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# THIRSTING FOR LIFE

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...?... Thank you...?... Thank you friends. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

It's a privilege to be back again tonight at the tent to—to speak in the Name of our Lord again tonight.

And now, before we open His Word, let's have just a word to Him first, as we bow our head.

Lord God, it's indeed a privilege that we have of coming to You. We've been bid to do so by Thy dear Son, the Lord Jesus. And we're sure that You will hear us, as we come in His Name, for He has made it clear, that if we ask the Father anything in His Name, it shall be granted. And God, we are here for no other purpose tonight, but to the glory and honor of Thee, and of Thy Kingdom, and for the—the furthering of Thy Kingdom, that we would all catch a new glimpse tonight of the blessed Saviour, that He might come into our midst, and would take away all of our iniquity, and take the sorrows from our hearts. Take sickness from our bodies and give us joy, and good health, and strength, and strengthen our inner man, for we're looking for His soon and visible appearing to take away His church, called His Bride.

<sup>2</sup> Grant, Lord, that every sin and sin of trespass or omission, whatever it might be, will be taken from us tonight, that this will be the beginning of a great en—unending revival until Jesus returns. Grant it, Father.

Now, as we pull back the pages, there's no one can interpret the Word but You. And we would ask that the Writer of this Book would interpret the message for us tonight. Sow the seed down deep into the heart, get glory, for we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

<sup>3</sup> I was just coming in with the wife and family, out there a few moments ago. I received a little message here, wrote, and it's from Ed Vibbert. Wanted to know if I was any relation to the Branhams in Burkesville, Kentucky. Ed, you are my cousin. Brother Vibbert, at Indianapolis, your brother, and the one at Evansville, Indiana, at the big Assembly of God church there, is—we are own blood cousins, wherever you are. I'd like to meet you and shake your hand after the service, sometime. The Lord bless you.

<sup>4</sup> Then, I also want to announce that tonight, at the book table, wherever it is here, there is—will be the tapes of the meetings and records.

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And Mr. Mercier and Mr. Goad, my associates, who takes the records, or takes the messages and puts them on tape and on from tape to record, and record and tapes both is at the bookstand now, can be purchased at a—about one third the price that you'd pay for a record in a ten cent store, if you got a . . . And if you haven't got a adapter, they got that.

We're not here to sell. That isn't our purpose. Anyone that knows me, knows that. I've never been guilty of ever commercializing Jesus Christ. See? And I—I don't believe in that, and I . . . Only thing that I want to do this for, is because I think it would help somebody. And the boys, when they taken the tapes, and were selling the tapes . . . I sent off to another evangelist and got a tape, and I think it was about three times the price that these boys sell them, because they buy thousands times thousands of them in groups, and they have them. That's just for the furthering of the Gospel. That's . . .

<sup>5</sup> Then the books that we have, of course, we don't have them here, because they're printed here. Brother Gordon Lindsay, our associating brother here, he wrote the book, "Man Sent From God," and it's on print, and Brother Lindsay's prints it here, and I buy them from Brother Lindsay (when I take them out in the meetings) on a discount of, I believe, about forty percent less than what He a . . . what I'd . . . the original cost of them is. And then I take them out, and hire somebody to sell them, and so forth. And anyone ever sold books, knows that you can't hardly sell them anyway, make on them, because if anybody comes by and hasn't got the money, wants the book, they get it anyhow. Picture, anything, it doesn't make a bit of difference.

<sup>6</sup> And we have to print this picture that was taken of the Angel of the Lord under a copyright. And Brother Lindsay and all of them knows all about that, which we have to get permission for so many, and just out at the price that we get it for. So you see . . .

And we're not soliciting or so forth, but I just made this mention, whether if you wanted them, it would be all right to pick them up at the—the end of the service at the—at the concession or the bookstand, wherever it is.

<sup>7</sup> And now, we sure enjoying our stay here and just getting a very warm conception, or reception, down here, rather. I went over to a little store today, and my . . . I said, "Lady, does it get any hotter here in Texas."

She said, "You ought to be here in August."

I said, "This is about smothering me." So you know, I . . . born in Kentucky, and just half between the north and the south. But you

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know, being that you all are a bunch of southerners, tonight, I am a southerner, by being born in Kentucky.

8 Just come out of the New England states, and I told them all up there, “We won the war.” You all know that, don’t you? Sure, we did. How we did it, we outlived the rest of them. It was just . . . There’s one southerner left and no northerners. And when the last northern drummer boy died, did you notice in the paper, just before his death, the southerner sent him a message, and he said, “God bless you, Yankee. I hope to see you again soon.”

Why couldn’t they have thought that in the beginning? That’s . . . It’d all been over then. That’s right. Well, we’ll have them till Jesus comes, and then we won’t have any more troubles and wars. Won’t that’ll be a wonderful time? We love Him, and with all of our hearts.

9 And now . . . I was talking this morning in a little restaurant. I been visiting around, and I met a man that come up, and shook my hand, said, “You might not know me, Brother Branham,” but said, “I . . . You prayed for my little girl that was having (I believe he said) epileptic spells.” And said, “From that very hour, she’s never had another one.” And then he said, “I had . . .” Somebody in his neighborhood, when they heard it, had two valves in his heart had closed up. And He called, and I sent him down a little handkerchief. He said, “The man was up, going, well again.”

The man’s here in the meeting tonight. He’s a minister; I—I got his card in my pocket, but he might not want me to even . . . If you want to, brother, you can raise up your hand, whoever I talked in the . . . Way back there in the back, there he is, back there at the back.

10 So then, getting around and hearing testimonies and so forth, it’s been good. And today, I paid tribute to go down to see school that my boy was at, at Waxahachie, down here. Seen their fine school. Makes me happy to know that the full gospel people has a school that they can bring up the children in the way of the Lord. I’m so thankful for Waxahachie’s, I believe, Southwestern, it’s called, Bible School.

11 Then to my good friend Jack Coe, I passed by and seen his place. Something just . . . I’m temperamental anyhow, and something . . . When I seen Jack’s name and—on the orphanage out there, and that bunch of little kids out there playing around a little tent. I thought, “God, rest his gallant soul.”

And I talked to his brother-in-law a while ago. I was at a little grocery to get some stuff for the kiddies. And I met his brother-in-law and—and the minister that’s helping over there, the sister that’s carrying on the church. And he was gracious to invite me to his church and to have a meeting for him sometime. And I said, “If the Lord

permits, I'd like to do that, under one thing, that you'd make me a contract, before coming: everything would go to that little orphanage down there. See those little tots playing around down there with no papa, and no mama, and a . . . not a . . . and a leader that's gone on to glory, who seen that great vision. God rest the soul of my Brother Jack, a great soul indeed.

<sup>12</sup> I remember the first time I saw him. I never forgot it. He was the most curious little fellow, real skinny. And he come up to me, and he said, "Tell me what's wrong with this woman in the car and I'll believe you."

I said, "Sir, I don't—can't do that." I said, "That takes God to do that."

He said, "Well, I'm—I'm curious. I want to know."

And I said, "I shall go over and ask." And when I got over there, the Holy Spirit told who she was and all about her.

He said, "That settles it for me."

And I said, "You're just a little curious preacher. And someday, you'll be doing this very same thing, praying for the sick."

The next time I saw him was in Chicago, about ten years later. He'd sure grewed up. I said, "Brother Jack, what's happened?"

He said . . . ? . . . "Two T-bone steaks after each meeting and some two or three malted milks . . ."

I said, "They surely didn't take the calories out," I said . . . Just a fine fellow, and God rest his soul is my prayer. To be here on these grounds around close to where Jack Coe once ministered . . .

<sup>13</sup> Now, someday I'll be gone too. Someday we'll all be gone.

Partings leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time.

May God ever let his work continue on. May we walk faithfully in the cause that he died behind, is my prayer.

