

**Bro. William Branham Memorial Service**  
**January 26, 1966**  
**Ramada Inn**  
**Phoenix, Arizona**

My wife and I have been sitting in the back of the auditorium tonight. We were delayed in coming because of bad weather, and the flight that we were scheduled to be on, was cancelled. We almost found it impossible to get here, but they were able to route us through Denver, and we arrived about seven o'clock. We hurried and got here just as quickly as we could.

We heard Brother Billy Paul as he took the microphone, and of course our hearts joined with his as he went over the events that at least to us seems tragic, which has transpired recently concerning the man of God who has walked among us. I am sure that every person here tonight who knew our Brother Branham has been grieved. I can assure you that I want to speak very carefully tonight, because our words are heard in heaven, not only here; and they are recorded there.

The subject that we are here to speak about is one that I don't think anyone would want to undertake to speak on; yet when Brother Billy Paul requested this, you can be sure that my heart was here from the moment that I heard that he had requested this.

I will read from John 10:30.

*I and my Father are one. Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him.*

*Jesus answered them, Many good works have I showed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?*

*The Jews answered him, saying, for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God.*

*Jesus answered them, is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods?*

*If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken;*

*Say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?*

(St. John 10:30-36)

And then these words that we have heard Brother Branham read so many times and quote:

*If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.*

*But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the father is in me, and I in him. (St. John 10:37-38)*

And then I think it would be appropriate if we would read I Corinthians 1:26.

*For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:*

*But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;*

*And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence.*

(I Corinthians 1:26-29)

And the next chapter, verse two--(and oh, how these are the words not only of Paul, but our Brother Branham!)

*For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

*And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.*

*And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.*

*That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.*

(I Corinthians 2:2-5)

One has written:

GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM.  
HE PLANTS HIS FEET UPON THE SEA  
AND RIDES UPON THE STORM.

**And another has said:**

THERE'S A WIND THAT BLOWS FULL OF GRACE AND POWER;  
AND IN CREATION'S MOST WONDROUS HOUR,  
WHEN GOD GENTLY BREATHED ON A FORM OF SOD,  
THE FIRST MAN LIVED BY THE BREATH OF GOD.

That wind is the symbol of God, the Holy Spirit. It blew across the face of the deep when the earth was yet without form and void. It blew across the Red Sea and opened up a path of deliverance for the people who believed. It came as a sound of a rushing, mighty wind on the Day of Pentecost, when God came in, to become one with man. And it has blown across the face of this, our generation, a fresh breath of God in this twentieth century through the extraordinary ministry of God's prophet to this age--the man recognized among men by the name of William Branham.

This little man, because of the gift of God foreordained in his life, lived and ministered completely inner-penetrated with heaven and earth, transcending both the seen and the unseen worlds at the same time. He couldn't help it; he couldn't avoid it.

One of his closest friends wrote these words as he endeavored to describe the first Branham campaign that he ever attended:

"We were privileged to keep only five glorious days and nights of this celestial vigil, but the effect of those memorable days lives on today. The people were left humbled and tendered, because they know that Jesus of Nazareth had passed our way in His servant... For that holy pause we had seemingly turned back the pages of time and joined the admiring host of followers that shuffled along the dusty trails of Galilee in faithful devotion to a lowly carpenter who claimed to be the Messiah of Israel. In our visionary procession we had passed by the place of the tombs which erupted a naked demoniac, screaming and hissing his objection to the presence of Christ, but sat at His feet a moment later clothed and in his right mind--We were among the jostling mob around Jesus when he asked the abrupt question, "Who touched me?" and saw a trembling little woman cast herself at His feet and declare before all the people for what cause she had pulled at the border of His robe and how she had been healed immediately; and then we followed on to Jairus' house and saw the raising of his daughter."

"We heard the plain words of a deaf and dumb child after his tongue was loosed by the Master's touch, and laughed to see the

lame man leap for joy. We clamored for a seaside seat with five thousand other men who had forsaken the anvil and the hammer and closed the doors of their shops to spend the day hours in rapt listening to the wonderful teachings of this Divine Philosopher. We wept with the women as we gazed on His beautiful face and recognized the sorrow and grief that spoke of a broken heart, and felt that melting, charming sensation that one glance from His kind eyes could bring to the soul. Yes, Bible days were here again. Here was a man who practiced what we preached.

“I say this, not to exalt any human, but only to emphasize that our deep appreciation for our brother stemmed from the fact that his ministry seemed to bring our Lover Lord closer to us, and to better acquaint us with His living works, His personality, and His deity than anything had before.”

It was on an April morning in 1909 that William Branham was born in a little log cabin, foreordained of God to minister to this generation--to cross my path and most of yours. When the prophet of God crosses your path, oh, God grant that you don't miss the day of your visitation! How I thank God... (I wish I could cry and talk) but how I thank God! Forgive me.

To those who perhaps have not perceived or known the day in which we live, I know this sounds ridiculous. But to we who know we cannot shake the seriousness of the hour.

