
MY LIFE STORY



So happy to be here this afternoon to speak to you of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And we trust that it'll be a great day for us all. Coming to your, here to visit you this time, I have come very tired. I haven't been at my best. I just left a great meeting in the States and come right over here. And so, I am thankful that you have put up with me. So we have done . . . I've done my best though. And I am trusting that God will just do the exceedingly, abundantly for you.

Say, I'm so happy to hear that many of the German and French people have come. I want to visit your nation too someday when the Lord will permit, and you'd want me. So I pray that it'll be all right.

² After my meeting here, a friend of mine is coming, Tommy Hicks. I hardly know Tommy, but he . . . What I know of him, a lovely man, a real—a real Christian . . . Come to hear him. I have another friend in America, Oral Roberts. He is another . . . He was one of my converts to Divine healing. Many of them, out of the services we have . . . The Lord has brought forth about five hundred ministers of Divine healing.

So we're happy to meet these friends over here, who believe the same message. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] I commend Tommy Hicks to you. Receive him in the Name of the Lord Jesus. He will be following this meeting. Now, Brother Tommy isn't a seer, but he is a min—he is a minister of the Gospel, and has much faith in Jesus. That's why we love him, because he loves Jesus.

³ Now, this afternoon has been given for my life story in the boyhood form. The next time I come over, I want to bring you the picture of the Angel of the Lord, where the scientific world in America, took the picture of it. It is written today; the world cannot deny it. Many times they say, "I don't believe that, preacher," because they don't believe God. But they have to believe science, for it's scientifically proven. So they're without excuse. They'll have to meet God someday.

⁴ I would like to ask you something. What good would it do me to come here to this nation and be a hypocrite and misrepresent something? What gain would there be to me? I take money, no. I don't take money in America. I'm a poor man, and the people just send me over. I've got four children, a wife, and I have to have just enough for us to eat. My clothes are give to me. So I have no reason to come to misrepresent anything. I—I come because in my heart I love you, and I want you to love Jesus. And that's the reason I come.

Do you know if I would come as a deceiver, do you know God wouldn't let me in heaven? No deceivers will be in heaven; no hypocrites will be in heaven. I've got a wife in heaven. I've got a baby in heaven. I want to see them. But if I'm a deceiver, well, then I'll never see them no more. So what good would it do me? I believe what I preach, because I know what it is. And I believe if I wouldn't preach it, then I wouldn't go to heaven, sure enough. So that's why I'm here.

⁵ Now, we're going to read the Scriptures found in Hebrews the 13th chapter, beginning with the 10th verse, to the 14th. Now, listen close to the reading of the Scripture. And my text is the 14th verse.

[The interpreter reads Hebrews 13:10-14—Ed.]

[We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle.]

[For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp.]

[Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.]

[Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.]

[For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.]

⁶ I am so thankful for that. Here we have no continuing city, but we're seeking one to come. That's what we all are doing.

I was just thinking, while the brother was reading, just look setting along here at the masses of sick people. I do not claim to be a healer. You'll bear me record of that. From the very first night, until now, I've said I'm not a healer. There's—there's no other man that's a healer. It is Jesus Christ and your faith in Him. If I only had—if I only had the power, I'd go down here and make every one of these sick people well. I haven't the power. No one else has the power. If they ever get well, it'll be their personal faith in Jesus Christ. Jesus brings His Word, and He shows signs that He does love them.

⁷ But God's program is, to contract the people, "If thou canst believe. . ."

You remember the two blind men? They said, "Have mercy, Lord."

Jesus said, when He touched their eyes, He said, "Now, according to your faith, be it unto you."

The woman that was healed, that touched His garment, He said, "Thy faith has healed thee." Right.

The man with the epileptic child said, "Have mercy on my child."

He said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible." God doesn't change. The—the people knew He was the Son of God.

All but the church members didn't believe it. The Pharisees, Sadducees, "No, He's not." But as—as many as believed, they got healed, and they got saved. Now, same today.

