

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

**MEANEST MAN IN SANTA MARIA**  
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## Introduction

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## Meanest Man In Santa Maria

1 Thank you, brother. Let us remain standing just a moment now for prayer. And I see many of you are bringing up handkerchiefs to be prayed over. We believe in that. Some of the greatest things that we have to happen in these days is the international ministry of praying over handkerchiefs. Great things take place, and we're so happy for it. We're always glad to do anything that we can to help others. I want everyone to bow with me now, and we'll offer prayer.

1PET5:8

2 Our heavenly Father, we are happy tonight to be alive, and to be here in the service of our God, with this blessed assurance of knowing that when this life is over here we enter into the great life beyond, where all of our expectations rest. While we're in this journey, Lord, sickness, troubles, heartaches lays all along the road. And there's many are suffering with these things in this day that we're living in, in the shadows of the coming of the Lord. We know that the enemy is going about like a roaring lion, devouring what he can, for he knows his time is short.

And now, many people has brought up their handkerchiefs and laid here for their loved ones. No doubt, out across the desert there somewhere is an old blind daddy and mother, waiting tonight for a handkerchief to return. Maybe in the hospital is a loved one real sick, precious little baby at home. And You know every one of them, Lord. And I'm sure that You'll grant to them their request as I just lay my hands upon them, Lord, in the representative way of the name of Jesus Christ.

ACTS19:12

3 And we believe that it was written in the Scripture that they taken from the body of St. Paul handkerchiefs or aprons. And it was tokens of their faith in that apostle. He's come on long years ago, and is immortal tonight. But the Spirit of God remains the same for those who believe the same. And I pray that You'll grant every request.

Give us a great service tonight, Lord. May your presence continue to be with us. Give to us the desires of our hearts, and we trust it will be all in your divine will to do this. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen. You may be seated.

Such a wonderful time of fellowship this morning in the breakfast, the ministerial breakfast. I got acquainted with many of the brethren that I never knew before, and come to find out, our chairman here was a Arkie.

4 And they told me if you take all the Arkies and Okies out of California you haven't got nothing left but a desert, so that. . . . So I kind of believe that. . . . How many here's from Arkansas or Oklahoma one? I sure think that's right. Well, I think some of the truest old hearts that ever beats is under them old Arkansas shirts, and Okies.

5 I kind of hold a little to Oklahoma. My mother used to live in Oklahoma, Tulsa, when she was a girl. And Arkansas was. . . . When I first got started in the meetings down at Jonesboro, and Moark, and Texarkana, down to the Robinson Memorial Auditorium at Little Rock, up to Hot Springs, and, oh, many of those places through there, Oklahoma City, Tulsa; and some of the finest people.

6 I remember when we went to Jonesboro. Was one of my first great meetings after leaving St. Louis, and the little Daugherty girl was healed—which stirred the whole St. Louis. There we had tens of thousands of people gathered.

7 Went to Arkansas, and was the first time on a broadcast . . . that I ever was on a broadcast. And the paper stated, I believe, there was 28,000 people attending the meeting. They were from all over the country. For forty miles around, you couldn't hardly get a place, but what had tents and everything sitting—people with their children laying under old cotton trucks, and holding pieces of cloth over them while it was raining.

I never forget one night there. I know I don't want to get started on testimonies tonight. I . . . coming from. . . . I told them I was going to pray for all of them before they left, but I sure had to take it back. So many, you couldn't even get near the. . . . And it just kept getting more and more. The line would be for city blocks.

And I remember one night I'd went out to pray for somebody. They come down from. . . . That morning. . . . I'd prayed all night that night, standing up. I got down, couldn't stand up no longer; and just on my knees, praying for them as they come by.

8 And there'd been a shoe cobbler, blind, from up somewhere above. . . . I forget the name of the city now, close to Jonesboro, about thirty, forty miles. He'd been blind for years. And the Holy Spirit had pronounced him healed. And he went around, came back in line again.

Said, "You said, sir, I was healed. My eyes are not open."

I said, "That has nothing to do with it. You told me you believed me."

He said, "I do."

I said, "Then why are you questioning me?"

And so, he said . . . he went on. He said . . . just keep saying, "Praise the Lord for my sight."

9 And he was going home that morning, about five o'clock, being driven by . . . I believe it was his son, in an old Model A car, and going up the road. He was sitting in the back seat saying, "Praise the Lord for my sight," and his eyes come open. And he just about alarmed the whole country.

10 And so, he run into the Catholic church that morning with his hat on the end of his cane, twirling it around like this, praising God for having his sight. And then went over in the Methodist church, and they was going to have him arrested for disturbing the worship. Don't look like that would disturb anything, but it would. . . .

So that night, I'd just wound my way into the platform, and I seen some ushers motioning to me. And there was a driver there. He said, "I've got two more trips to make tonight, bringing people from the hospital."

11 I went outside, got through to pray for a woman that was out there that was . . . they thought was dying with cancer. And she'd sold the blackberries that she'd canned to get the ambulance to bring her down, her husband had. That's about all they had left. Made some quilts, and she'd sold that. The Lord healed her. She got up out of the ambulance went out the back, went on in, tried to get in to the meeting.

And I couldn't get back to the door again. There was so many piled in there, about the distance of this, wall to wall, and I just couldn't squeeze through. And one of the ushers come, said, "We'll pick you up in the back of the building. Nobody knows you."

I'd been there about eight or ten days. No one yet had . . . had got . . . many had got into the place. They'd stay there day and night, just waiting for their turn. So then, I got around to the back. And I remember it starting . . . kind of started raining, and I couldn't push my way through the crowd hardly, and trying to get to the back door where they'd pick me up to get to the platform again.

12 My colored brethren and sisters tonight, you excuse me for this remark, and the way I shall say it. But it was in them days they still had kind of a move of segregation in Arkansas. So, I started going in, and I heard someone calling their father. And I looked. It was a nice looking colored girl. She was blind. She was pushing her way around through the crowd, crying for her father. And no one was paying any attention to the young lady, and no one knew me.

So, I started pushing like this, and some fellows just standing there talking. There was several chartered busses sitting there from different parts of the country. There was a fellow standing there, whittling, talking. And I tried to push by him.

He said, "Stop pushing!"

And I said, "Yes, sir." And so I started to push again.

And he said, "I said 'stop pushing!'"

I was afraid he was going to start pushing. So, I said, "Excuse me, sir." So, I went around this other way.

And finally, I got in the line of that girl. It sounded like a hypocrite to do that, but I got right where she was pushing along.

And she'd say, "Somebody help me. Somebody help me."

And I just kept getting along, you know, until she bumped into me.

She said, "Excuse me, sir."

And I said, "What do you want?"

She said, "Would you help me find my father?"

And I said, "What do you want with your father?"

She said, "Well, I come over here to see the healer." And said, "They tell me that I can't even get near the building. And I've lost my father, and I can't find my way back to the bus."

I said, "Where you from?"

And she said, "Memphis."

And I looked, and I seen the charter bus. I thought I can get the girl back to there, maybe. So I said, "You come over to see the what?"

She said, "The healer."

13 And I said. . . . Thought I'd just question her to see how much faith she really had. Now that sounds like a hypocrite to a poor blind girl. But I said, "The healer?"

"Yes, sir."

And I said, "You don't mean that you believe in such a thing as that, as a day like this, as modern as we're living today, with plenty of doctors and so forth? And tell me you'd go to hear something like that?"

She said, "Sir, they can't help me."

And I said, "I see." I said, "Whatever gave you the impression to come here?"

