

SERMONS
BY
REV. W. M. BRANHAM

"... in the days of the voice... " Rev. 10:7

VISIONS OF WILLIAM BRANHAM
Jeffersonville, IN
September 30, 1960
Vol. 60, No. 65

Introduction

The compiler of the work, A. David Mamalis, recognized that all sermons are public domain, belonging to the people. There is NO claim of copyright on the sermon text. The copyright applies to the verso side of the title page; and only in the design of the classification system of all interrelations of the text to the volume, volume number, paging, paragraphing, or any identification of the text by utilizing the copyrighted classification system.

The purpose of such copyright is to preserve the work for the design of indexes, and other support reference materials, for the study of the last days' message. Permission is given for anyone to print and distribute this booklet, provided it is done free of charge. Any changes made to the electronic file that this booklet is distributed in constitute a violation of international copyright law.

Instructions for printing this booklet in its proper format can be found in the Printing FAQ on our website at www.thefreeword.com.

We pray that the Holy Spirit will make the messages alive to those who are called to be conformed to the image of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

www.thefreeword.com

Licensed Internet Publisher

The remarkable ministry of William Marrion Branham addressed every major doctrine of the Christian faith. If you wish to access any of the more than 1100 messages, or have questions of a spiritual nature, please refer to our website at:

www.thefreeword.com

The remarkable ministry of William Marrion Branham addressed every major doctrine of the Christian faith. If you wish to access any of the more than 1100 messages, or have questions of a spiritual nature, please refer to our website at

www.thefreeword.com

Copyright by A. David Mamalis

exactly the way the Lord said. And when I did that, when Mrs. Nail walked in the room and seen that, down she went on the floor again fainted. She's kind of a weakly person and she fainted on the floor again, and Brother Nail was trying to work with her. And old Brother Jim standing there saying, "Bless the Lord," holding his hands together, if you all know how he acted. And so then I looked at that, and I seen that, and I laid my hands upon her . . . or, across her stomach like this, and I said, "Lord, I do this at the command of what I think is God telling me to do it."

68 And about that time she started crying and she jumped up. And they just got Mrs. Nail to her feet; she'd woke up from her fainting spell. And when the girl jumped from the bed, there come her pajama leg up. On the right leg—just exactly the way that it showed in the vision—and there was that round knee of a girl instead of a boy, and down went Mrs. Nail again, see. She fainted. That was three times she'd fainted. And that girl walked out of there in that room and went into her dressing room, weeping, and put on her kimono, come walking back, combing her hair with her . . . with that crip. . . and her one hand was paralyzed too on the right side, combing her hair with that crippled hand. She's married, got a bunch of children. Her name . . . I don't know what her name is now, but Nail, as anybody could tell you—Harold Nail. And that visions are true!

Visions Of William Branham

1 This tape is being made for the kingdom of God, as I am presenting it to Brother Lee Vayle for a manuscript. Brother Vayle has asked me here in the presence of Brother Mercier to give some of the former visions. Of course visions was. . . . One of the first things I can remember is visions coming. Visions come all the time, but after my conversion is where I think you were interested in, Brother Vayle.

2 Well, I remember after I was ordained in the church, the Baptist church, by Dr. Roy Davis here at Watt Street in Jeffersonville where the church was at the time, I remember one outstanding vision not over a few weeks after my . . . about, I'd say a few days after my ordination. I saw a vision of an old man that was laying in the hospital that was mashed. He was a colored man, and he was instantly healed insomuch that it caused a lot of confusion. And he got up out of the bed and walked away, and two days, about two days, after that I was cutting off services, non-paid services, in New Albany—water and gas and electrical bills—and I was so filled with joy every time I'd find an old house, I'd just go in and pray, you know, where no one lived. And I remember telling Mr. Johnny Potts, which is living today; he's way close to, I guess, to seventy or eighty years old. He was an old meter reader. And they'd taken him off of meter reading then and had placed him at the desk to take complaints and things as you entered the door, and service calls. And I was telling him what the Lord had showed me. And he'd been, once in a while, picking up a few stray meters that the regular men didn't get. And in this he was telling a man, which I'd seen in the paper where they had an old wagon in those days, drove two horses to pick up garbage and trash in the alley.

