

SERMONS
BY
REV. W. M. BRANHAM

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

DOOR IN A DOOR
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Introduction

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Door In A Door

1 God bless you, brother. I like to hear those reports of when souls get saved. That's the main thing. And we're happy to be here and see so many of our friends around from different parts of the country. And this brother here is coming now to the city. I understand this morning that his equipment's already unloaded here for a great revival. And I certainly pray, brother, that He'll give you a great revival, and many souls here in this city.

And I'm glad this morning to see many of my minister friends. Brother Outlaw there (I just noticed him when I raised up) from Phoenix, and I'm very happy to see you down here, Brother Outlaw. You brethren from Jericho coming up here to Jerusalem to visit us, we're always happy to have them this morning. And so. . .

2 I got that one off up to Brother Williams' not long ago, up at Phoenix. "You know," I said, "Tucson, I live here now, you know. So I have to kind of hold up for this place, you see, up on the mountain here; and look down to Jericho and see our brethren. Why, we always. . ."

3 And Brother Carl was talking about so many coming a hundred miles from Phoenix down here. How many's here from Jeffersonville, Indiana? Stand up. All around, over here. That's about 2100 miles. Oh, Carl!

So glad to be here and enjoy this wonderful inside Sonshine. See, we talk about this being the city of the sun. That's the outside; but, oh, this inside Son! My! That's what I enjoy.

4 I've been enjoying these blessings this week, and attending the revival of Brother Bethany here over at the First Assemblies of God. And I certainly appreciate this gallant soldier of the cross, his fine preaching. It's been so much to me this week. I said, "Brother Bethany and I have many things in common—especially the way we part our hair, Brother Bethany." It's so. . . Glad we can always recognize one another, wherever we are.

5 So we are grateful for this opportunity to be here with Brother Tony. I can't say that name, and so I just call him "Brother Tony." You excuse me. They called Peter, "Peter," and Paul, "Paul," and so this is Tony. I always tell them just to call me "Brother Bill." That's what I. . . I like that name—Brother Bill. Or Brother anyhow—be associated with you, to be a brother.

6 Enjoyed that breakfast. The only thing, there wasn't enough molasses. I run out. And I borrowed from my son, and run out with him and borrowed from the brother. He had an extra plate, and still I didn't have enough molasses. You know, I'm a Baptist. I don't believe in sprinkling. I like to really baptize 'em, and I like plenty of molasses. I got this sugar bowl, and isn't too much left in it. I had to sugar them up a little, you know.

7 Remember down in the South (down in. . . I believe it was Alabama), I was with the Missionary Baptist people. I was down there holding a revival. And I was in a little old screened-in porch on the outside. And there was an old colored sister. She said. . . You know, I'd preached hard that night and I couldn't hardly get up the next morning. And she called me, and I remember getting awake long enough to hear her say, "Hey, Parson!" She said, "Honey, come on! I done cooked your flapjacks four times already!" Four times she cooked them flapjacks. I like them.

8 Just a little story I know. We're just here in a fellowship, you know. Old Brother Bosworth. . . how many ever knowed Dr. Bosworth? He was a great old friend of mine. He said to me one time, he said, "Brother Branham, you know what fellowship is?"

And I said, "I think so, Doctor."

He said, "It's two fellows in one ship." So that's the way, that's close communion—close; not closed—close communion with one another.

9 Remember one day (thinking about flapjacks—we call them flapjacks in the South, Brother Bethany), so we. . . I was on a little fishing trip up in northern New Hampshire. It's the home of them cutthroat and square-tailed trout. And I had a little tent on my back. I'd packed back about a day-and-a-half journey, where all the soft-footed fellows couldn't get. So I was back there catching trout. Oh, what a time I was having! A little pup tent. . . And the day before, a little hole of water, oh, there was just fine big trout laying in there, and I was just catching just as fast. And I'd catch one. . . If I killed it, then I'd take it and eat it; but ordinarily I'd turn him loose, if it didn't hurt him too bad.

10 And I'd always catch my fly on a little bunch of moose willow behind me. And I thought, "Next morning early I'm going to take my ax and go down there and cut that moose willow down," because I'd catch my little

Coachman in that moose willow. So I got up early, and I thought, “Well, I might catch a trout or two for breakfast.” I was by myself. And I took my little old ax and went down and cut down this little moose willow and caught me a couple of fish.

11 And was on the road back and I heard a noise—and it was an old sow bear. The place was full of them up there. It was a black bear. She had two cubs. And she had got into my tent, and they had tore it down. There was nothing left. It was just. . . . It isn’t what they eat; it’s what they destroy. They just hear anything rattle, they just jump on it, you know. And my old stove pipe was beat up, and, well, nothing to do but go back.

12 And when the old sow mother bear saw me come up, she run off and cooed to her cubs, and one of them come. The other one didn’t come. Well, I wondered why he didn’t go. Well, I had an old rusty pistol laying there in the tent, but the bear was on the pistol. So I wouldn’t want to shoot the old bear anyhow and leave two orphans in the woods. So, I was sure. . . . You take an old mother bear with some cubs, she’ll actually scratch you, you know. She kind of gets a little upset when you go to think you’re going to bother those cubs.

So this little fellow was sitting, and just a young tot of a bear. Looked to be . . . probably weighed twenty pounds, fifteen, twenty pounds. Early—they’d just been out of hibernation a little while. And the little guy had his back turned to me. He was just all humped up, like that. “Well,” I thought, “what’s that little fellow so interested in?” And the old mother bear and the other little cub was out there, and she kept cooing to him and he wouldn’t pay a bit of attention to her.

I thought, “What’s the matter with that little fellow?” And I got me a tree in line where I could get into if she got after me. I thought, “I’ve got to see what’s got that little fellow so fascinated.” Usually they’ll run. So I kept moving around, watching her, till I got around sideways. And you’d be surprised what was happening.

13 That little guy had got my bucket of molasses, and . . . a little half a gallon bucket full of molasses. And he’d got the lid off of it (and they love sweet anyhow, you know), and he didn’t know how to drink it. So he just took his little paw and dipped it down in and licked, like that, you know, when he brought it up. And he couldn’t . . . I hollered at him. I said, “Get out of there!” And he turned. He couldn’t get his eyes open—molasses in his eyes, you know, looking at me. He’d sopped that bucket out just as clean as it could be.

And I just stood and laughed. Anytime then don’t have a camera—you know, to get that picture. And there he was. And after he got through licking the . . . you know, the bucket out real good, he went over to the old mother and little brother, and they licked him.

14 So I thought, “That’s like a good old Pentecostal meeting—when we get our hands in the honey jar plumb up to the elbows, and then go out and tell somebody else. Let them lick awhile off of us, you know. Just a licking good meeting, you know. That’s what I thought that little bear was having.

Now there was no condemnation to him as long as he was licking molasses, you know. So that’s the way we feel in a good old-fashioned meeting. There’s no starch, there’s no nothing, but just simply sit and lick. That’s all.

15 In the Bible, you know, the shepherd carried a scrip bag on his side. And many times in there he would carry little bits of honey. And when he got a sheep that was sick, the shepherd would go over and squeeze out a little of this honey on a limestone rock. And the sheep like something sweet, too, you know. So he’d go over . . . the sheep would, and go to licking on that rock. He was licking the honey, but while licking the honey he got the limestone, and the limestone helped to heal him.

SOL2:1

16 I’ve got a whole scrip bag full here of honey, and I’m going to put it on that rock, Christ Jesus, and you sheep just start licking now. I’m sure it’ll cure all of our ails if we’ll just lick on the Rock of ages, and He’ll certainly take care of the rest. He is our healer of physical and spiritual discomforts. He is the lily of the valley. And in the lily we find opium, and opium settles all matters. It just puts you in a daze, and that’s the way the Holy Ghost comes. It puts you in a carefree condition where you don’t care who’s sitting around or nothing about it; you’ve got to let off the steam. That’s it.

17 . . . remember a little girl one time got filled with the Holy Ghost. She was a little Methodist too. And she was giving a testimony. And I never will forget the rude expression (no worse than what I make), and she said, “Well, I want to praise the Lord for this Holy Ghost.” She said, “If it was any better, I’d bust.”

18 I like this Full Gospel Businessmen convention meetings. And you know, I was ordained a few years ago (about thirty-five years ago) in the Missionary Baptist Church. There I tried to be a loyal minister to the gospel, and to all that I knowed that was right, for years. And then after the great vision came. . . .

And I'd never heard of such a thing as Pentecost. I heard them say there was a bunch of holy rollers downtown, slobbering on the floor, everything. Well, I just never paid any attention to that. But when God called me, I come among them, and I have just. . . . Seemed like that what was in my heart craving for something, it's just like fitting a glove on a cold hand. I . . . it's just the right thing, and I have really enjoyed it.