14 She said, "I listens to the radio, all the good programs." And she said, "I was hearing from over here, Fayetteville. . . ." (That's where that man was from, Fayetteville.) She said, "I heard the broadcast from Fayetteville," and said, "a man that was blind, a shoe cobbler, received his sight here this morning." And said, "We all got together, and come over in a chartered bus." And said, "Would you help me back?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am." But I said, "First, what do you think about that?" I said, "You don't believe that man would be able to do that?"

She said, "No, sir." Said, "But Jesus can do it."

And I said, "Hmmm." And I said, "Well, listen, do you really believe that?"

She said, "Sir, I tell you what you do." She said, "If you'll help me in where he's at, then I can find my father after that."

Talk about a rebuke!

She said, "You help me to where he's at, I'll find my father after that."

I said, "Lady, you mean that?"

She said, "Yes, sir. I do."

And I said, "Perhaps I'm the one that you want to see."

15 And she grabbed me like that, and her hands caught my coat. And she said, "Is you the healer?"

And I said, "No." I said, "I'm Brother Branham."

She said, "That's who I want to see." And she said, "If you'll ask God, I'll find my father."

16 I looked at her standing there, her eyes white, back, and tears running down her cheeks. And I thought of blind Fanny Crosby:

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

17 See, she had heard of that blind man receiving his sight. And she said the doctor told her that the cataracts on her eyes had to get ripe, and then they could operate. But now, after they had gotten ripe, they'd wrapped around the optical nerve or something, and there was no hopes for her.

And she said, "My only hope is to get in."

18 And I just took her by the hand. I said, "Heavenly Father, years ago there was an old rugged cross dragging down through Jerusalem, the streets, dragging out the bloody footprints of the bearer. On his road up the hill, his little, weak, frail, body fell under the load. There was Simon, the Cyrene, came and picked up the cross, and helped Him to bear it on." I said, "Here's one of his children, tonight, staggering in darkness, Lord. I'm sure You understand." She began to praise God. She could see. That was all there was to it. She had her sight.

19 There's been some great things happen in Arkansas. We're so thankful. Many of those testimonies . . . old times. I guess when I cross over the bar, be many of them I'll hear. Just so many things comes in my mind about them old days, and all down through the years, and across the sea—testimonies wherever you stop.

20 Somebody this morning in the meeting, the pastor here, his wife, she's sitting here. She was telling me about . . . three times the Lord has called her in meetings like that. And she was cured of Hodgkin's disease. That's cancer, you know. It's in the gland. So they. . . . And many things had been done.

21 Another brother standing there testifying, just recently, up in another city, of cancer all over his face, and God had healed him. I couldn't even see a scratch of it nowhere; and different things. And everywhere you go, it seems that way.

Now, tonight will be the last night that they'll be selling the books, and those little pictures. We're not book salesmen. We're not here to sell books. These books are bought from someone else, and brought to the meeting. A good friend of mine's selling them at the door. We don't sell on Sunday. We leave that day alone. So we. . . . If you'd like them, or one of the pictures, why you can get them at the door as you go out, if you haven't already gotten them. Tomorrow is the Sabbath. And also, in the tapes . . . I'm sure they've been announced here.

22 Now, in this meeting, I haven't tried any preaching, because I knew that this was my first time here. I've tried to make it just as simple as it can be. But the Lord has given us some great messages—hundreds, and hundreds of them that's on tape, such as the "Seven Church Ages," "The Beginning of the Seed," and the. . . . Oh, "The Lamb and Dove," and "Down from his Glory," and all kinds of messages that I think the Lord blessed. And they have them here. And you with tape recorders can just see Mr. McGuire here, and . . . be glad to get them.

23 And I was telling the pastor today, we never want to put any stress towards money. I'm fifty-three years old, been preaching thirty-two years, and got my first offering to ever take yet. I never took an offering in my life, and I just don't do it. I just . . . when the expenses are finished, that settles it.

24 I've seen the time we'd take two nights, taking offerings. And time we get . . . pass the collection box, and get seven thousand dollars. And then as soon as expenses are paid, I wouldn't permit them to take another penny. That's all. I just don't believe in doing it. And I said any time that expenses is not met, just let me know. My church at home will meet the remaining of it.

And we want you to know that we're not here to take money. We're not here for nothing but to try to fellowship with you, and make burdens a little lighter; and pray for the sick, and do all we can to help you while we're here.

Now, tomorrow is the Sabbath. And now, you people that's visiting here, there's some mighty fine churches around here. Here's their pastors and . . . sitting here. Now, attend some of their churches. They're men of God. They believe in this ministry. And they're different denominations, but we don't. . . . When it comes to fellowship with Christ, we don't draw any denominational barriers, we just go together.

LUKE2:29,30

25 I was ordained in one church, Missionary Baptist. Never have been ordained in anything else. And I just come among the people as a brother, to stand and breach my . . . the way between brotherhood. If I could see every church just forget its . . . about its denominational barrier, and just come in as one great big brotherhood, I'd say like Simeon of old, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation." That's right. When we can all get together like that, that's what I've always contended for.

26 Now, we don't want to keep you too long. So, you . . . I wouldn't mind you missing a day's work, you know, in a weekday; but I sure don't want you miss Sunday school in the morning. Don't you do that. So I'll let you out early sure enough tonight, so you'll be sure to get to Sunday school in the morning. And that's the biggest school in the world. And now, I want to tell you something about Sunday school. It's absolutely wrong to send your children to Sunday school. You know that. Take them. That's right. Yes.

27 Seen a little cartoon in the paper, not long ago. It was amazing. A little boy come to the door his . . . showed his mother and father's bedroom, bottles laying on the floor, and cigarette pieces all over everything. And it was way up in the day, nine o'clock. And the little boy'd done got up, and washed himself, and combed his hair, put on his clothes, and knocked on the door, and said, "Hey, who's going to take me to Sunday school?" There you are. That's just about the way the American trend of it is. Isn't it awful?

28 You think of the modern American people. What is it? Well, Dad's down at the poolroom. And Mother's out with some pet society, somewhere on the beach, stretched out. Daughter's down at the Canteen, or down at the rock-and-roll. Junior's got his hot rod out on the street. There you are. That's the . . . one get a hamburger. No home life, no prayer life.

29 I've always said this, "If you straighten up. . . . When we break the backbone of America is when womanhood is broken." And I say this with godly respects for my sisters. This morning I met some of the finest women over there. But, what's happened to our women? What's the matter with it?

30 I went into Clifton's here, not long ago. One morning, I was waiting for Brother Arganbright. We was going to have the breakfast. And a young lady came in there, and I looked at her. And I . . . She had one of these here waterhead haircuts, you know, like the First Lady, you know. And I think that's so inhuman looking. And I looked at her, and she was green, one part of her eyes, and the next part was blue. And all over her face was something.

31 And I felt sorry. I thought there was something wrong with her. And I stood there. I was going to walk up and tell her I was a missionary. I've seen pellagra. I've seen leprosy. I . . . but I've never seen anything like that. And I wanted to ask her if I couldn't pray for her, to help her.

And up come another girl with the same way. And I thought, "You don't mean to tell me that lovely women would . . . that's really a gift to man, and godly, and would want to be . . . disguise themselves to make them look like something out of a . . . fell from an undertaker wagon, or something." I just wonder how in the world that they'd ever get a thing like that.

And our Pentecostal women like that. That's too bad. That's too bad. Shame, sister. There's a let-down somewhere. I hope it isn't in the pulpit. Remember what a woman is to be. She is very sweet.

GEN24:65 1COR11:3

32 I was talking to someone today. . . . When Rebekah come to meet Isaac (did you notice) she veiled her face. They still do it. They don't know what they're doing, but a bride veils her face. Why? The man is her head. And then, she has no . . . she . . . her. . . . The nature of a woman is to yield to a man. And that's the reason the church should be veiled. It's got a head. That's Christ.

