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## LIFE STORY

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“I can’t stand it.” I said, “I can see Hope, that she went on, but I can’t get over my baby. I don’t know why God taken my baby, and why would He do it?”

All right. In a year and six month’s time, and even previous to that. I lost my father, my brother, my wife, and my baby in just a little bit, just right straight one, two, three. And that’s just the last of it though. My daddy died in my arms. And my brother was killed on a—a telephone pole, right in front of . . .

And that night coming home, I told mother. She was all broke up too. Dad had just recently went. And so I went over to home then to go in. I tried to batch . . . I just want . . . My mother wanted me to stay in her house, and—and my mother-in-law wanted me to come down there. And if you ever have a home of your own, there’s no . . . then there’s just no place satisfies no more.

And I went up over there, and I was trying to batch, and I had . . . it was cold, and I had this one little stove out in the kitchen, a—a—a room out there. And—and frost and snow was coming up through the floor. And I’d go in there of a night and try to cook. There was little old cot laying there. And I went in.

<sup>2</sup> That night, I’d never forget it. And I went around the corner. I picked up the—the paper, and the mail in the box, and went in, went in the house. There wasn’t . . . We didn’t have any furniture. But they wanted me to get rid of it. But friends, it wasn’t very much. But what it was, it belonged to her and I. And we had it together. No matter how poor I was, it was ours. I didn’t want to get rid of it. We had lived together; she had taken care of it.

I seen her clothes hanging up behind the door. I just couldn’t forget. And I got my mail and went around. I was staying in an old cold room. I been working. First one I opened up, it said, “Miss Sharon Rose Branham,” little eighty cent Christmas saving, and it sent back to me. Oh, my, there was it all over again. I couldn’t stand to think I couldn’t go any farther . . .

I knelt down and started crying and praying. I went in the next room, got down in the box, and pulled out my revolver, thirty-eight revolver, put six shells in it. I’d been hunting. Come back in the room. I said, “God, I—I’m going insane. I don’t want to bring a reproach. I’m going insane. I’d rather commit suicide than to go insane. So I’m going to meet you now.” And I meet . . . “Father, You forgive me for the sin.

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I can't stand it any longer; You're not consoling my heart. I can't stand it any longer."

And I pulled back that hammer; I put it up side of my head. I knelt down there by that old dirty cot, said, "Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name." Begin to squeeze on the trigger . . . "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." I squeezed with all my might, and the hammer wouldn't fall.

And I said, "Oh, I can't even take my own life." I threw the gun, it went off, but it went out through the house like that. I thought, "Oh God, what can I do. I was—I'm dying it looked like." I threw my head over on the bed; I went off to sleep. Just a few moments to close.

<sup>3</sup> I went off to sleep. And I dreamed that I was back out West again. I thought I was . . . had a . . . walking down the prairie and I was whistling a song. "The wheel on the wagon is broken . . ." You've heard the song. I looked, and there was an old prairie schooner, and the wheel was broke down on it. And I thought, "Well, what do you know." I—I looked, standing there and there stood a beautiful blond-headed girl, long blond hair hanging down, dressed in snowy white. I had on a great big hat. I took it off and I said, "How do you do, miss." and started walking on.

She said, "Hello, daddy."

I looked around; and I said, "Dad?"

Said, "Yes."

And I said, "Why," I said, "Lady, you're as old as I am. How could you—I be your daddy?"

Said, "Well, dad, don't you remember? You teach immortality." I don't teach they'll be little bitty babies in heaven. I teach a immortality. You don't get old if you was a little baby when it gets there, it'll be a little babies forever . . . Immortality don't decay there.

And she said, "Don't you remember your teaching on immortality?" She said, "Down on earth I was your little Sharon Rose."

I said, "Honey, you're not Sharon?"

She said, "Yes." Said, "Where's Billy Paul?" That's her little brother.

I said, "Oh, how that she's . . . Honey, I don't understand it."

She said, "Daddy, you just don't know where you're at."

And I said, "Well, if it . . . Am I not on the prairie?"

She said, "No. Turn to your right, and look."

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And I looked back and there was a great beautiful light coming out of the most beautiful place like I never seen.

She said, "This is Heaven, Daddy." She said, "Mother's up there at home waiting for you."

And I said, "Home? You mean I—I got a home?" I said, "Honey, there never was a Branham was ever rich and never had a home of their own." I said, "You mean that—that I got a home?"

She said, "But Daddy, you got one now."

That's the reason I . . . Even if I happen to remembered two room shack. I'd rather live in that two room shack and have favor with God, than the best home you got in Miami here.

And I said, "Oh, honey, that ain't my home."

Said, "Yes, it is. Mother's looking for you."

I started walking up towards it, singing that song, "My Home." And I thought . . . The lights was coming up around a great beautiful palace. I walked up the steps, and I looked, coming walking down through there, and here she come, snowy white clothes on, her black hair dripping down around her shoulders, her dark eyes looked like the splendor of youth. She died at twenty-two years old. She come walking down to meet me. She held out her arms. And I run to her real quick and bowed down my head. And I said, "Oh, honey. I don't understand."

She said, "Did you meet Sharon?"

I said, "Uh-huh." I said, "Isn't she a pretty girl?" Didn't she—didn't our little honey, make a pretty girl?"

Said, "She sure is." Said, "Where's Billy?"

I said, "Honey, wait just a minute." I said, "This . . ." There's something wrong here, just as natural I'm standing here. I said, "There's something wrong." I said . . .

She said, "Bill." Said, "You're so tired, aren't you."

I said, "Yes."

Said, "You been praying for the sick."