19 When I come among the brethren I found that among them it was like we Baptists: they were broke up in so many different organizations. My, they were all different kinds. And some of them was riding a one-hump camel, and some a two-hump, and some a three-hump, and some no humps at all. But you know, I thought, "I won't join any certain group, because I'd be identified just with that certain group. So I'll just stand between them, and say, 'We're brethren.'"

GEN26:18

20 I believe it was Jacob dug a well and the Philistines run him away from it. Best of my memory he called it "Malice," or something. Then he dug another one. He said the Philistines run him away from it, so he called it "Strife." He dug another one. He said, "There's room for us all." And that's what I believe. There's room for us all.

ACTS2:16

21 And now, I . . . only thing that I've joined since I've been in the full gospel move. . . . I'm one of you, and I think it's the closest thing to heaven that there is. If there was anything closer I'd try to find it. But this is what I've found, and I like this, and I'll stay with this till something better comes. And I'm looking for something better to come. Like Peter said on the day of Pentecost, he said, "This is that. . . ." And if this isn't "that," then I'll keep this till "that" comes. Then I'll just hold on to this, because this is very good.

22 And then I found out that this Christian Businessmen—Full Gospel Businessmen—was standing kind of in the same way: in the breach between the great, fine, organizations of the churches, trying to bridge something that was. . . ; make fellowship, contending . . . not trying to break up any of their organizations, or make all come into one, but just to bring a fellowship. And that's the reason I joined. And it's the only organization I belong to, is this, this Full Gospel Businessmen, because it's trying to do what I think is a . . . would be a great service to God and his church—to bring a feeling among us that we're not separated. We are brothers, and we all received the same Holy Spirit.

23 Now, God give you the Holy Spirit, He give the next man the Holy Spirit. Like the bunch of Branhams—I've got nine brothers, and there's some fat and short, tall and slim, and I'm Mr. In-between. So they . . . different ones, some blond-headed, and some black-headed, and some none at all. And so I'm still Mr. In-between. So . . . but in there we are brothers. We used to get out in the back yard and fight one another. But when we got in the front yard and somebody jumped on a Branham—oh! oh! It was just too bad.

So, that's the way I think we all should feel, you see. Sometimes God does things that we . . . might not just seem just right in our eyes. But yet, if it's God doing it, let's just say "Amen" to it. God does it anyhow, see. And we are looking forward to a time that. . . .

24 I was sitting in Brother Bethany's service last Sunday night (preaching on the mark of the beast), and the man struck a keynote there that sent my soul thrilling. He said that just down the road there's something greater waiting, something on that order there, something that God's fixing to do. I believe it, too—to wind this thing up and send the church into glory. How marvelous! Now let's not just be so slothful now, that we'll. . . .

MAL3:6

25 Remember, God never changes his ways. He remains . . . because his Word. . . . He is the Word, and his Word cannot fail. He's infinite. Therefore if God makes a decision on something, it must ever remain that way. He can't go back and say, "I was wrong." See, I can do that. You can do it. But God can't, because He's infinite, see. His first decision is eternal.

GEN3:3

26 When God gave man the best fortification he could have for his. . . . To bind him in, to close him in, God gave man his Word in the garden of Eden—his Word. And Eve made that rashal, final, great . . . one of the most rashal things she ever did, or ever could have done, was to reason with God's Word. We don't reason; we just believe it.

Now, God has never appropriated anything else but believe his Word. That's right—his Word. We must stay behind it.

DEUT18:15 MATT16:21

27 Now just a little drop here. You know one day the Bible had foretold of a great coming prophet that was going to gather Israel together. And when he come, you know he passed right through the people and they didn't know it? And then one day Jesus was speaking to his disciples, said, "The Son of man's going up to Jerusalem. . . ," and so forth.

MATT17:10,11 MARK9:11,12

They said, "Why did the scribes (other words, the writers of the Scriptures), why did the scribes say that Elias must first come and restore all things?"

MATT17:11,12 MARK9:12 MARK17:13

28 He said, "I say unto you, truly Elias will first come. But I say that Elias is already come and you didn't know it," see. He went right through; they didn't know it. Likewise the Son of man. They understood He spoke of John the Baptist. Now see, he was just a crank down on the river somewhere, a wild man trying to drown people in water, and so forth, a real strange message. But that was God's forerunner. And it went through, and they didn't even know.

29 Jesus came. I guess one third of the Jews never heard of John. I guess when Jesus was on earth, not too many of the Jews . . . one hundredth of the population of the earth ever knew He was here. He was come and gone.

30 The church. . . . You Catholic people, as well as you try to claim St. Patrick—anybody who knowed St. Patrick. . . . He was about as much Catholic, Roman Catholic, as I am. So . . . but look at Joan of Arc, that sainted little girl who saw visions, and so forth. What did you do? You burned her to the stake for a witch. She was gone before you knowed she was a saint, see.

MATT24:37 LUKE17:26 1THS4:16,17

31 You know what? Wouldn't that be horrible if. . . . Jesus said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of man," wherein eight souls were saved by water. What if today the rapture came, and took two from Tucson and one from Phoenix, and around the world—as a universal rapture will be—and the ones that rises from the dead will go to meet Him in the air and steal away, a mysterious thing? And then one of these days judgment drops upon the earth.

You say, "Well, wasn't there supposed to be a rapture first?" It's already come, and you knew it not. Think how many people will disappear in the world today and there won't even be a word. You'll know nothing about it. There will be five hundred people in the world today will come up missing, and you won't know nothing about it. We're living in a terrific time. Let us have our lamps trimmed.

I don't say it will be that way. I'm saying what if it was? Then the judgment strikes and the rapture's gone, see. He's already come, and you knew it not.

So when we gather in these meetings let's gather . . . we . . . for one purpose—that's to serve God. Let's put our lives to business. What good does it do us to impersonate something? Why will we accept a substitute when the whole skies are full of genuine Pentecostal power and blessings? Why should we accept a substitute?

You won't exhaust God's blessings. Ask abundantly. Could you imagine a little fish about half-inch long out there in the middle of the ocean saying, "I'd better drink of this water sparingly. I might run out.?" Now that sounds silly. Well, it's more sillier than that to think you could exhaust God's goodness.

32 I . . . looking awhile ago . . . an honor to see that aged man, Carl Williams' father and mother—the first time I've had the privilege of seeing them, as I know of—stand up. And think about eighty years old, something like that, and how God has kept that old couple. They could look like Carl's brother, not his father. And Tony said his mother got out of the car out there, and slammed the door, and walked like a little soldier across there. My, my! How good God has been to us!

Now, if you are not a . . . if you are not a member of this Full Gospel Businessmen, you men. . . . As a Baptist, I speak to you Baptists. As a Methodist, I am a Methodist.

33 And one time I was preaching down in Arkansas and I'd. . . . been an old man on crutches and he had been healed. He sold pencils out on the street. And he was standing up that night and he was just taking the whole

meeting. It was about, oh, I guess five or six thousand people gathered there at the Robinson Memorial Auditorium. And he (at Little Rock), and he said, "Praise God for healing me!" You couldn't hardly preach. And directly he stood up and said, "Hey, Brother Branham, I want to say something to you."

Now, he was just having a gastronomical jubilee all of his own. So he was just having him a good time. He had been healed and that meant everything to him. And so he said, "You know. . . ." Happened to be he was a Nazarene. And he said, "You know, I heard you speak and I was sure you was a Nazarene." He said . . . then he said, "I also. . . ." He said, "Then I heard somebody say you was a Baptist." He said, "Most of your people here is Pentecostal. I don't understand that."

34 I said "Oh, that's very easy." I said, "I'm a Pentecostal Nazarene Baptist." That's right. We are Christians, borned of his Spirit, washed in his blood, looking for the coming of our Lord. Lord bless you.

If you are a businessman or whatmore, let me say something to you. Come in. Come fellowship. Don't only just fellowship with a bunch of men you can shake their hands, but get what they got: the Holy Spirit. That brings the real fellowship.

ROM7:4

35 You know, you can't manufacture nothing. You're not asked to manufacture anything. The church is not asked to produce, or to manufacture fruit. You're to bear fruit, see. You couldn't say to a sheep, "Manufacture wool." Just let him become a sheep and he'll bear wool. That's what the trouble of it is—we try to manufacture something. Don't manufacture it. Be. . . . Just get the inside right.

36 Could you imagine a black bird sitting up there and putting peacock feathers in his wings and saying, "See, I'm a peacock."? He's trying to put something in that never grew from the inside out. And we're finding too much of that among our Pentecostal groups. Let's be real, genuine, borned-again Pentecostals. I say now it's the only thing that I've ever found this side of heaven that give me the assurance that my sins are gone, and I am borned of the Spirit of God. Then you have something, an anchor in you, that holds.