1COR11:10

33 That's the way . . . the women is supposed to wear long hair because of the . . . of her head, which is her husband. He is to have short hair because of Christ. The woman wears long hair because of the angels.

34 What is the angels? The messenger, a true messenger to the church. That's right. He'll always call it down and say it's wrong, see, and so forth. And the church, to be so yielded to Jesus that it don't claim its own head, its own headship. Christ is the headship of the church, veiled. We're not our own, but we're his, yielded to Him, and Him alone. How beautiful.

LUKE7:36-41

35 Let's read a little Scripture now. I always like to read his Word, because my word's a man's word. It'll fail. But that's God. It cannot fail. It can never fail. This scripture is found over in the 7th chapter of Luke, beginning with the 36th verse.

*And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.*

*And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,*

*And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with the tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointing them with the ointment.*

*But . . . the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet. . . . [Let me read that again. Now listen real close.]*

*And when the Pharisee which did bid him saw it, . . . spake within himself, saying, If this man. . . . This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that touched him: for she is a sinner.*

*And Jesus answered said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he said, Master, say on.*

36 If I was going to give this a title, I'd call it "The Meanest Man in Santa Maria." There's so many Santi . . . Santa . . . Santa up and down here. I get them all mixed up. what does it mean? Saint? [Someone says, "St. Mary."] St. Mary.

Well, he must have been awfully tired, when he just reached the top of the hill to look over towards Galilee. Been running all day long, and he . . . his legs were sticky with perspiration. His face was streaked where it had come down his face. His clothes were wet and sticky as he looked down, and he sighed a breath. He saw a great multitude standing around somebody. He thought, "Surely, this is that person."

See, he had went to Capernaum. He had asked, city after city, "Is such-and-such a man been here that heals the sick, and is called a prophet of Galilee?"

Someone might have said, "Yes, He was here day before yesterday. But we wist not where He has gone, because He has moved out, and many of the city has gone after Him.", many reports for and against Him.

Over to another city he would go. And he would say, "Has such-and-such a man been here, who heals the sick, and prophesies, and knows the secrets of the heart? such-and-such a man like this?"

"Yes, He was here only yesterday, but He's gone. I know not whence He is, and whence He's gone." And on, and on. The story kept going on. And finally. . . .

See, he was a courier. He was sent by his master, a Pharisee, a bishop, a hierarchy of the church to take a message. And he finally could sigh a breath of relief, because he had seen the man in the distance that he was to deliver the message to. Now the message was very important, because the priest had sent him, the Pharisee. And it was very important that he met this man. He was detailed to do this, and he must get to this man. And that was the greatest thing of his life, is to carry out a message for this priest, to get to Jesus of Nazareth.

37 And finally, pushing his way down the hill after catching his breath, and pushing his way into the crowd, he must have got. . . . It might have been Nathanael, or maybe it was Philip, 'cause he was kind of the outer guard. Peter, and Luke, and the scribes that were writing down what He did, and what He said, was standing next to Him.

Peter seemed to be the great strong fisherman that, if they broke through the line of the other apostles, was rather a strong man, could push them back and keep them away from Him.

And as this courier came into the first line of guard, it might have been Philip. And he said, "I must see your master. I have a message from my master to your master. And my master is a great man. He is one of the greatest outstanding men of our community. He is a Pharisee. He's a rich man, and he's worth much money. And he has sent me to speak to your master." And Philip, of course wanting, as a Christian man, to do all that he could to help him, brought him up close.

38 And finally, he pushed a way through until he met Simon. He said, "Simon, this courier is on a very important errand, and I must get him before the Master." And Philip pushed on by Peter, and got up . . . and finally the courier was brought face-to-face with Jesus. There he stood. His lips cracked, his eyes weary; speaking, his voice hoarse from the dust from the people's feet.

And the courier said, "Sir, I am sent to tell you that my master has honored you with an invitation. He's going to have a feast. A great banquet is going to be given. He does it annually. And he wants you to attend this feast."

How could he say such a thing? How could he, standing in the presence of Christ for his first time, and then have to carry on some kind of a business about his self-styled religion.

39 Oh, I wish I could have stood there. The first thing I would have done, would've been fell on my face before Him, and asked forgiveness of my sins. But that's just about the trend of the day. When people come face-to-face with Him, they got other things they got to talk about instead of about our sinful condition.

And this courier, standing there, delivered his message. And I can imagine seeing our Master watch the fellow with pity, and thinking, perhaps, that he was passing the greatest opportunity that ever lay before any human being, was to stand in the presence of Jesus Christ.

40 There He was, but, you see, He'd come in a . . . God had come in the form of a man, and he didn't know it. And there he stood. And Jesus, with all of his busy schedule, with thousands of places to go, and all that He had to do. . . . I can see Him in politeness, and gentleman-like, nodded his head. Said, "Tell your master I'll be there."

What do we learn here? That He always comes where He's invited. That's right. Always comes where He's invited.

"Tell him on that such-and-such a day, that I'll be present on that day. Because he has invited me, I will be there."

Now. And then after that, the courier must have turned his back, and walked away, and breathed a breath of satisfaction that he had done something great. What had he done? He'd let slip away from him the greatest thing in all the world, the opportunity to fall at the feet of Christ.

41 I wonder if many of us don't do that. Maybe we've done it this week. We might do it tonight. Turn your back upon the opportunity to be saved, and have eternal life; and then turn away from it. Some people sometimes come sick, and get healed, and then walk away thinking that they have achieved exactly the main thing that they come for. The best thing to come for is to find Him as your Saviour, is to know Him, who He is in your life, have the assurance.

42 People today are like people gone by years ago. They try to dodge the issue. It's like the . . . it's like the loaves and fishes. He was a great prophet as long as He healed the sick, and performed miracles. But when He began to tell them the truth, they began to turn away from Him. He wasn't popular no more then.

Now, we find that this courier turned his back upon the Lord Jesus. As far as the Scripture . . . doesn't give that he ever asked pardoning of his sins, or anything, and walked away, back down to his master, the Pharisee.

43 Now, there's something wrong with the story there. It just doesn't make ends meet. There's something wrong. Those Pharisees had no fellowship with Jesus. They were with odds at one another. They . . . Jesus had no fellowship with them.

ISA6:9 MATT13:14 MATT15:14 MATT23:15

44 He told them, said, "You compass seas to make one proselyte, and then he's twofold more child of hell than he was before." He said, "You blind leaders of the blind." He said, "Well did Isaiah speak of you. You got eyes, and can't see; and ears, and can't hear." And how He rebuked them, and bawled them out! And then, one of them to invite Him to dinner? If we'd put it in a street expression, we know there's a trump up the sleeve somewhere—an extra card somewhere. See, he's holding something, 'cause they had no fellowship with one another.

45 It's just like you take the old couple, and the young couple. You see the young married couple go off to one side and talk. Why? They got things in common. They like to talk about things that they have in common. Watch the little children. The little boys will play marbles, the little girls will play dolls. See, it's things in common.

46 That's the reason we meet here the way we do, like that lovely breakfast this morning. We had everything in common. Fellowship. Gamblers, bootleggers, liars, and thieves had no place in that meeting, see. For it's. . . . Or, in here. We are . . . we have fellowship one with another, because we're assembled around one great thing that we have achieved. That's Christ, communion with Him.

47 Now, when you see a little girl about six or seven years old following grandma around all the time, aha, there's something wrong. There's too much difference in their age. Now, either she's grandma's pet, or she's got a sack of candy and the little girl's wanting it, see. There's some purpose for this little girl following grandma around, because there's too much difference in their age, see.

48 And when you see these Pharisees send. . . . Oh, that arrogant, starchy, ecclesiastical system standing for Jesus, there's something wrong, something out of ordinary. There's a trick somewhere. And don't you think Jesus didn't know it. He wasn't putting nothing over on Him. No, no. He knew about it. But still, if He was invited, He'll go anyhow. That's right.

