⁷⁶ In the Name of Jesus Christ we give this audience to You. I give myself to You; I give my life to You thirty one years ago, Lord. O God, help me to live for the Kingdom of God. Help me, Lord, to lead souls to You, to enter into that blessed Presence of that Eternal hope that rests the other side. O God, we thank You for this. Our souls are scourged out; our spirits feel clean. We have made this consecration to Thee.

Holy Father, keep us in the center of Thy will, doing Thy commandments, walking after the orders of God, taking the commandments of God and living by them. Grant it, Lord. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ ever remain upon us. Through the mercies of God, we beg in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

⁷⁷ How many of you Christians tonight likes the . . . The preaching of the Word is just like a . . . Well, it is like an anesthetic that puts you to sleep for the operation, that God can take the things of the world out of you. The anesthetic of the Holy Spirit as it breathes upon you, and you go to sleep, and the great Physician begins to operate with His knife and cuts away the things of the world . . . How many feel that since you stood to your feet and have consecrated your lives to God, that you feel like a different person? Raise up your hands like this. Thanks be to God. Let us sing Him the good, old hymn of the church, all of us together then.

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

All right, everybody together now, all together.

I love . . . (Let us raise our hands as we sing it.) I love
Him
Because He first loved me
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.

I . . . (Just sing it with your heart now. Message is
over. Just worship in the Spirit.)
Because He first loved me
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.

⁷⁸ Now, while we hum it, I want you to shake hands with somebody
by you and say, "Greetings, Christian pilgrim, friend." Shake hands
with one another; say, "God bless you." Methodists, Baptists,
Presbyterian, Pentecostal, Nazarene, Pilgrim Holiness, whatever you
are, shake hands.

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

Now, let's raise your hands and sing it to God with our eyes closed,
loud as we can now, to His praise. Sing it to Him now.

I love Him, I love Him
Because He first (Wave your hand to Him.) loved me
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.



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For more information or for other available material, please contact:

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS
P.O. Box 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.
www.branham.org