Well, I didn't aim to take so much of your time. I know you got to go. I'm kind of one of these here long-winded fellows. Takes me about an hour to get started, and then I preach about two hours. Then it takes me about three hours to get stopped. And so, I'm not going to be that radical this morning, though. So we appreciate your coming.

37 And I'm living here in Tucson now, here in good old Jerusalem. And I'll be down a time or two, Brother Tony, if the Lord willing, to help around and attend all you-all's revivals. To you minister brothers, I never come here to build no church. I come here to help what's already built, to put in my pull to everything that I can to help you brethren to win souls here in Tucson; never to start a meeting nowhere unless it's a cooperative meeting or something that we could get together. I never come to start no church. No, sir! We got plenty of them. What we need is to pack them out with borned-again Christians. Yes, sir!

So I'm here to put my shoulders to the wheel, and help in every way that I can, and everywhere that I can, and every door that's open, to give the testimony of the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the filling of his Spirit that's kept me all these years. Now lots of times . . . I seen Tony awhile ago said, "I have to write down, Brother Branham, what I wanted to say." So do I. You know when you get kind of old, you don't think of just like you used to.

38 Someone said the other day, said, "Brother Branham, how old are you?"

"Oh," I said, "I passed twenty-five."

"How much?"

I said, "I passed it the second time." So, I'm no more kid. That's the reason we part our hair in the middle, brother. That's right. That's right.

HEB12:1 REV3:14-22

Well, everybody love the Lord? Oh, wonderful! Now, let's lay aside every little weight and every little care now. And I wonder, if it wouldn't inconvenience too much now, being we've been sitting a long time, if we could just stand just a moment for prayer. And now while you're standing I'm going to read a chapter, or a verse, out of the Bible, while you listen attentively, if you will. I'm going to read from the book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ, beginning with the 14th verse of the 3rd chapter:

And unto the angel of the church of . . . Laodicea write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God;

I know thy works, . . . thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot.

So then because thou art lukewarm . . . neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased in goods, . . . have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, . . . miserable, . . . poor, . . . blind, and naked:

I counsel of thee to buy of me gold tried in . . . fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.

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

To him that overcometh will I give to sit, grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I have also overcome, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

He that has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.

REV3:17

With our heads bowed, and our hearts, let us pray. Lord Jesus, we thank Thee this morning. Our gracious and noble God that brought again the Lord Jesus from the dead, and has presented Him to us this morning in the form of the Holy Spirit; that's wooing our hearts as for a close walk with Him, that as we see the day drawing to a close. . . . The day of time is soon fading out now into eternity. We're nearing the shores. We can hear the breakers. Oh, God, this is a dangerous hour—as we read here, this last church age, the Laodicea—where that we're nearing the shore. And the riches and things of this world has blinded the eyes of the people. Oh, we pray, God, that our anchor will catch ahold of the Rock of ages, and wait for the dawn. Grant it, Lord.

Bless this move of God called the Full Gospel Businessmen's chapter. We pray that You will bless this certain chapter here at Tucson. May it grow until this Ramada will have to take down these walls and spread its tent to hold the borned-again Christians that will come in. Grant it. Bless the brother that's coming with the revival with a tent, to the city. May it be an instrument to help bring in souls to these churches and into the kingdom of God. Bless Brother Bethany up at the First Assembly as he carries on his great work up there for the kingdom of God, Lord. How we pray that You'll continue with him and with the churches throughout the country!

Now as we wait upon Thee may the Holy Spirit give us the interpretation, and bring the context of the text to light, for we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

You may be seated. Did you ever stop to think just a moment that this could be our last time ever meeting together? Do you know there may be some of us here, if we come back again the next meeting day, we . . . be some of us missing? We don't know what will happen. And then this may be our last time to sit in a group like this and associate, and eat together, on this earth.

39 But remember, there is coming a time where we'll meet again at . . . not at a breakfast, but at a supper, oh, where the great banquet of God, and the marriage of the Lamb, and the great chairs are stretched from sky to sky, and the redeemed of all ages sit across the table from one another. That will be a glorious time! I'm looking for that.

Now I want to take a text this morning to speak to you, just for a few minutes now. I won't hold you no longer than I possibly can. I want to talk . . . I got a few scriptures and notes wrote here that I'd like to speak from for a few minutes on the subject of "A Door In A Door."

REV3:20

40 Now this is a very unusual setting that we see this morning in our scripture reading. It's unusual in many ways because it's. . . . One of the most pathetic scriptures that there is in the Bible is this scripture here, for it's speaking of this age that we're living in. It's speaking where in this age Jesus Christ has been put out of his own church and standing knocking at the door, trying to get back in. And riches and pleasures of the world has drove Him from the church, until the church just becomes a lukewarm. . . . It's a very pathetic picture. Of all the other churches in

the church ages. . . . I just got through going through them at my church; and returning back now, beginning the 17th, to take the seven seals. And now, in this we find that all the other churches in the church ages had accepted, but the last church age, the Laodicea, Christ had been taken from the people. And they'd put Him out of the church and He was trying to get back after being taken out, knocking at the door. Become blind. Very unusual.

COL2:2

41 But you know sometimes it's unusual things that God appears in. God appears in the unusual because God is unusual. He does unusual things. He appears at unusual times. And He's seen at unusual times, when . . . times you wouldn't think that you would . . . He'd be there. Yet He's there. Very unusual. "He works in mysterious ways," the Bible said, "his wonders to perform." Therefore that makes Him unusual.

42 And that's the way . . . we get into a usual trend of things and we miss God. It's the unusual that brings God many times—the unusual things, something. . . . We get so tied up into a certain creed, or something that we're trying to serve, and then if everything doesn't come just according to the way we think it should, then we offset it. "It's not of God." We make a mighty mistake.

43 God shows Himself, and then hides Himself in the same thing that He shows Himself in, see. He'll show Himself in something; and withdraw and hide Himself. Like the seed. He shows Himself in a pretty flower; then He lets it rot. But He's hiding Himself in order to come forth again. And God does it that way. He's very unusual—unusual times, unusual ways, and sometimes little things.

44 We fail to find God many times because it's . . . we think it's too small. I was thinking on that a few minutes ago when we were talking about the smallness of the chapter, or how small a crowd we have. Now it's been my privilege to speak to some great crowds. Bombay, India, I had 500,000 in one meeting. Africa, South Africa, about . . . maybe 250,000 at one meeting. But where I've found the sweetest and blest of all was when we had little cottage prayer meetings. God is in the unusual place and in the unusual things.

45 Reminds me (being that this Canadian here was speaking a few moments ago about my fine friends from Canada), some time ago the . . . King George, that I had the privilege of praying for, as you know, that had the multiple sclerosis—the Lord healed him. And he came to Canada when he was suffering yet with this sclerosis. And he was a gallant man. And all the schools turned out when he came down through Vancouver, so that they could go out and take their. . . . Give them a little British flag, and wave to honor the King, the crown, as he passed by.

46 And a good friend of mine, Brother Ern Baxter, as we were listening to it on the broadcast as it came through—him and his lovely queen sitting there. . . . And we were sitting in the room and I'll never forget it. Ern got so overcome that he jumped up out of the chair and threw his arms around me and started weeping. And I said, "What's the excitement all about, Brother Baxter?"

He said, "Brother Branham, that's my king!"

I thought, "If it could make a Canadian feel that way to know his king was passing by, what ought it to do to a borned-again church when Jesus starts by?"

There, yet with his multiple sclerosis, sat in his chariot (his automobile), and sat up straight, though he said he was suffering terrifically from ulcers, and his back bothering him so bad.

47 And the teachers turned all the little fellows out to go and wave these flags. And after the parade was over, why, the children was supposed to return to school. And as they returned, in a certain school all come back but one little girl. And the teacher got alarmed when she called the roll and the little girl wasn't there. So she said, "I must go find her"; and took the children, and in the streets they went hunting for this certain little child. And after awhile the teacher herself found the little fellow, standing by the side of a telegraph pole, just crying her little heart out.

And as she was weeping, and . . . the teacher said, "What's the matter, honey?" Said, "Did you not get to wave your flag at the king?"

She said, "Yes, I waved my flag at the king."

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

"Yes, I saw the king."

“Well,” said, “then what are you crying about?”

She said, “You know, I’m so little. I saw the king, but he didn’t see me.”

48 Now, that might be so with King George, or any other king, but it isn’t so with King Jesus. No matter how little a congregation He’s given you to pastor, how small the work seems to be—just to speak to the milkman or the newsboy—He’ll see it. You can’t do nothing for Jesus ‘less He knows it. You must remember He knows every little thing you do, and He’ll give you all credit, for that’s what you’ve been detailed to do. No matter how small it is, do it anyhow. If you want to wave your little flag, wave it. He’s in that unusual thing. He might win a soul.