49 We invite Him to our churches. Send great meetings for campaign, and pray; and call in great groups of prayer groups for a great state-wide convention, revival. And pray, "Oh, Lord Jesus, come and honor us with your

presence.” And let somebody raise up and say, “Amen,” and the ushers will lead him out the door. Let somebody worship Him a little bit, and “They’re a bunch of fanatics.” That’s right.

50 We invite Him, and then don’t want Him when He gets there. But He’ll come anyhow. He comes. Oh, yes. He’ll be there. When He promises. . . . You ask Him, no matter what the circumstances is, He comes when you ask Him. He’s there.

51 Then I can see this Pharisee, how they put on this big spread. They were rich. My, they got a cut out of everything come along, and the meat offerings, and well paid, and. . . . Oh, they were . . . they had it on the feather bed. They were. . . . (That’s an old Southern expression, but it’s what they did.) They were rich. And the poor was poor. And they could put on those big spreads. Oh, my, how they could really make it attractive. And, you know, the devil likes to make sin attractive. That’s what makes it so attractive.

52 And then, we find out that they would make ready for months and months, and send out these invitations. And they’d get everything ready. And they chose a certain time of year for such a feast, maybe when their grapes were ripe and the air was filled with the aroma of those ripened grapes. My, it’d just make you hungry to smell them. They knowed how to make everything just right.

And then they’d decorate their . . . what you call here, I guess, a patio . . . or a piazza, we called it in the north—and fix it all up, and make it so pretty. They had this big feast out in the yard where they had it fenced off, so that the outsiders, and them that’s not invited could not get in. And, oh, how they would barbecue roast lamb, and put all kinds of spices on it. And my, they could really make it look good, and was good.

53 And then they would make . . . get everything ready just to the dot. They’d have all their stables fixed for those who came by cart that they could pull their horses in. They had hitch racks, flunkies there, that as soon as all their . . . flunkies, all dressed as servants, and standing ready.

And when the chariot drove up, those who came by chariot, the flunky would take the chariot, and go on down; take the horses out, and the harness off of them, and give them fodder, and so forth. And the one that rode on saddle, remove the saddle, and take care of the horse. They had everything just fixed.

54 And then, there was another flunky that I’d like . . . the cheapest flunky of all of them. And that was the foot-wash flunky. He was the poorest paid man of the bunch. That’s what makes Him God to me. He was the highest of the highs, and took the part of a foot-wash flunky on earth. And we walk around, think we’re somebody. And the God of glory, revealing the glory of God, washed the feet of fishermen. That’s what makes Him real. Become a servant, the lowest of servants—went down upon his knees to wash the feet of the very creative dust that He made.

There he was, down on his knees washing the feet—the poorest paid man in the bunch, and the worst job.

55 Now, the people only had about two ways of motivation. That was either by an animal, or walking. And when the people walked, they went up over the hills, the shortcuts, and so forth, over the hills to the cities. And along this trail, the animals walked also—the horses, and the camels, and the donkeys, and. . . . Along the road where they went, the dust was contaminated.

56 And when the people walked. . . . They had a Palestinian garment on, which is a robe. And then as they walked, the robe was low, and the dust. . . . As they swung their feet, the robe give a swing, and it picked up the dust off of the road, and it got on their limbs, on their faces. And the smell of the barnyard, like . . . where the animals had been along the road was on them. And they were not. . . .

57 It felt uncomfortable to walk into the house, to be a guest, with all that smell on them. So, what they would do, they would have a big bunch of what we would call today, like the ladies wear, a little house slipper. A little . . . like a little piece of cloth that they put on their feet. And then they would set all these in little rows.

And maybe someone come up, and here’s what taken place. (Come here, Brother Roy, a minute.) Here’s the way they greeted one another. They come in like this, and they would take his shoe, and take it off, and see what size his shoe was; then fit it with a pair of bedroom slippers, we’d call it.

And now, then, they would get down and wash his feet, and get his feet good and clean; take the towel, wipe them off good, and up on his limbs. And then it would take all the stink from his feet, and the dust, and along the road. And it would take all that off of him. Then, he would slip him on a pair of these little slippers that would fit his feet just right. Then they would pull them on his feet.

58 Then, he would go over. There'd be another flunky standing there who took some ointment, oil. And it was highly perfumed. They get that perfume from a little apple that's from a rosebud that makes the perfume. And they'd make this perfume, and pour it upon their hands, and they would wipe their hands.

59 And then, traveling in them days, that direct ray of that Palestinian sun was hot, and it would burn their neck and their face. And then they'd take this perfume and oil, and wipe their face, and over their ears. Then he would hand him a towel, then he would wipe his face, and groom himself down.

60 And then, see, he had his feet washed, and a pair of slippers on. He had the dust off of him. And that had some kind of a . . . like . . . that perfume would act in the place like menthol—would make you feel cool and refreshed. Groomed himself, and then he was ready, then, to meet the one who had invited him. Now he didn't feel like meeting him all dirty.

PSA133:2 EPH5:26

61 I hope you people are catching the similarity of that, of when we go to meet God. See, got to be washed, the sacrifice, always. And it was groomed and ready, prepared. And that's the way we get to when we go to meet God. We've got to first come and be washed by the water of the Word (that's right), perfumed with the anointing oil—that went on Aaron's beard, that run all the way to the hems of his skirts, brotherly love—to enter into this holy, holy. . . .

62 Then, when he went to the party that had invited him, when he come in his presence. . . . Now, what if he come in with dirty, stinking feet, and dirt all over him? He smelled bad. He would kind of feel bad. He would shun him. But then, after he'd had his feet washed, and been anointed (like we get anointed with the Holy Spirit, you see), and then all groomed, then he walked in to the master of the house, master of ceremony. And he was ready to meet him.

63 And here's the way they did it. They caught one another by the hand, like this. Now what if he was all stinky, he wouldn't want to pull up against him. But, you see, he's groomed now. He's ready for him. So they embrace one another, like this. And then he was welcomed. Now that last handshake. (Thank you.), the last handshake made him welcome. But he had a preparation first, before he got that handshake and, many times, a kiss on the neck. He kissed him welcome. Take his hand, hug him, and kiss him on both sides of the neck. That meant he was welcome. Now, he wouldn't feel like letting him kiss him with all that dust and stink on him, see. But that preparation is made.

MATT22:11

64 Oh, my! If we can get it—the preparation. Remember in the parable, how one man come in without a wedding garment? He'd come by the door, or some denomination. He hadn't come by. . . . He had come by a window, not the door. Or if he'd have come by the door, he'd have got a robe. He'd come down the way of some creed, or denomination. He was throwed out. He wasn't fit to sit at the table. He must. . . .

First he must be washed, and made groomed, and anointed. Then he was ready to come in. And when . . . as long as he, being the guest, and he had been invited, and had been. . . . The last thing was shake his hand, and kiss him on the cheek, or on the neck. And that kissed him welcome.

65 Oh, he was a full-fledged brother then. Amen. Yes, he was welcome then. Go into the refrigerator and get yourself a big Dagwood sandwich, and lay down across the bed. You're home, see. You're welcome as long as you get that kiss of welcome; like the prodigal son, you know, returning—as long as you get the kiss of welcome. Now it was all right.

So, this day had been set. And everything had been made ready, and all the lambs had been killed. And the barbecue was going on, the roasted lamb. Oh, my. The air around over the city, and down in the valley was just. . . . The aroma had just lit up the whole place, mixed up with the wine, and the grapes and so forth. And the very best of wine they used, and the best of everything because they could afford the best.