⁸ But look, before I would try to take away—to take away the only hope that these people have . . . Do you realize there's people here with heart trouble, cancer, TB, that no doctor can touch? The only hope they have is Jesus Christ. And you who would try to take that away from them, woe unto your sinful soul. Be like taking the bread away from a hungry man. These people want to be well. The doctors done all they can do. And they know of others being well. They come listen at the meeting many of them get faith and they're made well. And then you try to rob them from that? You shouldn't do that, my brother. You should encourage them. They're human beings. They're brothers and sisters. It's somebody's daddy. It's someone's mother, someone's little child. Let's help them. Don't try to keep it away from them.

That's my motive: to try to help someone. And one of these days, I'm coming to the end of the road. I'll be finished then, and I'll lay my head upon the pillow; my works on earth is done. I expect to meet Him in peace. And I hope I hear Him say, "It was well done, My good and faithful servant; enter into Life."

⁹ Shall we pray? Heavenly Father, help us now, that know Your dear Son. And as I approach down the road from whence I have traveled, and renew these things in my mind and heart again. May all my mistakes be stepping stones to those are here today. And may they come to Christ and be saved, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

[Brother Branham speaks to the interpreter—Ed.] Now, you can go ahead and get you a drink now, if that's all right.

I will try not to keep you but just a little while. This is the afternoon, just before the closing of the service. They say they have an overflow in the other arena, and—and I trust you out there will feel the Holy Spirit and come to the Lord Jesus.

Now, the Bible says, "Here we have no continuing city, but we're seeking one to come." People here today from Germany, no matter, their cities might have been torn up in the war, but it's still home to you. Some from France, no matter how bad the city is, it's still home. Some of you from over in the mountains and farms; no matter how small the home was, it holds a memory of the childhood. All of us want to think our cities are the better. Man fights to try to prove that, but it's all in vain. For here we have no continuing city, but we're seeking one to come. That's the one I'm looking for. That's the one we're all looking

for. We'll live in the same city. There'll be no more shooting guns, and dying. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . live together for ever.

¹⁰ When I was born, [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] I come from a parent that was not Christian. Before me, my father and mother's people were Catholic. And they come from Ireland. They had immigrated to the U.S. But my father and mother did not go to church. And I was born up in the mountains in a little log cabin: no floor, just the ground. We—we didn't have a—a table. Father had cut a stump in two, or log, and made a table. We had no lights. We had grease in a can, and a piece of—of goods in there to burn for a wick. There was no windows in the house, just a little door you opened up. Our mattresses on the bed was made of straw: very poor.

My mother was fifteen, and my daddy was eighteen. And the morning when I was born, April the sixth, 1909, at five o'clock in the morning, there was no doctor; they had a mid-wife. And when I was born, I only weighed five pounds: very small.

¹¹ And mother wanted to see what I looked like. The little candle light didn't—didn't give enough light, so they opened up the little window over the bed. It was daylight, and when they opened the window, that Light of Fire sailed in. They all started weeping. They didn't know what that meant. It was right over where I was at.

The same picture that they've taken in America, we have it here, and the—and the write on it that tells from the scientific world, it's absolutely a supernatural Being. The man said the mechanical eye of the camera wouldn't take psychology. And he is the—one of the head of the FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigations.). And he is right. He said, "The Light struck the lens."

¹² When I was about eight, ten days old, my mother taken me to a little Baptist church. When I. . . That was the only church in the country. That was my first visit to the house of God. Later we moved to Indiana. That was in the state of Kentucky. And later on, at the age of about seven years old, I was packing water one day from a well. And I passed by a tree. I was weeping. I didn't want to pack the water. I wanted to go fishing with the rest of the children. But when I heard something in the tree, like the roaring of a wind, I looked up. I seen nothing but just a place in the tree about that big around, roaring around. And I kept looking, and I wondered why it just stayed there like a little whirlwind, and none of the rest of the leaves were shaking. And I heard a voice of a Man up there, said, "Don't never drink. Don't drink, and don't never smoke, or defile yourself with women, for there is a work for you to do when you get older." Oh, I was scared. I dropped my bucket, and I ran to the house, screaming. And I jumped in my

mother's arms. And she . . . I said there's a Man in that tree. They went down to look: nobody there. They called the doctor, and he said I was just nervous. I said—I said, "No, I seen, and I heard him speak." And I never would go by that tree.