49 I believe it was Dwight Moody—or am I mistaken? It might not have been. An old sister had a burden on her heart that she wanted to win a soul to Christ. And she was a washwoman. Been 150 years ago, I guess. And she saved her money until she got three dollars saved up, and she rented an old livery stable for a dollar for the week. And she went down there and cleaned it out herself, and took her wash bench and made an altar, and put a pulpit up, and suds still on the old wash bench. And she got some tracts and began to pass it out. That was the early days here in America.

50 And everybody would look at it, throw it down. She happened to be a Methodist. And so, they’d throw it down. And the Methodists then were like Pentecostals has been—a bunch of fanatics. They’d lay in the school houses, and fall out under the power of God, and pour water on their face, and. . . . Don’t tell me—I’ve been right in the meetings, see. And if they’d just let them alone, instead of bringing them back—just let them go on—they’d have been Pentecostals, see.

But then, this poor old woman passing out these tracts, and, oh, everybody would throw them on the street, and it was. . . . She was standing crying because they rejected her, while she had tried so hard to bring a minister to the city to have a revival. And the minister was to appear that night. She was going away, and there was a little old boy with his daddy’s (down in the South we call it galluses), you know, suspenders on, ragged hair hanging down his neck, walked up and said, “Hey, lady, what are you giving away?”

And she said, “It’s a tract, honey.” She said. . . .

And he said, “Well, I can’t read.” Says, “What does it say?”

And said, “Well, we’re going to have a meeting down at the old livery stable tonight.”

He said, “Thank you. Can I have one?”

Said, “Yes.” And he put it in his pocket.

51 When the meeting took place that night you know who was there? Your loyal old pastor and the lady. That’s all that was at the meeting. A gallant old soldier, whether there was one or a thousand, he took his text, stood there and preached to the lady—just as loyal as he would if he was preaching to ten thousand. Who staggered in the door long about the beginning of the sermon but this little old ragged-haired boy. That night he found himself at the altar. If I’m not mistaken, that was little Dwight Moody, that sent a half a million souls to Christ. See? Oh, my! How many big meetings and floweredly things that’s going on! See, God’s in the unusual things. God appears unusual. You want to remember that.

52 Now, I can’t think of the artist that painted this picture of Jesus knocking at the door. He’s some Greek artist. I just can’t think of the man’s name at the time, but he’d spent practically a lifetime painting this picture. And, you see, before it can be hung in the Hall of Fame it has to go through the Hall of Critics first. Any great picture must do that. It must face the critics.

2TIM4:10

53 Oh, I wish I had the something that it takes to throw that before this audience this morning. Do you realize, Pentecostal people, as we cool off, that God’s taking us through the Hall of Critics today? The church has to go through the Hall of Critics before it can go in the Hall of Fame as a bride. Sure. Can you stand it? Are you ready to come up with the Scripture, and stand gallant to your testimony in the love of Christ? Or are you taking back and going out with the world, like the Bible said, “Demos forsaken me, loving this present world.”? There’s where the church is standing today—weighed in the balance. And that’s the reason it becomes Laodicea.

54 This picture, as the artist painted it, when it went to the Hall of Critics they could find nothing wrong. And finally a great critic came up, and he said, “There’s one thing wrong with your picture.” He said, “It’s true, Jesus

with the lantern in his hand, coming by night in the darkness of sin. That's a good picture. His expression with the expectation of somebody to come to the door when He's knocking," said, "that's wonderful. And the look upon his face as He is longing to hear from the inside. . . . But, sir, there is no latch on the door. If He did come, how could Jesus get in, because there's no latch on the door?"

REV3:20

55 "Oh," said the artist, "I painted it thus, for the latch is on the inside. Jesus cannot come in just by his will; it's got to be your will to let Him in. "Lo, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice and (come in) let me in, I will come in and will sup with him, and he with me." That's the picture we're looking at now.

What does a man knock on a door for? What makes a man knock at a door? He's trying to gain entrance. He's trying to come in. There . . . maybe there's something he wants to talk to you about, or maybe he wants to speak to you about some business or something. Or maybe he wants to give you something. There's some reason, or he wouldn't be knocking at the door, see. We'd only . . . the human decency would be only to open the door and see what the person wants. That's only just the human thing to do—open the door, ask the man, "Who are you? What do you want?"

He wants . . . maybe he wants to visit with you, just to sit down and say, "I'm your friend. I'd like to speak with you just a while this morning." Then sit down, if he's a friend. Talk with him. If he's some person that wants something out of you, you could talk it over, you see. Many great people has knocked at doors down through life.

Now, a whole lot of it depends, after you go to the door, who it is knocking. You got to know who that is doing the knocking. But you should at least go to the door. That's the only decent thing to do, is find out who's there at the door. Go there if somebody's knocking, say, "Who is it?" Open the door. "Who are you? What do you wish?" Oh, many . . . it might be some great person. What if it's a great person? It'd be a great honor to you if you opened the door for somebody that was a great person.

56 What do you think would have happened a few years ago when Adolf Hitler was the Fuhrer of Germany? What do you think of a little fellow living down in the alley, or down the street somewhere, if he heard a knock on the door some morning, you know; and he went to the door, and—this little German footman standing there—and there stood Adolf Hitler standing at the door? Why, he was the greatest man in Germany at one time, see. Certainly. Why, he was a great man.

You know what that little footman would have done? He'd have almost fainted. He would have stood at attention, thrown his German salute up, said, "Great Fuhrer of Germany, enter into my humble home. Anything here that you desire, anything that your servant can do, just let me know. I'll gladly do it."

Oh, what a honor! You know what? Every newspaper in Germany would have packed that article, of great Adolf Hitler going down to a common soldier's house, and knocked at the door and asked for something. That Hitler would ask a footman for something, would come to his home and honor his home! Well, what a great thing that would have been.

57 What in the . . . if you'd been in Italy and in the days of Mussolini. And . . . Mussolini was the dictator of Rome, of Italy. And what if some poor person down on the street would have heard a knock at the door some morning, and there had stood Mussolini at the door? Oh, my! Their hearts would have quivered. Well, "Great dictator, great honored sir, enter into my home." Quivering and shaking, "What can I do? Is there anything here that you would desire? Is there something your servant could do for you?" Oh, it would have been a great honor to any Roman to've had Mussolini at his house.

58 Or what if the Queen of England today would come here to Tucson, and land out here in an airport, and would come to one of our homes here, one of our. . . ? We're just common people. And if the Queen of England would come from England, all the way across the sea, land out here at the airport and would be brought in by taxicab, and come and knock at your door; and you, an honorable lady or gentleman, would walk to the door and say, "How do you do?" And there she stood there, just as an ordinary woman. And you'd say, "How do you do? Who are you?"

"I am the Queen of England," and would identify herself.

Oh, my! What a honor! What a respect! Every newspaper through Tucson, out through the United States. . . . It'd be on national news that the great Queen of England come all the way to Tucson, Arizona, and visit you, a

poor person. The dignity it would add to the Queen to humble herself to come to my door or your door! Why, you know what you would say? Though she's not . . . you're not under her domain, but yet she's a great person. She's the greatest queen in the world when it comes to national. . . . She's the greatest national queen in the world.

Why, you'd have said, "Honorable Queen, enter into my home. If there's anything here that you wish to take, anything you want to do, just make yourself welcome." Why, sure. And all the papers would have packed it.

59 Or even this morning, if our President, Kennedy, would come to your door. . . . Oh, you might disagree with him of politics, but still you would let him in. Why? Not because he's maybe just a man, but it's because who he is. He's the President of our United States. Yet we would . . . might disagree with him (I would) in politics, but yet you'd be honored to have President Kennedy to come to your door.

What if he made a special trip to come to your door? Why, it would be on news everywhere. "The humble Mr. Kennedy, President of the United States, flew to Tucson, Arizona, to come to John Doe's door." What a great honor it would be to him, and what an honor to you! Why, you would by no means turn him away. Certainly not! You would certainly receive him, because he's a great man.

REV3:20

60 But who's any greater than Jesus? And He's turned away from more doors than all the dictators and kings and potentates of the world. Yes. "I stand at the door, and knock: and if any man will hear my voice and open the door, I'll come in, and will sup with him."

Oh, these little knocks that we get at the door! Many times Jesus knocks at our heart's door. That's where the church is today. Those little knocks—you feel it no doubt right now. What is it? It's Jesus, trying to come in, gain entrance to your heart's door. He's got . . . wants to talk with you a little while.

61 And if you would honor the President, what about Jesus? If you would by no means turn away the President, how then could you turn away Jesus? The President's just a man—he's got to die. But Jesus is your God! He's your Judge. Not only that, but the same one is your Judge, is now your Saviour.

1JHN2:25

Now the President might want to summons you to Army. He might summons you to do something that would be horrible to do. He might summons you, or take something from you—take your children or something to be his servants, or something. He might do something like that. But Jesus don't want that; He wants to give you something. That's the reason He knocks. He's got something for you. There's nothing that could be greater than what He's wanting to give you: the Holy Spirit. He's wanting to give you eternal life.