This man who came would be a threat to the kingdom of Satan. So when he was only six months old, a snowstorm almost snuffed out the lives of his little mother and him as they were left in a cabin alone and almost froze and starved to death.

He was only seven years old, when as he was passing a poplar tree, he heard the sound of the leaves rustling, it was like a wind blowing in the top of the tree. A voice came out of this wind saying. “Never drink, smoke, or defile your body in any way, for I have a work for you to do when you get older.”

Numerous visitations and various experiences occurred. A strange halo of light appeared at the time of his birth. Surrounding the time of his conversion, a light formed like a cross, and a voice spoke to him. When he first took those who accepted the Lord in his ministry down to the river to baptize them, a strange and glorious star appeared above the baptismal scene so that the audience saw it. Some were frightened, some trembled, some ran.

In one of his first crusades, one of the first to be prayed for was a lad stricken with polio. As Brother Branham held him in his arms, some were perplexed that a stage man would turn on a flood light and beam it right on; him and the boy. It wasn't the flood light; it was the star again.

God has chosen divers and mysterious ways to reveal Himself to His servants. Especially to those called for dispensational purposes, as Brother Branham was called. To Moses He appeared in the burning bush; to the children of Israel, in a pillar of fire. To Samuel, by a voice in the night; to Elijah, with a still small voice and other ways. To Abraham, in human form; to Paul, John, and others, in His resurrected glory. Frequently He appeared by supernatural visitations of Angels. Frequently, to Abraham, to Moses, to Joshua, to Gideon, to David, to the prophets, to Zechariah, to the shepherds, and to the apostles. It certainly would not be strange then that in this way He appeared to Brother Branham.

On the day of May 17, 1946 (I was in India then as a missionary), Brother Branham had worked hard, and he came home and was standing near or under the maple tree when this wind stirred the top of the tree. It frightened Brother Branham with a great rushing, a greater sound than he had ever heard before. His wife thought something had happened, but he bid her goodbye and told her that he had to find out what this meant. He went away to seek God, to know what this was all about. He said, "I must find out." He went alone, bowing before his Lord in repentance and in weeping praying and asking that the Lord would speak to him.

It was about the eleventh hour at night. He had quit praying at the time and was sitting up when a light flickered in the room. He thought someone was shining a flashlight into the cabin, but when he looked out the window he saw no one. Then he observed that the light began to spread wider and wider across the floor. Naturally, he became very frightened. As he beheld, lo the star hung in the room like a ball of fire. He heard the sound of feet walking, and then he saw the feet coming toward him. Then he beheld this Angel from God. He estimated he weighed about two hundred pounds. He was dressed in a white robe, had a rather dark complexion and beautiful hair flowing down on his shoulders.

The Angel of God spoke to him and said, “Fear not; I am sent from the presence of Almighty God to tell you that your peculiar life and misunderstood ways have been to indicate that God has sent you to take a gift of divine healing to the peoples of the world. If you will be sincere and can get the people to believe you, nothing shall stand before your prayer, not even cancer.”

He was told many other things in this visitation. He was told that he would be given two signs as Moses had been given, so that if the people would not believe the first sign, they would believe the second sign. By one gift he would be given power to detect diseases, and by another he would discern the thoughts and the deeds of men. (The Angel explained that the thoughts of men speak louder in Heaven than their words on earth.) He was also told among many other things that this gift was a sign of the nearness of the coming of the Lord, and through it God would call His people together in the unity of His Spirit. In short, the man we know as William Branham was sent to demonstrate God again in the flesh.

But why was he sent to do this? And why all of these signs? Had not Jesus already done these things? Have they not already been written and recorded? Yes, absolutely. They had all been done before, and men had forgotten them. So God, willing more abundantly to show us the immutability of His council, did it again in the twentieth century. He did it again, and I beheld His glory. He could have done it in the eighteenth century, but He did it while I was here.

In the second chapter of Judges it talks about a generation of Israel who walked with God in the days of Moses and Joshua. They had seen all the great works of the Lord that He did for Israel. Then, there arose another generation after them which knew not the Lord nor yet the works that He had done for Israel, and they did in the sight of the Lord and served the devil. It is written of them, “Every man did that which was right in his own eyes.”

I am the least capable of rehearsing the wonderful events of Brother Branham’s life. Many were with him much more than I, but I don’t think any loved him more than I.

When I first saw this ministry, I caught on, I learned, I perceived. It didn’t take ten times--one was enough. I knew what I had to do. I also had to do the will of God; and rather than enjoy

his company and be with him, I had to join with him and be about the Fathers's business and stay busy, and I did.

As oft as I could, I heard him. It wasn't often; I wish it could have been more.

When Brother Billy Paul requested that I speak here tonight, I am sure you ministers could appreciate the responsibility of the assignment of this call. I didn't want to placate my generation and my fellow Americans. That is not the purpose of this meeting. It must be that God's will must be done. If there is something to be said, it must be what God would have said; and it has been requested or thought expedient that this Memorial service be held, so that all of us who loved this man could come together and have a time to reminisce and think back on the wonders of God.