I wish to read just some now from the Bible. I just love the reading of the Word. You know, the Holy Spirit feeds on the Word. Jesus said, "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. And if you just take it each day, not as just a routine, but just to, oh, I'd say, to just make it that your heart craves for it, to just set down each day and read so much out of the Bible. You'd be surprised what it'll do to your spiritual growth. It certainly will. "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every Word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

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14 So let us turn tonight, that I've chosen for a subject or reading, Scripture reading, out of the Psalms, 63rd Psalm. And I wish to read just a portion of it here, the 1st, and 2nd, and perhaps, 3rd verse.

*O God, thou art my God; early will I seek Thee: My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.*

*To see thy power and thy glory, as I have seen it in thy sanctuary.*

*Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.*

15 Did ever you read such words? "How my soul longeth for Thee in a thirsty land, where no water is." This is rather an unusual text, but God is unusual; God does unusual things, and He works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

And we're living in an unusual day and an unusual time, but we're serving the God that's been in all times. And when I thought of this. . . You know, my soul thirsts for Thee. . . If your soul is what directs you, it's what makes you what you are. A conversion is. . . A soul is the nature of the spirit. And when a man is converted, he doesn't get another spirit. He gets a spirit change, a conversion means to change his thinking, change his way of living and so forth. So my soul thirsts for Thee.

16 And I thought, because of Thy lovekindness is better than life. What is greater than life? Just tell me one thing, tonight. What's greater than life? Nothing is greater than life.

And there's only one type of Eternal Life, and that Life comes from God. Anything that had a beginning has an end. It's those things which have not a beginning, has no end. And in the beginning, God, Eternal Life, and then out of Eternal life, which in the Greek is called *Zoe*, or "God's Life."

Agapao love, and phileo love, and so forth, as we drop down like from Agapao love is the love that's God's love. Phileo love is the love that you have for your wife or your friend.

17 Now, many times, the church gets that mixed up, and they try to apply phileo love, which means "friendship," to be like agapao love. But here's the difference. If you love your wife, as you should, and some man would insult your wife, you'd kill him, because you'd be jealous of her. That's what phileo love would lead to. But agapao love would make you pray for his lost soul. That's the difference. See? It's the difference. God. . .

Everything that is now, is something that has been right. And all unrighteousness is righteousness perverted. There is nothing that what has never been. For instance, all sin is righteousness made sin.

Now, you've heard people say that the devil can heal. There's only one thing wrong with that statement. The man who made that statement doesn't know his Bible to begin with, neither does he know the God Who wrote It. The devil has no power to heal, and cannot heal, and never did heal, and never will heal.

<sup>18</sup> I've got a Lutheran college in Minneapolis, Minnesota, tonight with signs and wonders among their people, because the minister wrote me the letter and said, a man that speaks to the people as many as you do, and say that the devil cannot heal. . . And he tried to base upon a witch, or woman, that people comes, and feels around, and she tells them that. . . Well, she'd pluck a little hair our of their head, and rub it in some blood out of their veins, and goes down, and throws it in the river, and starts walking back, if she's constrained to look around, the disease comes back. But if she goes on, then the people gets well. He said, "We've watched, and twenty or thirty percent of those people are healed, and then you say the devil can't heal."

I said, "The strange thing is, to you, Dr. Hegre, is this. I'm surprised, that you, being a Lutheran dean, would base your doctrine upon an experience in the stead of the Word of God." That's right. Jesus said, "Satan cannot cast out Satan." That settles it.

<sup>19</sup> I said, " 'Course, there's a lot of people saying that Divine healers going through the land. There is no such a thing. I've never seen one in my life and never will see one. God's the Healer. But the people sometime approaching people that makes such statements, get healed. That's true. I've seen witch—witch doctors have the people healed, but what is it?

I've seen them go to idols. There at La Salle, Lorraine, France, they go up to an idol of a dead woman and get healed, but that isn't because that the dead woman done it. It's the people thinking they're approaching God through the woman.

Like it is with the Divine healers, like it is also with the—the witch. They thought they were approaching God through the witch, and God has to honor faith, regardless of where it is. That's right. So there is no healing. . .

<sup>20</sup> What is healing? Healing is the developing of cells, a multiplication of cells, making cells, mending.

You might break your arm. Doctor can't heal your arm; he can set it. God has to heal it. But He's the only Creator there is. Satan cannot create. He perverts what God has created.

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I've got a mixed audience, of course, and I am your brother. And you listen at your doctor. To you married men, you have your wife; you live with your wife. The act of being wife and husband is just as legitimate as it can be. But the same act with another woman, you're gone. What is it? Righteousness perverted. That's right. All sin is righteousness perverted.

Now, I'm not a Bible teacher, so I'll get off of that onto my subject.

<sup>21</sup> Life, what is life? Well, life is the—what controls you. Life is what makes you what you are. And the life that is within you, makes you the written epistle, read of all men. So while we speak of life. . .

I was thinking some time ago, way down in the southern states, when they had slavery, and when they would drive the slaves like animals. And—and they would put them up and auction them off like you would in a used car lot, and would make. . . And they'd come around, brokers, and would buy these certain slaves. And they'd come by and buy some big, heavy colored man and take him out and sell him to someone else, and make profit on them, just like you do on your cars and so forth today.

And there was a certain broker came by a—an old plantation and he said, "How many slaves have you got on this plantation?"

And the owner said, "About hundred and fifty."

"Is there any for sale?"

He said, "Oh, I don't know; maybe we could trade or do something." And when he went to look them over. . .

<sup>22</sup> Now, the slaves were sold to the states here by the Boers, which were Afrikaans. And they brought them over here from Africa and sold them. And they were away from father, mother, babies, husband, wife, never would see them no more as long as time rolled on. And they were sad. And they would have to be whipped many times to make, work. They'd carry whips and stripe them with it to make them work, because they were sad and downtrodden.

And they noticed, this certain buyer, that there was one slave among them, that they didn't have to whip him, a young fellow, right up and at it, chin up, chest out, just ready to act at any time. And the buyer said to the owner, "I would like to buy that slave."

"Oh," he said, "but he's not for sale."

He said, "What makes him so much different from the rest of them? Do you ever have to whip him?"

He said, "Never."

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He said, "What makes him so much different? Is he the boss over all the rest of them?"

He said, "No, he's just a slave."

He said, "Maybe you feed him a little better than you feed the rest?"

Said, "No. He eats out in the galley with all the rest of them."

He said, "Well, what makes him so much different from the rest of them?"

And the owner said, "Sir, I questioned that myself for a long time, until I found the truth. And this is the truth." He said, "I found out, that over in the homeland he is the son of the king of the tribe. And though he's an alien, and amongst strangers, yet he conducts himself as a king's son."

<sup>23</sup> Oh, if it would make a negro, who knowed that his father was a king and he was an alien, hold hisself up to conduct hisself as a king's son, what ought it do to the children of God, the sons and daughters of God? We should conduct ourselves as real children of the king. We should be fearless when it comes to making the decision on God's Word.

If God says so, stand by. God said it. It can't fail. If God promised us Eternal Life, we have Eternal Life. He can no more lie than He can cease to be God.

<sup>24</sup> And the one thing that I've found about ministering in the churches, I find two types of people: that's the fundamentalists and the Pentecostals. And I find fundamentalists, position, know where they stand, but they haven't got any faith. And Pentecost has got plenty of faith, but don't know how they stand.

It's just like a man's got money in the bank and can't write a check. The other one can write a check and hasn't got no money in the bank. If you could ever get them together!

If the Pentecostal people would ever recognize who they are. . . They are sons and daughters of God. All prejudices, and nominalisms, and—and difference would be broke down, and they'd be hugging one another, and shaking hands, and the glory of God falling universally, if they would only characterize themselves and realize, that they are sons and daughters of God.