JAS1:12 REV2:10

62 What if the President would say, "I'll make . . . I've come to take you (and I have the authority to do so) and make you the President of the United States.?" You'd have to give it up sometime. What if the Queen wanted to make you Queen of England, and you wear the crown. We'd have to give it up. But Jesus gives us a crown of life that we never give up, incorruptible crown of his glory. We don't have to give it up. He gives it to us. It's a blessing. It's the Holy Spirit that He wants to crown our life with.

63 How could we be so indifferent to turn it away? What rashal things that the church does! How rashal can the people get to make such a mistake as to refuse to listen to that knock at the door. How insane it would be for any man or woman present this morning to get away from that knock—eternal life.

64 And we look and see the clouds of judgment forming, to hear science say it's three minutes till midnight. And practically two of those minutes are gone—that was several years ago. And we see the church scattered. We see everything going on the way it is, and denomination begin to come denomination, the cooling off. And revival days just almost seems to be over. We might as well face the truth.

Oh, we have a lot of noise, sure. Beat the piano, jump up and down. Women bob off their hair, and blue eyes, and carry on, and men letting them do it. That's contrary to the Scriptures. Such a sickening sight as we even see on our streets today!

65 I took my children yesterday. . . . They wanted to go down to see the rodeo parade go by. My little kids . . . my father was a rider, and I've done a little riding, and it's just in them to like horses. And they wanted to see the horses. And when I stopped on the street I got sick at my innermost being and turned back, to see how people today. . . . They're trying to live in the past, trying to live something that was.

66 We're in a changing world. It's constantly changing. In my country (I'm a Kentuckian, you know, by birth. That's . . . all my people live there, practically.) and they have the Renfro Valley. They try to imitate hillbillies, and burn kerosene lamps, and cook by wood stove, and wear clothing like the early frontiers wore. They're in a changing world, trying to live in a . . . They're in a modern time, trying to go back and live to something different that was. What makes a man do that? Because he's supposed to do that.

67 But then you try to bring them a gospel that never changes, they don't want that. They want something modern and up-to-date, somebody that'll pat them on the back and let them get by just by joining church, and living any way they want to. But when it comes to really go back to the gospel, they don't want it. And that very thing in them that hungers to go back is the gospel, and they try to satisfy it with taking the natural things back, and refusing the spiritual things. See how the devil vice versa's the gospel to the people?

DEUT22:5

68 No disregards to my sisters, but if in the early days a woman would have come through town like I seen some yesterday, with a pair of trousers on. . . . How the lady ever got into them—looked like the skin was on the outside. I wondered how the woman got her foot in them. Walking down the street, when the Bible said she that'll put on a garment that pertains to a man is an abomination in the sight of God.

And with that blue on the back of her eyes, if she'd have went through a frontier town the old doctor would have put her in the hospital, and quarantined the town of a disease that a woman cankered before she died. That's right. Such a disease!

REV3:17

69 And then you try to go back and live something; then refuse the knock of the old-fashioned gospel of the Holy Ghost, and like it was on the day of Pentecost with the same attributes that it had in it to cleanse us and make us new creatures. We're living in the shadows, and the church is in that Laodicean age, rich, have need of nothing.

Now, we Pentecostals can't holler too much at the Baptists and Methodists, because pot can't call kettle black, you know. So we're . . . done the same thing. That's right.

REV3:20

70 And "Lo, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man. . . ." Now, remember, the Bible said He was outside the church in this age, trying to get in. Now you can't dispute God's Word, see. He was trying to get in, begging to come in. "If any man will open the door, and let me in [oh!], I will come in and sup with him," see. He's got something he wants to talk over with you, some business, or a plan of salvation. He wants to speak to you. But maybe you've become so creeded and so hard, indifferent, till you don't want to hear Him talk. That's right. "Lo, I stand at the door. . . ."

You say, "Oh, Brother Branham, now wait just a minute. I've already let him in." Well, maybe you did just that. But maybe that's all you did do—just let Him in. You see, many people don't. . . . They fear the very thoughts of hell, and they know they're going there without Christ. And they'll say, "Well, I let him in. Sure, thirty years ago, twenty years ago." But that might be just all you did.

What if I come to your house and knocked at the door and you said, "Step in, Brother Branham [I step in], but you stand right here. Don't you go to investigating around, and rooting around in my house," see.

71 Now do you know inside the door of the human heart we got little secret compartments? Oh, we don't want to admit it, but it's the truth. Sure, we got little secret compartments. Yes, sir. We like to call. . . . We welcome Him in our heart, but we don't want to make Him our Lord. We don't want to go to hell, so, "Jesus, you step in the door, so I won't go to hell—but you can't be my lord." Now, "Lord" is ownership. That means when you let Him in as lord, He controls everything. He's home.

When I come to your house and I knocked at the door, if you don't want me, say, "Get away from my door." I'd appreciate you more than if you'd let me step in the door, and say, "Now don't go to rooting around. You stand right there. Now what do you want?" Would I feel welcome? Could I explain my visit to you? Certainly not. And that's the way the church is today, friend. That's the way the people are getting. "Come in, Lord, but now that's all. Tell me what You want," see. Oh, no! That's where we get in trouble.

72 We must welcome Him. "Lord, come into my house. If there's anything . . . if there's anything in here that You want, help Yourself. I'm yours; you're mine. You honor me. The great King, the creator of heavens and earth has knocked at my door and I want You to come in. Lord, be my lord. Take me. Do me anything You

want to. Any bad thing that's in me, discover every secret that's in my heart. Go in every door. Search me out, Lord. See what's wrong with me. And whatever's wrong, show me, Lord. Throw it out the door! I want You in here. I welcome You in, to be my lord. I haven't got that blessing, Lord. Clean me now."

73 If I can't make Him my full lord, I'll never open the door to Him. If He can't be lord. . . . I just don't want Him to be saviour, if He can't be lord. If I. . . . Everybody wants a saviour, but they don't want a lord. They want something that they can escape all the damnation of hell, and then they can live any way they want to, do what they want to.

74 You know, let's just walk around the building of the heart. Will you stand me another ten minutes? Look. Notice. Let's walk around the heart just a minute. The first thing as you go into the human heart, on the right side as you go in, there's a little door there, and it's called "my private life." Now you don't want nobody fooling in that.

"Now if I want to do anything, that's my business. I'll join church, and I'll go down there. But, preacher, don't you tell me what I got to do!" Oh, yeah. "Now, I know the Bible says that, but I don't believe it." Oh, see? Then you think Jesus would ever stay in a heart like that? Certainly not. He comes in to be lord. He comes in . . . He. . . . That private life, oh, that's a great thing. Now, you know we want our own private life. "If we want a social drink with the neighbor, that's our business. If we women would want to cut our hair, that's what . . . that's our own American privilege. If we want to wear shorts, that's our business. If we men want to take a sociable drink, and if we want to let our wife do that, you ain't got no business saying one word to us."

But the gospel said, "Don't do it!" Now whose word's right, see? God's Word's right.

1THS5:2 2PET3:10 REV3:3 REV16:15

75 Oh, sure, we want Jesus. Certainly. We think we got Him, and all like that. But I wonder if that rapture could pass, and we'd be left alone one day, then wonder where it's all at—if it'd come by real secretly, you know. And that's what it's coming—like a thief in the night. You'll. . . . Ninety-nine out of every half-a-million, every million, will never know the rapture takes place. It'll be gone; they won't even know nothing about it. Jesus said so. So that makes it right. Certainly. It'll come like a thief in the night and be stole away.

76 Like that book I read one time. What was that guy? Romeo and Juliet, or something like that, see—he come and got her at nighttime. That's the way Jesus'll do. When the world's just lolling in sleep (like the Bible said, the Laodicean age), He'll slip in and get that bride.

77 Then all them that's resurrected, down through them ages, have been down the ages, they'll all go to heaven in the bride. Then the judgments'll come. The church'll say, "Well, wait a minute. I thought there was supposed to be a bride, a coming of the Lord and a bride." It's been gone for a long time. You knew nothing about it. It comes secretly.

78 Why? We say, "Oh, I belong to the church. I'm Methodist, I'm Baptist, I'm Pentecostal." That don't mean one thing to God. It's no more than a doctor saying you got cancer, its advanced stage. And that don't have nothing to do with the disease—that's just naming it. It's a devil, cancer. If you'd say, "That's a dove. That's a buzzard. That's a . . . some sort of a vulture." That ain't got anything to do with what . . . the disease. That don't cure it. That don't kill it; just says what it is.

Just say. . . . You say, "I'm a Christian. I'm. . . ." Only by profession maybe. See, our lives speak so loud that our testimony's not even heard—our lives, our action, our morals among us.