¹³ A little later on, about two weeks later I was playing marbles with my brother, and I felt something come to me. We lived up on a hill, and the river was below us: a wilderness around. And I saw a bridge come up out of the wilderness. And it started across the river. Sixteen men dropped off in—into the water and perished. And I seen a big sign, it said "twenty-two years." I run in and told my mother.

Oh, she said, "Son, you're nervous. You went to sleep and you were dreaming."

I said, "No. No. I saw it." So they wrote it down on a piece of paper. And twenty-two years from then, the great bridge crossed the river, and twen—sixteen men dropped off of it and—and drowned in the river. Every time, it's perfect.

¹⁴ When I went to school, as a little boy, many children had been borned into the family. My father and mother had nine boys and one girl (nine boys and one girl.) And then the girl was the baby. I am the oldest.

We had to work very hard. I went to school poorly dressed. I would go sometime with one of my father's shoes on one feet and my mother's on the other, and very poor. We . . . When I'd take something to eat. I'd take a little piece of bread wrapped up and take a—a bucket with some greens in it. My brother and I were ashamed to eat with the rest of the children. We'd go out in the woods, and set down, and take a spoon, and each eat out of the bucket, and give each other a bite off the bread.

¹⁵ I remember one time at Christmas, my mother had popped some corn. And she give it to us in a little bucket. And I—I—we went to school with it. So I did wrong. I asked to be excused during time of school. And when I went through the cloak room, I took a big handful of popcorn out of the box, and went out and eat it to be sure I got my share. We didn't have it very often, maybe every two or three years. And then when brother come out, and we went to eat, he seen part of it was gone. I—I was sorry.

A few—about two years ago, I was standing at the same place. My brother is in heaven now. I would do anything I could, if I could take that handful of corn to him today. I can't now, so don't never do anything wrong, 'cause it'll come back to you someday.

¹⁶ I remember when we went to school together, there come a great snow, and all the boys had sleighs to ride on. But we didn't have any, so

I—we got a big dishpan and slide down in it. Well, it was—we wasn't in as much class as the rest of them, but we were sliding.

Well, life went on. When I become a young man, why, I was about fourteen, fifteen years old. You know how boys get about that age. Well, I wanted to get a little girlfriend. So I found a little girl I thought was very pretty. You know, brethren, your first girlfriend: eyes like a dove, and teeth like pearl, neck like a swan. You love them? Just—just a boy. Now you know, brethren, you've been through the same thing. And so a neighbor of mine, his boy, my age, why, he got his father's car, so he would—we taken our girls for a ride. And we had just a little bit of money, so we got some sandwiches and—and Coke. And when I returned, to my surprise, my pretty little girl was smoking a cigarette. My, I didn't want none of that. Um. I think that's the lowest thing that a woman can do. I haven't changed my mind since.

Your lovely country here, I appreciate the morals of your country. I have never seen a woman was immorally dressed, or any woman smoke a cigarette. I love you for that. Our America is polluted with it. Don't never do that, sister. Very bad. . .

¹⁷ Now, when she had this cigarette, acting smart, I looked at her. And she said, "You want a cigarette, Billy?"

I said, "No, ma'am." I said, "I don't smoke."

She said, "Now, you don't smoke; you say you don't dance, and you don't go to theaters." Said, "What do you like to do."

I said, "Go fishing and hunting." But that didn't interest her.

And she said, "Take a cigarette."

I said, "No."

She said, "You big sissy."

At the same time, I was training to be a boxer. Which, I did win the Bantamweight Championship, and was going up for the world championship, and I give it—and I give it up for the Gospel. But I said, "Give me the cigarette, and I'll show you whether I'm a sissy or not." So I took the cigarette, with determination to smoke it.

¹⁸ But when I started to light it, I heard something a whirling around. There come that tree back before me again. And I knew that God said, "Don't you never smoke." So I threw it down, and run away, and went out in the field, and started crying. And I asked God to let me die. Nobody wanted me; my people didn't. The young people didn't want me, so I wasn't wanted.