<sup>25</sup> No matter if we are in an alienated world. If we are amongst aliens, we are pilgrims and strangers, but we're seeking a city to come, whose Builder and Maker is God. What do we care about this world then, and about all of its fantastics and all of its glory. Every bit of it will perish someday. This nation's on the verge of going into ashes at any minute, right now, and it could happen before morning.

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I've stood where the Pharaohs stood and have to dig twenty feet to find their throne, and where the emperors of Rome has stood, and you'd dig way beneath the ground to find where their kingdoms was. But brother, we receive a Kingdom inside of us, as sons and daughters of God, that all through eternal ages it'll remain.

<sup>26</sup> We've got nothing to be sad about. We've got all to be happy about. No wonder the people get noisy. It's enough to make them noisy. I kindly like a little noise; it's a sign of life. You know anything. . . I can prove, that scientifically if it hasn't got a little noise about it, it's dead. So if your religion don't get a little noisy, you'd better bury it, and get one that's got something.

When Aaron, the high priest, was anointed to go into the holiest of holies, he had a bell and a pomegranate—bell and a pomegranate on the ends of his garments, and that was for a purpose, that when he went into this holy place, if there wasn't any noise, he'd been slain. But as long as there was noise, there was still life.

So as long as you can still see people that's got enough God in their heart to say, "Amen," in the presence of their boss, or their neighbor, whoever it might be, it shows that God still lives. Life, what is better than life?

<sup>27</sup> Now, when I've thought of these things as this lovely Psalmist was speaking of it, David. . . I always liked his—to read after him, because we had a few things in common, our ideas, that we love the Lord together and we also like outdoors. David, with the—the shady pastures, or the green pastures and the still waters, get alone with God. . .

I was talking to a man, a minister, today, about Colorado. How oft have I went for a little trip (Wished I could after this.), just up in the mountains to be alone, watch God for a little while.

<sup>28</sup> One day, I remember. . . I know I'm a little off my subject, but we're not formal, and. . . So I was up there elk hunting. And it was late, and the snow hadn't come yet, and I had to go high into the mountains. And the rancher where I used to ranch, well, he took another route. I was to meet him in two or three days later.

And I tied up my packhorse and went way up in the mountain. And there was no snow yet to drive the—the elk down, so I was walking along in the. . . In the fall of the year, late, there come a—a rain, and then a snow, and then the sun will shine and so forth. And it come a great gusher come down, as we call it up there northerner, twister. And I got in behind a tree and was standing there.

<sup>29</sup> And I was thinking as the storm blowing by, "Oh, God, Elisha pulled back in a cave one day, and the storms come by, but he didn't

hear You in the storm.” So I was thinking on this. The storm ceased, and—and the sun came out shining in the west, its great majestic eye looking through the crevasses of the rock.

And I noticed as the rain had fell and froze the evergreen, there come a rainbow. And the rainbow made a circle across. And I was standing looking at it; I said, “O God, how great You are. There You are in that rainbow. You promised that with a promise,” and I said, “to Noah, that You would destroy the world no more with water.”

<sup>30</sup> And then John saw Jesus setting in Revelations 1, with a rainbow over Him, and He was to look upon as jasper and sardis stone, which was Benjamin and Reuben. And—and as I thought of those things, I got to feeling the Spirit of God moving on me. You know how you get to feeling. . .

My mother’s a half Indian, and my—and my conversion never took that out of me. And I heard the old gray wolf, howl up in the mountain and the mate answering down in the valley.

David said, “When the deep calleth to the deep. . .” It really begin to call then. Then I heard the old elk bugle that got lost from the herd. And I got so happy; I got so religious, to you might think I was crazy, but I set my gun down against the tree and around and around and around the tree I went, just as hard as I could go, screaming to the top of my voice. Oh, alone with God.

I guess if someone would’ve come into the woods and seen me, they’d thought they had someone out of the insane institution out there, but I didn’t care. I was worshipping God, and it didn’t make any difference what anybody said. I was just enjoying myself.

<sup>31</sup> And, “Oh,” I said, “God, there You are in the sunset. There You are in the rainbow. There You are in the call of the wolf. There You are in the bugle of the elk. Oh, You’re everywhere.” That’s true.

And just then, a little old pine squirrel (kind of the blue coat policeman of the woods, just all fuss, and that’s about all there is to him) jumped up on a little old stump there by the blow-down. And he act like he was going to tear me to pieces. And I said, “Now, look little fellow, there’s no need of you getting so rough. You can’t whip nobody, and nobody’s afraid of you. So why are you carrying on? First place, I wouldn’t hurt you.” And oh, he was just a cut-me-up. And I thought, “Well, what’d you stopped me from worshipping the Lord for? Did I excite you? I’m a worshipping the same God that made you.”

<sup>32</sup> And as I thought there, a little bit, I noticed in the cocking his little head over and looking down where that the old blow-down was. And he wasn’t watching me; it was something down beneath there he was watching.

And the winds had blown a big eagle—we had brown eagle in Colorado—forced him down under this blow-down. And he was all excited about that eagle. And the big fellow jumped up on the limb, graceful looking. And I thought, “Lord God, here You are; You’re in nature everywhere, as David saw You; You still remain in nature. You remain in people. You’re just the same God. So why would You stop me from worshipping You?”

<sup>33</sup> You see, God does everything for the good. You say, “What about that sick child?” For the good: God give a testimony, glory, maybe salvation of soul, for healing it. Everything works together for good. And then as they begin to worship Him . . .

And I thought, “Why was I stopped?” I noticed there’s something about that eagle, that he wasn’t afraid. You know, God can’t use cowards. If you’re afraid, just stay away anyhow. If you don’t want to take His Word for what He said, just stay out of the army; that’s all. He just can’t use you.

<sup>34</sup> So I noticed that he wasn’t afraid. And I said, “Big fellow, do you know I could shoot you?” And my rifle was setting against the tree and he . . . Those great big gray eyes looked at me, and he knew that he could be in that timberline before I ever got my hand on that gun. And he—he . . . There was something about him that he knew where he was at.

I like to see Christians like that, who’s just not wishy-washy: that you’re Methodist today, and a Baptist tomorrow, and something else the next day. Know where you’re standing. Know Who your Redeemer is, where your life come from.

<sup>35</sup> And I noticed the—the reason he was doing that, he had a lot of confidence in his wings. He kept feeling those feathers to see if they was all in running order.

I thought, “That’s it. That’s what you want me to know, Lord. That You gave that eagle two wings, and he knows what he can do with those two wings. And he knows the distance I’d have to go for that gun, and the jump that he’d have to make; he could be out of my sight nearly, before I got the gun.

And I thought, “If a eagle knowed where he stood with two wings, what ought the church to do with the Holy Ghost to know . . .? . . . But the thing, as long as you can feel that He’s around you, that’s the main thing.

<sup>36</sup> He listened at . . . I wasn’t bothering him; I was admiring him. But that little pine squirrel was acting like he was going to cut him to pieces. He got enough of it, so he just made a great big jump and about two flops.

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Then I seen what God changed my opinion about. I seen the big fellow. He never just kept flopping. He just knowed how to set his wings. And every time the wind come, he just rode up on it, kept on going, higher, higher, higher, till he become just a little spot. And I wept like a baby. I said, "That's it, Lord. It's not join Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian; it's not flock to this healing service and to that one. It's just knowing how to set your wings in the power of God, and when the Holy Ghost comes in, ride up above it—ride above it.

<sup>37</sup> He got sick and tired of hearing that chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter. And so does a man of God, that knows how to set his wings in the faith of God. And right away, when the Holy Ghost comes in like a wave . . . Get away from this chatter chatter, here, "Days of miracles is past; there's no such a thing as Divine healing; there's no such a thing as heartfelt religion." Just set your wings in the faith and power of God and ride away from it, get away. Certainly. Receive life, God's life.