"They're going to have a revival over here."

"Who's having it?"

"The Baptists."

"Ahhh, we'll have nothing to do with that." And maybe God's got a message there for us.

"Who's having it?"

"The First Assembly, the Second Assembly, or the Jesus' Name, or the Church of God, or something."

"Oh, well, we're not in that group."

79 We are brethren! Dare anybody to separate the heritage of God? They got the Holy Ghost like you got it, done the same things you did when you got it. Sure. But you see why I like this Full Gospel Businessmen? It gives an avenue that I can express these things, see. Say, “This is it. We are brethren. We are not divided — ‘all one body are we,’ as the poet said.”

Now, that little door of my own private life. “Now, that’s all right. I’ll be a member of your church. I’ll join the Full Gospel Businessmen. But now don’t go to telling me I have to receive this Holy Ghost, and carry on like that,” see. That’s that own private life. You’ll never get the Lordship of Jesus doing that. He’ll just turn right around and walk out the door. What would you do in a case like that, if somebody . . . if you went to a home, and they said, “Stand here at the door. State your business.”?

You’d say. “Thank you,” turn out the door. So would Jesus. Certainly. That’s the reason the church is left sitting cold, see, just the way it is.

80 Don’t let the Full Gospel Businessmen ever get in that stage. When you hear a message, and hear a knock, open up and say, “Lord, what is this all about?” When you see a man . . . We have a lot of impersonators, but when you see a genuine . . . What does an impersonator mean? What does a bogus dollar mean, when you pick up a dollar that’s bogus? It means it was made off of a real one. There’s got to be a real one to make that a bogus. So there is a real Holy Spirit, a real power of salvation, a real God of love. Yes, don’t take nothing less. No, sir. Don’t do it.

All right—that private door. I’ll have to hurry through these doors.

There’s a little door of pride, too. Oh, my! That’s a bad one. We’d one better not stay at that door too long. But you want to stand in that old door, and say, “Now don’t you go to telling me nothing,” see. “Why, I have my own pride.” Certainly, but you shouldn’t do it.

81 I preached here not long ago on the Lamb and Dove. And the lamb . . . you see, a lamb, a sheep, doesn’t produce but one thing: that’s wool. That’s what he produces. And he forfeits his rights. You can take a sheep and throw him up, and put the shank-hold on him like that and shear him all over. He’ll just lay there. He forfeits his rights. After all, he growed the wool. It belongs to him, but he forfeits it.

82 When you tell a man he’s got to be borned again, he’s got to be cleaned up from a life of sin, he’s got to quit his lying, stealing, cheating, and proselyting and carrying on, boy, some of them blow up like a balloon. Now, see, that’s a goat, see. He’ll kick up a storm, but a real lamb will forfeit their right.

I said to our ladies one time about . . . not as I got against the ladies. They’re our sisters. But I’m zealous of this church. When I see the worldliness like Sodom coming into it, then I have to cry out against it. There’s something inside that my heart bleeds and I cry out, “Don’t fashion after Marilyn Monroe, or some of these women there. Do like Sarah in the Bible, see.”

Don’t try to be Mr. Something or other, run over the platform and carry on, and try to dress like some bandbox, and strutting. Don’t . . . We got too much Hollywood showmanism in Pentecost. That’s right. We need the Holy Ghost. Now you might not love me, you might not want me back again. But this is an opportunity to speak truth, and this is truth. Try it. Find out if it’s not so.

Some lady said, “It’s my own American privilege.”

I said, “But you’ll forfeit that.”

83 Some time ago, wife and I were going to the grocery in Indiana, and we seen a strange thing—a lady had on a skirt. It was very odd.

She said, “Honey, don’t a lot of them people sing in choirs?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, why . . . ?”

I said, “Well, you see, honey, they’re not of our kingdom.”

She said. . . . I said, “. . . of our kingdom.” I said, “No, I’ve been a missionary, many times around the world. I find. . . . I go into Germany, I find a German spirit. I go into Finland, there’s a different spirit. I go into Australia, there’s another spirit. I come to America, there’s another spirit. It’s a national spirit—and all of them

are of the devil. Jesus said so. The kingdoms of this world is the devil's. He controls every one of them. Now, Jesus said so. So you see, it's that national spirit."

"Well," she said, "aren't we Americans?"

I said, "No, sir. Potentially we are."

Said, "What are you?"

I said. . . .

"Well, shouldn't we do as Americans?"

MATT6:10 LUKE11:2

84 I said, "No. Not this drunken, brawling, disgraceful group. No, sir. We are borned of a heavenly Spirit. We come from where pure, unadulterated holiness, where angels and righteousness, is before God," I said, "We live here as a nation, sure. That's right. This is our nation, what we're here trying. . . . But our. . . . 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.' Therefore when we're borned of above, and all the sin is moved plumb from across the chasm, it's the Spirit of God that comes in—the creator—into our heart, and He conducts our character. We don't lie, steal, cheat. Honest, upright, walk like citizens of heaven—for we are that, if we are borned of the Spirit of God."

And so many of us gets confused and just use little isms and sensations and things and call that the Spirit of God. That's the reason we're so scrupled up as we are today—the whole church system. It's terrible. And in spite of all that, Jesus still stands at the door. Put out, but yet. . . .

85 One more door I'd like to open—the door of faith—then I'll close. There's just about a dozen I got wrote down here, but I'm going to skip them. The door of faith. You say, "Would you come down to the Full Gospel Businessmen?"

"The what?"

"The Full Gospel. . . ."

"That's against my faith."

EPH4:5

There's only one faith. That's right. "One faith, one Lord, one baptism." That's right.

"Why, that's against my faith."

JOHN1:1,14

86 Maybe you don't want Jesus to stand in that door of your faith. You've got your faith built in some creed of some church, some denomination. And that's where your faith is closed up to itself in a room. And you wouldn't let Jesus come, which is the Word. "In the beginning was the Word," said St. John 1. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." He is the eternal Word.

And your faith. . . . It says that the days of miracles is past, and there is no such a thing as speaking with tongues and prophesying, and this nonsense that the church of the Pentecostals carry on today. There's no such a thing as that. Maybe you let some creed hold back in the door of your faith. If you'd open that door and let the Word of God come in to be your Lord. . . . "I don't care what the creed says. If the Bible says so, you're my Lord."

LUKE4:41 JOHN3:3

87 You must be borned again, and when you're borned again, then you must be filled with the Holy Ghost. No matter what creed, what is . . . nothing about it. You say, "Well, I believe that Jesus is the Son of God." The devil believes the same thing. You've got to be borned again. Everybody's afraid of that new birth. Oh, I know you call yourself, that you've got new birth; but I think our lives sometimes speak so loud that our testimony can't be heard, see.

88 A birth is a mess, I don't care where it's at. Excuse this expression, but if a birth is in a pigpen, it's a mess. If it's in a cow barn, it's a mess. If it's in a hospital room, it's a mess. If it's at the altar, it's a mess. It'll make you rot in your own thinking. It'll make you throw away everything. Things that you once cherished with all your heart, you'll give it up to let that little still knock. . . . I don't care if it's a mission on the corner.

89 We people out here believe in big things, we Americans. We want big hats, and big automobiles, and big denominations, more in the creed and more in the denomination. All we want is big things; and God's after small, still voice.

A lot of racket and noise is what we want. A farmer took a wagon one time and went out in the field. And when he did it bumped and rattled and made a lot of noise. When it come back it crossed the same bumps and never even moved. It was loaded with good things.

MATT23:15

We want the creed. "Our denomination's the biggest. We got this. . . . Glory to God, we beat this bunch over here. We beat this bunch over here in paying money, and giving stars, and everything else. And who'll bring in the most to the church?" Nothing against that. That's all right. But here's what I'm trying to say—that's not it yet! That's all right to get people in church. Yes. But Jesus said when a man went out and proselyted and brought in one, said, what'd he become? A two-fold child more of hell than he was when he started.

GEN18:22 GEN19:1

90 We hear on the Billy Graham programs . . . which nothing to say against this great evangelist. Certainly not. He's a man of God, and God's using him. But where's he at? Down in Sodom. Do you remember the type? There was two angels went down in Sodom, a type that Jesus said would be the same thing at his coming. But one stayed with Abraham, the elected church, called-out. Watch what both angels done, then you got the message.

91 Isn't it a strange thing, of those two messengers—exactly what God said in the last days—there's never been a man out there in that field, of all the days of Moody, Sankey, Finney, Knox, Calvin, all the way down, there's never been a one that had a name ending with h-a-m (G-r-a-h-a-m) till this day. See the messenger to the church formal? See, father of nations.

GEN18:9

92 Now, the church spiritual was not in there in the beginning—Pentecostal typed. Watch that messenger come to that church. He sat and talked to Abraham. He said, "Where is your wife, Sarah?" He called him Abraham, which his name was Abram. Said, "Where is your wife Sarah?" Her name was S-a-r-r-a; now it's S-a-r-a-h. He called S-a-r-a-h.