And they had everything ready. All the flunkies was standing at place, towels on shoulders; every man at his place. Up come the carriage, and away went the flunky with him. And in he come, the feet washing, and so forth, on and on and on. What a day! Old Pharisee was having him a time.

MATT12:24 MARK3:22 LUKE11:15

66 Now, I'm going to tell you what I think he had up his sleeve. I'm going to take it from conception of what the Bible says about them fellows. They did not believe He was a prophet. They couldn't believe it. They called Him Beelzebub, a fortune-teller. And they could not think that man could be a prophet. See, you might not have thought of these things before, but the whole Scripture's sowed full of it, see. It's just the way you're looking at it. Notice, and they didn't believe He was a prophet.

67 So, I'd imagine old Pharisee said, "Now, I've invited Rabbi So-and-so, and Rabbi So-and-so, and I've got to have some main entertainment. And I'll just get that hoaxter down here. And you know what we'll do? I'll show him up. I'll prove that he's not a prophet. Rabbi Belinsky over here, he believes that he's just a . . . he's a faker. He don't believe, because he's too much against our organizations." So he just. . . "We can't believe. If he was a real prophet he'd be a Pharisee, and stand for the things that we stand for."

68 My, that old spirit never did die. The man it was on died. But, you see, God and the devil. . . The devil takes his man, but his spirit remains. Right. The same spirit remains on down through the ages. And God takes his man, but never his Spirit. It comes on, too.

69 So, it's been a battle all the way through. And you've got to make your choice, so . . . the one disbeliever, and the believer. And the disbeliever is always some styled-up, self-styled something, you know. And we find out that sometimes God works in such humble ways. He just puts it over the eyes of them guys.

70 So then, they didn't believe He was a prophet. And I can imagine old bishop Pharisee standing around, saying, "You know what? When I get him over here, I'll pull a good one on him. And I'll get him in here, and we'll prove that he's not a prophet. And, ho, ho, you know what? I imagine my association will make me district presbyter the next time, or something." You know—give him some great thing, 'cause he really exposed this fellow, you know. He was . . . really didn't believe that he was a prophet.

So, he had Him down there. So, when all the association come together, and all of them, I imagine they was having a good time toasting, and drinking, and having a big time. And you could hear old Pharisee above all of them up there, you know, just carrying on. My, what a time they were having. Great time.

71 And now, let's look around a minute. How did He get in there? How did He ever pass the gate of the flunky? There He sits, over in a corner. He's right on time. He's always on time. And there He sits, in the corner (I hate to say this), sitting there with dirty feet. Jesus, with dirty feet (as the Frenchman calls Him, Jesu). Jesu, with dirty feet. Nobody had washed Him. Nobody had groomed, anointed Him; and yet, He was invited. There sits Jesus, with dirty feet. Come to the invitation that was given Him, but nobody cared about Him. How did He ever pass that foot-wash flunky?

I wish I had that job. I'd have been watching for Him. I'd have been looking up and down the road. I'd have been sure He got the washing. If I'd have been there, I'd have wanted to be sure I washed his feet.

But, where was that flunky? Where was one? He still had the stink of the road on Him. He had dirty feet. He wasn't anointed. The Scripture says so. And there He sat there, and nobody paying any attention to Him.

72 That's the way it is in our . . . most revivals today. I hate to say this, but it's the truth. We invite Him; and try to ignore Him. Somebody can say something, or start to worship God when we ask for Him to come (and He comes in the form of the Holy Ghost), and somebody will say something. And somebody will start to worship, and it'll disturb the whole meeting, because somebody said "Amen," or "Hallelujah." Ignore Him. And if somebody would . . . say a certain person said "Amen," "Hallelujah," they'd say "holy roller," or some dirty name. Jesu with dirty feet.

73 God, what's the matter with this generation of people? Where are they at? What's happened? Jesu, with dirty feet, sitting among the people where He's invited, and with a dirty name. There, He sits there, stink of the road on Him, everything that they can throw onto Him, or the people that worship Him. They throw it on, call them a bunch of riff-raff, and everything else. Jesu, with dirty feet.

But He never said a word. He just sat there with his head down—a wallflower, as we'd call it, at the party. That's what He is today at the worship. At the worship where we're supposed to be representing Pentecost, He becomes a wallflower.

74 Here not long ago, a noted evangelist was at Shreveport, and he was preaching. And he was a fiery preacher, too, and he was preaching away. And one precious Pentecostal brother was used to praising God, and the Holy Spirit fell on him, and he hollered, "Glory to God!"

And this evangelist turned around, and said, "Shut your mouth. You disturb me."

Well, you disturb me when you don't say "Glory to God." I think something's happened.

75 I used to have an old dog. Poor old fellow. He sent me through school by hunting. He'd tree anything there was. But one thing he was a-scared of, or didn't want to get to, was a skunk. And he'd get him under a brush pile, and he'd just go around barking. If I wanted him to get him, to really go and get that skunk, only thing I had to do was pat him, and say, "Sic him, boy." He went in and got the skunk.

76 The biggest skunk I know of is the devil. The best way I know to do, is say, "Amen! Hallelujah!" That's, "Sic him, boy. Go after him. Put him in a stump."

They invite Him, but they don't want Him. When He comes they won't receive Him. They got their own ritualistic way of . . . They've got to have it that way. Not welcomed after He gets there. Everybody passing Him by as if He wasn't there; looking around, hearing Pharisee's modern jokes.

77 Like some of these television outfits we've got today. People would rather stay home—and watch some Ricky get up down there with a television outfit, and crack some kind of a joke, with some woman's been married four or five times, and so forth—and stay to hear that, and love that better than they love prayer meeting on Wednesday night.

78 Why, no wonder the revival's gone. You can't build a church upon embers or coals, some phoenix. You can't do it. Old burnt-over coals. . . . You've got to have somebody their heart's on fire. They're looking for something, something to take place, watching every service, right there at the spot, watching.

We invite Him; we call for Him, and then don't want Him when He gets there—just ignore Him, let Him alone. Don't pay no attention to Him. His Word can be read, or preached . . . and just sit and let it go on by, maybe taking a good nap while you're doing it, see—not interested. Watching, watching for the coming of the Lord. We've invited Him, want Him. "Come, the Lord Jesus. Come." And yet we don't . . . seem to ignore it when He gets among us.

There, He sat there. Yet, He come. I wonder why. I wonder why. There's always a reason.

79 Way down the street, off of the main line, turn up a little side dusty street. Go down an alley, way down to the foot of the alley, and up a little creakity steps to a little shack. I see a little woman come out. She looks around. "Where is everybody?" She creaks down the steps. Oh, I believe she was a pretty little woman. And she come walking down the steps. She'd took the wrong road, true. But maybe, you know, it might have been some parent let her do that.

80 You know, you're talking so much today about juvenile delinquency. I believe it's parent delinquency. I believe that's where it's at. You talk about the illiteracy of Kentucky. Let one of them girls up there come in . . . a all-night-long, half drunk, and her lip manicure, or whatever you call it, all over her face, and her half . . . dress twisted around like that. Brother, one of them old Kentucky mammies will get her a limb off top one of them trees, and she'll wear what clothes she's got out off of her. She's a long ways from Hollywood, you know. That's right. That's what we need today, is some more of that kind of a mother. That's right. Sure is.

Then we find that she slips down the steps, down into the alley, looks everywhere. Where is everybody? You see, the child had been turned out. Nobody cared for her.

JOB1:5

81 That's what makes a many a girl go wrong, because there's nobody who seems to care for her. There'd be half of them wouldn't be the way they are, if there was somebody would care for them. Instead of mother and daddy out somewhere, carrying on in a barroom, and letting their girl go anywhere, they ought to be at home praying, their Bible open, pleading for . . . like Job was, for his children. Peradventure they do sin, he'd have a sacrifice for them. We need more prayer, and more homes consecrated to God. That's right.