<sup>38</sup> And David, noticing these things . . . And he said, "In a dry and a thirsty land, my soul thirsts after Thee, O God. I long to see Thy power as I have seen it in Thy sanctuary, because Thy loving kindness is better than life."

When I thought, "Better than life? What could be better than life?" So life has two meanings. One of it people call life today, is not life, but it's death. Many people think that sin, drinking, gambling, reveling, they call that life.

<sup>39</sup> You go down here to one of the honky tonks, tonight, and you can see them dancing and the young ladies and young men of this beautiful city, you can hear them screaming and dancing, and drinking, and they say, "Oh, we are living." You're mistaken. You're dying.

That kind of a life couldn't be what David was talking of, because that life gets so miserable till men takes a pistol and put it at their head and blow their brains out with that kind of life. Men climb to the highest story in their hotel rooms, up there with living with women, and drinking and hold their hands, and jump to their death, with what that kind of life leads to.

So David could not have been a meaning that kind of life. So it's got a perverted, you see. It's a perverted life. Then if that kind of a life isn't right, then what is the right kind of a life? Thy loving kindness is better to me than life. Now, and my soul thirst after Thee, oh God. I long to see Thee. Now, what makes a man want to do anything like that?

<sup>40</sup> Some time ago, in a great city . . . And it's been about a year ago; it was last summer in a great Canadian city. When I seen the Americans come in, I was ashamed of them: drunk and carrying on. There was some kind of a lodge meeting there. And that night when I come

from the arena, and went into the great hotel, and I started up, and the bottles of whiskey, empty bottles was all over the elevator. And I said to the boy, I said, "They must be . . . Somebody must have been awful thirsty."

And he said, "Oh, it's a drunken mess, preacher." And he let me off at my floor. And when I did, I stepped outside the elevator, and I looked, coming down the hall, and here come two American women, young, beautiful looking women, about twenty-five, thirty years old, both of them with wedding bound—bands on, and nothing on but just their underneath garment, bottle of whiskey in their hand, walking down the floor, men dragging them from room to room, and maybe their husband at home, baby-setting. But what is it? They're out for a little innocent fun. That's the wages of sin is death.

<sup>41</sup> And there was men, just six of one and half dozen of the other . . . There was men dragging at these women, with probably their wife home baby-setting, not knowing where they were at. It goes to show, either male or female, God hates sin. He loves the sinner but He hates sin.

There, in that condition, maybe going to Sunday School and belonging to some church somewhere. Oh, I've went into the rooms and found out there were Sunday school teachers acting like that.

No wonder we can't have revival. We might have ten thousand Billy Grahams and never have a revival as long as the church isn't cleaned up and living like Christians ought to live. Because they've been taken in by letter, and by handshake, and by some little ism. You've got to be born with Eternal Life in you before you can come to be a Christian. Oh, it's so terrible to think of it.

<sup>42</sup> And as I watched those beautiful young mothers (I suppose they were), and one man grabbed her, and she fell on the floor, and the little garment she had on was up over her back. And he was trying to strip that off of her, and I just stepped back in the little dark place. I thought, "Oh, God, how can You look at such? Surely it won't be long."

And as soon as she got up on her feet, and the man was too drunk when he'd fell to get back up. So she got her friend around the neck and down the room they come. And she pulled up that little gown of a thing she had on, and threw her leg up in the air, hollered, "Whoopee! This is life!"

<sup>43</sup> It was too much for me, that bottle of whiskey in her hand, the slobbers running out of her mouth. I stepped out with my Bible in my hand. I said, "Just a minute. I want to talk to you."

And she said, "Hello there, honey . . ."

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I said, "Just a minute. I'm a Gospel preacher." And I caught them both by the hand. I said, "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? I want to correct you on a word. You threw your foot up in the air, just now, and drank that whiskey, and said, 'This is life.'" I said, "It's death. The Bible said, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she is alive.'" And they jerked loose and down the hall they went, hard as they could go. No time to stand.

<sup>44</sup> But brother, that kind of a life ends up in suicide. It ends up in the divorce court. But what makes a person want to do it? Now, here's where my text lay, and here's where I want to get to you. The reason that you do that, and people does that, and thirst for life, is because God made them to thirst for life. But He made a man up in his mechanism to thirst for God's life. And the devil perverts it over and tries to satisfy that blessed thirst with sin.

That's what makes women smoke cigarettes. That's what makes men smoke cigarettes. That's what makes you get out and strip yourself on the streets and wear shorts. That's what makes these people do the way they do. That's what makes the men and women live dishonorable to one another. That's the reason you stay home on Wednesday night to watch "We Love Sucy" or something like that, instead of staying at prayer meeting, and it's because the devil has give you a lemon. He's perverted that godly thirst in you and trying to satisfy you with his own slop out of hell. Right. God made you to thirst.

<sup>45</sup> What makes men gamble? What makes men carry on? What makes these little girls and boys out here in these old boogie-woogie, rock-and-roll, ungodly things, is because the Sunday school has let down, and the home has let down, and the parents has let down, and the nation's let down.

Men sings the songs that inspires him. The reason they sing Elvis Presley's "All Shook Up" is because they didn't teach them the "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me." That's the reason.

The reason that people don't believe in shouting tonight, but will scream at a ball game, is because they've been taught such things and kept away from the glorious Presence of the Lord Jesus that gives them that satisfying portion.

<sup>46</sup> Oh, how people do. It's because that the devil has taken that blessed holy thing, that God has give you, and dare you to try to satisfy that holy thirst in you, that God gave you to thirst after Him, and satisfy it with the things of the world. You'll never be able to do it. It cannot be done. And if you think you're living, because you're living a little better than somebody else, a little higher in the world, you've never started living, till you let that thirst be satisfied by that "Fountain filled with

blood, drawn from Emmanuel's veins, where sinners plunged beneath the flood, lose all their guilty stains."

There's no satisfaction until that thirst is quenched by God's Presence. But the devil tells you, "You want to be modern."

"Oh, if I can just be like Sucus," or ever who that woman is that they all stay home on Wednesday night to see—"We Love Sucus" or something like that. "Lucy," that's right. Yeah. You getting pretty "loosey," all right. I'll admit that.

<sup>47</sup> And when our nation gets to a place . . . The other day I stood, and I was shocked, when my hotel room, just across from the YMCA . . . And they were teaching the young children in the YMCA rock-and-roll. Not only that, but they teach it in the churches. How can you expect anything else, but a teen-age rioting hoodlums like we're having today.

Because the parents . . . What is the modern parent, the modern church member? I don't want to hurt you, but I'd rather scare you a little bit now than you to be lost in hell someday, and me responsible for it.

Where do you find mama? At some card party. What about dad? Down at the pool room. What about Junior? Out at a—out running his hot rod, up-and-down the road, racing. That's Sunday. Where's sister? At a rock-and-roll party. And you talk to them about God, they say, "I belong to certain-certain church. I'm as good as you are." They know no more about God than a Hottentot would know about an Egyptian night. That's right. Only thing they know is some catechism or church creed, their name on some book, and never been born again of the Spirit of God. What we need is an old fashion God-sent Pentecostal revival. Not only do they need it in the Methodist and the Baptist church, we need it in the Pentecostal . . . ? . . .

<sup>48</sup> It's getting something wrong. Things has begin to move up because the world, the church that once didn't care, their whole life was sacrificed to God, they went on. It's true.

