

**SERMONS**  
**BY**  
**REV. W. M. BRANHAM**

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

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**PATH OF LIFE**  
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## Introduction

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May each one of our lives be a tree, or something that will bring such conviction to the sinner and the unbeliever, that people . . . they might see the way of the Lord, and enter into the joys of the Lord. Grant it, Father. Bless us in our feeble efforts together. We thank You for this wonderful time of fellowship, this grand breakfast. And Father, we feel that we have just . . . our souls and our bodies are fed by the goodness of God.

Be with us, now, as we go further to go into more meeting, and be with us tonight, and may something be done that'll cause sinners to come quickly to the altar to be saved. May the sick be healed.

118 And those without the Holy Spirit, may they be baptized into the body of Christ. Grant it, Lord. We commit ourselves to You. We take our prayers, our faith, and we place them together, lay them upon your altar. And we send it to You, Lord. In the name of Jesus Christ, receive us. Amen.

God bless you, my brethren. And I guess, now, one of the brethren will come for dismissing the church, or the congregation, formally, as it should be.

119 And while they're making up who's coming, I want to say I thank you for your fine attendance, and I'm sorry I've kept you here till right at noon time, almost five minutes after eleven by my watch here. And I could just sit and talk to you about great things I've seen happen—the Lord doing—over in the mission fields, and things of great . . . great things. Don't never be afraid. Just remember, God promised. God's got to keep his promise. He's just got to keep his promise. God bless you now. Brother Borders.

I said, “Well he told me when he was living that I could hunt.”

She said, “Who are you?”

I said, “I’m Brother Branham.”

She dropped her pan. She grabbed me by the hand. She said, “Brother Branham, he’s in glory now.” She said, “He lived a staunch Christian life from the hour.”

I said, “And you’re peeling apples from that same tree.” I said, “The apples come back again, didn’t they?” I said, “So will he some time, in the great resurrection.”

PSA16:11

114 And brother, sister, we can’t afford to let people that we love, and who Christ died for, get away from this life, to die without life eternal. Let’s do everything we can, to get them into that place where that they can rise again in the resurrection. “Thou will show me the path of life.”

115 You brethren are able to do it to your congregations, because many of you are studied ministers, and theologians. I don’t have that ability. But my little . . . I have no ability, but a little gift that was given me—like to pull myself into a certain gear, that where the people . . . what they’re thinking, what they’re doing, and what should be done, that’s a little way of my ministry. It’s just one of the little paths that God lets me use, to bring his children over to that side.

PSA16:11

116 And I’m joining mine with yours, now. And let’s show the people the path of life that they might find the way of the Lord. And He said here, “For there’s joy in the presence of God.” There’s joy, as we walk down this path, looking from side to side. The resurrection of the trees, the leaves, everything, speaks of God. So let’s us be as God’s creatures, speaking of God in everything that we do, or say. Let it shine forth to his glory. God bless you. Let us bow our heads just a moment now.

117 Lord Jesus, the great shepherd of the flock, I’m so glad, Lord, that You showed me the path of life. And I’m so glad to be walking down this grand old highway. I’m so thankful to have my arms joined with these brothers today, as we’re standing by the side of the highway, screaming with our voices in all the talents that You’ve give us to that dying mass of humanity out there, to which You died for. Lord, help us will You please?

## Path Of Life

1 You know, it’s such a fine privilege of being among the people, and then being my first time in a Jewish synagogue. It’s quite a rare treat for me. And then, understanding more of this—the order here of these scrolls, and how they’re taken care of, and so forth—it’d be a good time to come in sometime and have a healing service in this synagogue, and have the Jews. Thank you, brother. Thank you, very much.

I’ve always had a feeling for the Jewish people. Perhaps there’s none here this morning, but I have a feeling for them. Always have. And I believe that some day the Gentile church will take the message to the Jew, as the Jew gave it to the Gentiles. I believe that with all my heart.

2 And then, when that goes back to the Jew in full, you watch. The Gentile door will close then, and it’ll be Jews. So now’s the time. I’m so glad to be in right now, on the inside.

3 God bless this gracious little man, Brother Michaelson. I’ve never seen him in my life. I wouldn’t know him if he was standing here. He might be in the audience, and I would not know it. But I’ve heard his program, and I appreciate it—a great servant of God, that poor little Jew that’s give his life now in service for God. I like the way he says that, “My Jesus.” Yeah, “My Jesus.” Think that was so striking for a Jew to say that.

4 He certainly has been a torch bearer, a torch holder for the Jewish people in this country, around across America here. And my sincere prayer is “God, give them feeble old arms strength to hold it until Jesus comes if it’s possible.” I admire him. I admire old men when they’ve fought the good fight.

2KNG2:12 2KNG13:14

5 I remember Dr. F. F. Bosworth, one of my associates. When I went in to see him at eighty-four years old, had his little old arms out like that, back there . . . They just come off the fields of Africa at eighty years old, missionarying with me in the jungles. And I run to him and throwed my arms around him. I knew he was dying, and I cried out, “My father,

my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.” Such a gallant man.

And he said, “This is the happiest time of all my life, Brother Branham.” He said. . . .

I said, “You know you’re dying?”

He said, “I can’t die. I’ve already been dead for sixty years.” He said, “I’m just waiting the moment when I see all that I have lived for, see Him walk in that door to invite me to his house.” Said, “That’s the way.”

6 I think of then,

Lives of great men all remind us  
And we can make our lives sublime,  
With partings leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

7 It’s true. Yes? [Someone asks a question.] I might not have heard just . . . I heard that he shook hands with . . . standing in the room. [Someone in the audience speaks.] Yes, sir, I heard that. That’s all right, Brother Goff. I’m glad you reminded me of it. Yes. They said quite a while before he died, or went home, he raised up and . . . shaking hands with converts of his that come to Christ through his ministry for a long time, and then gave up the spirit, and went on to be with them. What a gallant. . . . I just love such things as that. That just. . . .

Brethren, it’s such a privilege to be here in Los Angeles, or this South Gate—whatever it might be called here—where we’re having the meeting with this fine fellowship. It’s. . . . Your inviting me in here. And I would not have come if I hadn’t have had some kind of a pulling to come.

8 And I realize that my ministry has become a place where it’s almost to a showdown, like all things come to that. . . . I have . . . they’ve begin to speak things—the world has, and the associations, and so forth—that I’m a false prophet, and everything. And I look for that to come. I wonder it hadn’t come before now, and. . . . But I’m looking for it to get even worse.

And to find that in this hour of my trials, and deep distress going through, that you brethren will throw open your arms, and I appreciate you. The Lord bless you. And I’m here to do everything that I know

And I said, “Now, you think on that a long time. And when you find out what intelligence that tells that sap in the tree, that life, to go down in the roots and hide, or it will die; then I’ll tell you the intelligence that told me who that woman was, and what to do to save her life.”

He said, “You’re not the preacher?”

I said, “I am.”

PSA16:11

111 There. Show me . . . “Thou will show me the path to life,” though it be so simple. And there on his knees, with his hat off, I led him to Christ. “Show me thy path of life” to an ignorant farmer, that probably couldn’t write his own name. But God has a way to take a path of life, to lead him to that. And brethren, we are hanging on the tree of life. And some day this old leaf is going to drop off.

112 But there will come a resurrection some day. A great millennium lays ahead of us, a great resurrection. We’ll come back again some day, because we have eternal life. We understand it from the way of a word. If we had time, you know, how it is. We could approach it by many ways. People . . . some time you have to use different methods to get to a person.