82 Now, probably her parents was the delinquent kind that went off, let her go. The poor girl earned her living by immoral living. You know what I mean. And so, that's the way she had of making a livelihood. We know it was horrible, but yet, maybe she'd been. . . . We're going to think that she was turned into that, because there was some good behind the woman. It proved it. Right. Something back there was real. Then, I believe Jesus knowed that when the Pharisee asked Him. Sure. He was going for that soul.

83 Then we find out, that she slips down to the other street, she looks up and down, her big pretty eyes glazed all around. "Why, where is everybody?" She walks down through the streets. It's all vacant.

Now, the poor people couldn't come to these feasts. But, you know, they'd come to the fence. They'd smell that aroma, and their stomachs would just growl. They wanted something to eat so bad, but they couldn't come in. These rich had it, and they kept it. It was just for the rich.

So, she looked around. She walked down. Directly, she smelled something. Her poor little old empty stomach began to cry for something. "Umm. Oh, that's right. I remember on the advertisement, the Bishop Pharisee up there is having his great annual meeting. Well, I guess there'll be nothing for me to do today but walk around." Now, she was an outcast from anyone, you know. So, she. . . .

84 Let's watch her. She slips up close. And she had to be careful not to get around where other people was (they'd see her), 'cause they'd pick up a stone and run her away. So, a lot of that self-styled Phariseeism goes today, too. That's right. They need a hand out. Remember from whence you came from too, see, before you cast the stone at somebody else, see.

85 Now, there I see her as she walks up towards the gate. Poor little fellow was hungry. She could smell that roasted lamb, and, oh, how she'd like to have eaten it. And she got back behind the crowd. Walking around, she could smell it. She at least could enjoy smelling the aroma as the air blew it out from the big barbecue pits in there. And she could hear Pharisee above all of them. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Bishop, I want to ask you something." And, "Doctor, come over here," you know.

And so, she listened at them for a few minutes. And she walked on by a little farther. She got up on a little place, a little high, so she could see over their heads. She began to look around over in the yard, and she seen all the guests, how pretty and groomed they was, and how their clothes, just one matched. . . . And the priest, with all of his lace gowns, and everything, standing there. How wonderful they was.

And look, hanging around there, poor little hungry children hanging on to the fence, crying for something to eat. Look at a little old weak mother standing there, holding a little baby, and her lips quivering, and her mouth watering for something to eat. And them in there, going on the way they were going.

86 And, you know, all at once, her eyes caught a sight. There's something about Him. I don't know. If your eyes ever catch a glimpse of Him, you know it. That is, if you're ordained to life. Yes. Otherwise, you can look right across Him, and never pay no attention to it. But if you've been ordained to life, the first view He's different.

She looked. She said, "That little fellow, sitting over there—you know, there's something about Him that's different. What is there about that man? Who is He, wonder? Why, He's not even washed. How did He get in there? He had to be invited, or He could not have come. And there He is, sitting there, and not made welcome. His feet's dirty. And look, everybody's just. . . ." His disciples couldn't come, they wasn't invited. They had to stay outside.

She moves on, and I listen at her. She hears a conversation. And it was one of the disciples. Said, "Wonder why they haven't groomed our master. There He sits there."

JOHN8:7

And she began to put two and two together. "That must be that prophet. That must be the one that they drug that woman of my kind before Him, and asked for to stone him to death, or . . . to stone her to death. And He said, 'The first one without sin, cast the first stone.' Oh, this is my opportunity. [What a difference from that paid courier!] This is my opportunity. There He is. If I could only get to Him; but He's fenced off from me. [There's many a hungry heart in Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, and all, fenced off from Him with creeds.] If I could only get to Him!"

87 And she looked, and she sees Him. She said, "He needs to be tended to. He needs a service done to Him, and I must do it." So, she thought of. . . . Something struck her mind. Around she turns, and down the street, down the alley, up those little creaky steps again, open the latch on the door, and went in. Reached under the bed, and pulled out her little case of her little things that she cared for. She reached down the corner. Top of her stocking was there.

She pulled it out. She counted about thirty pieces of Roman denarii. So, she said, "That's it. I'll do it," and she locks the box back. And she said, "Oh, I can't. I can't do that. He's a prophet. He would know exactly where I got that money, and how I got it. I can't do it." She starts to put it back in the box.

88 But something says, "He needs to be ministered to." (That's it. Hallelujah. No matter what you are, He needs to be ministered to.) And she picked up her sock again, and. . . . "I must do it." There was something inside of her. "I must get to Him."

Down the little creaky steps she went, holding the money in her garment. And she went down to the street to where one of these fellows was, you know, that there's no profit by leaving Joseph in the pit. And he was going to stay and keep his business open, whether anything did happen, you know . . . somebody come by. So, she goes in. And he raises up, you know, like some of the merchants of the day.

"Well, what do you want?", you know, seeing who she was. "What do you want in here, anyhow?"

"I want the best alabaster box that you got. I want the best one."

89 Oh, that's what. God expects you to give Him your best. Not just a little time on the side, but He wants your best. He must have the best.

And he might've said, "What do you want with this?"

"Oh, it's for a special occasion. I must have it."

"Well, everybody's gone to . . ."

And she pours out the money upon top of the counter.

Oh, of course, if there's some money in it, that's all right. He got up, here he come, walked out. He counts it. Yes, just exactly the right amount of the Roman denarii. That's right. Reached up, and got the very best alabaster box. And she tucked it in her bosom, and out the door she went.

And up along the side of the fence, she said, "I can't get in here. I can't squeeze through there. I don't know how I'm going to get to there. But He needs a service done to Him, and I'm going to get there some way."

That's it. That's it. "I'm going anyhow. I don't care what anybody says, I've got to get to Him. I must get there."

90 She held this box, and that's all the living she had, that's all that she had to her . . . in this world was that little denarius box that she'd . . . that box that she'd bought with her money that she'd earned in a foul way. And it was bad. She hated to approach Him like that. But that's all she had, and that's the only way she could come.

That's the only way you can come. That's the only way I can come. But He expects us to come if He needs to be ministered to. He's expecting us.

There He sat there. Just looked like He was waiting for her, watching around. I don't know how she got in. I can't even imagine how she got in. But she got in. That's the main thing.

I don't know how I got in, but I got there. Amen. That's all I care. I arrived. I got there. That's the main thing. I can't see how He'd ever take something like me in, but He . . . somehow, I got there. I arrived one day. I've ever remained there. I never want to leave it. Just let me stay right here.

So, she got in there. She had it somewhere down in her heart, that she . . . Now, when she got there, she had to think, "What if He turns around and snaps at me. Well, what will I do?"

91 But, just remember, when you're trying to do a service for Jesus, He'll never bawl you out for doing it. You might get it in your church, but you won't get it from Jesus. That's right. Yes. You might get bawled out from some ecclesiastical giant that would stand up and say, "Days of miracles is past. Stop that testifying," and so forth. "About this divine healing, this Holy Ghost stuff, stop that." You might get it from him, but never from Jesus. No.

Did you notice, she slipped around behind Him.

92 Now, in them days, they didn't eat like we do today, sit up at the table like this. Them kids has got the idea. They laid down to eat. They had a couch, and they'd push the couch up. Sure, them kids know what they're doing. Sure they do. And so, they pushed the couch right up around the table, and they laid down, and had their feet hanging off. And they eat like this. And they still do it in the Orient. I've eaten like that, see, lay down like that. Oh, it's good. You ought to try it some time. Why don't you say "Amen" some? So then, that's the way.