And then here's another way the devil tries to satisfy that thirst. He tries to make you think you're all right, just because you join church. Brother, that's the trick of the devil. Jesus said, "Except a man be borned again, he can in no wise enter into the Kingdom." He lets you put your name on a book. He will let you be baptized this way, that way, upside down, up . . . What do you do? Just as the old saying, "Go down a dry sinner and come up a wet one." That won't do you any good. No matter how you're sprinkled, poured, baptized, immersed, or whatevermore. It won't do no good. The church don't need that tonight. It don't need to argue over whether we should be sprinkled, or whether we should be poured, or baptized three times face forward,

or three times backwards, or how . . . That's just fussing. What if we were sons and daughters of God, we'd conduct ourself thus. That's true. What we need is an old fashion revival.

<sup>49</sup> One time me and my little brother, that's gone on . . . We were out walking around in the woods, and we found an old terrapin. I don't know whether you Texans know what a terrapin is or not. And kinda walks funny. And we thought that's the funniest looking thing that we'd ever seen. So I . . . When we got up to him . . . He puts me just in the mind of a lot of people that goes to a gospel meeting, as soon as something's said they don't like, get up and go out, just while the preaching's going on. Just like that old turtle pulled hisself back in his own shell. Well, I said, "You know . . . wonder how we could make him run again?" So I said, "Way mama makes me run is by a switch." So I went and got a switch, and I just poured it on him. It didn't do no good. You can't do it that way. Certainly, you can't.

So I thought around a little while, and I said, "Well, there's a little creek running right down there. He'll walk or I'll drowned him." And I took him down there and stuck him down in the water. Just a few bubbles come up and that was all there was to it.

<sup>50</sup> You . . . ? . . . make any difference. You can baptize them this way or that way. Don't do no good. You can't get them to run for the Lord like that. But you know what I did? I built up a little fire and set the old boy on that; he really went running then. What we need tonight is not a arguing on a little creed, but what we need tonight is the Holy Ghost and fire . . . ? . . . old fashion powers of God to burn sin and selfishness, disrespect for each other, burn it out of us with the love of God. That's right. Thy . . .

<sup>51</sup> "My soul thirsts for Thee in a dry and a thirsty land; I long to see Thy power like I have seen it." If that ain't a picture of the Pentecostal church . . . "I long to see it, like I once saw it in Thy sanctuary, long ago, when the old saints used to walk up-and- down the aisle and shout and . . . Oh, I remember that in my old Baptist church.

Now, I come out of a bunch of Baptists. Dr. Davis may be right here tonight; he lives here in Fort Wayne or Fort Worth—who baptized me into the Baptist church. And we used to see them walk up-and-down the aisles and women shout—had those great big old long hairpins, and they would fly all over the building. You can't find enough hair on half the women in the building to put a hairpin in. There's something wrong. But they used to do it in the Baptist church. And we profess a little higher than that. They've cut it all off.

<sup>52</sup> You know the Bible said their hair is their glory. No wonder the glory's all gone. So we . . . But I'm not saying that jokingly. This is the



pulpit. This is the place where judgment must come. I'm preaching the Bible. I'm telling you what God says in His Word. And because the world has seeped in and took pride and put in the people's hearts, both men and women, that's the reason that we're longing to see those days again. "My soul thirsts after Thee." Oh, my. . .

David also said, "As the hart thirsts for the water brook, so my soul thirsts after Thee, oh, God." I think of that, that Psalm, how David had been a hunter in the woods. He hunted the lions, and the bears, and so forth with his slingshot. How he watched nature. . . And he knowed about deer hunting, perhaps was raised on it. And how the deer, what a—a cunning animal he is. And how that a deer. . . They have a wolf or a wild dog. In Africa it's a wild dog. In America it's called a wolf.

<sup>53</sup> You see a—a little deer that's feeding, and the—the wolf will slip up real easy. And if he can catch that deer off of guard, just like the devil catches the church off of guard. . . The thing the church has been wanting is a great big fine building and a minister right out of the cemetery, or the seminary, that can say. . . (Excuse me, I didn't mean to say that.), that stands up, you know, and can say, "Ahhh-men," so beautiful. Brother, and dressing. . .

What's the matter with the world today? We got too many little kinky-haired, Hollywood evangelists, in the stead of the old fashion God-sent. . . ? . . . That's right. Running up-and-down the floor, and women on the platform with big earrings sticking in their ears. . . ? . . . everything, dress that they're poured into them, and no wonder the sinner. . . Look, we need the old-fashion kind. I feel the old fashion, backwoods, sky-blue, sin-killing religion. That's right, brother. It won't whitewash you, but it will wash you white. That's right. Makes you from the inside out, thoroughly clean. And Jesus Christ is the Author of that salvation—Fountain open for all.

<sup>54</sup> And if you see those little deer, as that sneaking hound dog coming up on them. . . Lot of times down in the south here, they, down in Louisiana they—they run the deer with the dog. I always thought it was cruel. The dog's going hunting, let him go. You go to hunt yourself, then leave the dog at home. So then. . . when the. . . Watched him when he's running these little deer.

And David saw such. And then when the—the dog slips up real easy, and he sees the little deer, he's got a—a trick of cutting their throat. The wolf, he has two blood fangs, sticks out like that. And he watches the deer, and when he's right at it, he will run real quick, dash quickly, so fast the deer don't even see him, and he grabs the deer and sinks those fangs just like a serpent, right in the back of its ear in a jugular vein, runs right along behind its ear. Then the wolf swings his weight, like

them two knives sticking in there and cuts the little deer's throat and down he goes, because he was not on his guard.

<sup>55</sup> That's what's been the matter with the church: not on the guard. Something's wrong. Oh, Brother Caddie used to sing a song:

We let down the bars.  
 We compromise with sin.  
 We let down the bars.  
 The sheep got out,  
 But how did the goats get in?

Let down the bars, that was all, begin to compromise. The three . . .

The congregation, voting for their pastor, would take some little slicker, in the stead of some man that was really an old fashion, hell fire and brimstone preacher, that'd handle the gospel with his bare hands instead of Hollywood gloves on.

The world's full of Hollywood evangelism. We don't need that in Pentecost. Let that go on out where it belongs. We want the old fashion kind, the kind that knows the truth, lays the axe to the root of the tree and let the chips fall where they want to. That's right. Back to the Gospel, brother. I'd rather be in a crowd, that'd go to meet Jesus, with five of those than a hundred thousand otherwise. Different. The honesty and purity of the soul and the heart in the presence of God . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>56</sup> Now, if that little deer is real quick, and it stands there, like a many a little girl tonight, that some little snicklefritz come down the road . . . And she'll go out, and don't know any better, and put lot of lip stuff on her face, and paint herself all up, and make her eyebrows like that. If God wanted you like that, He'd a made you that way in the first place.

And you know, in Pentecost we're teaching somewhere around in here, I got it several times, liberation of women. What in the . . . What's the matter with you people? Liberation? Christ gives liberation from the world. That's the only liberation we have. I think you men that's teaching that need some liberation from the bonds of prison. No liberation, if . . . When you're in Christ . . . If you love the world or the things that pertains to the world, the love of God's not even in you. That's what the Bible says.

<sup>57</sup> That's a big thing for a Calvinist to say, but I'm a Calvinist as long as Calvin stays in the Bible. When he gets out of the Bible, I'm an Arminian then. I believe in the real Truth of God's Word. They both had something, but they went out on limbs and died out there. But the Bible still lives in the trunk of the tree. Exactly right. That's in the Holy Spirit. If you love God, you don't even desire to do those things. That's

right. If you desire to do them, then the love of God's not in you any more. That's what the Scripture says.

But now, brother, if you notice how the churches got in this conglomeration of gaiety, what's happened? Used to be, you wouldn't let your children go to the picture shows. The devil beat you on that. He set the television in the home. That's right. He did that. Now, I—I'm not saying good things don't come through the television, but you just watch what you turn on and turn off. You got Oral Roberts or somebody on there, or some good thing like that, look at it. If it isn't, keep it off. That's right. And if your kids won't do that, keep the thing out of your house. That's exactly right. You'd be better off. That's right.