113 Last year I went down, I thought, “I’ll go hunt on the old man’s place again.” I drove up to the place, and weeds was growed up all around it. I seen an elderly lady sitting on the porch, peeling apples off of the same tree. I walked up. I said, “How do you do?”

She said, “How do you do, sir?”

And I said. . . . I’d seen big posted signs all around before I got in there. And I said, “I wonder if it would be possible that I could hunt squirrel.”

She said, “Sir, when my husband was living he was very odd. He posted the grounds.” And said, “I have some boys . . . lives up in Kentucky, up in Louisville, Kentucky. Said, “And they come down to hunt.”

I said, “I understood that. He told me that. Could I see him?”

She said, “He’s gone on.”

I said, “You don’t mean so.”

“Yes.”

Said, "Well, the winter would freeze it and it would kill that germ of life in the tree."

And I said, "Then it goes down to the root of the tree to hide there, until when?"

He said, "Till springtime."

"And it brings you up another mess of apples, and a bunch of leaves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Huh," I said, "that's strange." I said, "I'd like to ask you something."

He said, "Yes, sir."

108 I said, "What intelligence tells that tree—that life in that tree—that wintertime's a-coming? And if you don't get out of these limbs and get down here, and covered with these roots, that you'll die; and that life obeys that intelligence, and goes down into the root of the tree, and stays down there until the wintertime's past; and then brings up a leaf again?" I said, "What intelligence does that, sir?"

And he said, "Oh, it's a nature."

I said, "What is nature?"

He said, "Well, it just actually does that." He seen my point, see, and he's trying to hide from it. He said, "Well, you see. . . ."

109 I said, "Well, I tell you what. Let's take a bucket of water, and set it out here on that oak post. And now in the middle of August, it'll run down to the bottom of the post, and stay there till spring, and come back and fill the bucket up again. Will it do that?"

He said, "No, no."

110 And I said, "Well, tell me what intelligence? It's got to be an intelligence now, because the tree has no intelligence. It has to be an intelligence to make that life go from the tree up here in the branches down to the roots; and an intelligence to tell it it's time to come back up again."

He said, "I just hadn't thought of that."

how to do, to help your churches to be stronger, to unite the brotherhood together in one heart. And that's the purpose that I have. And as I said last night, to seine every little corner, and catch every little minnow that can be caught for the kingdom of God.

9 And now, last night I was late, and we got started late. And I'm nearly always late. My mother said I was a full nine months baby and I was kind of late getting here. And I was born only weighing five pounds, and I had a bad start and never did get very big. And I was late for my wedding. I kept my wife waiting a long time. And it's always wait, and late. Now, if I can just be late for my funeral, that's all. Just let them wait as long as they can, because I want to be just as long as I can to preach the gospel, and fellowship with my brethren. And now, I'll try to be just a little quicker tonight.

10 Last night . . . now, there's just ministers here as I understand. I'm trying to set a bait. Now there's sinners sitting out there, see. And the first thing . . . . You might've wondered why I didn't make an altar call. First thing, I felt that I was just a little late, and that tires the people, and so forth. But just a little bait under the discernment or something, and that'll get them attracted. And then spread your net way around, you see. Then bring them in. Just bear with me, now. I'm going just the way I think the Spirit leads me to go.

11 And now, if we do get some into the net that wants to be saved, and filled with the Holy Spirit, brethren, you know what district they're out of. Get them to your church, 'cause that's. . . . Just pulling them to the altar is about as far as we can get them there. And then, you take them the rest of the way from there. Take them in, and baptize them, and stay with them till they receive the Holy Ghost. And that's what we're here for, in this great dark hour as the sun is setting in the west, and the evening lights out.

12 And I'm . . . among the people. . . . If you, many of you—it's no secret—you all have my tapes, all of you. But among the people out there, I just don't approach on scriptural, strong doctrines, as I would like I was in the Tabernacle or something—and on the tapes where ministers could take it, and study it. I come up this morning with a Greek from the old country, and he's got my six-hour tape on the "Seed Word." And he tells me that he just goes just a little bit each day, and take those and break it down, and bring it into the Greek; and how he was showing how (me not

knowing nothing about it), how it just sets together like that. That's for study.

13 In here, we're trying to fish. This is it. We're putting the bait out there, and we never show the fish the hook. You show him the bait. He grabs the bait and gets the hook. So, that's most of my time in praying for the sick, and things, is just to catch the sinner's eye. That's the bait. But the hook, the gospel hook, you use that. I'll just shake the bait before him, you see. So you use the hook.

So then . . . and tonight I will try to make our little talks a little more shorter, you know, so I can just. . . . And Brother Borders speaks a little bit before I do, and come in. I'll try to make my speech . . . . They're little talks, just juvenile to you brethren. And if you would think it that, 'course anything I could say would probably be juvenile to you. But you all are teachers, and I'm not a teacher. But my purpose is to try to help the kingdom of God, try to strengthen your churches, and strengthen brotherhood among men, as we're waiting for the coming of the Lord. And I'm sure you'll understand that.

14 And now, this here, Los Angeles, as I've noticed this morning. . . . And met some of my friends here: Brother Sothmann there from Jeffersonville, originally a Canadian; and Brother Tom, also a Canadian that's sojourning with us in Jeffersonville at this time; and Brother Welsh Evans there from Tifton, Georgia, also a sojourner with us—driving fifteen hundred miles every Sunday to hear me preach the gospel; and there's Brother Norman and Sister Norman, and Sister Evans, and Brother Willie. I can't never think . . . little group sitting in a little huddle there that's come out here with us, and to pray with us, and to strengthen as we go on in for the service. Glad to have them with us in the meetings.

15 Now, in setting this meeting up, I looked, and we had a book of meetings—just people. And the difficult that we're having now between the denominational brethren, and many of them, they . . . the denominational brethren as you all are. . . . Yet, I'd like to, over this pulpit this morning, express my view, see. You know yourselves, brethren, among your people you can say something this way, and one'll take it this way and start leaning it this way. And he'll tell it to the next one, and the next one to the next one. The first thing you know, it's altogether out of cater. And one'll lean it this way, and take it the other way. You know that.

I said, "Uh-huh." Said, "No." I said, "I'll take your word for it," see. I said, "I'll take your word for it." I said, "Say, who was that guy?"

"I don't know." Said, "He's from out in Indiana, and they said he's going to come down here again." Said, "I'm going to him when he comes." Said, "I'm going to walk up to him and say, 'I want to tell you something, preacher. Tell me how in the world that you knew that, when you was never in this country before.'" (I hadn't been, see.) Said, "'How would you ever know that?'"

I said, "Yes, sir. I sure hope you meet him." I said, "I hope he helps you."

And he said, "Well, I'm going." He was chewing tobacco, you know, and he spit down like that, and leaves. . . .

107 And I said, "And you mean to tell me now . . . back to this tree." I said, "I'm amazed at that." And I said, "You know, we haven't even had a cool night—no frost nor nothing." And I said, "Those leaves are dropping off of that tree on the ground. And that's why we come over here—out of them flat woods, where the leaves are dropping down, drying, and to get in these hollows here, where they fall in the water and get wet." I said, "And you . . . what in the world is them leaves dropping off that tree for?"

"Well," he said, "the life left them."

I said, "The what?"

He said, "The life left them."

"Left the leaf?"