3 There was an old colored man by the name of Mr. Edward J. Merrill. He lived at 1020 Clark Street in New Albany. And he had been hit by two white people, which was a white girl and a boy riding in a car and had lost control of the car, and it mashed him into the wheel of the wagon, and it just broke all of the bones in his body nearly, and through his chest part, especially; knocked his back out of place and they had him in the hospital, very bad. And Mr. Potts, passing through the hospital there in New Albany, had told him about the Lord dealing with me, and he sent for me to come pray for him. And immediately I thought that's the man that I have seen in

this vision. So, I was a little scared to go because that was one of my first, you see, to go like that. But, however, I went and got my buddy, which had just been converted, a little French boy named George De Arc. And I'd just led him to Christ. And we went up, and I said, "Now, Brother George, I want you to remember these things that happen to me. I can't understand them, but you remember this man's going to be healed. And when he's healed, his. . . . I can't pray for him until the two white people comes and stands on the other side of the bed, because I have to do it the way it was showed to me."

4 And I went in to the hospital and asked for Mr. Merrill. And I went there and his wife told me that he was very seriously and he couldn't move because that the x-rays that showed that some of these bones were laying right next to the lungs. And if he'd move, why, it might puncture his lungs and hemorrhage him to death. And he was very bad, and it was a hemorrhaging a little from his throat, and so forth, because he was bleeding around the mouth. He'd been laying there about two days. And the man was at that time about sixty-five years old, I suppose—sixty or sixty-five. Elderly man, his mustache, long, had turned white and his hair was graying. And I went in and told this man, though, the vision I had saw from the Lord. And the young people come in that had hit him. And I knelt down to pray for him and all of a sudden this man let out a scream, saying, "I'm healed," and jumped up. And his wife trying to hold him back in bed, and one of the interns come trying to hold him in bed, and he jumped out of the bed, caused a lot of excitement.

5 And when I went to the . . . I said to Brother George. . . . And then there was one of the sisters (it was a Catholic hospital) come in and said I'd have to get out of there for getting that man excited, because he had a fever of about 104°. And the strange thing, when they put him back in the place and some of the doctors had put him . . . made him go back to bed because he was putting on his clothes. And when they took his temperature, he had no temperature.

6 There's many people living today that's seen the visions, seen it happen, or know about it. And I went out and stood on the steps and said to Brother George, "Now, you watch. He's going to be wearing a brown coat and a plug hat. He'll walk right down these steps in a few minutes." And he actually did. He come right out and walked down.

7 About a night after that, the Lord appeared to me again one morning just about the break of day, and showed me a woman hideously crippled

He said "Why?"

I said, "He has an afflicted daughter, doesn't he?"

He said, "Yes, sir, he does."

I said, "The Lord is going to heal her."

65 And the old man started crying. See, never knowed it, and so he was included in the vision. He didn't know what was going on. I turned around. We got Mrs. Nail kind of revived again and went up there. Walked up into the yard, got out of the car, started in, started up the place to the, you know, to the place where it was at. And a heavy-set young woman came to the door.

I said, "There she is, see."

And so she said, "How do you do?"

And I said, "How do you do?"

I said, "I'm Brother Bill."

"Oh," she said, "I thought you were." She said, "You got my letter?"

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

She said, "I am Mrs. Harold Nail."

I said, "Well I'm glad to know you, Mrs. Nail. And this is just a little party come with me to pray for your girl."

Said, "Yes."

I said, "She's fixing to be healed."

She said, "What?" And her lips started quivering, she started crying.

I said, "Yes ma'am."