In your everything, it just looks like that the whole thing's—the whole thing's sick from the head to the feet, just a sinful, conglomeration of filth, it looks like. No wonder the Bible said, "All the tables is full of vomit." That right.

58 "Who will I teach doctrine? Who can . . . Them that's been weaned from the breast." Just go along, tell them . . .

"Well, bless God, I—I got the Holy Ghost. I did this, that, or the other." If you don't live it, brother, there's something wrong. It's true.

Thirsting for God . . . Oh, how it could be . . . Even one prophet said, "He even blushed when he come in the presence of God." What does the Holy Ghost think tonight, which is our Tutor that comes up before the Father to bring the conditions of the church, how that we, of the church people tonight, are permitting such things to go on in our pulpit. How we're letting down the bars, us people, us people who claim to know God and letting those things get by. God be merciful to us. He will make us answer at the day of judgment for those things. It's true.

59 Now, let's notice just a minute. That little deer, if he's real quick, if he sees the—the . . . If the—if the wolf makes a move some sort, and he sees the wolf coming, he could jump. And sometimes he can maneuver hisself. Now, the second best place for the wolf that can't cut the throat . . . If he cuts the throat the deer only makes a couple of jumps and it's dead, it's gone. And just a few minutes it's all picked over by dogs, just pick the bones bleach.

And listen, sister dear, that first little rock-and-roll party that you slipped out and didn't tell mom about (See?), and you taken the . . . You—your mama taught you not to wear that stuff and to—to do the things that you're doing, but you thought it was cute. Look sis, dear, and you, buddy . . . You that smokes that little cigarette, think it's because boys called you a sissy. I'd be called anything as long as I'm serving Christ. What difference does it make? That's right. And what?

<sup>60</sup> You go out there. . . And why do you do those things? If your mother lets you wear those shorts and things out on the street, a little young thing like you are, she ought to be ashamed of herself. That's exactly right; she ought to be. But what do you do it for, honey? I want to ask you. I got two girls setting right here, too. I want to ask you something. Why do you do it? You don't do it to appear before God. You don't put manicure on your face. . . I make a mistake on that, it's not that, ever what it is you put on, is paint. . . What—whatever you. . . You don't put that on your face to meet your husband. If you got a husband wants to see you like that, you get in to safety. That's right. You do that to appear before men. You don't realize it. You put on those little old dresses, as I told you the other night, sexy looking, and these boys whistle at you, call it the wolf whistle. Wheet-whew! It is, a hound of hell (Exactly right, exactly right.), and he's after you. And he will get you if you don't watch. Get away from him quickly. And if you can dodge quick enough, you'll move it.

<sup>61</sup> If the dog can't get the deer by the throat, he catches him next, right in the flank. There's a place, right in the flank, 'cause it's the middle balance of the deer. The hindquarters are heavier than the front. We know that. And with the neck, and so forth, balances it up.

And then, if the wolf could grab and miss the neck, and if he can grab again, quickly, and catch the deer by the flank, he goes to swinging it, right and left like that, until the middle of the deer, he's got it swinging. The poor little thing can't get on it's feet no more. And it throws it on the ground. Just in a few minutes, she's picked over.

That's the way the devil does it, sis. It's the way he does it, buddy. That's right. And the first thing you know, you have the date with that first little boy, started out that first rock-and-roll. Who ever heard. . . ? And you all trying to say. . .

<sup>62</sup> And these people telling you that Elvis Presley (a nothing against the man, only he's a sinner, but I want to say something.), saying, "He's religious, because he sings songs on the. . ." Brother, that. . . I. . . Here's my conception. There's one difference between Judas Iscariot and Elvis Presley. He was a Pentecostal boy. Judas Iscariot got thirty pieces of silver; Elvis Presley got a fleet of Cadillacs and a million dollars. They both sold out. That's exactly right. The biggest deceiver I know of. . . Pat Boone and all the rest of them. Exactly right. Arthur Godfrey and pea-picker Ernie, anybody, if you listen to such stuff as that, it shows that the devil's satisfying that. . . ? . . . of Hollywood. All—all that loyalty that you're spending on rascals like that, you ought to be giving that praise to Almighty God, for He's a jealous God.

Them guys can stand, and sing songs, and make tears come to your eyes like crocodiles.

<sup>63</sup> Listen, I happen to raise sheep. It takes a real sheepman to know the difference between the bleat of a wolf and a—*a* bleat of a lamb and a goat. They both bleat alike. That has nothing to do with it. If your life don't tally up to God's Bible, you're still in darkness. Right.

And the most deceitful thing there is in the world is the religious thing, putting on religion.

We got a guy there in Louisville committed suicide the other day. He'd go down there, and old rock-and-rolls all night long, and out to big shindigs, and come on Sunday morning, and preach the gospel on the radio. It's a disgrace. No wonder sinners don't know what to do. What do they know what to think. Yes. And they say, "Why, they get results." God will honor His Word, if it was preached by a prostitute. He'd honor His Word, but God help that sinful soul that impersonates and tries to do something like that. Oh, brother. You people, if you've missed the wolf, God bless your soul.

<sup>64</sup> And if he can't, he will throw it down. And just in a few minutes it's picked down. Your morals will be ruined, sis and brother; you'll never live it down as long as you live on this earth. No matter how much you forgive. . . .

Here not long ago, a beautiful young woman at the altar, she was weeping and weeping. And we couldn't get her to accept Christ. And I went back in a little—in a—in a room and ask her, I said, "What's the matter, sis?"

I seen she was to be mother. And she told me; she said, "Brother Branham, I was raised in a Christian home. I—I—I—my father and mother are Nazarenes. And we've been raised a strict life, holiness." And she said, "I went out with a little boy, at one time, and had a flask in his pocket. He was very popular. He could dance and . . . I didn't want to do such as that. I was raised different." And she said, "Now, Brother Branham," said, "then the first thing you know, he . . . I got a drink of Coke one night, and it was spiked with some kind of a—a knock-out pill," and said, "I woke up in a motel room, the next morning. My morals was ruined. And here I am to be a mother."

I said, "God will forgive you, girl."

She said, "Yes, Brother Branham; that's right. He will forgive me, but this mark I'll carry till the longest day I live." That's right. It'll haunt you. You'll never look your husband in the face and be right again. And you'll never look your wife in the face and be right again. God will forgive you, but that scar is there.

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<sup>65</sup> Listen, when that animal is grabbed, that little deer, and the wolf would shake it . . . Now, if the deer's real smart, if you've ever watched it, the deer could twist real quick and jump, way sideways, and if the wolf hasn't got too deep a hold, it'll jerk a big handful out, or big mouthful, rather, out of the little deer's flank.

Then what must the little deer do, while the wolf's a tumbling and rolling with this mouthful of flesh? The blood begins to spurt. And when it does, the deer's got to run for what's in it, everything.

And oh, God, if there ever was a time that women and men ought to run tonight, run for your life. Run for your life, dear friend. Run for your life.

<sup>66</sup> And notice, here's where David got it. Now, my hunter brother in here, whoever you are, you know this; that little deer bleeding like that's got to get to water. I've wounded them myself, shot them, and shot them high or low, one, and watch them . . . If he ever gets to water, you'll never get him. He will just keep crossing back and forth. He will never leave that water. He will just keep going back and forth, and you couldn't get him if you had to, as long as he could stop and get a good drink, take off across the hill, and come right back and double itself back. You could track him all day long, as long as he can find water, he's—he will stay alive. But keep him away from water, he will die.