And they . . . she slipped up behind Him. And she thought, "Here I am, and I now have arrived in the presence of eternal life. If I can only do Him a service. If I can only do something for Him." Now, she had to kind of keep her head down, because she was a despised woman. And she knelt down. I can see her kneel down by the side of his feet. And she thought, "Can I touch Him?"

93 Oh, can you imagine how she felt? I hope I get that opportunity some day. Like an old colored man years ago, was down in the south. He'd got saved. And he went around telling all the brethren on the plantation he was free.

94 The boss called him in, said, "Mose, I want to ask you something. I hear you're telling amongst the slaves that you're free."

He said, "Yes, sir." He said, "I'm free." Said, "Last evening, Jesus Christ set me free from the penalty of death and sin."

He said, "You mean that, Mose?"

He said, "I do."

He said, "Then I'll go down, and sign the emancipation proclamation, and you can be free to preach to your brothers. I set you free also, if Christ set you free."

So he gone down and signed it.

The old man preached for years and years. When he come time to die, many of his white brethren he'd preached to come in. He was laying in a coma, and they thought he was gone. He laid there maybe a day or more without speaking.

95 One day, he opened up his eyes. He said, "Am I still here? Am I still here?" He said, "Come close, my brethren." He said, "I thought I had went over on the other side, and I just entered through the gate. The great archangel had let me in the gate." And said, "Here come some servants up, and said, 'Mose, Mose, the servant of the Lord. Here is your robe. Here is your crown.'"

He said, "I turned around to them, and said, "Oh, servants of God. Don't talk to me about robe and crown."

Said, "But, Mose, it's your reward." He said, "I don't want a robe and crown. For my reward, just let me stand and look at Him."

96 That was it. I think that's the way you all feel. Just let me look at Him. I've often thought, if I . . . when I pass over, if I can just crawl up, and pat them feet just a little bit, watch where that nail scar was, and then back off, it'd pay me if I lived a hundred years, and preached every night, and done everything I could, yes, just to pat his feet.

And here this woman was, at his feet. What a place to be. And at his feet she remembered all of her sins. There's something about it. You remember every evil thing you've done when you get to his feet.

And when she did, she thought, "Me, the vilest of vile, and standing here by the holiest of holy." Great big tears began to run down her cheeks, and they began to spat on his feet. He turned, and began to watch her.

And she tried to wash it. She couldn't. The tears dropped on it. She just couldn't wash his feet, or break the box. And she'd try it . . . and the tears . . . . And then she got kind of ashamed of herself, crying on his feet. And she took . . . her hair fell down when she was . . . . You know, she had her curls all done up like this, you know, on top of her head. And when she . . . her tears dropping on his feet, and her hair fell down.

LUKE7:38

She started to wiping the tears off his feet with her curls of her hair. (Some of our sisters would have to stand on their head to get enough hair to do that.) So then, she was wiping his feet with her hairs of her head, as it spatted on his feet like that. And, oh, she'd look up, and she was scared. And then she'd . . .

97 Somehow I . . . you get all excited when you get around Him. I do. I get all excited when I feel Him around me. Sometimes I don't know what I'm doing when I'm . . . I lose myself. I think we all do.

98 And as she was trying to say something and couldn't, the tears just running off of his feet. . . . She didn't have any water to wash his feet with, and Pharisee hadn't give her no water. But what beautiful water He had: tears of repentance, washing Jesu's dirty feet. Oh, God. Tears of repentance, washing Jesu's dirty feet. She'd wash them, and then she'd kiss them, and wash them. And she broke the top off of this little box, and poured the anointment on there. And she looked up.

Now, if He'd have moved, she'd have got out of there in a minute. But He just . . . . If she wanted to do Him a service, He just sat still, and let her do it. I love that. If you want to do Him a service, just . . . . He'll sit still, and let you go ahead and do it.

99 He never bawled her out. He never said, “Say, you sinner, get up from there.” No, no. He just let her go ahead and do it. He’ll let you do the same thing if you want to do a service for Him.

And as the tears, and the taking her hairs and washing his feet, she’d done forgot about old Pharisee standing up there, and all the rest of them. She was doing Jesus a service.

That’s what it is, you forget all about bishops, and all these other things. Whenever you’re doing Jesus a service, you just keep on doing it. I don’t care what anybody says, you’re right on the job. You’re doing something.

LUKE7:38

And she was a-kissing his feet, and wiping his feet, and trying to put this ointment on there; and the tears, and ointment washing down across his feet.

LUKE7:39

And there, first thing you know, Pharisee happened to look back, and saw it. Oh, my! He puffed out like a frog eating shot. He . . . look up, “Hmmm, my.” He wanted all the brethren to see that, you know. “Looky there.” And he said within himself, “If this man was a prophet, he would know what kind of a woman that was. If he was a prophet, he would know this kind of a woman, what she was. Proves, brethren, he’s no prophet.”

But Jesu never said a thing. He just watched it. He just kept watching her, and she was doing the service that he ought to have done. So, she just kept watching Him. And after awhile, when she got through, you know, and she was scared then, afraid, after she got his feet wiped off with her hairs and here, her mouth all greasy from that—I imagine she was a mess.

100 You know, somehow or another, you get in a mess when you get down before Christ. That’s what’s the matter with the people today. They’re trying to dodge the new birth. You know, any birth is a mess. I don’t care if it’s in a pig pen, or if it’s in a pink decorated hospital room. Any birth is a mess.

101 And the new birth is the same thing. It’s a mess. But it comes life out of that mess. Only way you can receive life, is through a birth. It’s messy, but it makes life. People try to dodge it. They don’t want to wash the manicure off of their face, some of them, or . . .

1PET3:4

102 What is it you call that stuff? Not manicure, mascara. That’s what it is. Ever what . . . I don’t know that crazy stuff. You’d look a whole lot prettier if you wouldn’t wear it. Yes. If you’ll try a little Acts 2 and 4, it’ll beat all that Max Factor ever could make. I’ll tell you that. If you’ll just try a little of that, it’ll be an eternal beauty—a sweet, meek, quiet spirit.

ESTH2:17

103 That’s what this woman had. That’s what Esther had when she come before the king. That’s the reason she overrun the other girls, because she come adorning herself with a sweet spirit before him.

Now, here was this woman before Jesu, washing his feet. And after she got the service done she thought, “What’s He going to say?” She stopped. Her big black eyes, and the tear streaks down, and the mess all over her face where she’d kissed his feet, and she looked to see what He would say.

Pharisee standing there. Everybody quiet then. Nobody was saying a thing, you know. Just everybody breathless. I can see Pharisee, with a righteous indignation, you know, running through him. Oh, he was blowed up. He thought, “He’s disgraced my service.”

They still think the same thing when they see a mess like that, you know. It’s not a disgrace! It’s an honor to any church that’ll see a newborn babe come through.

“Oh, how disgraceful. My bishopry’ll be ruined.” There he stood, just blowing up like a frog. Then he stood there, all . . .

LUKE7:40

104 Jesus was watching the woman. So, after awhile, He turned his eyes around. We’ll see whether He was a prophet or not. See what He said. He said, “Simon, I got something to say to you.” Here He come. We’ll find out whether He’s a prophet or not.

105 He said, “You invited me down here, and I took off from my schedule. I left sick people laying around the gates. I left lepers crying. I left multitudes of people hunting for me in the wilderness, and around over the sea banks to try to find me, because you invited me. And I come.

LUKE7:44,45

106 “And when I entered the door, you never washed my feet. You let me enter in here to disgrace me, show me up before the people. You never gave me no anointing to anoint my hands and my burning face, that I walked through the sun to come to your invitation. You never did it. You never kissed me welcome. You just let me come as a bum. But this woman. . . .” Oh, my. What’s He going to say? “But this woman, she has washed my feet with her tears.” Hallelujah! “And she hasn’t ceased of kissing my feet since she’s been here.” That’s it.