"Yeah." He said, "That's what makes it drop off."

I said, "Well, we haven't had any frost, or any sign of any cold weather."

He said, "Well, it just . . . it leaves them."

And I said, "Well, what happens to the life?"

He said, "It goes down to the root of the tree."

I said, "What do you mean?"

pocketbook, and you've got a sister by the name of So-and-so, that's dying with cancer of the stomach. Go take that handkerchief and lay it on the woman, and she'll be made well.'

103 "Well," said, "about midnight that night we thought they had the Salvation Army up there on top of the hill." He said, "I never heard such a roar in my life, and they were screaming. [If any of you know, that was Brother Ben, and them, up there putting that handkerchief on the woman.]" And said, "We thought maybe the old lady died.

104 "And the next morning," said, "we went up there to see when they make arrangements for the funeral." And said, "She was sitting there at the table, her and her husband, eating fried apple pies, and drinking coffee."

105 You know what a fried apple pie is? A half-moon turnover? I'm sure I'm at home. So then . . . you know, I like that with molasses on it, see. And I don't like to sprinkle. I baptize, you know. I really pour it on them. I like plenty of molasses on my pie. So I just love them things.

And so then, she was eating this fried apple pie. And said, "The day before there, she was in such a fix till we couldn't even . . . they could no more put her on the bed pan; that they had to just use a draw sheet." And said, "Me and my wife went up there, and changed her bed twice a day."

106 And said, "The doctor give her up about six weeks before that, and just give her enough Phenobarbital to last her until she was gone. The cancer . . . they opened her up, and just covered her over." Said, "There's no need of fooling with her anymore." And said, "And you know, she was sitting there eating, and jumped up, and run shook hands with us." And said. . . .

I said, "You don't say so."

Said, "Yes." Said "Now. . . ." And said, "If you don't believe it," said, "you go right up there and see. She'll tell you herself," See, he was preaching back to me then. Let him testify a while.

I said, "Oh, you don't believe that, do you?"

He said, "Sure." Said, "If you don't believe it, you go right up there on the hill and find out. I'll take you up there."

And I'm sure that you brethren understand that's the way a lot of things are said about me, that it's just taken by some and misunderstood, and just led off. It's not the meaning at all.

16 As far as being against the denomination, certainly not. My brethren are there. It's just like there's too many people today depending on the denomination. Now we got a brother sitting here from the United Brethren church, and different places. Them denominations are all right, as long as you stretch the corner a little bit further over, and can open up the gate, and drink at the third well (you know what I mean) that Jacob dug, and can have a fellowship.

17 But when you come just as long as you belong to the denomination that's all you have to do, no, there's a lot more than that to it, brethren. And that's where the whole world has always . . . and you . . . . We have sitting here with us this morning a fine historian, and we know that churches as soon as they draw that line, denomination, "We are it," right there God leaves them, and they die and never revive again, see. There's no history of where ever a church ever fell, and ever rose again. It doesn't. And because. . . .

18 When I first come into this, in this ministry, it was you brethren of the United Pentecostal church that opened your arms first for me. That was Brother Richard Reed, Brother Jack Moore, and Brother Ben Pemberman, and St. Louis my first meeting. And the first meeting I ever attend to was, and knowed anything about, was the P.F.W., P.F.J.C. as they was before they merged and come together—Brother Ryall at Mishawaka. And I never seen such a fine fellowship of brethren.

19 Well, then, I found out. . . . I thought that's all Pentecost was. That was Pentecost. But I found out there were different groups all around everywhere, and there were fine men in each one of them. So, I've tried to stand in the breach with my arms out, trying to call every brother to a unity of fellowship, so that we can have a understanding no matter what they believe, as long as we are brethren. Because I'm sure if I had to put myself . . . there's a lot of flaws that God could point his finger in my face this morning, and say, "Young man, you're a long ways from being perfect yourself." So that's the way I've tried to feel about everybody, to draw them together. Now that's my purpose, is to have union fellowship. God ever bless you.

And as I started to say a few moments ago, in the midst of all of this, yet there was hundreds of places that's calling, and from the mission

fields. And now I've got an evangelistic trip. I'm crossing the country. And as soon as I leave that, I'm going into the foreign countries on a missionary trip.

20 And I'm trying in myself, that I haven't got time to explain, seeking something from God, because I believe that the approach . . . coming of Christ is closer than we really are thinking of. I believe it's right at the door, and it really makes me nervous when I think of it. Not nervous for myself, but nervous of this: have I done my very best? Is there one more ounce in me that I could give for the kingdom of God? Is there something that I could have done? because this is the only opportunity we're ever going to have, right now.

21 And I have scolded the church, I've scolded our people, I've scolded our sisters for cutting their hair, scolded them for wearing makeup. I've scolded our brothers for permitting them to do it, and our ministers and things like that—not because that I have anything against them. It's because that I'm jealous of them. They're God's heritage.

22 And I've scolded my minister brothers for not . . . for just drawing themselves into one little thing, in a group. Now, I'd think . . . If there was a denomination that would say, "We believe this, comma, plus all that God can add to it. . . ." But when we make our denominational realms, we say, "We believe this, period," and the Holy Spirit moves right in, and moves right out of it. That's right, see. Now if we can end it with a comma, then we just keep on growing.

23 Recently I had a meeting with the Lutheran brethren (I guess you all heard of it) at Minneapolis, Minnesota. And oh, my! did he ever rake me over the coals in a twenty-two page letter! He said, "The very idea!" Said, "I drove fifteen miles last night, through a blinding snow storm; thought I would hear a servant of Christ. And what did I hear but a polished-up soothsayer!"

And oh, he . . . and said, "The very idea of you, a man with fifteen years in the mission fields, and say you've been preaching the gospel for twenty-five years!" And said, "Then to hear you use the grammar that you use, and the very doctrine that you speak." He said, "You even said so much last night that Satan could not heal." Said, "Shame on you for such a remark."

And I thought, "A dean of a Lutheran college!"

I said, "Looks like she bears pretty heavy. "Yes, sir." Said, "I get so many bushels every year."

Said, "How old is the tree?", changing the subject on him, you know.

99 And he said, "Oh," he said, "You see where that old chimney stands up yonder?" Said, "I was born up there." Said, "Mammy and Pappy lived there," and said, "and fire burned it down. We built this new home down here." And said, "Then I was raised up here." And said, "When Pappy and Mammy died, I just stayed with the home."

And said, "When we moved down here I put that tree in there forty, fifty years ago, or something." And said, "It's been there ever since."

I said, "That's good." I said, "My, that's wonderful."

He said, "Yes, sir." He said, "Back to being a preacher." Said, "I want to ask you something."

I said, "Yes, sir. What is it?"

He said, "You guys, if you could produce anything, why, it would be different." He said, "Now I heard a preacher one time, or heard of him."

100 Said, "Old Sister (somebody) up here on the hill," said, "she was dying with cancer." And said, "There was a preacher come over here to Acton, Kentucky [was about thirty miles from there. And Woods looked over at me, and I shook my head], he said, "over at the Methodist campground."

101 He said, "This preacher was from out in Indiana." And he said, "And he come over there, and said . . . they said there was about 2,500 people gathered out there that night." And that's away back in the hills, you know. They come on horseback and everything to get there. And said, "He was there for three nights."