<sup>67</sup> And oh, brother, David said, "As the hart thirsts for the water brook, my soul thirsts after Thee, oh, God." I must find Him or I'll perish. I've been wounded, and I must find the waters of Life or I'll perish. "God, I've joined churches. I've jerked from this and from that, from this snare to the other." But if you don't find the waters of Life, you'll perish. But once get into that water, He's there. He will stay, where there is a fountain of Life, flowing freely tonight in the house of David, in the city of God. Oh, people, rush, hunger, thirst. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled."

See, they got to. If you're wounded tonight, if the devil has took a chunk out of you, and you're thirsting, "What can I do, Brother Branham?" If Jesus would come tonight . . .

<sup>68</sup> Listen, there's not a thing to keep us from being ashes in the morning. That's right. Just a extra drink of Vodka, everything's trained. And one of those bombs, where will it blow? A hundred and seventy-five feet deep, hundred and fifty miles square. What kind of a shelter you going to get into? "There's none." I beg your pardon. There's one. It's made out of feathers, under His wings we will abide. Before that happens, the church will be going home.

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69 If you've been wounded tonight, sis or brother, let's come to the fountain now, while we bow our heads just a moment. Don't try to substitute something for that thirst. Listen, child of mine, brother and sister of mine. I appreciate you being a Baptist, Methodist, or Pentecostal or a Nazarene. That's fine. I appreciate that. But oh, child, listen to an old fashion preacher that believes God lives and reigns. You'll never be satisfied till you once drink the water of Life. Then you'll never leave that fountain again. Come, taste.

While we're waiting, just a moment. "There is a fountain, filled with blood." Won't you just come to it, right where you're at, in your seat, now. I want you to be honest. I got to talk to you just in a minute about something, I feel on my heart. Just now, I'm going to ask you something. Do you really feel your need? Is your love still for the world, you—you really enjoy hearing the things of the world or doing the things of the world? If you do, will you just raise up your hand? Now, every eye be closed, please.

70 Will you just raise your hands to Christ, and say, "Christ, I'm thirsting for You. My heart longs for You like a wounded deer longs for the water brook. I want to be a character, here as an alien, I want to conduct myself like a real believer. God, let me know that You're my Father, and I want to know that You're with me tonight. I want to feel Your Presence, just like the eagle did to his wings, that we talked of. I want to act like the Negro did, that was a stranger in a strange land, but knowed he was a king's son. I want to run from the enemy, Lord. I—I've just tearing loose, tonight. I must find You, God. I'm thirsting; I got to have You or die." Do you really feel that way about it? If you do, will you just raise your hand to Him and say, "God, be merciful to me." Just put up your hand, wherever you are. Say, "Be merciful to me, oh, God. I want You."

Outside? God bless you. Raise your hand, say, "God, be merciful to me. I now want Jesus." You mean there's just one person here tonight in this, nearly a thousand people? Two? Thank you, and God grant the blessings. Three, back there. Just nearly, I guess, six hundred, seven hundred people here, maybe, and you mean . . . God bless you, young fellow. That's right.

71 If you really mean it in the depths of your soul. If your soul is thirsty for God, raise up your hand, saying, "God, really . . ." "Oh, I'm Pentecostal, Brother Branham. I've received the Holy Ghost. I spoke in tongues. I—I—I danced in the Spirit. I sang in the Spirit." All those things are all right. Brother, I have nothing against that. That's all right. That's God. But wait a minute. If you haven't got that real keeping something . . .

<sup>72</sup> A guy come to me, not long ago, and said he'd been to everywhere. He'd went to Billy Graham, and Billy said, "Raise up your hand, you receive Christ." Said, "Billy said, 'It's finished now.'" Said, "I went to the Free Methodist; they said, 'You're not happy enough to shout, you haven't received it.' So then I prayed, till I was happy enough to shout, said, "I didn't receive it." Said, "I went to another evangelist (which I won't call his name, that you know here real well); he told me I didn't have it 'less I spoke in tongues." Said, "I stayed there, and they stayed with me faithfully until I spoke in tongues." And said, "Brother Branham, I still don't have it."

<sup>73</sup> "I want to tell you something," I said, "Fellow (See?), what did you tell me a while ago, that you was once a great businessman. You told your wife that went up in the Pentecostal church and got saved." Said, "She got the Spirit on her. She lived a different life." And said, "She went up in Tennessee." He was from Minneapolis. Said, he went up in Tennessee, she did, to a meeting, to a camp meeting. And he had been selling a car, and come back, reached down in his pocket to get the keys to give to a lady, and he found a little ticket, said, "Where will you spend eternity?"

<sup>74</sup> Said, "After all, I'm past forty years old. That'll have to be settled." He told his wife he never cared for God. Said he was only in church once in his life. He threw it in the trash can. He couldn't get away from it. He picked it up again. He threw it again, and he picked it up again. He sold his cars and give it to preachers, trying to find grace with God.

I said, "Sir, you didn't have to sell your cars to give to ministers. You didn't have to do that." I said, "You've already received Christ."

He said, "Brother Branham, did I receive Him when I spoke with tongues, or when I shouted, or when I raised up my hands?"

I said, "Neither one. You received Him when He knocked at your door. What changed you? What made the difference? You were going down a road one way, not caring for God." I said, "Shouting is all right. Raising up your hands is all right. Speaking in tongues is all right. They're all, all right, but it's not all the truth. To receive Christ is to receive the Person of Christ, to receive Christ. Then the shouting and speaking in tongues takes place, after that.

<sup>75</sup> Receive Christ. You could shout and speak in tongues and not have Him. So if you haven't got that feeling that makes you feel for your brother, the one that belongs to the Church of God, and you belong to the Assembly of God, or vice versa, or to the Oneness, Twoness, Threeness, whatever it might be, to all the rest of them. . . . If the—if the denominational barriers isn't broke in your heart, there's something wrong. If you can't give room for your brother, love him regardless of



how he has done or what you think he is, if you love him, you'll go to him in a loving, kind spirit. Just love him anyhow. Stay right with him. Just be real salty, and then he be thirsty to be like you.

That's what I'm talking about, Pentecostal church. That's what we need. That's the reason we can't have healing services like we ought to. We've got to have a foundation to lay this on. God can't do it until the church gets back to the place where it should be. We can't do it, friend. We got to get life working again. Until you get life, you can't do nothing.

<sup>76</sup> The blacksmith can't beat his material until it gets real red hot. Then he puts it under the trip hammer. That's where the church needs tonight, is a calling back to God. We set . . . A sinner can start to the altar . . . And I've been in a many of our Pentecostal meetings, and saints will set and watch him, saying, "Well, that's very good." Mercy, goodness.

Why, I remember in the old Kentucky Baptist church, an old sinner boy'd come from the outside or somewhere, he'd never get to the altar; fifteen or twenty old man'd be right on him like that: "Oh God, how thankful we are; we've been praying for years for this boy." Sure. They got him down there in the altar and beat him in the back till he come through. That's right. We need that again tonight.

<sup>77</sup> What we need tonight, a interest. You know, the Holy Ghost only marked those who sighed and cried for the abominations did in the city. That's what the Bible said.

What if He come to Dallas, tonight? Can you go lay your hand on any Pentecostal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, that cries, and prays, and fasts, day and night for the sins that's did in Dallas? Think in your mind now: Is that your house? Or is it your neighbors house? Where is that fellow? Leave it with you. Think of it now.

Will you raise your hand, saying, "God, give in me, such a hunger for souls that I can't rest; I have to do something about it. God, let me thirst for You."

"Maybe the devil has bit me and poisoned me, and I don't know it, but my soul isn't comparing with that." God bless you, lady. God bless you. That's good. God bless you, here, lady. That's right. Put up your hands. Don't be ashamed, certainly not. If you're ashamed of Him . . . God bless you, young man. If you're ashamed . . . God bless you over there, lady. God bless you back there, sir. That's good.