This is always good. This isn't idolatry; this is always appropriate. This they did in the old days, when they called them together and recounted the wonders that God had done through Moses and Joshua.

It would be very appropriate if the whole meeting were given to recounting, night after night, the miracles; for a miracle is not done for a day, it is done for eternity. A miracle is God on display. God never changes. It is just as much the will of God that we would recount a miracle or wonder wrought under the ministry of Brother Branham here, as if we would recount one wrought under the ministry of Peter, Paul, or Elijah just as much, for it shows us God afresh. So this is the purpose of our being here. This is the purpose of recounting these things... I have just said a few things here. Now I must bring you to face the full charge that I, as a servant of the Lord, believe that God would have you to face tonight.

You, whom He foreordained to be in this meeting and hear these things (for you are not here by chance), I pray God tonight that the words can be said that will show you a little bit more the purpose of what we witnessed and see how it would affect us, now that the man of God has gone on.

Go back to the beginning when God created man. He created him to be a God-man, to walk, talk, think, and be like God. He breathed into him His very life, His breath, God Himself. Then the fall came--sin, the separation, the spoiled plan, the broken fellowship, and the tearing apart of what God had planned. But then came the love story--the redemption story, and it was no

longer the forgiveness, but now the remission of sins. The sonship and the new creation came about by so perfect a sacrifice and so perfect a Word, that man, once again through the act of God, was transformed and put back in a capacity to once again be a God-man.

First He showed us how this would be. This idea of God and man being one had been lost. The concept was lost when man went out of the garden. They forgot about it and never thought about it. Even the old prophets consciously never thought of it. They didn't perceive it. Under divine inspiration they foretold these things; but in their human conscience they never thought of this sonship. This remission, this total redemption and restoration that was to come. They never even thought it. Nobody ever called God his Father. It would have been the most sacrilegious thing they had ever done! So much so that they wanted to kill Jesus when He did it. This was new language that no one could even conceive.

Now, you have got to think about that before the rest of this makes sense. So God would show us how it would work, He came in human flesh--God, in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. (11 Corinthians 5:18) "*In the beginning was the Word,*" (John 1:12) The Word was with God. More than that, it was God. The Word in Him (there is a person, same thing,) was life, and life was light. We beheld His glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Then in Hebrews 1:2-3, *God hath spoken unto us by His Son, Who being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person...* God, in the flesh.

God came down here to show us how it would work. He clothed Himself in flesh, came, and showed us the new creation--how it would be when everything was taken care of. The price was paid. All claims were satisfied. He walked here in a human body, a God-man--whom we call Jesus. God grant that you can see!

Then, He said, "Now I have been with you, I have shown you how it works. Now, I am going to be in you, and you will be like Me." That is all it amounted to. Just as simple as that! Now, I have come in the flesh of this body that you call Jesus Christ. I have walked with you. You have gathered around. You have drawn virtue out of these wonderful things. Now, it is going to be more wonderful than ever. Don't fret about losing sight of Me; it is going to be more remarkable than ever. It is better than I am in



you, than with you. So I will go back and then I will come again. I have showed you. Now I will disappear in the flesh form that you call Jesus, but then I will come again in the Spirit form in you, everyone of you.”

How delicate this most sacred truth is. How people hang on your words to line you up and see which doctrine you stand with. How wicked, how unperceiving! How dull! How cruel! How useless! How foolish, and missing the heart of God! “So,” He said, “I will come to you.” Then read John 17:20-23.

*Neither pray I for these alone, but for them  
also which shall believe on me through their word;  
(That is you and I)*

*That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art  
in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us;  
that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*

*And the glory which thou gavest me I have  
given them; that they may be one, even as we are  
one:*

*I in them, and thou in me, that they may be  
made perfect in one; and that the world may know  
that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou  
hast loved me.*

It can't be plainer. Having said this, having praised this, having foreordained this, having demonstrated and foretold them about this, then of course, the crucifixion fulfilled the prophets.

But then this wind, this Spirit, this presence, this God in Spirit form, blew in that room as the sound of a rushing mighty wind, and little pillars of fire sat on everyone of them, just like it sat on the camp of Israel, just like it blazed in the bush. This wind blew, and they became God's people, a new creation for the first time. It was never known before. They became a new creation for the first time. It was never known before. They became a new creation--Divine species, God-men, God indwelt. When this happened, they did just exactly like Jesus did. They raised the dead, they discerned the hearts, they cast out devils, they healed the sick, and they spoke peace to sinners. They showed God to the world.

But then, not long after, things began to happen as in Judges chapter 2. Another generation arose who forgot God and what God in the flesh was like. They forgot, and down through the years they

forgot more and more, until so-called “Christendom” degenerated into a traditional, cold and hopeless religious society without power without God, and without miracles. It was destitute of God.

Then the end began to draw near, and the last days began to come upon us. A bit of light then began to come through; a bit more, and a bit more, until a few years ago we were nearing the end of the cycle of another two thousand years (which is the final one), so that the day of the Lord is at hand. As the light began to dawn, many of the signs of the coming of the Lord began to be fulfilled, until the people of God know that surely His coming was drawing nigh. But something very great, basic, and all important had not been done.