66 And I don't know, I never stopped for the woman. I walked right on down the hall and my party following me. When I opened the door to the right of the hall, a big old country home, opened the door there was the yellow news . . . the yellow papers on the wall, red figures, the sign 'God bless our home,' the old brass poster bed, chunk stove sitting to my left. And there was a little bitty cot sitting there with this boyish-looking girl laying in it.

67 Now something happened. I was up in the corner of the room watching my body go to that bed, and I laid my hands right across her stomach

there is a crowd like that I have to get to myself, and so I waited a few minutes.

60 I happened to be attracted to look over there and I happened to think, "Well, looky here, here's that old church sitting down here." And if you're ever at it, it's the Bunker Hill church. And I looked over on the side, Bunker Hill Christian Church, and there was the tombstones of the graveyard right in front of the church and I went over there.

61 I said, "Now you all got them letters." I never been in that country before in my life, never was in above there anywhere in my life. And I said "You get them names and numbers and come over here, see if they ain't the same on this tombstones." And there it was just exactly. I said, "That's it. We're on the right road now." That was the angel of the Lord, see. I passed right on by it and not know it. Oh, He's perfect. And so we rode on and on.

Directly I met a man and I said, "Could you tell me where South Boston is, sir?"

He said, "You jog to the right and left," and, you know, so forth like that, and we just kept right on going.

62 So after a while we came in . . . I noticed I came into a little place and it had kind of a little village like and I looked and I said, "That's it, that's it right there." I said, "There is that yellow store front." And I said, "Now you watch, a man is going to come out of there with a blue overalls on, white corduroy . . . a yellow corduroy cap with a white mustache and tell me where to go. If it ain't, I'm a big storyteller."

63 And so they was all waiting. And I drove up in front of the place, and just as I drove in front, out came the man with a blue overall suit on and a yellow corduroy cap and a white mustache. And Mrs. Brace fainted in the car, seeing it come to pass like that.

I said, "Sir, you are to tell me where Harold Nail lives."

He said, "Yes, sir." Said, "Did you come from the South?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

64 Said, "You passed it about a half mile down the road. You turn the first road to the left. You go up and you find a big red barn, and you turn in there at that red barn." He said, "It's the second house on your right as you turn up that little lane like, road."

I said, "Yes, sir."

that was going to be made well. So I said, "Well, I'll probably find out where she's at."

8 And so I went down and was turning off some water up on, I believe it was around Eighth Street in New Albany. And it was a double tenement and I was afraid I'd turned off both sides. One side the people had moved out and the other side the people were there. So I went over to the side that had the . . . that was occupied and knocked at the door. And they was real poor people. And a very attractive young girl come to the door, rather poorly dressed. And she said, "What did you want?"

And I said, "Would you try the water to see if it's off?"

And she said, "Yes, sir." And she went . . . she said, "No, the water is still on."

I said, "Thank you."

9 And her mother laying on bed, her name was Mrs. Mary Darryl O'Hannion. And she was Armenian. Her boy played fullback, I believe it was, on the New Albany football team. And her daughter was in high school; her name was Dorothy. And she said . . . Dorothy said to me, "Aren't you that man of God that had that healing here in the hospital the other day? My mother wishes to speak to you."

10 And I went in and she told me that. . . . She was laying crippled and she had been crippled in the bed seventeen years, since this girl was born. And so. . . . The girl was seventeen years old. And so I told her that . . . she said, "Are you that man of God that healed that man?"

11 I said, "No, ma'am. I'm not a healer. I just merely prayed for the sick man, was showed by something that told me." I didn't know what to call it, a vision or what, I didn't know what it was yet. I was just a boy and single and everything.

12 So this lady asked me for prayer for her, and I told her to let me pray first and then if the Lord showed me to come back. And then when I went out to pray, I got Brother George and I said, "That's that woman that I was telling you that I'd prayed about. I know it's the same woman. Go with me." And we went up there to offer prayer.