But He's come to me; He said, "I'll give you friends; just follow Me." Went on down through life. . . I was very bashful then (backward).

And—and I—I—I guess you wonder how I ever got married. One— one day, I met a lovely girl. She was a German girl, and she was a Christian. And I started keeping company with her. Now, notice a moment; I want you to get this part of it. I then become a Christian. Going with a girl, after while we got married.

¹⁹ We didn't have nothing of the world, but we had each other. When the day we got married, we had an old stove (old stove), an old bed, and a little old table. But we loved one another, and that's the main thing. I—I worked hard to—to make her a living. After while, God gave us a little boy, my little Billy Paul. And then, later a little girl come.

And then one day I was coming down from Michigan, and I met a church group. They called them the Pentecostals. I had become a minister of the Baptist church. But I heard these people; they were happy, and they were rejoicing. And I wondered why they were so happy. I'd never heard of that kind of religion. I stopped to listen, and I heard them preaching. I stayed all night. The next day they asked me to preach. And I got up and started preaching, and hundreds and hundreds came to Christ. And the ministers come around and said, "You're a Baptist?"

I said, "Yes."

Said, "Come, preach for us."

²⁰ So I put down all the invitations, and I hurried home to my wife. And when she come to meet me, I told her about these happy people. She said, "Oh, Billy, I would like to have that experience." Said, "What do they call it?"

And I said, "They said it was the baptism of the Holy Spirit." I said, "Let us go find Jesus like that." So we did, and we both received the blessing. So I was going to leave then to go on evangelistic work.

So we went to tell our parents. Now, her mother was a refined type of woman, belonged to a great big church. She said, "Now, Billy, them people are nothing but trash. There's nothing to them. You stay away from them. I don't want my girl around them."

I said, "Oh, but they were real."

She said, "No. No."

And I said, "I believe they are. And so I. . . My wife started crying. And there's where I made my fatal mistake.

²¹ Now, from here, listen. I listened to my mother-in-law instead of God, and forsaken the church, and went on back with the Baptist people. Right away, plagues hit my home. My wife took sick; my father died on my arm; my brother was killed. And everything happened just in a few days. A great flood hit the country and washed away the

homes. My wife was in the hospital. And I was out on a rescue with my boat. And one night out in the water, my boat got in the current, and was going over a big falls. I couldn't get the motor started, and I raised up my hands, and I said, "Oh, God, don't let me drown. I am not worthy to live, but think of my wife and baby."

And I tried again, and it wouldn't start, and I cried again to God. And then, just before going over the falls, the motor started, and I got to the land.

²² And then I tried to find my wife. And when I got to the hospital, it was covered over with water. The dike had broke, and all the waters gushed in. Where was my wife and baby? I begin to find people [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . see if there was anyone drowned, but they got away on a train. And here I was setting on an island by myself. God give me a chance so—whether to call people trash or not. I said, "God, I know I've mis—I've misbehaved myself. Don't let my wife be killed."

Weeks later when the waters went down, I found her almost dead. TB had hit her; my two children were sick. And I loved my wife. And I run through the building trying to find her. And I screamed for her. And I seen her laying on a cot in a refugee's camp. And her eyes were way back. And she raised her hands; it was real bony. And I started weeping. And she said, "Oh Bill, I—I—I'm sorry I look like this."

And I took her in my arms, and I started crying. I said, "Honey, I'm so sorry that you're so sick."

And the doctor touched me on the back, and he said, "Come here, Reverend Branham." He said, "Reverend Branham," he said, "your wife is dying. There's no way to save her." Oh, I said, "Surely there's some way, doctor." I begin to call specialists, and they come. Nothing could be done. We done everything we knowed to do. She kept going.

²³ And one day while I was out patrolling. . . I was a State Game Warden at the time too, because I—I didn't believe in taking people's money, so I worked for my living. I turned on the radio, and it said, "Reverend Branham, come—come to the hospital; your wife is dying." I took off my hat, undone the gun, and took off the badge, raised up my hand to God; I said, "God, let her live till I can get there." And I turned on the siren and run down the road. I stopped in front of the hospital and run up those stairsteps.