GEN18:9

Said, "She's in the tent behind you."

GEN18:10

93 He said, "I (personal pronoun) am going to visit you according to the time of life." And Sarah. . . . He said, "Why did Sarah laugh when I said that?" There He is.

REV3:20

Why would it be? We got to have a spirit like that visit the church—a spirit of prophetic, a spirit of discernment. And when it comes in, the people refuse it. Why? It's the Laodicea. We're so documated with creeds and things till we can't accept it. That's right. "I stand at the door and knock. If any man hears my voice. . . ."

"Oh, my faith don't accept the . . . those things."

2TIM3:5 2PET1:21

Then you've got the wrong faith. The faith. . . . You know the real genuine faith of God will punctuate every promise of God with an "Amen," a genuine Holy Spirit. Because why? The Holy Spirit wrote the Bible. It says so. Men of old, moved by the Holy Ghost, wrote the Bible. Then how could the Holy Spirit be in you, and deny it? Can't do it. Forms of godliness, the prophet said, and would deny the power thereof to liberate men and women from sin and things of the world. God have mercy on us. Oh! Some religious faith that you have that denies the Word of God, get away from it. Let God's Word be right. Yes, sir.

REV3:17

94 Notice. He said, "Knowest thou not that thou art naked, miserable, poor, wretched, and blind, and don't know it?" There's the miserable part. (Now we're going to close.) I want you to get this: "don't know it." Now if you seen a man coming down here at the main street—Stone Street, or some of these main streets—and that man was so poor he didn't have any clothes, and he was miserable, wretched, and no clothes on, naked; or a woman completely nude, and blind, and didn't know it. . . .

Now, if she knew it, or he knew it, they'd try to find somewhere to get in to get some clothes. But when they don't know it, then you go try to tell them, they say, "Mind your own business."

REV3:16

95 Now that's exactly what Jesus Christ said that the Pentecostal church would be in the last days—lukewarm, and would be rich. We're about as rich as any of them. Used to be, when we was down in the mission, we had salvation. Now we've got up with the big ranks, like this, and more numbers and great fine things. And where are we at? Just like the rest of them. And Jesus said so.

REV3:20

96 But in the midst of all that, He continues to knock. "If any man [individual] will hear my voice, and will open the door, I'll come in, and I'll sup with him and he with me." That's where we get—naked, blind. Blind! Actually blind, spiritually blind. You couldn't tell them nothing.

You know, we was raised awful poor down in Kentucky. My grandfather was a hunter, and a real well-known hunter. And he used to coon hunt. I don't know whether you people out here. . . . Not enough water in Arizona to have coons, I guess, but they have a. . . . Down there they had coons. They hunted coons. How many knows what a coon hunter is? Well, look at the Kentuckians in here. My! All right. Well, I feel like I could take off my coat now and preach a little while. I was kind of bound up a little, but I feel pretty good now.

My! How many knows what a straw tick is? Hmm, hmm. Well, I want to thank you. I've got like home at last. Yes, that's fine. My cornbread, hominy grits under my black-eyed peas, and turnip greens—you ever eat any? Oh, my! It's. . . . Now, we're fine now. Yes, sir, that's good!

97 And Grandpa used to catch coons, and he would render the fat off of them. And what they had . . . a little can. We used to keep that little baking powder can. Mom had one she cut biscuits with, with a baking powder can. And she'd make them great big biscuits. You could pick up the top and the bottom would drop off. And put sorghum molasses in there, and a hunk of homemade butter—it was really good. It'd go good right now. I kind of got skipped up on my 'lasses this morning, so you know something like that would really go good.

98 And Mama used to take this coon grease and it was a cure-all at our house—that, and barbed wire liniment. And she. . . . We'd get a cup and they'd pour that old barbed wire liniment in us, and turpentine. And then when we'd get something wrong we'd take coon grease.

99 And we had one little room, and there was a loft. We had to go up a stairs like this, a banister made out of saplings. And us kids would sleep up there on a straw tick. And then above the straw tick was a feather bed, feather tick. And then the clapboard shingles was put on in the light of the moon, and so. . . . It would make a hole and the snow would blow through, so she'd put a piece of canvas over the top of us to keep the snow from getting in our faces at night, this bunch of little Branhams. And we'd be two at the foot, two in the head and two in the middle. We just had all kinds of ways of sleeping—wallow in there like little pigs and kept one another warm.

Once in a while one of us would get out from under that canvas when the cold wind was blowing, and we'd get a cold. And we'd get it in our eyes, and you know that sticky stuff gets in your eyes. Mama called it "matter." Said, "Get matter in your eyes." Well, I'd wake up at morning, and Mom would say, "Billy, come on down. Time to go to school." And I'd say, "Mom, I got matter in my eyes. I can't see."

Humpy, my brother, he'd wake up (Edward was his name, and we called him Humpy just for fun), and he'd say, "I got matter in my eyes."

I'd hear the old coon grease can hit the stove. She'd get it all thawed out. Then Mama would come up the steps, and she'd rub and massage those eyes. And believe it or not, the matter would go out. The coon grease was a cure-all for mattered eyes.

HEB13:8 REV3:18

100 I tell you, there's come a cold spell across the church, and coon grease will never work. But Jesus said, "I counsel you to buy eye-salve"—the Holy Spirit. You're got . . . becoming so blind, the church is, until it can't see God; it only sees its organization. It only sees what it can see in front of it. It never looks out yonder to the soon coming of the Lord. Coon grease'll never do that any good, but the salve of the Holy Spirit will open your eyes, and you can realize that the presence of Jesus Christ. . . . And He's the same yesterday, today, and forever. He is God, and He can salve your eyes with his Holy Spirit.

You'll forget whether you're a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Oneness, or a Twoness or a Threeness, or a Church of God, or a Nazarene, or a Pilgrim Holiness. You'll be a Christian, borned again of the kingdom of God.

101 You'll be something. . . . You won't have to try to say, "Well, I must do this." There's something in you that compels you to do it. The compulsion in your heart swings you to prayer. Love divine flows into your innermost being until you can't sit still. Prayer meetings just flows from you, like the water from an artesian well.

102 I used to pass. . . . When I was game warden for several years, I'd pass by a big old spring. It would be bubbling up like that. I sat down by that spring one day, and I said, "What are you so happy about?" Oh, the water was delicious! And I'd take a drink of water, and I said, "What are you so happy about? Are you happy because that rabbits drink from you?"

If he could talk, he'd have said, "No."

"Because deers drink from you?"

"No."

"Because I drink from you?"

"No."

"Why are you so happy? What makes you bubble like that?"

If he could have spoke, he'd have said, "It's not me bubbling, Brother Branham. It's something behind me pushing me, making me bubble constantly."

PHIP1:21

103 We drive ourselves to do things; but when the Holy Spirit is in there, by divine love we do it. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," said Paul. Sure. Now, let his salve-anointing come to your eyes.

In closing. . . . I don't mean to hold you all here till you get so tired. Be my first time, or second time with you. Forgive me if I've went too long. Let me close then, saying. . . .

104 Down in the South, we had an old, Pentecostal, colored brother down there that. . . . He was really a real servant of Christ. There was a certain old Negro sister that came to the church. And she was filled with the Holy Ghost, and such a great character she was. And she had a husband, he was a good old fellow. His name was . . . they called him Gabriel. We just called him Gabe, for short.

And so, we could never get him to line up with the church. He just didn't want to come to church. He said that. . . . Oh, the boys down around the poolroom where he hung out said that was a bunch of holy rollers, and nothing to them. And only thing Gabe had to do was on Sunday morning get his pool cue and go down to the poolroom or something, and go run around with the boys.

But his wife was a real devout saint. And she'd go to the church and she'd pray, and have the pastor and all to pray for Gabe, because really down in his heart he was a good man. And he run a little business down there, a little . . . on the corner, a little shoe-shine business. He'd shine shoes and get enough money to play pool, and he would play pool. So he just didn't want to line up with the gospel.

And the pastor. . . . Old Gabe liked to hunt a lot. So the pastor was a hunter too, so he'd take Gabe and go hunting. So one day, after all-day's tramping through the wilderness and sloughs, they was on the road home that afternoon. And they had so much game they could just barely tote it. Had the rabbits and the birds all over them, going along, and they come around an old familiar path as they come up. Come up the top of the hill and they went down into the little city down there.

105 It was on Saturday and the sun was going down. And the pastor happened to look around. He hadn't heard old Gabe say nothing for quite a while. And he watched around, and Gabe was looking over his shoulders towards the sun setting as it was going across the western horizon. And the pastor looked back, and he noticed Gabe wasn't saying nothing, but looking back as he walked.