This gospel of the kingdom was to be preached as a witness to all nations, and then the end would come. But, what was this gospel of the kingdom? The church had forgotten. It was a generation where although many of them were religious and sincere, and many of them were hungry and seeking; but yet they had forgotten what it really was like.

This was the closing generation. Something had to happen. It couldn't go as past generations had gone. This one is it! Therefore, in God's divine mercy, somehow stepping beyond the bounds of ordinary measure, He had foreordained at this hour to send again this prophet.

Some are going to think I am sacrilegious or off doctrinally (and it doesn't really matter), but God came again in human flesh and said, “Apparently I must show them again. I must remind them again. They must see some time. Once again they must know what God is like.” And He stepped down and sent a little man, a prophet, but more than a prophet this time, A Jesus-man this time!

Elijah was not that. This is more than that which we have beheld! Moses was not that, for because of the different dispensation in which he lived, it couldn't be what we have seen. More than that! A Jesus-man, a man full of God, but sent as a special sign to a generation---this generation. A supernatural sign, an extraordinary measure.

Why? It was done before, why do it again? To arouse this last generation! Once more to be the forerunner; once more, to be sure the record is clear, to be sure there is no excuse, and to be sure that God has demonstrated afresh; to be sure there can be no mistake,

and to be sure that we are reminded afresh of what God is like, how Jesus was, and of what God does in the flesh. To be sure that this generation, charged with bringing back the King, would know without question what it must be like, what the work must be to do, and what the minister must be. So we would know what our mission is to perform, what our witness is, how we are to perform and execute it, what we are to do, and how we are to act. Once more to be without excuse, beyond measure. To be the forerunner of His second coming.

The first night I heard and saw Brother Branham minister, I didn't hear a voice, I didn't know that it had been said of him, and I didn't know that the voice from heaven had spoken these words. I knew nothing of that. I had not been with any of the ministers that believed in him, for most of those that I was with did not believe in him. But like a voice, and yet not like a voice, I heard it. I know it. It came to me! "As John the Baptist was sent as a forerunner of His first coming, William Branham is sent as a forerunner of His second coming." I know that.

I was an inexperienced young preacher. I was not a theologian. I did not know the Scripture. Why I know this, I do not know; but I knew it. I said, "Thank God, he crossed my path. Thank God, I learned. Thank God, I caught on." It did not take ten nights, only one night.

This generation seeks a sign, another sign, another one, and still another one! One is enough! One is ample.

God willing, to be sure, that we don't fail in the knowledge of the immutability of His covenant, did it again in the twentieth century, the generation destined to bring Him back. This generation must know. This generation must be without excuse, for unto this generation is committed the task to do this. So, He sent forth a particular human vessel, surrounded by supernatural signs to attract attention and to make this wayward generation look up, ponder, search, and think.

Thus, the halo of light that appeared at his birth, the star, the Angel, the discernment, the gifts--all of these were given for that purpose. For what? To show us God again! To repeat what He showed us in Jesus Christ, when He came in the form of flesh; and to remind us one final time. Like Jesus, Brother Branham

redemonstrated the very thing which made men believe that the true Messiah had come.

He was a seer; he saw. He lived in both worlds, the seen and the unseen at the same time, and transcended both of them practically all the time. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. The Son can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father do."

Here comes Brother Branham along in the twentieth century and does exactly the same way. God in the Flesh, again crossing our path; and many did not know. They would not have know Him if they would have been here when God crossed their path in the body they called Jesus Christ! People have not changed. Those who questioned then, would question now. Those who didn't believe then, would not believe now. "The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father doing. For what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son and showeth Him all things."

He saw the miracles before they happened. Jesus saw the crippled man who thirty-eight times had been to the pool but never could get into the water. Jesus saw all this before He went in, stood there, and told him to stand up.

He saw Lazarus raised before it came to pass. He had already settled it with the Father. It had already been rehearsed.

He saw Nathanael before Philip ever called him, when he was over under the fig tree, before they were even converted.

He foretold exactly how the disciples would go down the streets and meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. He said that they should follow him and would find an ass tied there, and He also told them to bring him. He saw all this before it happened.

This was William Branham's life. Precisely as we read it in the Scriptures. Then men hear Brother Branham say this, and they say, "It is wrong today," but it isn't. They don't believe today; they would not have believed then. But God had come again, crossed our paths again, and showed us again what the God-man is like, what God is like, what He is like in the flesh, and what the new creation is like.

See what this is? This is the new creation at work. He was a discerner, as Jesus discerned the woman at the well and her life. And how many times have you sat and marveled? If we believe

when we read the Scriptures of the few things that we heard that Jesus did, how can we be without excuse when we sat night after night and saw these things repeated, not once, but dozens of times in the same perfect manner in which Jesus did them? Exactly! How it has been that one could see this and not believe, is beyond me.

Brother Branham knew diseases. He knew them everywhere before anyone told him. The same God knows all things. It is God in man, demonstrating His knowledge--what He is, how that He transcends all natural barriers, and nothing is impossible with Him.