"If you're ashamed of Me . . ." What? Who is He? The Holy Spirit, moving right here in the building. It's Him. All right. Are you finished? I want to pray. God bless you, young fellow. Pray that God will bless

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your little soul, honey, make a great man out of you. God bless you over there, sister dear, just at the turning point of life, may God save you.

<sup>78</sup> With your heads bowed I want to say this. I had the privilege of going into India a few—about two years ago. There was a piece in the paper said, “The earthquakes must be over.” India don’t have fences and things like you do here in Texas and around. Their fences are made out of rock. And the day before the earthquake come, all the little birds that lived in those fences and rocks and—run out into the woods, flew out. All the sheep and cattle that stayed around the walls in the shade, went out and stood in the sun. Why? God was speaking to them. Them walls are going to fall. And they stayed out there until the second day, and then they all come in again. And they knowed that was a sign that the earthquakes was over.

If God can speak to a animal, to a little bird to fly to safety, and to an animal to get out into the middle of the field and get away from the walls, how much can the Holy Ghost speak to you tonight, “Get away from this modern Babylon. Get away from all this confusion and—and so-called religion today. Fly right out into the middle of—of God’s grace. Fly right out into the cross, and hold onto it and say, “Oh, Jesus save me.”

<sup>79</sup> God can warn animals like He did in the days of Noah, and He’s doing it yet today, He could certainly warn people that’s got the Holy Spirit. And knowing that some hour, shortly, this America has to receive judgment. . . If God doesn’t judge America, He will be duty bound to raise up Sodom and Gomorrah and apologize for burning them up. America is just as low-down as Sodom ever was. And a just God cannot stand that. This is my nation, yes, but it’s rotten to the core.

It isn’t Communism that’s whipping us. No, no, it’s our own rottenness that’s whipping us. It isn’t a robin that pecks on the apple that hurts it; it’s the worm at the core. Yes.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] Fear that, raise your hand now, say, “God be merciful to me. I now want to come.” God bless you, sir. Once more, we’re going around from right to left. Raise your hand. Say, “Remember me, Brother Branham, as you pray.” God bless you, little fellow, here. God bless you. God bless you back there, you, yeah, there’s a dozen or two hands back. God bless you. Round over here to the left. Now, way back there. Yeah, there the—the colored folks there back at the back, on behind there. God bless you, way on back there. God be with you. My Mexican friends, God bless you. All right, let us pray.

<sup>80</sup> Now, just—just a humble and sweet way, I want you to just keep bowed. And in your heart say, “Now, Lord, here I am. I’m wounded, and I’ve got to come to the water. I must find You, Lord. My soul’s thirsting.”

Lord, take the—the gatherings; it was around, maybe a hundred hands, or maybe not that many, but quite a few hands was raised up. They’re little tokens of this message tonight. And they’ve come and raised their hands, and I believe to the—with the integrity of their heart. You know it, Lord, that they love You. And they’re—they’re ashamed of the life and the things that they’ve neglected, and they want to come to You. God, let the Holy Spirit come right down to their soul just now. Speak sweetly and peacefully to them, say, “Child, though your sins be like scarlet, they shall be white like snow; red like crimson, white like wool. Grant it, Lord.

<sup>81</sup> Now, You’ve said this, “He that comes to Me, I will in no wise cast out. And again, it’s written, “No man can come, except My Father draws him.” What does this mean? That God is here in this building, speaking to individuals, and they’re raising their hands to accept Christ. Now, God, You’ll give them to Christ, Your Son, and they’re love gifts. “No man can pluck them from Your hand.” Grant it, Lord. If I never shake their hand in this world, may I be able to do it when we cross over. Someday when life is all over, the great wedding supper comes, and the great tables are set, and we look across the table, I hope to hear someone say, “Brother Branham, I was in Dallas that night,” and the tears running down our cheeks. The King will come out and wipe all tears from our eyes, say, “Don’t cry any more, children. It’s all over now. Enter in to the joys of the Lord.” God, we long for that day. Keep them, Lord, in Thy perfect grace, until we see Him, in Christ’s Name, Amen.

<sup>82</sup> I’m so sorry to keep you late, it’s ten o’clock. I’m sorry to be this late. How many loves the Gospel? I never claimed to be a preacher. I’m just kind of a spare tire, and I’ve—you use a spare tire when you got a flat. But we haven’t got a flat. You see that. But we’ve got plenty of good tires, but I—I’ve come to just speak. And it’s the first time I’ve had this kind of a meeting for some time.

But I was struck today when my—one of my associates, Mr. Mercier, was telling me that people were sleeping in these bushes around here, waiting for prayer service. Is that true? How many come for a healing service, let’s see your hands? And come, wanted me to pray for you? Raise up your hand.

<sup>83</sup> I want to tell you something. The reason I taken this meeting, as you seen it advertised, just preaching only, I just come from a thirty day meeting. I’m so weak and tired: those visions almost kill me.

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There's great man, right on this platform tonight, broke down. Look at Tommy Hicks now. See? One breakdown right after another. Look at the men go off the field. And I don't know of any of them seen visions. It's what kills you. That's the reason I did it. I did it like that, friend. That was my purpose for the next three meetings: just to preach. That's what I come to do.

<sup>84</sup> But when I heard today . . . I was over in . . . My little Indian friends lives right in the same motel down here with me, when they was setting here and sick. I knew it. I couldn't let them go back like that. They come all the way from way over in the country there. They just heard that I was going to be here. And they said, "We thought you'd pray for the sick." Just enough money to stay two nights. I didn't have enough to give them at the time. I'm a poor man, and I—I don't . . .

You know yourself, I never took an offering in my life. Don't intend to . . . God's grace. See? People give me a little something now and then, it's . . . I never . . . I don't come for that. God's knows I'm clear and clean of that. That's right. And I'm . . . If there's ever anything I had left over, I send it just as straight to the missions as I could. God knows the truth. See? I don't have much money. But when Mr. Mercier told me, he said, "There's people that's right here in this . . . sleeping in these bushes around here at nighttime in cars. Brother Branham, they want you to pray for them.

<sup>85</sup> I didn't know that. If that's right and you desire me to, we start tomorrow night in healing services. We'll start having healing services. I'd be glad to do it. Just perfectly all right. I'm willing to minister, do anything that I can to make life happier and better for you. See?

And I appreciate all my ministering brethren and so forth here. We'll help. And if the Lord's willing, tomorrow night, how many would like to have a healing service like the old fashion healing services? Raise your hands. I don't care who you are, just . . . All right. That gives a witness to me in my heart that God wants me to do it then. All right.

<sup>86</sup> And tomorrow afternoon I'll send Billy over, give out some prayer cards, and tomorrow night after the message is over, we'll pray for the sick. And if I get tired and fall out, I got plenty of backing up here that'll help me.

You love Him? God bless you. Now, this requires an absolutely, to myself. Visions . . . How many was ever in one of my meetings? Let's see your hands. How many's never been in one? Let's see your hand. Twice as many has never been. All right. May the Lord grant . . .

Now tomorrow, here what you do: get on the phone, go to bringing your sick and afflicted. You'll see the Glory of God. See if He isn't as much Healer as He is Saviour. See if He is just as mighty in battle

as He is when He's out of battle. He's the same Lord God. Do you love Him? Say, "Amen." I'm glad that I can hear you say that. Now, God bless you.

<sup>87</sup> Let us bow our heads just a moment. I'm going to ask, "How many wants to be remembered in prayer for other things of, maybe a closer walk and whatevermore. Raise your hands, will you?"

What time is your afternoon services tomorrow? One-thirty. Well, I'll see if Billy's got some cards. If they haven't, we'll get some or give you something or other. Well, you're already got some? Well, that's fine. All right. Just so we can keep the people lined up.

All that has a need of God now, of any way at all, raise your hands to Him and say, "God, I love You." as you do. "God I love You." With our head . . . I ask Brother Vinyard, here now if he will . . .



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