And so the pastor walked on for a few minutes, and after a while a big black hand laid on his shoulder. And when he turned in surprise, old Gabe was looking him in the face, with tears running down his cheeks, dripping off like this. He says, "Pastor, in the morning you's gwine to find me right up there at that mourners' bench." Said,

“Then I’s coming right back from there and take a seat by the side of my faithful wife, and there I’s going to remain—in that church until God calls me home.”

And the pastor, of course, turned around in amazement. He said, “Gabe, I’ve wanted, and waited, and longed, and prayed for years for this.” He said, “Gabe, is it settled?”

He said, “Yes, Pastor, it’s settled. But I wants that Holy Ghost too. And I’s coming up to the mourners’ bench in the morning, and I’s going to get it or I’s going to die right there.”

He said, “Gabe, I appreciate this.” Said, “But I want to ask you something, Gabe. What sermon did I preach that inspired you to do this. I’d like to know what sermon I preached, what I preached on. Or what hymn did the choir sing that inspired you to make this great decision, Gabe?”

106 And the old Negro looked at the pastor, and he said, “Pastor,” he said, “I sure appreciate every sermon you preached.” He said, “I appreciate everything that you’ve said, Pastor.” He said, “And I appreciate every fine hymn the choir sang. But,” said, “Pastor, it wasn’t that.” He said, “You know, I was looking at that sun going down yonder. Did you know that my and your sun, too, is going down? The light of our body is leaving?”

REV3:20

107 That’s true. It’s true here this morning, men. The sun’s setting—setting in your life and in mine, and it’s setting on time in civilization, and she’s finished. And He stands at the door—knocking, longing, waiting. That little knock, something down in your heart that says, “It’s I. Open up now.”—that’s Him. Gabe had listened to that, and he turned around.

108 He said another thing. “Pastor,” he said, “You know I’m a bad shot.” He said, “I couldn’t hit nothing. You know I couldn’t. And just looky here at the game—enough to last me and my wife all next week.” And said, “You know I can’t hit nothing, but,” said, “He gave it to me.” Said, “I just happened to think: He must love me or He wouldn’t be so good to me.”

109 Did you ever realize that? In India today the little children, I know, laying on the street, and their little bellies swelled up, their little gums down like this, starving to death; the little mother begging to take this one, and there’s thousands more. Of a afternoon they come by and pick up in the stretchers and things and take them to the salamander and throw them in. There’s no John 14. Eat anything—grass from the ground, bark from the tree, or anything that they can do. We rake off enough in our garbage cans to feed them.

REV3:20

110 We sit here this morning paying about a dollar and a half for a little bit of food here. And we got good clothes, we drive a nice automobile, we live in a nice home. You businessmen here, your businesses are plushing, as I hear you testify. God’s good to you. Can’t you realize that? Why? He loves you. You know that? And that’s the reason that knock comes. “I stand at the door and knock, and if any man will hear my voice and open the door I’ll come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.”

Now that still, little voice that knocks at your heart’s door, it might knock so many times till it may be very faint right now. But let’s just be honest, just honest with God and ourselves for just one minute. That little knock way down there that said, “I better curb my ways. I’d better be different. I’d better straighten up. I know there’s things in me. I’m . . . look here, I examine my life with this Word and I see I’m wrong in many things.” Look around and see how good. . . . It’s his goodness that knocks at the door.

REV3:20

111 No matter what we’ve done, how much we’ve sinned, how much we’ve turned it away, how much we’ve said later on we’ll do it, He’s still in the midst of all of that, knocking. “And if any man or woman will just open your heart, I’ll come in and sup.” Let’s see what He wants this morning, will you, while we bow our heads?

Oh, my Jesus, I love thee, I love thee. Oh, for grace to love you more, Lord! “What is that little something keeps telling me in my heart that I must come a little closer to Jesus? What is that?” Do you want to open the door to that this morning? Now with every head bowed and every eye closed, please, down in your heart be real honest just one minute. You have such a little knock at your door (I’m going to pray in just a moment), and sincerely you’d like to know what that little mysterious something in your life is, that you’d like to let Him. . . . Would you want Him to come in this morning?

Say, “Brother Branham, pray that I’ll have the faith and grace just to open my heart and let Him come in. I want to know what this is knocking at my door. I know there’s something knocking there. Maybe it’s a closer

walk, maybe it's a different ministry, maybe it's to surrender myself, maybe it's to receive the Holy Spirit. Would you raise up your hand to God and say, "Here I am, Lord.?" God bless you. That's it, just everywhere. "I have a little knocking at my heart's door." I guess sixty or seventy percent of the people.

With our heads bowed—now our heavenly Father, "There is a fountain," as the poet said, "that's filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins, where sinners plunged beneath the flood lose all their guilty stains. That dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day, and there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away."

Now, Father, we're grateful for these people. And some of them may . . . no doubt, has professed Christianity a long time, but they've got the real conviction enough to raise their hands. What, Lord, if they didn't even have the conviction to raise their hands? Then they're past redemption. Think of that place: that a wandering soul could wander out into darkness, and miserably blind and doesn't know it; and they hear the knock of God, and grieve it so many times until finally it never knocks again. And they pick up a creed, or something, and live by it the rest of their days—to find themselves disappointed at that day of the judgment.

I'm grateful, Lord, for these people who would raise their hands and say, "Be merciful to me, Lord. Come into my heart, Lord Jesus, and reveal yourself to me today. And I'll give you my life. Here am I. If there's anything in me that's not right, Lord. . . . And I look at my own life and I see that there is plenty that's wrong. Then take me into your great molding house and mold me, and take from me all that's worldly and ungodly.

MATT26:15

112 "And I thank you, Lord, that I haven't got to the place that I've crossed that line that can . . . where you cross and can never return again—grieve the Spirit of God the last time, and now there's no way at all back." Like Judas Iscariot and them, sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. And we do today, for popularity, and cares of the world, and religious organizations and denominations, and creeds—we just sell Him for anything.

Oh, Lord, have mercy to honest hearts. I plead for those, Lord. Oh, with all that's in me, I ask for divine mercy, and hear me, Lord, hear me. And may this great desire, with faith to know that it's God that spoke to their hearts. . . . It's God that does these things. May the heart's door come open just now, and Jesus walk in and become lord of the situation, taking all the world out and making them new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Heal those that are sick, Lord. Perceiving that there is so much suffering, I pray for them, Father, that now the great physician will touch their physical being also, and make it his home—his dwelling place—where he can reach forth his hands just at the call (the little light call of the heart), and the great physician is on the job. Grant it, Lord. Hear us today. Bless all that's present. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, we ask it. Amen.

Now with our heads bowed, real humbly, softly, let's sing this old hymn of the church, "I love Him, I love Him, because He first loved me." And believe now that what you have asked, that that little still knock that was at your heart, Jesus will come in now. Quietly, as we sing it:

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

2COR5:17 GAL6:15

113 Now, with our heads bowed, you that want to accept Him as lord in your heart, "Lord, take away everything now. And from this hour I'm making a consecration to You, over this table, Lord, that I'll meet you again at that great wedding supper. I'm consecrating my life to You this morning, so help me, my Lord. If I haven't received the Holy Spirit yet, I'm going to seek until the real Holy Spirit comes in and cleanses my life, makes me a new creature in Christ Jesus. I promise you today, Lord, as I make a consecration to You, over this table. In the name of Christ I promise to do it, as I raise my hands." Now you raise your hands, and sing with your eyes closed now.

I love Him (Will you consecrate
yourself now?), I love Him,
Because He first.

God, be merciful. Father, look upon these hands, and grant it, in Jesus' name.

And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.

Now I want you to reach across the table and shake hands with somebody. Say, "God bless you, pilgrim. Glad to be here with you this morning." That's right. Everybody just mix up—Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Presbyterian. God bless you, God bless you. The messages sometime are cutting and hard, and we don't . . . we want to feel good about it. Now, God bless you, brother, God bless you. God bless you, sister. God bless you, my brother, God be with you. God bless you. Fine. Bless you, Brother Tony. Now, let us stand just a minute.

With our hands and hearts to God, our Father, all creeds, all now believing. . . . Now when you have prayed, remember Jesus said when you pray believe that you receive what you ask for and it shall be given unto you. Do you believe it? Say, "Amen. I believe that I receive that what I've asked for. I've consecrated my life to Jesus Christ, and from this day henceforth (I really mean it, God) I'll walk before You until it becomes such a reality till I'm hid altogether in Christ Jesus."

Now, is the song leader here? Let's start that gracious old hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine." Wonder if the sister on the piano would give us that key. How many knows the hymn? Raise. . . . Now, let's sing that to the top of our voice. "My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary." All together now.

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

Let's bow our heads now.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
(Remember, you're going
to meet the world now)
Be Thou my Guide; (listen!)
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wash all my fears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
(Let's hum it.)

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