He knew when virtue had gone out of him. How many have sat and watched when Brother Branham whirled around and said, "there she is," "There he is"? only once in the Scriptures did the little woman see this. Of course we do have the fact that later everybody heard about it, and they all got it; but only one case is set forth in detail. But my eyes have beheld dozens of cases, and some of you have seen hundreds of cases! How can I not believe?

This does not bring doctrinal barriers to me. This simply tells me that what happened then is the same today. My God is unchanged.

By these signs it is witnessed in the Scriptures that the Gentiles were made obedient by word and deed though mighty signs and wonders by the power of the Spirit of God. Have we not looked on and seen the multitudes come to Christ as they beheld the wonders and repented of their sins, cried out for salvation, and received Eternal Life, not only here, but abroad to the count of as many as thirty thousand in a single day, standing to receive the life of Jesus Christ, because a God crossed their path in human flesh and unveiled Himself?

Is this a mystery? This is not a mystery, this is the wonder of God! Is this a matter to dicker over doctrinally? This is a matter to give glory to our God, who has come in the flesh again in our generation. He has come in the flesh in all of us, but in a particular way in this man who was His prophet for this generation, for He surrounded him with these supernatural signs which were to attract the attention of the world once again by a sign.

The crowds came everywhere, always. Why? Because it was a generation who had forgotten what God was like. We went to church, we had our camp meetings, but we had forgotten. We wanted to see Him.

I was one. I was a preacher. I was sincere. I prayed for the sick. I was loyal to my organization. But I had forgotten. We did the best we could. I was told by men who I am sure were as sincere as they knew how to be. But they had forgotten.

I had gone to India. I wanted to help people; but when I met the Hindus and the Moslems, I couldn't win, for they said, "Your Bible is not the Word of God; our Koran is the Word of God. Jesus was not His Son; Jesus was not His prophet. Mohammed is His holy prophet." I could not prove who was right. He had a black book and I had a black book. Mine was a Bible; his was a Koran. Whose was right? He believed his, I believed mine; but there was no proof.

I came home, and I heard a sermon, "If You Ever See Jesus, You Will Never Be The Same." I saw Him the next morning in a vision, and this changed my life forever and prepared me for what God was about to send across my path--the man of God. I had beheld the Lord, and no man can ever tell what happens when this takes place. I know He was alive.

Shortly after this we were in a convention, and Brother Branham came to Portland, Oregon. Our convention was to go on; I was the host pastor, the secretary of the district. But I had to leave, I had to go to see the man of God. I had to go, I had to go!

There I sat, in the third balcony of the Civic Auditorium in Portland, Oregon. This slight, little Kentucky man came out and stood before the microphone, with his Bible clutched to his side, and preached. What a wonderful message! So very simple.

His language was "Hillbillish," but he was from God. God was in him; I knew it. He expounded the Words of the Lord and acted like they were all true, just as good now as ever.

When he finished, many people turned to the Lord. They brought the sick before him, and they marched before him. There were so many that he could not take time with many of them. I watched, and I wept. Every few minutes he would stop someone and take a bit of time with them, sometimes away from the microphone, and I could not hear what was said. It seemed that something wonderful was happening.

I heard those about me criticizing, "Look at them! Carrying them up, carrying them down." It never occurred to me that this was happening. Brother Branham had told us the promise of Jesus

Christ that you would lay your hands upon the sick, and they shall recover; and that this would come to pass, for the Word of the Lord could not fail. The Scriptures could not be broken. So I sat there with my heart full, thrilling to the fact that as he would touch these people, they would get well. It never occurred to me that it would not happen. I was shocked when I heard some about me. Criticizing in that very meeting.

He stopped a little girl, and he asked us to bow our heads. I heard him say, without hardly raising his voice: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I adjure thee by the Name of Jesus Christ that you leave this child and enter her no more." But he didn't say it like I had heard it said before. He didn't speak as the scribes and the Pharisees. He spake as one who had authority. He meant what he said.

I was all ready to help him. I wanted to do my best, and I am sure that most of the audience felt that way. But he was finished. And the job was done. He had said it, and that was finished. He had told the devil what to do and expected results. He knew that he was the boss, and obviously the devil did too. That finished it. The girl was healed before I was tuned up and ready. I burst into tears. Oh, that was wonderful! That little girl was so perfectly well.

It seemed that ten thousand voices whirled over my head and said, "You can do that. That is what Jesus did. That is the way Peter did it. That is the way John did it. That is the way Jesus did it. What they did in the Bible can be done today. The Bible is for today."

The reason I am saying this is this: So many could not understand the supernatural sign that was given as an evidence; for he at that time would take people by their hand, and a vibration would show up on his hand that indicated the presence of the evil spirit of disease. When it was cast out, this appearance disappeared from his hand, and it became normal.

This was a matter of such great concern to the theologians and to the Christians who felt this was new. They had not seen it before. Why people would scream about that, say that the man had a devil, and that he was a Beelzebub--how could they say it?