And here come my doctor, my buddy. We've been friends together since boyhood. We come to each other's house. He has a great clinic there. And—and he put his arm around me. He said, "Billy, she's going." I said, "Will you go back with me, doctor, to the room?"

He said, "I can't." He said, "Hope (That was my wife's name.)," he said, "I—I love her like my sister. I—I can't go back in there." He said, "I'll pray, and you go in."

²⁴ So I started walking in, and when I shut the door behind me, there was my lovely wife, beautiful woman, real Christian, mother of my children, dearest thing on earth to me. Her cheeks sunk way in, and she was look like dead. I shook her with my hand. I said, "Hope, speak once more. Please, honey. Oh, God, oh, God, let her just speak once more. I love her so much. Won't You let me talk to her just once more?" And then she opened her eyes. Oh, I shall never forget it. And when I—she looked at me, she tried to raise her—raise her hands for me. And I got down close to her. She said, "Oh, Billy, I love you so much. Billy, I'm going away, and I want you to be a good boy." She was twenty-one. She was twenty-one. I was twenty-three.

She said, "You know that Holy Ghost we've been talking about?" She said, "Billy, you know you oughtn't to have listened to mama."

²⁵ Oh, I said, "Hope, if I could only live it over." We knew we'd done wrong. And she said, "Promise me something, Billy. That you will preach that Message until you die." She said, "For it's real." She said, "I was in Glory. I seen the Lord Jesus and the Angels." Oh, she said, "It's wonderful." She said, "I must go back." Said, "Don't think I'm beside myself, for I'm not." She said, "But I know what I'm speaking of." She said, "Will you promise me that you will preach the baptism of the Holy Spirit until you're gone from this earth?"

I said, "I promise it."

She said, "I'm . . ." Said, "Take good care of the children." Said, "Take care of Billy." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . kissed me, and she said, "I'm going."

²⁶ And I said, "Honey, at the resurrection, you stand over at the east side of the gate. And when you see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, coming in, when you see all the saints coming in, stand there by the post, and keep saying, 'Bill, Bill.' I'll have the children, and I'll meet you there." That's my last date with my wife. By God's help, I'll keep it. She went to be with God. We taken her down to the undertaker.

And then they come to me and said, "Billy, your baby's dying too." Oh I said, "No, it can't be." And I rushed to the hospital, and there lay my little baby, dying. Oh, my heart . . .

"The way of a transgressor is hard." Remember that. When God calls you, go on, no matter what anybody says. You serve God.

²⁷ I laid my hands on my little baby, and I said, "God, please don't take my baby. Let her live." She was my little darling, and I couldn't

stand to see her go. And it looked like a black sheet come down. Then I raised up, and put my hand on her head, raised up my hand to God. I said, "God, I'm sorry that I have done the way I did. Forgive me, and please keep my baby here with me. I love her. There lays her mother, dead. Don't take my baby, too. I promise you I will preach. I don't care what the world says." My heart was breaking, but I know I had to reap what I sowed. I put my hand on the baby again, said, "God, not my will, but Your will be done." And the Angels come, packed her away. Oh, my heart . . .

²⁸ I went out; I didn't know what to do. I put her in her mother's arms and put her down in the ground. A few Easters ago I took—I took my little—my Billy Paul and a little flower to the grave, went early one morning. And the little fellow coming up to the grave, we took off our hats, and he started crying. And he caught me by the hand. He said, "Daddy, you've been mother and daddy both to me. Is my mother down there?"