13 And so this little seventeen-year-old-girl . . . of course, me just a young boy, and she had a brother about six, eight years old, something like that. And there was a Christmas tree (It was right after Christmas.) standing in the house. And they got behind this Christmas tree to laugh at me, to make

their mother well. I told her that the Lord was going to heal her. And Brother George and I got down to pray.

14 And when I started to pray, well, that angel that I see, that you see in the picture, I seen it hanging over the bed. Well, I reached over and took ahold of her hand. I said, "Mrs. O'Hannion. . . ." Now she lives in New Albany right now, her and her husband and family. And I said, "Mrs. O'Hannion, the Lord Jesus has sent me and told me before coming to pray for you and you was going to be made well. Rise up on your feet and be made well in the name of Jesus."

15 Her legs was drawed up under her. She, with an Armenian Bible over her heart, started moving towards the side of the bed. And as she did, she. . . . Then Satan spoke to me, said, "You let her hit that floor, she'll break her neck, off that high bed." I was scared for a moment and I'd always knowed that what them visions (I didn't know what it was then) that told me was always right. So I went ahead anyhow, let her come off the bed. And God being my witness, as soon as she started to jump from that bed, both legs come straight. Her daughter screamed, pulling her hair and running out into the street screaming as loud as she could; neighbors come from everywhere. And there she was for the first time for seventeen years, walking around in that room, praising God. I left immediately to get away from it.

16 Later I got acquainted with this young girl, and went with her. Of course, this don't have to be on record, but I went with the young girl.

17 Not long after that, a few weeks, I was in my mother's house one evening. And I'd been praying that day, and I just simply couldn't seem to break through to victory in my prayer. And I thought I'd just stay all . . . you know, go ahead to bed. I was staying at home at that time. And so I went into the room to pray and it was about one o'clock in the morning, I guess. And I prayed, and all at once I looked. And Mama, she used to take her clothes and just pile them in a chair you know; we were real poor people.

18 I looked, something white coming to me. And I thought I was looking at that chair of clothes, but it was that angel of the Lord, that cloud, you know, and it come over to where I was. And I was standing in a room, a little what we call a shotgun house, a little straight house two rooms in it, and it had red wainscoting up here for the side, you see. There was a little iron poster bed to my right side. There was a black headed woman standing against the . . . the one room went out into the kitchen, she was standing

55 I went home and told my mother, told them about it. I said, "That's the girl." And then that night at church, I said to the church, I said, "Here's that place." I said, "Anybody know where South Boston is?"

And Brother George Wright (you all are acquainted with him) he said, "Brother Branham, I think it's down in the south."

56 So the next day two friends of mine and my wife which now is, and a man and his wife from Texas, their name was Brace, Ed Brace. He lives down here now in below Milltown, farmer. He was a rancher out in the West, and he had moved here to be close to the church. And I had prayed for his wife and she had been healed of a tubercular condition. And so he wanted to see this happen.

I said, "You go with me and see if it don't happen just this way."

57 So the lady had never seen the vision, Mrs. Brace. So my wife went with me. And Brother Jim Wisehart, the old elder you remember the church there, the old deacon, he wanted to see it. And I had just a little old roadster then, and I piled them all in there. And we went down below New Albany and I found this sign. And I come to find out it wasn't South Boston, it was New Boston. So then I didn't know where to go, so I came back up to Jeffersonville and asked somebody. And somebody went to the post office, and they said, "South Boston is up above Henryville."

58 So I went up to Henryville and I asked there. And they said, "Turn off on this road. It's about fifteen miles back where these knobs here. You'll find a little place you'll . . . be careful you'll miss it." said, "because it's just one little store, and the store's got the post office and everything else in it." South Boston . . . over in these knobs. There's seventeen thousand acres of them knobs in there, you see, and this was over behind them in the hills there. So we went on riding along and all at once I felt real strange after been driving five or six miles. I felt real strange and I said, "I don't know."