Then on the other hand, those that didn't believe it was a devil, all started praying to get the same sign. I couldn't understand that, either. It never occurred to me, sitting there, to look on and desire

that sign. That was none of my business. That was God's gift to a generation. It never occurred to me that was what I had to have. But everything he did, the discerning of the people's thoughts and of their deeds, demonstrated to me Jesus in action. I saw Jesus that night in a human form that they called William Branham!

I saw God at work in a little Kentucky Hillbilly. I saw God's Word, the living Word that can never be broken, displayed on the platform. I didn't see a sign that I desired. I saw that God lived today.

The sign was a true sign, pointing somewhere. A sign doesn't point to itself. A sign doesn't say, "Look here I am a sign. Look at me!" A sign never says that. A sign tells you where to go to something. It doesn't say, "See the sign! I am a sign!" What good would that do? The sign was a pointer. But where did it point? How could my fellow ministers look on and not understand? How could they say this man was a devil? How could they say this was not of God? How could a man, a church member or a Christian see this, and not believe? Every time this sign happened on his hand, he stood there and told where sickness came from. That shocked me. That shook me, for I never had thought about where sickness came from. Why, we just have it. It has just always been here. You have just got to have it. It is here to stay, it always has been. It never occurred to me it had to come from somewhere.

This was the man that came as the Voice of God, and showed me that men's diseases did not exist before the fall, but came after. When Christ came, he took them away. But people did not know this; and if they don't know it, they don't have faith for it. So the devil comes illegally, and people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.

This man began to talk about the spirits of infirmity. Here he was talking about devils, about an evil spirit sent to kill. I had never heard this before in my life. Then he began to talk about a cancer. How it starts as a little cell, and as it grows it becomes a body. Then he starts to talk about us, how we begin as a little cell, grow a body around ourselves, and here we are, a human being. Our body is alive because the life that was in that cell to begin with is there and continues to be there.

One of these days that life will slip out and be gone, and all this body that has grown will still be there, but it will be dead. It is still



there, but it is dead because that life that started in that little cell has slipped away from that body. What would happen to it then? The same way it came, it would go back to the dust.

That made so much sense. Then he went back to the cancer and how you could get the life out of the cancer. The doctors' radium couldn't do anything, but the name of Jesus Christ could! He told how we had been given power over devils and diseases, if we would cast them out in Jesus' name. Here are these spirits of infirmities. We as the foreordained, chosen, and elected God-men, who were to inherit and receive His Name--the Name of Jesus--could say that name over the cancer, and that life had no alternative. It must go away. And when it goes away, that growth might still be there, but it would be dead.

We had known all the time any believer could do that. Any child of God had the authority to do that. Every God-man could do that, but we had forgotten. So, in this generation we are charged with the duty to bring back the King by giving this gospel to every creature, and the only way we can get that body is with the signs and wonders, or we will not get the ears of the people. We had forgotten how. So he come along and tells us how. God, who had chosen us, comes down in the flesh once again to say, "I must show them again what I am like, so that they will go with renewed zeal and remember afresh my living Word cannot change, that It is always the same. I must go and show them again."

And He came down here in the form of flesh, and we call him William Branham. He came across our generation, crossed our path, told us these words from the Scriptures, and we are to believe these words.

To help us believe, God in His mercy, said, "I will fix it where you can show them and take them by the hand. There it is. Now tell it to come out in Jesus' name. There, see it, tell them." But you didn't need to see. "The Bible said it will happen, but you forgot. So all right, I will show them, in a physical way."

Now do you expect that to stay with you forever? How long must we have this? Brother Billy Paul, you are grieved tonight because of your Daddy; but he was a prophet, sent to a generation, and you know this. How long can we have this? Didn't we see enough? Haven't we seen enough? What will we do about it? The sign has come. You are not going to have it repeated. Many will

claim it. Many will seek it. Many will hang out their shingle, but it will not be repeated.

This is the generation that is foreordained of God to bring the King back. We have had our rehearsal. We have had our refresher course. We have walked where God has walked. God has tread our pathways, our cities, and our streets in the form of another one. It is true that He also walks with us, but I am saying in this extraordinary way, Brother Branham was surrounded by supernatural signs to point us afresh to this. This is what it points to, and this endures forever.

Oh God, grant that my fellow Christians here will hear what He will have to say to them tonight.

This showed me Jesus at work. This revised my faith in the gospel for my day. This was the Holy Ghost in action before my eyes. This demonstrated before me the power of the Name that I received when I came into the family of God. The Name that is above every name in heaven, and in earth. I bear this name. The God, whom this Name represents, is in you and in me. I have no signs, but I have this. Must we always have to see it on his hands, or hear him tell it out loud?

“There it is, a cloud hanging over here,” he said. He prayed, or he spoke, and it went away. He saw it and told us about it, and God even allowed the camera to capture it for our unbelieving eyes.

He let the light appear and register on camera film. What do we ask? Yet, in the face of the greatest demonstration of God in the flesh that any generation has ever beheld before, men do not believe.