LUKE7:47,48

107 “And I say to her. . . .” Oh, what’s He going to say? “Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven.” That’s it. “Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven you.”

MATT25:34 LUKE7:47

108 Oh, God. Let that be my plea. Let that be me when I come to the end of the road. May I hear Him say—of every service I can do Him, every mission I can go on, everywhere I can preach, every sinner I can draw—I hope to hear Him say, “Your sins, which are many, are all forgiven. Enter into the realms of life, into the . . . that’s been prepared for you, these blessings which has been prepared since the foundation of the world.” I’m sure we all feel that way, don’t we? Don’t you?

Let’s bow our heads just a minute while we’re thinking on these things here. We don’t want our time to get away from us.

“Thy sins, which were many. . . .” Those eyes streaked, that face all messed up; but all of her days of ill-fame had passed away. All the evil she had ever done, had ceased then. She was entering into life.

109 I wonder, tonight, how many in this building appreciates Jesus Christ enough, that you would want to do Him a service? The best service you could do would do just like she did. Come up here around the altar a minute. We’ve been having healing for a few nights of the body; let’s have some healing of the soul. Why don’t you come up tonight, and say, “I’ll take my way with the Lord’s despised few. I’ll go from here tonight, and live a life that’ll wash the dirt from his feet. I’ll live such a life of holiness, until all that I come in contact with will know that I’ve been in contact with Christ. I’ll take the way with the Lord’s despised few.”

Would you want to do Him a service? If you do, why don’t you come up here, and stand around the altar just a moment before we go farther in the service. And stand here, and say, “I want to put my place out there to do a service for Jesus. I want to come to the altar tonight, and confess all my sins.”

110 I think of a poor little crippled-up woman weeping with her handkerchief over her eyes, a Greek brother bringing her down, a young boy walking up here. Come on, sonny boy. Don’t you worry. Come here, honey. God loves you. Jesus loves you, honey. Stand right here. Lord Jesus, be merciful to the little boy, Lord, his tender little eyes. I pray that You’ll look down through his heart, Lord, and wash away every sin.

This precious woman, gray in hair. Age has struck her, and she comes now with her tears, Lord. She loves You, and she wants to do a service for You. Grant it, Lord, as she does now. Wipe away her tears with thy forgiveness, Lord, and give to her that what she seeks for.

111 Someone else take their way. God bless . . . here comes another man. God bless you, sir. God, wash away every sin. Stand right here just a moment. Heavenly Father, this man might be insignificant to the world. Might be just a labor man that works hard, just an ordinary man standing here. Probably, if the president or someone would come to the city, they’d never even know it. But Jesus has come, and He’s recognized him. God, forgive every sin. Give to him tonight the blessed Holy Spirit, the water of life as he stands here humbly waiting. Grant it, Lord.

Saviour, Saviour,

Hear my humble... (Pray now. Everybody, just ask God, “Could I do You a service?”)

While on others Thou art calling. . . .

He’s come down to your city this week, give you a revival. Proved He’s here among you. Won’t you come?

Saviour. . . . .

Heavenly Father, give to my brother the salvation of his soul. May every sin be bathed away by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. He’s come, Lord, believing. He wants to do God a service. You’ve got a place for him, Father. Place him into your kingdom tonight, and give him the Holy Spirit as he waits to hear your answer coming back from heaven. I ask in Jesu’s name.

112 Somebody else, just come right up now. This man's standing here with tears pouring down off his eyes, great big rough hand holding mine. He means that. He's been sincere. He means that. Yes, he's passing from death unto life right now.

Here's a precious woman. Another, another. Spanish woman coming. God bless you, sister. Heavenly Father, bless this our sister. May she do a service for Jesus of Nazareth tonight with her life. Wash all the shame away from that precious name of the Lord Jesus. Grant it, Lord.

LUKE7:47,48

This little woman, stooped in her shoulders. Hard days' work has passed through here. Maybe these old feeble hands have stroked back the tears from many a little baby's cheek. Tonight, Lord, there's one hand can stroke her tears away with forgiveness. That's the hand that stroked the woman, and said, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." Bless her, Lord. Grant this to her, in Jesus name.

God, another standing, wiping the tears from her eyes. Give to her, Lord, eternal life. Through Jesus Christ's name, let thy Holy Spirit be upon her. She sees her need. I pray that You'll bless her now.

113 Heavenly Father, I lay my hands upon these people here. They want to do a service for Jesus. Grant it, Lord, that it may be granted to them, in the name of the Lord.

Jesus, a precious brother, Lord God. May tonight, though their sins be many, may they all be forgiven. Grant it, Lord, to this brother also.

Won't you come? Come up out of your seat. You who are lukewarm now, you who are backslidden, or something, don't take a chance on it, friend. Look what's happened here this week. Things that hasn't been done since the days of Jesus of Nazareth. What's it denoting? The end time is here.

114 If you're a little cold in your spirit, why don't you come up and say, "Lord, I want to reconsecrate myself. I haven't done the things that I ought to have done." Come around here with these people that's standing here.

There comes families of people coming. Won't you make your way up, you that's lukewarm, or you that's never received the Holy Ghost?

Here's a young couple coming, weeping. Young man and young woman coming; elderly, pulling tears away from their eyes with their handkerchiefs. That's it.

Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit.  
Oh, save me by thy grace.

Saviour, Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

115 Won't you raise up? Come on, you that need Christ. Look what He's done this week. Remember, He's here now. That's "Thus saith the Lord." You know what I taught this morning at the breakfast. The Holy Spirit, the angel of God, is right here now, and keeps warning me, "Keep calling. Somebody's out there that should come. Come. Remember, I will not be responsible at that day of the judgment.

Make your way now, because He, the Lord God, that this week has discerned the thoughts of the hearts of the people, has . . . keeps saying to me, "Hold your call, keep them coming. There's somebody out there should be coming."

Saviour. . . . . (Come. Do a service for Him, won't you?)

Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

Now, come on, friends. We don't have penny balloons, and one step, two step. We only have one step. That's . . . raise up like men and women, and come to Christ. Come, believing Him.

Would I seek thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace.

Come on now. Come on. Look at standing around here. This is wonderful. Come on while the water's troubled.

..... humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by. (Raise up your hand, and say it from your heart.)  
Saviour, Saviour.....

Raise up now. Come on up to the altar. Stand up. Come up around the altar here. Let's pray.

..... cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,

Just do Christ a service. Step out of your aisles, and come down. Say, "Here's my service, Lord. I come to make a public confession. Here I am. I've been wrong, Lord. I've done wrong. Help me now. I've come to confess my sin." Oh, it's been a blessed time.

Saviour, Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry,  
While... (That's right, young lady. You were one of them.)

..... others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour... (Do a service for Him now. Come up. Let the tears of repentance come.)  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

What about every Christian in here? Let's make a consecration to God. Every borned-again Christian, stand up on your feet now, and let's make a consecration to God. Come up close, if you can. Come right in around. Let's make a consecration to God, every one of us. We all want to do more for Christ. Everybody.

I give myself, Lord, everything that I am, I pour into thy service. I'll give myself, Lord. Every Christian, consecrate themselves. What caused you sinners to come up? God brought you up here. God's here to take your sins away. Hallelujah!

Do not pass me by. (Everybody.)

Saviour, Saviour,  
Oh, hear.....

That'll break up the icicles. That'll start a revival. That'll start the fires a-burning.

While on others Thou art calling.  
Do not pass me by.

Now, let's everyone give Him a praise. Raise up our hands. Close your eyes. Pray. Just pray till God pours out the Holy Spirit upon this audience. In the name of Jesus. . . .

*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*

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