They said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "I believe that one that talks to me wants to talk to me so I'm going to have to leave the car."

59 So I got out of the car and the women sitting on women's laps, you know, and everything . . . that little old roadster. And I got out of the car and went around behind the car, and I bowed my head down and put my foot up on the bumper on the back of the car. And I said, "Heavenly Father, what would You have your servant know." And I prayed, nothing happened. I waited a few minutes and I thought . . . well, usually where

50 My wife now, Meda, way before we were married, so, she was in the bunch. And a truck load went and placed themselves around the house, see, to see me when I drove up in the old Public Service company truck that I had to home that night (I didn't have any car of my own) full of tar in the back and things, you know, where I had been hauling that day and fixing things. Drove up in front, stopped, went up on the porch, knocked on the door. And they didn't have no rugs on the little old floor, and the mother come across the floor said, "Why, it's Brother Bill," like that. And the people were looking at the windows at the time to see what would happen.

51 And in the corner playing was this little boy, the third day. I stopped, never said a word, and he come strolling across the floor put his little hands up in mine with a . . . had been drinking chocolate milk, his little mustache like across there from the chocolate milk, put his hands up in mine. Said, "Brother Bill, I'm perfectly whole."

52 That night at the church I told it. I said, "There's a crippled girl somewhere that's needy." I said, "Church, I don't know what these things mean, I can't tell you."

53 And so I was working at the Public Service, and I remember one day, about a week after that, I started to leave the building, going out. Mr. Herb Scott lives here in the city right now (he was my boss) and he said. . . . I started down and he said, "Billy."

And I said, "Yes."

Said, "Before you leave, I've got a letter here for you."

54 I said, "Okay, Herb, I'll pick it up in a minute." And so I went over to get my other work I was checking up, so I went over to get my other work done. And when I did, I remembered that letter. And I went and got it and opened it up, and said, "Dear Mr. Branham," see, said, "my name is Nail. I'm Mrs. Harold Nail. We live at a place called South Boston," and said, "we're Methodists by faith. And I happened to read a little book that you wrote called, 'Jesus Christ the Same Yesterday, Today, and Forever,' a little pamphlet. And we were having prayer meeting in our house the other night, and we have heard of you having success praying for the sick." And said, "I have an afflicted daughter fifteen years old," said, "that's laying on the bed of affliction, and somehow I just can't get it off my mind that I should have you to come pray for this girl. Would you please do it? Yours truly, Mrs. Harold Nail. South Boston, Indiana."

I said, "You know that's the girl, that's her."

against that kitchen door, weeping. There was a father standing to me that had been brought me a baby that something had been laying on its little chest, and one . . . his left leg wound around till it was laying up against its little body, and the right leg wind vice-versa, both arms wound up too, against his body. And its little body was twisted and wound up until it, right here at its neck. And I wondered, "What does this mean?"

19 And I looked, sitting down to my left, and there sat an old woman taking her glasses off and wiping them from tears or something on her glasses. To my right on a red duofold, which was a match to the chair, sat a young blond-headed boy with curly hair, looking out the window. I looked, standing way over to my right, and there stood that angel of the Lord. And he said to me, "Can this baby live?"

And I said, "Sir, I don't know."

He said, "Lay your hands across it, it shall live."

20 And I did; and the baby had jumped down off out of the arms of the father, and the little right leg untwisted, the right side untwisted, right arm untwisted. It made another step, and the other side untwisted. Made another step and the other side untwist. . . the body, middle part untwisted. And he put his little hands in mine and said, "Brother Branham, I'm perfectly whole." The little baby was wearing blue corduroy coveralls . . . or overalls, little bibbed overalls. And he had brown hair and a little bitty tiny mouth.