I said, "No, son. Way beyond the river, her soul is in the Presence of God, and your little sister's there too. And in Jerusalem, there's a empty tomb. And she was in Christ, and she'll come forth too some morning." And I held him up to my bosom; the little fellow was crying. And I said, "Honey, daddy's got to preach the Gospel. I get lots of persecutions, but someday, you and I, we'll meet Mommy in peace with God." We put the flower on the grave. We walked away. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

²⁹ When she has dead—when she was dead, and I went out and buried her, I couldn't get over it. I—I could see her going, but I couldn't see the baby going. Why should that little baby go? And I was working, trying to pay off the debts. And I was living in a little shanty house, just one room, and a little old cot. And the little old . . . The floor would be freezing over with ice, at night. And one night I come in, and I picked up some mail, and in there had a letter to Miss Sharon Rose Branham. Oh, my. My heart ached. And I—I knelt down and started praying. I said, "Father, I can't stand it no more. I—I—I just can't live. My baby, my wife, what can I do?"

³⁰ And then, being a game warden (a game warden, conservation officer), I—I took my gun, pulled back the hammer, and put it up to my head, and raised my hand. I said, "Oh, God, I hate to be a coward, but I can't stand it no more. I'm going mad. I have to take my life." And I pulled the trigger, and it would not fire. I pulled again, and it didn't fire. And then I opened it up, and there was the bullets in it. And I pulled the trigger then, up in the air, and it went off. I threw the gun away. I said, "Oh, God, I can't even rid myself. I worried. I love them. And I—I was getting delirious. And then a deep sleep come over me.

³¹ Now, listen to this, the love of God. I thought I was going, walking along out West. I was dreaming, of course. And I thought I seen a—an old wagon with the wheel broke off, which meant my broken family. And I seen standing by the wheel, a beautiful girl, her—her pretty eyes. And I passed by her. And in the west of—of America, it's custom to tip your hat, women. And I said, "Good morning."

She said, "Hello, dad."

I turned, I said, "You called me your father."

She said, "You are."

Oh, I said, "You can't be, because you're as old as I am."

She said, "Father, up here, we don't grow. We're—we are immortal."

I said, "Who are you."

She said, "On earth—on earth I was your little Sharon Rose."

Oh, I said, "Surely not." She said, "Where's my brother, Billy Paul?"

I said, "I don't know."

She said, "Daddy, mother's waiting for you."

I said, "Mother? Where is mother?"

She said, "Up in your new home."

I said, "Home." Branhams don't have homes; we are—we are poor.

She said, "But, daddy, you got a home here."

³² So I turned, and there was a beautiful home. Christian, that's where my treasures is today. That's where my home is. That's what my hopes are. And I looked at that big, beautiful home. Our people are poor people. And I said, "We don't—I don't own that.

She said, "Yes, that's yours, and mama's waiting for you."

So I went up the road with my hands up, singing, "My Home Sweet Home." And here come my wife out, her beautiful, black hair, her black eyes. She reached out her arms to receive me, like she always did. And I run up, took her by the hand, kissed her on the back of the hand, and knelt down. I said, "Oh Hope, is that our little Sharon down there? What a beautiful girl she made."

And she put her arm around me. She said, "Billy, you are so tired." She said, "You have been preaching so hard and praying for the sick." And I had never prayed for the sick to that time. She—she said, "I. . ." Said, "I have watched you." And she said, "Won't you set down?"

And I said, "Yes."

And she looked—I looked around, and there was a big chair. And I looked at the chair, and she looked back to me. She said, “I know what you’re thinking.”

³³ When we were married, we didn’t have any furniture, but just a little bit. And we wanted to buy a chair. And we started making payments on the chair. Oh, I loved that chair. When I’d be so tired after preaching, I’d lay back in the chair. And I got so I couldn’t make the payments then, and they come and got the chair. And we both just cried, because we couldn’t pay for the chair.

But she looked at me; she said, “Billy, they’ll never come, get that one.” Said, “That one’s already paid for.” I know sometime . . .

A woman asked me the other day; she said, “Brother Branham, when do you ever get any rest?”

I said, “I don’t.” I said, “Sometime I’ll get it though, when I cross the borders over on the other side. I got a home there. I got a wife there. And above all things, I got a Saviour there.”

³⁴ Someday when you people here in Switzerland hear that Brother Branham has gone home, don’t weep; rejoice, for I’ve gone to a better home where I’ll never get tired any more. I don’t want to be a baby to be weeping. But if you only knew the story of the heartache, and all I’ve went through with to get this Gospel to the people, you’d understand why I’m weeping.