I am not here to pronounce judgment. Neither am I a prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I just say we have seen. How much do we demand?

The first night I saw, I believed. I believed already as much as I could, but I had forgotten and since this end time generation rests upon my shoulders, God, in His great mercy, foreordained that He would show me afresh and send me Himself again in human flesh to shew me once again just exactly what God is like in the flesh. He did it, he ordained that I would come, see and follow. From the third balcony, I saw and perceived. I believed and I know that night what my work was to do, and I have been working at it.

Many times the Businessmen have asked us to speak. We have appreciated their invitations. It is only because we stay as busy as we can, just doing this simple thing. We want to tell as many people as we possibly can tell the message of Eternal Life, the message of Jesus Christ, that they may hear and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and come into the kingdom. That is all we live for. In order to get the ear of the maximum number of people everywhere we go, we consecrate our vessel before the Lord so that He might see fit to show signs and wonders in the meeting to confirm His word.

Let me just correct that. I don't mean that our consecration has anything to do with that. He will do that regardless. But what I mean, we try to be worthy of God's presence in the meetings. His Word is preached out around the world in over forty countries. Without a vision, without a sign and without these supernatural things, the same wonders have been wrought.

That God which performed in your sight in the man that we called William Branham was in him, showing us Himself. The same God that was working through him, works with every man, every believer, every creature, the same way. I am not talking about the light. I am not talking about the supernatural signs. I am not talking about the discerning of the thought. I am talking about the confirming of His covenant that cannot be broken. That is why He has sent the sign, and the prophet, around the world.

Now let me give you this testimony, for I believe it is the will of God that I would say this. We set out to do as we had seen Brother Branham do. Not to discern people (for that could not be done without God), but to announce the promises of God and to ask God to confirm them, which He did. We prayed for many people, and many were wonderfully healed. But we never prayed for a deaf mute.

It was over in Kentucky, not far from Brother Branham's place, where the first little girl came through the line, deaf and dumb. I suppose this was an extraordinary thing to me, because when I was a little boy on the farm, my daddy could talk the sign language with a friend of his who would come once in a while. I suppose he came to my daddy's house because there wasn't very many people he could visit with. It always fascinated me to see him talk on his hands. I always imagined that would be such a terrible thing.

Perhaps that is why God used that one miracle to so change my life.

I will never forget how glad I was when this little girl came, and how it seemed that the fire of this Holy Ghost in me burned. I knew this girl would be well, for the Lord would do it. We prayed for her. I did my best to pray just exactly like I had seen Brother Branham. I meant every word of it, and I believed that I had the same reason for the devil to obey me that Brother Branham had when he prayed. It had to be the same. And of course it was, so the little girl was perfectly healed, and I headed out to find Brother Branham.

The first and the only time I ever went to his home, we found him and Daddy Bosworth standing on the front porch of his little cabin there in Jeffersonville. He lived in that little narrow house near the Tabernacle. Brother Branham was so sweet and kind to us and encouraged us so much. He just took us in his arms like his little boys and encouraged us. He made us feel like we could just conquer the world.

This was what he wanted people to see, that if they would just go trust in His Word, it could be done just the same. He prayed with us, blessed us and talked with us. That was a great event in our life.

We then went on to Jamaica; and in Jamaica, hundreds and hundreds of remarkable miracles took place, and over nine thousand souls came to Christ.

We came back to America, and God spoke to me in a closet one day very clearly. I won't pass on what He said, because it would not be fitting right here. I didn't hear His voice, but yet I did hear it.

After a few days Brother Bosworth called me from Flint, Michigan, and we went up there. He said that Brother Branham was very tired and had asked if I would finish out the week of meetings. (They had heard that we had been in Jamaica.)

That great auditorium was packed and we beheld wonderful wonders of God as Brother Branham would stand there and preach the Word (which was always first). Then he would relate to the people how to cooperate with God and explain about this sign in his hand, it would happen if they would believe. He would pray

that the Lord would confirm what he had said, and of course it would be so each time, and many wonderful things took place.

The night came that I had to take the microphone because Brother Branham had gone. As we stood up there that night (of course this was something that would frighten any young preacher), I remember I preached, and then they called for the people to come for prayer.

The very first one was a blind, colored lady with her big German police seeing-eye dog. Of course in the natural I was awed by this challenge, but deep inside me was such an assurance that God was there. God was there, and as we prayed, we just reminded the Lord of His Words that had been preached, by Brother Branham. That as He testified for the gift, he would testify also of His Word, for the gift confirmed the Word, and it was all the same.

This girl screamed out for joy. Her eyes came open. THE dog started barking, for he thought we had hurt the girl or something; and great excitement was there, as the girl was healed. From then on one thing after another began to happen--the great Puerto Rico meetings and then around the world to forty different countries, to say to you, "This is what God sent His prophet to teach us." He was sent to reassure us of this. It can't fail. Do you understand?