21 And then the angel of the Lord told me. . . . He was taking me somewhere else. And I was carried way away, and he sat me down by the side of an old graveyard and showed me the numbers on a tombstone near a church. And he said, "This will be your directing place."

22 He carried me into another place and there was a . . . looked like it had been a little town with about two stores in it, and one had a yellow front, yellow boarding on the walls. And I walked up there, or stood there, and there was an old man coming out with a blue corduroy jacket on . . . or blue jean jacket and blue overalls with a yellow corduroy cap and he had a big white mustache. He said, "He'll show you the way."

23 And the next time I come to, I saw. . . . I was walking into a room following a rather heavy-set young woman. And as I entered the door, the figures in the paper on the wall were red. Up over the door had a sign "God bless our home." There was a big old brass poster bed laying to my right side and a chunk stove sitting at the left. And over in the corner laid a girl

of about fifteen years old, and she'd had polio or something that had drawn her right leg up and her foot turned sideways, and it was drawn under her. And she looked like a boy, only she had hair like a girl. And she had heart-shaped lips like a girl. And he said to me, "Can that girl walk?"

And I said, "Sir, I do not know."

He said, "Go put your hands across her stomach."

24 Then I thought it was a boy sure enough because him having me put my hands across her stomach. I did as he told me. And I heard somebody say, "Praise the Lord." And I looked up and when I did, this girl was raising up. And when she raised up, the pajamas she had on, her pajama leg come up and it showed a round knee like a girl's knee and not knotty, you know, like the boy's knee. And I knew it was a girl. And she had on her pajamas, and she come walking to me, combing her hair (she was blond), combing her hair. The girl lives in Salem today, married and got three or four children. And her mother and father still there also.

25 And so I come to, and I could hear somebody saying, "Brother Branham . . . or, Brother Bill. Oh, Brother Bill." And my mother was calling me. And I thought I'd hear one one way coming out of that vision, you know, kind of groggy.

And I said, "What do you want, Mom?" in the next room where she was sleeping.

And she said, "There's somebody knocking at your door."

26 And I heard it, "Brother Bill." And I opened the door. There was a man stepped in. His name was John Emil. He lives in Miami, Florida, now. And he said, "Brother Bill, you don't remember me."

I said, "No, I don't believe I do."

27 Said, "You baptized me and my family. But," said, "I took a road that's wrong." He said, "I killed a man here sometime ago, hit him with my fist and broke his neck in a fight." Said, "I've lost one of my little boys, the oldest one." And said, "The youngest one is laying home, dying now." And said, "The doctor of the city here had just left and said the child has double pneumonia and just barely can get its breath." And said, "I just. . . . You come on my heart and wondered if you'd come and have prayer with it." And said, "Now, as you know, I'm a cousin to Graham Snelling." Which Graham Snelling is Reverend Graham Snelling now, had not

with his overcoat on and ready to go out. Real cold weather, blizzardy cold. And I thought . . . and the old lady sat down in this chair; and Graham sat down and ducked his head down; and the mother of the baby put her hand up over the door and began weeping—just exactly the vision—and the old lady sat down. And instead of it being tears altogether on her glasses, coming from the cold, it had fogged them; and she reached into her little briefcase and got a little handkerchief out, or a little satchel, and started wiping these glasses. Brother, that was it.

I said to Mr. Emil, I said, "Mr. Emil, do you still have confidence in me as a servant of Christ?"

He said, "I sure do, Brother Branham."

45 I said, "I can tell you now. I spoke ahead of the vision awhile ago; that's why it didn't happen. If you still got confidence in me, go bring me your baby." Oh my. I seen it was right then you see. "Go bring me your baby."

46 He said, "I'll do anything you tell me to do, Brother Bill. I won't be afraid to pick it up." Because when you picked it up it just went the breath altogether left it. Brought the little baby up to me, reached and got it in his arms. Brought it up to me and stood there.

47 I put my hand on it and said, "Lord, forgive the stupidity of your servant," see. "I spoke ahead of your vision, but now let it be known that You're God of heavens and earth."