102 And said, "On the second night," said, "this old lady's sister lives up at a place called Campbellsville. And while this preacher was preaching, he looked back in the audience way back where this woman was and called her name, and said, 'Tonight, before you left home, you looked into a dresser drawer on the left hand side. You picked up a little handkerchief with a blue figure in the corner of it. You've got it in your



95 So he said, “You guys . . . that’s what you need—a good load of buckshot,” he said. “because you’re barking up a tree that there’s nothing there.” You know what I mean, preaching. He said, “I’m considered an infidel.”

I said, “Well, every man to his own opinion. But to me, that’s nothing to brag about.”

He said. . . . “Well,” he said, “the thing of it is,” said, “you’re talking about something that there isn’t such a thing.”

Said, “Yes, sir.” I said, “Of course, that’s to opinion.”

96 And he said, “Well,” he said, “you guys talking about a God, and there is no such a thing.” And he said, “If there was one I could see Him.” And said, “I’ve lived all these years. I’m seventy-something years old and,” said, “I ain’t seen nothing of Him yet.” And he said, “There’s just no such a thing, and you guys are barking up the wrong tree. And you’re taking the people’s money for your livelihood, and things like that, and you’re nothing but a bunch of cheaters.”

I thought, “Oh, my!” I said, “Yes, sir. ‘Course that’s opinion.” I thought, “O God, if You don’t help me. . . .” So I said, “Yes, sir. That’s, ‘course, opinion.” I said. . . .

97 And you know, Mama, my old southern Mama, always give me good advice, and she give me an expression one time. She said, “Give a cow enough rope, and she’ll hang herself,” you see. So I thought that was a good one for him: just let him go ahead and bark awhile. We’ll see what tree he’s up, you see. So then, I let him go ahead and talk, and I found something. And something come to my mind.

98 And there was an apple tree there they was sitting under. And along in the fall of the year the apples was (about the last week in August), the apples was dropping off, and the yellow jackets was eating them. You know what yellow jackets is? All right. Well, what part of Kentucky you from? And so, then I said to him, I said, “Do you mind if I have one of them apples?”

He said, “Help yourself. The yellow jackets are eating them.”

I reached over and got it, and rubbed it on these old bloody pants, you know, and bit off and said, “My, it’s a good apple.”

Said, “Yeah, it’s a dandy.”

24 And he said, “Right not far from our college here there’s a woman with a familiar spirit. She puts a big apron on, and the people comes in, and she puts her hands on them. And then she plucks their veins, and get a little hair from the back of her neck, and roll it up, get the blood on there, and walk down to a creek behind her, and throws it over her head like that into the creek. Starts walking out with her hands. . . .”

And said, “The people standing up there, if she’s constrained to look back, the disease is on the blood of the person . . . in her hair.” And said, “Then, when they look back, the disease will come back to the person. But if not,” said, “the person’s to get well.” And said, “About twenty percent of those get well. And then you say the devil can’t heal.”

25 Oh, he had a good mental approach. But, brother, that’s not what we approach—not mental; we approach the Scripture. So I just thought, “Well, twenty-two page letter . . . didn’t even address me as brother; just said, ‘Branham.’ “ So I thought, “Well. . . .”

He said, “And you talking about your years,” said, “I was preaching the gospel before you was born.”

Well, I thought, “A man that’s preached the gospel that long should have respects, no matter what he is,” see. We should respect him.

26 So I sat down and addressed him—my little scratching, the best I could—two pages back, to recognize him. And I said, “Brother dear, I sure appreciate the many years that you have spent and all this.” I said, “I appreciate it, a servant of Christ. And I do appreciate the criticism.” Now, a man that can’t take criticism, there’s something wrong with his experience, you see, ‘cause God sends criticism to us, to correct us, to make us see our bad points. I’ve been helped so much by criticism that’s friendly criticism. Just not get nasty, and angry; but just friendly criticism. So I said, “I appreciate it, sir.”

27 And then I said, “But just one thing I would like to express here. As you was speaking of my grammar, of course I’m not . . . I have no education. That’s true.” But I said, “The thing what surprises me, that a dean of a Lutheran college would base his theology upon an experience, instead of the Word of God, when you talked about the witch that could heal.”

MATT12:26 MARK3:26 LUKE11:18 ROM3:4

28 I said, “Jesus said, ‘If Satan can cast out Satan, then his kingdom’s divided.’ He cannot heal. Now you can. . . . See, if he can. . . .”

Jesus said he couldn't heal, and you said he could heal. I'm going to believe Jesus, see (that's right), because He said let every man's word be wrong, and his right. And I said, "I believe Jesus."

"And surprising to me, that a dean of a Lutheran college would base his theology upon an experience, or an emotion, instead of the Word of God." I said, "A dean, or anyone else, any minister should base his theology upon the Word of the Lord." And I said, "I'm certainly. . . ."

MATT12:24,31,32 MARK3:22,29 LUKE11:15 LUKE12:10

29 "And what you call to be a soothsayer," I said, "I presume it was the discernment." And I said, "Did you know that the Pharisees and Sadducees once made that remark themselves, when they seen the same thing done by our Lord—called Him Beelzebub?" I said, "Now, perhaps what if I am right? Now, Jesus said when the Holy Ghost is come to do the same, that to speak a word against it would never be forgiven in this world, or the world to come—no matter about your fifty years of being preaching. A word against the Holy Spirit, I said, "I forgive you for that, and I know that God will, for He seen that you didn't understand it." And I wrote him the nicest letter that I could. Later I got a letter inviting me to come up.

So I had a Businessmen's breakfast up there, and was speaking for the Full Gospel Businessmen. And Mr. Moore—Brother Jack Moore—many of you brethren are acquainted with him, one fine man, and I. . . .

30 Dr. Aegery came to Brother Moore, and asked him if I could . . . if he'd bring me over to the college. I thought, "I'm sure in for it now." So I . . . Brother Moore is a theologian, so I thought, "Well, I better take him along." And so I said, "You sit right next to me. And if he speaks some words and grammar that I don't understand, I'll kick you on the leg like that. Then you take from there on."

And he said, "All right."

So we went over to the college. And when we got there, they had a place about the size of this auditorium here for the dinner. And it was Norwegian people, and they had their dinner set, and very fine, nice. The dean sat next on one side, and his associate the other.

So, after we finished, he said, "Brother Branham, we want to ask you some questions."

I said, "Let me kind of first have a word." I said, "I might not be able to answer your question." I said, "If I can't, it'd be all right if

Said, "Anything them. . . ." [That was one bunch of Jehovah Witness that was genuine people.] He said, "Anything that Jim Wood, any of his people, is welcome to anything I got on this place." He said, "Old man Jim, is he still living?"

He said, "Yes. He's out in Indiana now," and said, "I'm living out there too." Said, "And I come down squirrel hunting each fall."

He said, "Help yourself. I got five hundred acres, and plenty of hollows and things. Just help yourself."

He said, "Well, thank you, very much." He said, "I brought my pastor along." He said, "You wouldn't mind him hunting too?"

He said, "Wood, do you mean to tell me you've got so low down till you have to carry a preacher with you wherever you go?" And he said. . . .

So I thought it was about time for me to get out of the car. So I get out of the car, you know, and walk over there, and I said, "How do you do?"

93 He said, "Howdy." And he said. . . . Before they could introduce me, he butted right in. He said, "Well, I ain't got much use for you guys."

I said, "Well, I admire your honesty."

And he said, "The reason it is, is this one thing." He said, "The first place, you don't look like a preacher [squirrel blood and whiskers, and hadn't had a bath for two weeks, I. . . .]"