<sup>4</sup> And I hadn't prayed for the sick in them days. So that's the reason I know. Sometimes I pass out here in the pulpit, friends. The other night when I was with you here, I passed completely out among you. I passed out for as many as twenty-four hours at a time. And I know one of these nights, I'm going. That's true. I used to weigh a hundred fifty-eight pounds. I weigh a hundred and twenty-something now. Used to wear a thirty-eight coat, here's a twenty-four. I'm going. It's true. But I want to be faithful, and not do them things again that I did do.

She said, "You're tired and been praying for the sick."

I said, "That's right."

She said, "Don't cry now." She used to console me, and I'd think things'd go all right. Come home and cry about it. She'd put her arms around me, go to patting me. She'd say, "Billy, don't cry."

She said, "Stand up." And I raised up. She said, "Won't you set down?"

I looked over there, and there was great big pretty chair setting there. I looked at that chair. I looked back at her. She said, "I know what you're thinking of."

<sup>5</sup> And down on earth one time we . . . I went and bought a chair. I'd get so tired working, then preach half the night, and make altar calls and things. And I bought a chair; it cost fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents. And I paid two dollars down on it, and I could pay a dollar and a quarter a month, I believe it was, on it.

And I . . . You know, friends, all of you know how that you get, you know, in tight places. And I missed two or three month's payments, and I couldn't pay my dollar and a quarter.

And that—that's the only good piece of furniture that we had in the house. And I used to like to go there, and sit down in the chair, rest at night, maybe twelve, one o'clock, rest a little while, and maybe read my Bible. And I got behind, and I couldn't make . . . They sent me a notice, they was coming to get the chair. And I remember how she dreaded to give me that notice. She was a real girl. And she's gone. But I love her just the same. That's right.

And she—she said, "I hate to have to say something to you, honey." We didn't have nothing else we could sell or make the payment."

I said, "Sweetheart, oh, I don't care about the chair. Just let it go."

<sup>6</sup> Finally she kept it as long as she could. Finally, she had to tell them come get it. And I remember the day when she—when they come and got it, that night she had me a cherry pie cooked. It was . . . Always liked cherry pie so well, and she was trying to make me . . . you know. And she had the boys to dig some fishing worms, and she want . . .

And I know there's something wrong. So after supper was over, we went into the room. I said, "Let's go in . . ."

She said, "No, let's go fishing." She didn't want me to see the chair gone.

So then when . . . I said, "Let's go in the room." So I just put my arm around her and walked into the room. When I walked in then, the

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chair being gone. She leaned her head over and commenced to crying. I said, "That's all right."

7 She said to me then and there, said, "You remember that chair that they had to come to get?"

I said, "Yes"

She said, "But honey, they'll never come get that one. It's paid for."

Oh, friends. Look . . . I guess you think I'm a baby. But look. Someone said the other day, said, "Brother Branham, when do you ever get any rest?"

I got a place to rest. One of these days I'm going cross over on that other side. I got a chair there to set down in . . . ? . . . Your time left. Oh, forgive me.

8 O God, have mercy. As my mind goes back to those days. To think today that her grave is covered with snow, my precious darling baby laying there . . . I'm thinking on Easter morning how her little boy, Billy and I kneeled by the side of the grave where dad placed the flowers.

I promised her . . . God, I promised You, if You forgive me, I'd do all that I could do for You. Help me, won't You, God? It's so hard till it's . . . people will see, Father, and believe. Oh won't you help me now? Thou knowest I don't want to be a—a baby before these people, but O God, I pray that You will let me be faithful until that day that when You call me to come home. Rest her precious soul, rest the soul of my baby. God, let me be the father, the husband, the child of Yours that You would want me to be.

Dear God, this afternoon, while we're here, if there is some here who doesn't know You. I pray that You will forgive them also, Father. For we ask it in His Name.

9 Excuse me, friends. I just can't go on with this, but . . . I'm tired and weary today. Got to drop in plane after service tonight, maybe the last one to ever get in.

But there waits for me a glad tomorrow,  
Where gates of pearl swing open wide,  
And when I cross this vale of sorrow,  
I want to camp upon the other side.

Don't you want to go over too? How many is in here today would like to meet me over at the other side? Is that a promise? Is it an appointment? I wonder, from the depths of my heart, I very seldom do this, but I feel to do this. I wonder if there's an unsaved person here now, would just say—stand up and say, "Brother Branham, pray for me now. If God hears . . ." God bless you, brother. Somebody else? God bless you, sister. You, you, and you, stand up. That's right. All you that

has not received the Holy Spirit, stand to your feet. Say, “Pray for me, Brother Branham.” That’s right. God bless you.

Look at the audience. Oh just stay raised, standing just a moment. Just remain, every one of you. Unsaved . . . Oh mercy.

There’s a land beyond the river . . . Just remain standing. There’s a place that we meet again. Some fifty, seventy-five people now. I wonder here, if God hears my prayers to open the eyes of the blind, to heal the deaf and the dumb, don’t you think He will hear my prayer if I pray for you? Don’t you think He will? All right.

<sup>10</sup> How many more in here would like to be joined in this prayer, just raise up? How many in here (that’s right) unsaved, raise up? While the piano plays, I wonder if you would just rise up here and let me shake your hand at the altar? Let me shake your hand, stand here and let’s pray together. God wants to save you. Come here and let me shake your hand while this—while the music is playing through.

God bless you, sister. God bless you, sister. Just remain right here where you’re at the altar. God bless you, sister. God bless you, sister. God bless you. God bless you too, and you. God bless you, sweetheart children; God bless your little hearts. God bless you. That’s right. God bless you. God bless you, brother. God bless you, and you, each one of you. God bless you. God bless you, sister. God bless you, my dear brother and sister. God bless you. Oh, rich blessings.

Oh, my, won’t you come and gather around the altar, won’t you come too? Unsaved . . .



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