48 No more than said that, the little baby throwed both arms around his daddy and began screaming and crying said, "Daddy, I feel all right now," see.

I said, "Mr. Emil, let the little baby alone. It'll be three days before it leaves it, because it made three steps unwinding."

49 I went home. I told it in my church. I said, "I'm going back." That was on Monday. I said, "Wednesday night before church, I'm going up there." They was poor people and we made them up a basket of groceries to take to them. So I said, "I want you all to go. And when I go there . . . and you get around the house, and when I come to that place where that house is, you watch and see if that little baby don't come across the floor with a little mustache made here where he has been drinking chocolate milk or something, see, and put his hands in mine and say these words, 'Brother Bill, I'm perfectly whole.'" This little three-year-old baby. "Watch and see if it don't happen."

40 I hated to stay there in the house, just the baby and the mother and myself, because they were young people. He was about twenty-five years old, I suppose, and I was about the same age. And I said, "No, I'll just wait, if you don't mind."

He said, "It's all right, Brother Bill."

41 And so the mother walking the floor hysterically and trying to . . . crying and everything, you know, and the baby was just worse, see. Just looked like any minute it was trying to catch his breath like going, "Uh uh." That was all the breath that was in it. They didn't have penicillin and things in them days you see and so they just put plasters on them and things like that; but the little baby had had it for several days and it was gone, see . . . or going.

And then I sat down there and I thought, "My, if Graham goes. . . ."

Graham got his coat on he started to go out the door, and he said to his wife, he said, "Now, we'll be back just a minute."

I thought, "Oh God, then I'll have to stay here all day and maybe all night again, see, waiting for that vision. What can I do?"

42 And I looked out the window, and coming around the house come the baby's grandmother and there (I didn't learn till later it was the grandmother) and she had on glasses. I thought, "This is it, Lord. If Graham just don't go out the door." So, she always come to the front door but somehow they don't even know, to yet, but she went to the back door, come in the kitchen. And she walked in the kitchen, the little old house, and she got to the door. Her daughter ran over there and kissed her, because it was the daughter's mother, you know and kissed her and Brother Graham.

And then she said, "Is the baby better?"

And she said, "Mother, it's dying." And she started screaming like that . And her mother crying.

43 Then I thought, "If this would just work, now if Graham don't go out. . . ." And I raised up and I couldn't say nothing, you see, just wait. And Brother Graham walked around. I got up so he could sit down. And that was some of his relation, you see, so he just started crying, too, and sat down on the duofold where he was supposed to be sitting.

44 I thought, "Now if that old lady will just come around and sit down in this red chair." And I got back to the door where Mr. Emil was standing

become a minister at that time, a nice Christian boy. He said, "He's my cousin. I'm going down to get him," which lived about a half a mile from me down in the city and said, "I'm going down to get him. And would you go up?"

And I said, "Yes, Mr. Emil, as soon as I put my clothes on."

And so he said, "I'll take my car and take you up."

And I said, "All right."

Said, "As soon as I get Graham, and I want you all to pray for the baby.

And I said, "All right." So then I went to getting ready.

And Mother said, "What was the matter?"

I said, "There's a little baby to be healed."

And so she said, "Healed?"

And I said, "Yes, Mother." And so I said, "I'll tell you more about it when I come back."

28 So in a few moments he knocked at the door. And Brother Graham was with him. We was going up here by what we know as the boatyard now, which was the old Howard Shipyard at the time. I said, "Mr. Emil, do you . . . where do you live at now?"

He said, "In above Utica."

I said, "You live in a little what we call shotgun house, a little two room."

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Sits on a hill."

"Yes, sir."

I said, "Your baseboard here is made out of tongue-and-groove and it's painted red."

He said, "That's right."

I said, "The little baby is laying on an iron poster bed, and he does have in the house at least a pair of blue corduroy overalls."