So I said, "Well, I guess that's right too."

And he said, "The thing that I got against you fellows, you are barking up a tree that there's nothing in."

94 Now, I don't know whether you know what that is. That's another "Kentucky," David. Don't try to find that in the dictionary. When a coon dog is a liar, he'll run to a tree. And a coon's got a trick. He'll run, jump up on a tree, and then jump off, you see. And if a dog ain't well trained, he'll run to this tree where he seen the coon, smell where he tracked around the tree, and stand there and bark. And there's nothing in the tree. So they usually shoot that dog.

down . . . way down where the creeks run down through, makes it damp. Up on the flat ground, you touch that brush, and they're gone. You can't get on them, for . . . they go two or three hundred yards away. They're gone that quick.

So then, we said, "We'll go over here, and see if he'll let us hunt. He has about five hundred acres."

And I said, "Well, that'd be fine."

88 So we went down—not nice roads like you have here—but through hog paths, and everything else, through brush, over hollows, till we got in there. He said, "Now, there's just one defect about this. Said, "This old man," said, "he's an infidel. And, oh, he's rough."

89 I said, "Oh, I'll just let you do the talking." So I sat in the little truck, and we drove up to a nice white house, way back down at the foot of a big hill, and a big weed field and a corn patch on this side. We drove up. There was two old men sitting out there, very Kentucky. And Kentucky has its own way of living, you know.

90 Brother David, back there, the Greek brother said, "Brother Branham, I listened to your tape." Said, "I. . . ." This is kind of awful to say this after breakfast. He said, "You mentioned a hair in the biscuit." Said, "I've looked. I can't find what that is."

91 And I said, "That's just Kentucky, you see, hair in the biscuit." I said, "Don't try to find that in the dictionary 'cause it won't be there." I said, "In Kentucky. . . ." So we got back there in that sassafras hollow, you know, and the big old hats hanging down. We stopped, and Brother Wood got out, went around. Was two old men sitting there, and he walked up to one them.

He called him, said, "How do you do?"

92 And he said, "How do you do, sir?" And he said, "I am. . . . My name is Wood. I'm Banks Wood." He said, "I wonder . . . we've been hunting over here on Dutton. . . ." They name their places by the creeks. Said, "We've been hunting over on Dutton, and we wondered if we could hunt on your place."

He said, "What Wood are you?"

He said, "I'm Jim Wood's boy."

Brother Moore to help me here." I said, "But I may not be good at answering your questions, but I'll do what I can."

31 And he said, "Here's what it is." Said, "We have heard of Pentecostals years and years." And said, "We went to see them." And said, "What did we find but kicking over the chairs, and knocking out the windows, and everything like that," said, "and all the noise we ever heard in our life." Said, "What's those people got?"

I said, "The Holy Ghost."

He said, "The Holy Ghost?"

I said, "Yes." I said. . . .

He said, "Have you always been a Pentecostal?"

I said, "Well, I once belonged to the Missionary Baptist Church when I was just a boy; was ordained." But I said, "Immediately after I got ordained," I said, "I got the Holy Ghost, so I guess I've been Pentecostal."

He said, "You mean to tell me that's Pentecostal . . . them Pentecostal people, that's the Holy Ghost making them kick over the chairs, and carry on like that?"

32 I said, "Yes, it's the Holy Ghost." I said, "The thing of it is," I said, "they got so much pressure built up, steam, they blow it out the whistle instead of put it in the engine and make the wheels roll, see. That's all." I said, "That's right." I said, "There's so much steam there, they just have to toot it out the whistle. That's all I know, see." And I said, "They can't hold it no longer."

And he said, "Well. . . ."

33 I said, "If I could get fundamental teaching in Pentecostal faith, or Pentecostal faith in fundamental teaching. . . . Them people are servants of God, but they really don't realize the position that they hold. That's all."

And he said, "Well, what do you think we Lutheran has got?"

I said, "The Holy Ghost."

Then he stopped, and he said, "Now I don't know what to ask you."

I said, “Well, I understand you got about a thousand acres here that you put in corn.” I said, “If the students are not able to pay their way through, then they can work their way through the college.”

He said, “Right.”

34 So the Lord gave me a little thought, and I said, “Sir, one time there was a man who broke up a great field to plant corn, and he planted his corn in the field. And the next . . . one morning he went out. And when he looked out upon his field he saw two little blades.” Anyone knows that raised corn that’s how it comes up. What we call the “sprig corn” down in the South, just comes up like that—two little blades.

And I said, “The man stood on his doorstep, and said, ‘Praise the Lord for my crop of corn.’” I said, “Now did he have a crop of corn?”

He said, “Well, he had a start.”

And I said, “Well, potentially he had a crop of corn, see. He had it in its infant form.” And I said, “That was you Lutherans.”

35 And I said, “Finally, that corn grew up to a place it had a tassel. And you know what the tassel did? The tassel looked back down at the blades, and said, ‘I have no use for you anymore. I’m a tassel.’ But it had to use the blade again, in order to reproduce itself. Then it brought forth . . . from this tassel back into the blade it brought forth a ear.”

JOEL2:25

36 I said, “Now, the first was you Lutheran; the second was the Methodist move of God; and the third, the ear, was the Pentecostal group that brought back a restoration of the gifts to the church, of the original grain that went into the ground. It’s just restoring again, as Joel says,” see. I said, “Now I know we got a lot of fungus on that ear; but yet we’ve got some grains there, too, you know.”

And he said, “Well. . . .”

37 I said, “That is the original grain.” I said, “Now the Pentecostal church is the advanced Lutheran church. After all, if there had been no leaf, there would have been no tassel; and the life that was in the leaf made the tassel. And the life that was in the tassel made the grains. So it’s an advanced church of the living God.”

38 He stopped, pushed back his plate. He said, “Brother Branham, I went west one time. I heard . . . a book wrote about all the spiritual

“We’ll fish to about eleven o’clock at night. The fish’ll quit biting. We’ll go in and eat our supper at eleven o’clock at night, stay all night. And the next morning, we’ll go out, and I’m going to catch a large fish that has scales on him, and that’ll be the last thing that’s caught. We won’t . . . we’ll fish the rest of the day, and catch nothing.”

ACTS8:36

82 And the old man looked around, kind of like that. We went down and everything happened, just perfectly to the dot, the way it did. And when I come out on the banks that evening he said, “Here’s water. What does hinder me from being baptized?” And there, the whole group of them. Oh, it’s a glorious thing to know that we’re hanging on the tree.

83 Now, there was . . . Mr. Woods and I was squirrel hunting. As you know, I like to hunt. And so we were squirrel hunting together down in Kentucky, about two years ago now. I’d come in on my vacation at fall. And I’ve hunted in Africa, India, and all over the world nearly, but I . . . just give me a foggy morning in August, sometime up in . . . with a twenty-two rifle.

84 And so then, I just love to hunt squirrels. And we were down in Kentucky on a two weeks’ stay, and it got real hot. Now, you Californians may not know what I’m speaking about, when the leaves and everything’s so hot. . . . And you step on there, and them little gray squirrels. . . .

85 And we only shoot the eye only, at fifty yards. If he’s forty yards, we back off to the fifty yards, and shoot at the eye. If they don’t. . . . If it strikes below his eye, or above his eye, I’m going to change the rifle. There’s something wrong. And so we stay right with it. That’s the way . . . I’ve tried to train myself to that, to shoot exactly to the spot.