I want to see people saved. I’ve got critics. I—I don’t . . . I love them anyhow. I—I want to see them saved too. I—I—I don’t want . . . I—I’ve got to preach the Gospel.

Someday it’s going to be over. I’m no boy no more; I’m forty-six. I don’t know how much longer I got. But by God’s help, I’ll stand on His Word, and tell the truth, and preach the Gospel until Jesus shall come or death will set me free, then go home, a crown to wear, for there’s a crown for you and me. Shall we pray.

³⁵ [Brother Branham is weeping—Ed.] O God, forgive me, Lord, for weeping here in Your service. But when I think of the back life, my beloved sweet wife that’s waded across the border, and all the mistakes that I made listening to ministers instead of You, I feel ashamed of myself. O God, help me to continue preaching the real truth. You’ve been so good to me, and I’ve been so evil. But I want to try to make it right by telling others what a real Friend You are. How You come to me when I had no friend, O God, and You’ve give me friends. Oh, I’m so thankful for that, Father. Here we are, way over away from the homeland. My mind goes back today, up there on that hillside, a little bunch of roses, setting by a tombstone. Someday if You tarry, I’ll be buried there too.

36 Then I've got to meet, Father, what I preached to. O Father, these lovely Switzerland people, German, French, and all around, they're Your children. O God, I pray that You'll bless them and save them from sin. And let them take my mistakes and not do the same thing. But may they bypass all these evils. Won't you do it, Lord? Save every one, every one. God, even forgive those who persecute. Let Thy Spirit of love settle over this nation, this people. O God, we're just human, make so many mistakes. Be merciful, God, and save all the lost, for Jesus' sake.

While you have your heads bowed, I wonder . . . This poor miserable life of mine, but one of these days I won't be here. I'm going home. Are you a Christian? Have you accepted the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Do you really love Him? If you don't, and you'd like to . . . This is to you in the overflow also. Would you like to accept Christ? Would you love—would you love to love Him? If you do, all that wants to believe Him today and say, "Brother Branham, when life is over, I want to go over across the waters too. And I want to meet Jesus. And I'd like to set down with you and your wife over on the other side."

37 If you love the Lord, and you want to accept Him now, to be born again and filled with the Holy Spirit, would you raise your hand? God bless you. All the way up in the balconies, on both sides, out in the overflow, God, be with you. Oh, you don't know how that makes me feel. God bless you. If you believe God hears my prayer, shows me visions, and you accept me as His servant, would you stand to your feet for a moment, all that wants to accept Christ, to be born again. Oh, my. Thousands.

Would you bow your heads.

38 O God, look at this audience of people. Be merciful, Father. I'm sorry I'm all tore up. But, God, be merciful to the people and save every one. Those who are on their feet, and those who can't get on their feet, may they all come to glory in peace. And may they all receive the Holy Spirit. In the Name of Jesus Christ, we pray. Amen.

To you who are standing, you accept Jesus? Say, "Amen." [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] Turn around, shake hands with somebody next to you, and say, "Praise the Lord." Turn right around to somebody near you. Shake their hand.

39 God bless you. God be with you. God's peace rest upon you. Oh, I love you. No, I'm not beside myself. I love you. And I'm so happy to see you accept Christ. All that's happy, say, "Amen." [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] Praise the Lord. ["Praise the Lord."] Hallelujah. ["Hallelujah!"]

Now, all that's sick, put your hands up in the air, ask God to heal. O God, in Jesus' Name, heal every sick person; get glory, Lord. I commit them to Your hand, in the Name of Jesus Christ.



Copyright notice

All rights reserved. This book may be printed on a home printer for personal use or to be given out, free of charge, as a tool to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This book cannot be sold, reproduced on a large scale, posted on a website, stored in a retrieval system, translated into other languages, or used for soliciting funds without the express written permission of Voice Of God Recordings®.

For more information or for other available material, please contact:

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS
P.O. Box 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.
www.branham.org