He said, "He has them on."

29 And I said, “And the baby is a teeny fellow, about three years old, and he’s also got a little teeny mouth, little bitty, thin lips. And he’s got light brown hair.”

He said, “That’s the truth.”

I said, “Mrs. Emil is a black-headed woman. And in this room you have a red duofold and a red chair.”

He said, “Was you ever there, Brother Branham?”

And I said, “Just a while ago.”

“Awhile ago?” he said.

I said, “Yes.”

“Why,” he said, “I never seen you.”

30 I said, “No, it was spiritually.” I said, “Mr. Emil, you’ve heard me tell, if I baptize you, of things that happens to me. I see things before it happens.”

He said, “Yes. Did something like that happen to you, Brother Branham?”

31 I said, “Yes, Mr. Emil. Ever what it was that told me has never told me a lie. Your baby’s going to be healed when I get there.”

And he stopped the car, fell over the wheel.

32 Said, “God, be merciful to me, take me back, oh Lord, see. And I promise You to live for You the rest of my days if You’re going to spare my baby’s life.” There he gave his heart to Christ. We moved into the house all excited about him, a soul being brought back to Christ.

33 When we went into the house there laid everything just exactly the way it was, only the old woman wasn’t there. Excitable, so excited, I said, “Bring me the baby.” And the baby just barely living. See, that winding up was the life gone out of the baby, it was just wound up to here, its little throat. And I said, “Bring me the baby,” not waiting for the vision to fulfill. Brother Vayle, if this pad was supposed to be laying here, I can’t say a word till that pad is laid there, see. It has to be just the way it showed me.

34 So I said, “Bring me the baby.” And the daddy brought the baby to me and I prayed for it, and it got worse. So I thought. . . . Now, it really lost its breath, and they had to fight and shake and everything to get breath. And I thought, “Now there is something wrong.” And I happened to think,

“Where is the old woman that wasn’t there yet?” So they taken the baby, laid it down. They was putting stuff under its nose and everything, and crying, the mother screaming hysterically and everything, but the baby was just barely breathing. I thought, “Well, through my stupidity, I have misused the vision of God because I never waited on it being so overexcited.”

35 By this you can see, Brother Vayle, why I wait, I don’t care who tells me. I love you as my brother, but brother, don’t never try to tell me something to do when I feel that I’ve got the will of the Lord, see. No matter how well it looks the other way, I wait for Him, see. And so I learned a lesson right here, many, many, many years ago to do exactly what He says and don’t do it till He says it’s ready to be done.

36 The baby was fighting for breath. Now, I couldn’t tell them what I had done, but I just had to wait. And I thought, “Maybe grace will override it, forgive me.” Well, I went sat down. They’d fought for life for the baby till day light. When day begin breaking they thought the baby would just go at any minute.

37 Well, I sat there and they kept asking me, “Brother Branham, what must we do?” or, “Brother Bill,” they called me, “what must we do?”

I said, “I don’t know,” see.

I was sitting there with my head down saying, “Lord, please forgive me.”

38 Well, and then it come daylight. Brother Graham Snelling had to go to work. So Mr. Emil had to take him and I knowed I had to leave the house, and yet Brother Graham was supposed to be sitting there because he’s got blond curly hair as you know. He was supposed to be sitting on this duofold. So I was sitting there where Brother Graham was supposed to be sitting, but the old woman wasn’t there. There wasn’t an old woman at the place, so I sat there. And so Mr. Emil got his coat on. Then I knowed if Brother Graham left, hard telling when he’d ever be back, see. And then I knowed even if the woman come, then Brother Graham wouldn’t be there. So you see what kind of condition I was in?

39 And so Mr. Emil said, “Brother Branham, do you want to go. . .” or “Brother Bill, do you want to go home? Do you want me to take you down home?”

I said, “No, sir. I’ll just wait if you don’t mind.”