And so, then up there camping, and it got so awful hot. And them little gray squirrels! You talk about Houdini being an escape artist—he’s a minor to one of them. Just strike a little brush, and he’s gone.

86 You all know Brother G. H. Brown. Just ask him about it one time. We’ve hunted together. So then . . . and I tease him about that old automatic shotgun his wife bought him, you know, about twenty years ago, so—shooting squirrels with a shotgun.

87 So then, we were hunting, and there was. . . . Brother Wood said, “You know, Brother Branham,” he said, “over here at a certain place there’s some hollows.” I don’t think you have them in California. It’s

And he looked over to Banks. That's Mr. David Wood's father, the one that's here in the meeting. Looked over—he thought maybe Mr. Wood had told me that, and I caught his thought right quick, see.

78 So I said, "You thought that Brother Banks had told me that. He did not. He's told me nothing about his family." But I said, "Maybe you think if Banks told me this. . . . Night before last you was with an auburn-haired woman. You were in the room with her when her lover come up to the door, and knocked at the door. And she went to the door, and wouldn't let you come, and you looked through the window. It was a good thing. It'd shot your brains out." I said, "The man was standing there with a dark suit on, a red tie."

79 Oh, he liked to fell over on the floor. He said, "That's the truth. That's the truth!" And there I baptized him. And a few days later from that, here come his daddy down. Here come his sister down. She was going to come down straighten both the boys out. Baptized her the same day she come, by the same thing. Down come his daddy, and he was going to straighten us all out. So he wanted to take us. . . .

80 I said. . . . He was a fisherman. I said, "Now, Banks, let's take him a-fishing." So we started across the river. It'd rained all night. You know how it is in the east. Them rivers get up, and things. We was going down to Wolf Creek Dam. And on the road over. . . . He never said nothing about religion yet, very stern old man. And he said. . . . And smart as he could be. So he crossed the river.

I said, "Well. . . ." I saw a vision come before me there as I was sitting. Banks was driving, and I watched the vision. I said, "Now every stream we cross. . . ."

He'd just said . . . that night he'd said, "If I could ever see anything like that happen, I'd believe it."

81 And so that morning . . . the Lord's grace, and said, "Every stream we cross will be muddy. When we get to the Wolf Creek Dam. . . . The rain went above the dam . . . or below the dam, rather, and it won't be muddy, and we'll fish today. We'll catch nothing today until evening.

"And then Mr. Wood here, Banks Wood, you're going to catch one small catfish. I'm going to catch about twenty pounds, and some of them will weigh as much as ten pounds apiece. You'll fish with the same bait in the same place, you won't catch anything.

gifts." And said, "I went west to find the man." And said, "When I did, he said, 'Oh, I just wrote about them. I didn't have them.' Said, 'I just wrote about them.' Well," said, "I could have done that."

And said, "I went around and I noticed all this, and I went to the Pentecostal groups and so forth." And said, "I noticed them shouting."

You see, it just happened to be there. The devil put him there at the wrong time, you know, when the people . . . really rejoicing. And there he's got an opinion, and went out, see.

And he said, "I apologize for the letter that I wrote you." Said, "I built myself up with such a place that I was against it, and that's where I pinned it down, right there; and said you wasn't nothing but a soothsayer." He said, "I ask you to forgive me."

I said, "Why, certainly, sir. I would never hold nothing, and never did—what I told you in the letter."

He said, "I wanted to hear it from your lips." He said, "Now, Brother Branham, to me and all the students, we're all hungering for the Holy Ghost. What must we do?"

39 So you know what I told him, don't you? I said, "Turn your backs this way, and your faces to the wall all the way around. And make a purpose in your heart that you'll never leave your knees until God gives you the baptism of the Holy Ghost." And I said, "Now don't think about this, or that, or the other. Just stay there and say, 'God, I want the Holy Ghost.' "

I went around and laid hands on them, and forty received the Holy Ghost right then. And now, there's about five hundred of them, strong, going, having signs, miracles and wonders, and so forth, see.

40 Brethren, I believe that we have the thing that the world must have. But we've got to approach it in a way. . . . What if you were a carpenter? Just take the man on the end here . . . or Brother Borders over there is a carpenter, I believe. Well, what if he was driving with a hammer like this, driving nails, and I had an automatic hammer of some sort that I could pour a keg of nails into it, and hold it up like this, and brrr, and drive them boards up like that—a whole lot better than he could with his hammer.

Now, if I walk up to him, say, "Ahh, boy, you're not even in it. You know nothing about it. Why you're mashing your fingers. My, you

just haven't got a product to begin with," I'm offending him. I'll never sell the hammer. That's right, see. It's my approach with what I have. My product, I know, is better than what he's got. But I've got to remember I've got to approach him in the right way.

And if I walk up to him, and say, "How do you do, sir? My name is Branham."

"Mine is Borders."

"I see you're a carpenter."

"Yes. Yes, sir, I am."

"I really believe you're a real carpenter, too."

"Yes."

"I was watching the way you was handling your hammer."

"Oh, yes. Old Betsy has been with me a long time."

I say, "Yeah. That's a good one. Yeah, sure good, too. And you can really handle it. Yeah." Go ahead talk to him a while.

I say, "Did you ever hear of the new such-and-such a hammer?"

"No, I don't believe I ever did."

"Well, here it is. You put your nails in here, and let's just tack those boards up down there. Look at the time this does, and what a product I got." Show it to him like that. Say, "Take it. Try it for a few days and see what you think about it. I'll be back," see.

If it's the right kind of a product, it'll sell itself. You know what I mean, don't you, brethren?

41 See, we got the right thing. We got to approach the people with it right, see. That's the thing, see. It's the real genuine thing. This is the Holy Spirit. I believe it with all my heart.

1COR12:13 EPH2:6

42 I don't believe brethren are renegades. I believe they are brethren. I do not believe that the Spirit that does the discernment is any soothsayer. I believe it's the Holy Spirit revealing Himself in his church, just making the church come to its place. And if we could just have some way that we could take the whole Pentecostal move, and just break down our little barriers, and a place to come together, and sit in heavenly places

meetings, and he noticed that discernment. And he said, "Now that seems right to me."

And so he went to Houston, Texas, when I was there with Brother Kidson and them, when the picture of the angel of the Lord was taken. And, well, it's been taken several times, and just recently taken again. It was taken in Germany, and many times.

74 So, and Brother Wood had brought his boy, and was up at one of the meetings. And they were sitting way back, oh, almost a half a city block, or farther away. One night standing on the platform, never heard of him in my life, just standing there looking around. I noticed a vision in front of me, and I said, "There's a man. He's sitting way back in the back, him and his wife. And they're from the state of Kentucky, way down to a place called LaGrange, Kentucky. His name is Wood. He is a carpenter. He's got a boy that has a polio damage that's pulled his leg up. Thus saith the Lord, 'The boy's healed,'" and just started on like that. And his wife was a Methodist, so . . . or I believe the Church of God—Anderson Church of God.

75 Said, "Did you hear that, Ruby?" And so, he said, "David, stand up." His leg was just as perfect as the other. He's in the meeting. And then that Jehovah Witness gave himself to Christ.

76 And then, from that come his brother down to . . . oh, you know how the Jehovah Witness feel. They come down to turn his brother out from their fellowship. He said, "You listening to such a thing as that?" Said, "These false things going around like that? You've been. . . ?" His father's a reader in the Jehovah Witness. He said, "You know better than such a thing as that." He said, "If I ever see that man, I'll give him a piece of my mind." Said, "I know teaching my Daddy's give me."