I am not leaving this as a testimony for you to say, "Oh Brother Osborn has a great ministry, too." That is not the point. The point is: Here was just an ordinary man without any of these extra supernatural appearances, but who had seen them when God sent the Prophet. These signs had pointed him to the covenant, and he had set out with the covenant to announce it to the people, that if they would believe, it would be so, for it cannot be broken. And it came to pass. Now, how did it come to pass? How do you explain that? And the ten thousand miracles, that we beheld. How do you explain it?

This is the living Word that we beheld and saw His glory among us, testifying to us in this last generation by supernatural signs and wonders. Foreordained of God, it was sent across our path to point us to the Word that lives forever and cannot be changed. It is forever settled in heaven. It is invincible. It cannot be altered.

Surely If God would have us to close this with any other thought, it would be to thank God for the prophet, the man of God,

the sign from heaven, that has come to give us life in the evening time of this generation. Thank God for the supernatural signs and wonders. The redemonstration in our generation of Jesus Christ.

How many times have I stood... perhaps not as many times as most of you, but many times have I stood at the side, on the platform, or maybe in the audience or down near the front, in awe, as I would watch Brother Branham minister. Never once in my heart adoring or worshipping the man, but absolutely revering God, Who was a work in my presence. I was standing with God.

We can come to reverence God's presence as we take His Word to our hearts, walk with it, talk with it, and commune with it. For it is God with us, God in us.

I can't say what I feel, but my plea to this congregation and to those to whom you will talk of this service, is that you will run with this message: "William Branham came our way as the prophet of God and showed us in the twentieth century precisely the same things that were shown us in the Gospels." Where we read of a few incidents in the Gospels, we have seen hundreds in our generation no less great not wonderful, but far more numerous. We have seen them in our day.

We have walked with God in our day. He came and walked the shores of Galilee, but He also came to the streets of Phoenix, Portland, Oregon; Tulsa, Oklahoma; and across this nation. I saw it. And when I saw it once, I knew what it meant. This was the Word in flesh. I could take it up and go with it, for God was with me and in me. What a revelation!

I had heard Brother Branham speak often and say, "I won't be with you long. You will hear of me being gone one of these days." Sister Osborn and I have marveled all the time. As we heard the reports we would say, "How can it be that God leaves him in this generation?" Still he remains on the scene. Still these things are shown. Still he pleads for the people to look to the Word, and to believe the Word. Look at this sign, it has happened again! It shows Jesus is real. Here is His Word. Stand on it. It will never fail you. How often has he said it.

I stood and trembled in Tulsa, Oklahoma, as I watched him show the congregation the wonders of God by the supernatural signs that I could never show a congregation. All I can do is say. "It is written." Of course that is the greatest sign. Brother Branham

said it was the greatest. There is nothing greater. No sign is as great as this. This is forever settled in heaven. There is no debate about that.

I stood there and watched him as he showed me something by which to prove the Word to an idolater, an agnostic, or an atheistic generation. That was to show them it is written and that it came to pass.

How often I watched him do it as he stood there and discerned the thoughts of the people. They thought he was a soothsayer, that he was reading their minds, or that he was pulling some other gimmick. He would turn his back on them and prophesy to them with his back turned. Three nights in a row he did it in Tulsa.

But now he is taken from us. Tulsa will not see that again. The preachers are there. The Christians are there, and they are comfortable. But whether they caught on, I don't know. Many don't act like it. What a wonder that God sent this demonstration our way.

Did you see it, just soak it up, and take it for granted as a thing that was with you, thinking that you would always have these wonderful meetings, and would always be blessed? Did you think that this was the Branham-type meeting, and you would see these things? Was that your idea? You didn't catch on! Now it is gone. But my friends, if God sent me to Phoenix to tell you anything on this Memorial service, He sent me to tell you that this is what he was trying to show you all of the time. This is where your faith must rest. But it must be acted upon. It must be carried out. Where are those who will arise and say, "I will run with the message?" "A few years ago Brother Branham crossed my path, and I ran.

Did you decide that this was just a phenomena of your age? You had him, but now you haven't got him anymore. Not all failed to know him; not all missed. Many caught on, not only me; and more are going to catch on from this message.

God was in Brother Branham, demonstrating Himself. God is in us. The difference is that He has not foreordained that we operate in the place of the prophet of this generation. We are not accompanied by these extraordinary signs to give evidence of this to preachers. We are God's people. We are Christians. We are born-again believers. We are new creation. We are sons, born into the family. We are royal. The King's blood is in us. We bear the

name of the King. We have a right to use the Name. Let us use it!  
Let us take up the sword, the Word! Let us yield it.

I don't know what the forthcoming days hold for us. I am not a prophet. I am not a seer. I don't know. But did this message get across to you? What are you going to do about it? It didn't get across to you until you do something about it.

A generation is committed to us, the generation across the horizon of which God has marched in human flesh again with signs and wonders in the form of a prophet. This generation is reverting to paganism thirty times faster than it is being evangelized. This is our chance.

What now will you do about this message that has been pointed out so clearly to you? What shall you do with it? Shall we run with it? Shall we act upon it shall we take it up? Shall we bear it to the ends of the world?

God has visited His people, for a great prophet has risen up among us.

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