Said, "That's him mowing grass out there."

And I come in with an old flop-down hat, you know, and sat down and talked to him. He said, "Well," he said, "I tell you, Mr. Branham," he said, "we were raised Jehovah Witness."

77 I said, "That's very fine." I said, "I'd rather be a Russellite than no light at all," and just went on like that, not disregarding anything that he'd said; and talked to him the best that I could. And I said, "I see that you are a married man, and you have two children." And I said, "But you've separated from your wife."

And she said, “Then you’ve kind of been a spiritual guide to me, Billy. You’ve baptized me. You’ve told me the way of life.”

71 I said, “Mama, you know our background is Catholic.” And I said, “I went to the church, but they said, “This is the church,” and it was contrary to the Word. I went from church to church, and I found out it was so contrary. So I stayed with the Word, Mother. And,” I said, “I’ve tried to tell you what was right and lead you to Christ.”

And the dear old saint went away to meet God. And then I committed her soul back to God.

Dolores called me, and she said, “Billy, I just can’t get over it.” She said, “Mother!”

I said, “Dolores, look out across the road from where you live. Isn’t there a large oak tree standing there?”

She said, “Yes.” This was just a few days before Mother died. And she said, “Yes.”

I said, “It’s coming fall now.” I said, “About a month ago those leaves were real pretty and green.”

“Yes,” she said, “Bill.”

I said, “When was . . . What does it look like now?”

And she said, “Well, they’re yellow, and brown, and green, red.”

And I said, “Dolores, what makes them turn yellow, brown, green, and red?”

She said, “They’re dying.”

I said, “When was the tree its prettiest?”

She said, “Now.”

PSA116:15

72 I said, “The Bible said precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,” see. That’s when the time comes. I said, “The life is going back. Life is a tree. We are all hanging on a tree of life. That is right.”

73 Mr. Wood, who’s a book salesman in the meeting, he was a Jehovah Witness. And he had a boy that’s with him also, his leg drewed up like this with polio. And he’d been in Louisville in one of the

in Christ Jesus, to which we are baptized in by one Spirit, oh, I think there would be manifestations that had never been known before. And if we could approach the Methodist, the Baptist, the Pentecostals, could go everywhere to every place, I believe it could be done, brethren.

43 I don’t want to stand here. I want to read just a word or two from the Bible and talk to you just a moment. But I wanted. . . . I know you got to go, and I have too, and I got that breakfast Saturday morning; and then anticipating to stay for Monday night to another one down here. I don’t know just yet. I have to talk to Brother Borders, and so forth. But I want to leave this with you: that I’m here to help you. It’s just . . . we don’t have but . . . just sit together a few minutes. I wish we could just stay here until the service started this afternoon, then in the morning come back again. And I listened to what you brethren had to say, and how I appreciate it.

But, just to let you know my heart. I appreciate you, and I’m going to do all that I can to help you, as my brothers, with what little ministry the Lord’s given me, and what He’s given you, that we’re putting it together now to see what we can do for his kingdom. Let us bow our heads just a moment, before we approach his Word.

44 Most gracious God, in the name of Jesus Christ we come to Thee with humble, contrite spirits; broken up, Lord, knowing that we’re ready for the molding, as the prophet went down to the potter’s house to be molded. And Father, we desire this morning in our hearts that You’ll break us, so that we’ll be molded into different characters, characters that will represent Jesus Christ. Take my foolish heart, Lord. Take my stammering words, and break them to pieces, Lord. Break my own self will out, and make a new person in Christ. Grant it, Lord. That’s the desire of our hearts. That’s why we’re here.

And, Lord, while we speak of You over this altar, where this little Jewish brother who believes in You, Brother Michaelson, I pray for him, Father. I pray that You’ll bless him. And we’re thankful for the opportunity to be here in this Christian synagogue.

Bless us together now, as we just wait a few moments on reading the Word. Bless it to our thoughts. Bless our services, Lord.

God, You know our hearts. And I just want to be knitted with one heart, and one soul, and one purpose, that is with my brethren here—

that here in this dark, dismal, land of this twentieth century, down here in 1962, near the turn of the century again, the time is up.

45 And over here on the West Coast, where civilization has traveled from east to west, and we realize that it can't go no further, now. We go back east again when we leave this coast. And as civilization has come, we realize the sun travels east to west. And there was a time when the S-o-n came upon the Eastern people, and He showed great light, and signs that He was the Messiah. And He promised. . . .

ZECH14:7

46 The prophet said there would be a day that could not be called day nor night. We've had this dismal, foggy day of two thousand years, almost, of just being able to believe—enough light to get around by, and knowing that He was the Son of God, and build us a church, and an organization, and try to hold brothers and sisters together, and cause them to live right.

But, Lord, the fog is clearing away, and there's coming a light on the Western people, the same S-o-n with the same signs, the same gospel, a restoration.

MAL4:6

You promised in the last days that there would come forth the message that would restore the faith of the children back to the fathers. O God, let us return to that original day of Pentecost. Let us come back to that great faith that was once delivered to the saints.

May the great bride tree of God, that the palmerworm has eaten down, bring forth in the top of it the fruit that the evening lights will ripen for the coming of the Son of God. Grant it, Lord. Help us as we pull together for this purpose.

We commit ourselves to You. We are yours. Do with us Lord, as You see fit. We commit ourselves this morning in this synagogue into your hands, Lord. May your great purpose be achieved in our lives as we give ourselves wholly to You. Not as Samson—Samson gave his strength but he never give his heart. God, may our heart, our strength, our all, be given to You. Make it mighty, Lord. Multiply it for the kingdom of God's sake. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

PSA16:11

47 In the 16th Psalm, just for a way of reading the last verse:

66 Jesus said, "I come that they might have life,"—zoe, God's own life in them. And there's . . . everything that had a beginning has an end. It's those things which had not a beginning that has no end. There's only one thing that never had a beginning. That was God. And we become his children, part of Him. Then zoe, God's own life—eternal life—is imparted to us. And that's the only way that we can live. And that's the only way that our lost friends out here, even church members, can ever live again is because zoe has been imparted to them, and we become a part.

HEB11:26

67 Did you notice on the day of Pentecost? How that this great pillar of fire which we all know was the messenger of the covenant, which was Jesus Christ—that. . . . Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he forsook Egypt, following that great messenger, this light.

ACTS2:3,4

68 On the day of Pentecost, when this great light came in there, God divided Himself. Tongues of fire sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance—God separating Himself from one being to being, in his church, dividing his life with his people. That's the message we must get to the people. They'll perish without it. They have to.

69 My own mother just passed away recently when I stood by her side. And she said, "Billy. . . ." All of her children was standing there, what was living. Two of us was gone out of ten. And the girl. . . . She looked at me, and she said. . . . First she looked at Dolores. She said, "My last, and my first." And mother was a gracious Christian, and I'd led her to Christ and baptized her many years ago.

And she said, "Dolores, you've been good to me. You've helped me. You have done me . . . a washing for me when I've gotten old and can't wash. You've come down to clean up my house. You'd do these things." She said, "I love you, honey."

70 And Dolores, a young Christian, standing there choking, looking down, and she said, "Mother, it was so little."

She said, "Billy, you seen that I didn't go hungry."

And I said, "Mama, how many times have you walked away from the table so I could have something to eat, when we had nothing to eat?" And I said, "It was just a duty, mother."



in the ground. Along comes the winter freeze, and freezes . . . it bursts. The pulp runs out of it. Every natural thing that you could look at is gone.

63 A scientist could take a handful of that dirt, and take it down to the laboratory, and examine it back and forth. And you cannot find that germ of life. It's not there. The potash, and calcium, and petroleum, and moisture—everything that's in it has returned back into the dust. But somewhere hid in there is the germ of life. And just as sure as the sun rises again in the springtime, it'll live again. God has provided a way for it.

64 You take and put concrete down through your yard in the wintertime, lay stones. Where is your greatest grass bed? Is right around the edge of your walk. Why? It's those seeds that was covered up. And when that sun begins to shine upon that botany life, that little seed of life'll wind its way around all that concrete, over every rock, down under every stick, and come around till it sticks its little head up outside, and praises the God of life. You just can't hide life. That's what we're here for, brethren, to bring life.

65 Not long ago I was sitting, eating dinner with an old Methodist minister, gracious old saint of God. He had the Holy Spirit in his life. And we were listening to the Agricultural Hour come on from Louisville. And the 4H club had a machine that they could perfect a grain of corn so perfect that it would make just as good a cornbread as the one that was grown out of the field—same kind of corn flakes.

And actually, you could cut them open, put them in a laboratory. And the heart was in the right place, the right amount of moisture and potash and all that's in the corn. You could not separate them. Once mixing them together, you could not tell one from the other, it was so perfect.

He said . . . “The only way that you can tell which is which is bury them. The one that the machine made rots, and that's all of it. But the one that God grewed, it's got a life in there that'll rise up again.”

A man might look like a Christian, impersonate a Christian, or walk like a Christian, or so forth. But unless that germ of life is there, he cannot rise again.

JOHN10:10

*Thou wilt shew me the path of life: and in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there is pleasure forevermore.*

PSA16:11

48 And now, you know I wouldn't try to preach. I would just like to talk to you a minute, or I'll say for instance about fifteen, twenty minutes. David here was speaking of life. “Thou will show me the path of life.” Did you notice it? Will You show me? or could You show me? I hope You show me; “Thou will show me.”

MATT13:4,7 MARK4:4,8 LUKE8:5,8

49 I believe that every one that God has called will hear, and will come. Now I believe that that's what we are facing now in our meetings. We can only sow the seed. Some will fall by the wayside; some will fall one way, and some fall another. But some will fall on good ground. That is right. “Show me the path of life.”

50 Now, life is the greatest thing that we could achieve. There's nothing no greater than life. If I could go to glory this morning, and we could all go up there, and I could meet Abraham. . . .

“What's the greatest thing there, is Abraham?”

He'd say, “Life.” There . . . no matter what anything else is, life is the greatest thing that anyone can achieve—is life. What would you give for life?

51 I've got a book at home. I believe it was wrote by Brother Nugent, a chaplain from the prisons. And he gives the testimonies in this book of the great people that's died on earth from the time of Christ down. And he gives the testimony of the wicked great, and the testimony of the spiritual great on the other side of the book. And I was reading there, I believe it was bloody Mary of England, where she said, “If I could. . . . I'd give my kingdom for five minutes more life,”—the kingdom that she'd put so many to death because . . . and so forth. And yet, she would give that kingdom for five more minutes of life.

52 I still remember the testimony of Paul Rader right out here, when he died there in the Tabernacle . . . or where they had the Tabernacle, when he said . . . . When he was dying, he called Luke, his brother. They kind of chummed together like Billy Paul, my son, and I.

And as I understand it from the Moody school that they had a quartet in there, singing. And Paul had a sense of humor. They was singing, “Nearer my God to Thee,” and he said, “Say, who's dying here?”

me or you?" And said, "Raise up them shades, and sing me some snappy gospel songs." And they started singing, "Down at the Cross," something like that, the quartet. And he said, "Where's Luke?"

He was in the next room. They brought him in. He took a hold of Luke's hand. He said, "Luke, think of it! In five minutes from now, I'll be standing in the presence of Jesus Christ, clothed in his righteousness." Let me go like that.

53 Dwight Moody, you know what his testimony was, when he raised up, and said, "This is death?" Said, "This is my coronation day." That's the way I'd like to go.

54 I held the hand of my precious mother just recently, going. I held the hand of my wife when she went. I've watched them when they come to the end of the road. Life is the greatest thing there is. And those who have no hope after this is over, it's a terrible thing. We walk down the paths of life.

So many people say, "What is life? Where can I find it?"

Why, it's just all around us. God has made it so much . . . even like in Job. We find out in Job he asked about it. All down through life we hear it, asking about it.

55 Reminds me of a little boy that lived in Jeffersonville, where I live. One day, they said he was. . . . Went to his mother, and he said, "Mother? God, this God that you talk about, is such a great person. Could anybody see Him?"

She said, "Ask the pastor."

So, went to the pastor and asked him, and he said. . . . No, Sunday school teacher. And the Sunday school teacher said, "You'd better ask the pastor." She didn't know.

So he went to the pastor.

He said, "No, no, son." He said, "No man can see God and live." Said, "You don't see God." Well, it kind of disappointed the little fellow.

56 And there was an old fisherman. And he was up on the river, one day, with this old fisherman fishing, and there come up a storm. As many of you, I guess, are from the east and know how the . . . washes off the leaves, and it was coming down the river. And the little boy was sitting in

the back of the boat. And the sun was setting to the west, and a rainbow come across the river like that.

And the old fisherman, oaring. . . . The waters had quietened from the storm, and everything was fresh and the smell of the blossoms. And as he paddled, over his gray beard big silver tears begin to flow down his beard, as he looked.

The little boy looked around to see what he was looking at. He looked at the old fisherman. And he run up from the stern of the boat, up to the center of the boat, and he sat down by the old fisherman's knees.

57 And he said, "Sir, I want to ask you something. My mother's not able to answer me, my Sunday school teacher, nor my pastor." Said, "Is . . . God, being so great, could any man see Him?"

58 And the old fisherman pulled the oars into his lap, put the little boy's head over against his shoulder, said, "God bless your little heart, honey. All I've seen for the past forty years has been God," see. He was just. . . . You have to have God in here to see Him out there, see—God on the inside looking through your eyes.

59 I'm looking across the street to a tree. I'm thinking now, when I come through the Mojave desert, or the desert coming down here, everything seemed to be so dead. And just as I got there close to the Colorado River, there was one little green bush. It was so conspicuous. I thought, "Where is it getting its life from?" See, it had life. It was a-living. God is in life. He's . . . everything that's alive has God in it.

JOB14:7,10,13,21

60 Job said one day, "If a tree dies, it'll live again. But man layeth down, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he? His sons come to mourn and pay him honor, but he perceive it not. Oh, that thou would hide me in the grave, and keep me in the secret place till thy wrath be passed."

61 And he seen . . . he noticed God in his nature, life, how a little flower comes up, and stands there. And after a while. . . . It's pretty, and there's some young ones in the bed of the flowers, and some middle-aged, and some old ones. But when the frost comes and strikes them, it kills them all. And the little flower drops its little petals off. And out of that flower bud, there's a little black seed. Little, teeny, fellow falls out.

62 And as strange as it seems. . . . But yet, God has a funeral procession for that flower. Did you know that? The fall rains come, and it cries great big tears down of water. And He buries that little seed down