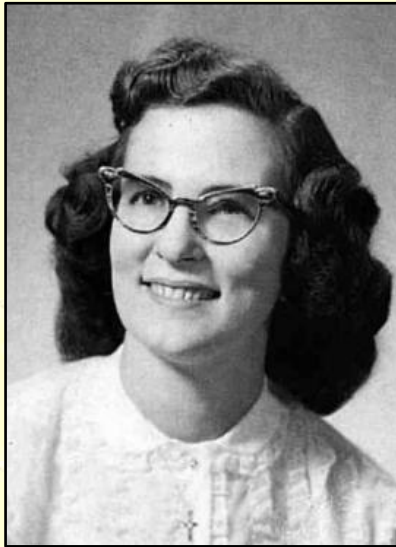


Rosella Griffith Testimony

***Healed of Alcoholism In William
Branham's Meeting***



**By Miss Rosella Griffith of Joliet,
Illinois**

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I'd like to give my testimony here, for Jesus said "Go and be a witness unto me"... and we overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the word of our testimony. I could not give a testimony like this if I were in my old self, but I'm not in myself, I am in Christ Jesus.

I am an only child, and as long as I can remember I kept looking for something to make me happy. I kept seeking something, I knew not what. I was seeking peace and joy. I had had to play with the other children in the neighborhood, and it seemed I never fit in. I was sent as a child to the Methodist Church in our small town in Southern Illinois. When I was six years

old I went with my grandmother to revival, and went down the saw dust trail to give my heart to Jesus, but nobody helped me. I'm afraid I did not live for Him. I went to Sunday school, church, and in summer went to Youth Camp from our Church, but through all of this, I did not know Jesus Christ as my Saviour... (I knew stories about Jesus, but I did not

really know Him at this time.)

Then we moved to another city, and after graduation from High School, I started working in an office, 6 and 7 days a week, 3-11 p.m. shift. So when the girls did have an evening off, we would go out together. Many times we would go into Chicago. We thought we were having fun. We would dance, and

needless to say we would have a few drinks. They could stop when they wanted to stop drinking, but I could not, for I'd order extra drinks, being way ahead of them. I was not immoral, but God said one sin is as great as another in His eyes. I resented the fact that I was compelled to do something beyond my own will. In the year of 1949 I knew I was a confirmed

alcoholic (I did not want to admit it even to myself). I was at the bottom of the ladder and seemed like there was no hope for me. My parents wanted to help me, but they didn't know how to cope with me, for neither of them drank. In my heart I wanted to be free, and I tried everything to get my mind off of drinking, but it did not take the habit away.

Finally I decided I would try going to Alcoholics Anonymous, thinking they might help me. I wasn't really happy in this organization, although I stayed sober for 9 months through going to their meetings. I prayed every day at the bottom of my bed, for God to keep me sober. HE did keep me sober, but I was not happy or free. Before I joined

Alcoholic Anonymous, I was in and out of hospitals, until they got tired of seeing me come in. I went to an Alcoholic Hospital in Chicago, where it cost \$150.00 for 5 days, and my folks were not wealthy people, for with hospital and doctor bills mounting up. At this period of my life, I was so weak, losing weight, and just miserable. Five doctors had given me up

completely, one doctor said in six months time I'd be in a mental institution.

Neighbors had given me up, ministers did not know what to do. One minister came out and tried to reason with me over the Scriptures.

(What I needed was someone who could do like the disciples did, command the demon of alcohol to leave in the name of Jesus Christ.

My Dad told my Mother to give up praying for me, for I'd never change, but she did not listen to him, for she said maybe I wouldn't change, but she knew God was able to change me. Mother bought me a fur coat, thinking if I fell in the cold I'd not freeze. I slit the pockets of the coat and put bottles all around the lining of the coat. I'm so glad my Mother stood by me, and

clung to God's Word when all said I could not be different. Even though I disgraced her, and she did not understand why I did as I did, she still stood with me. When I lifted a cup or glass to drink out of, I shook so, I had to lap it up like a little dog.

I turned Catholic looking for peace of mind, even though I did not believe in it. They told me I needed help,

but did not forward me to Christ. All in all, everyone but my Mother on earth had given me up as hopeless. When I was at the worst I ever was, my Mother saw me in a vision as being saved, behind a pulpit unzipping a Bible. She believed God. Because God showed her in a vision, rather than believing five earthly doctors, later this vision was fulfilled. When I

was at the worst, in the end, a doctor waited all night long at the foot of my bed, for me to draw my last breath. I'm so glad that there was a Greater doctor than that doctor standing there, knowing I'd not die, but live to glorify HIS Name. Jesus said "The thief cometh to seek and devour and destroy, but I am come that you may have life and have it more abundantly."

Groping for a ray of light when life was the darkest, some people told me of a meeting in Hammond, Indiana, where a Prophet of God, Rev. William Branham, was praying for the sick, where the lame walked, where the blind were healed, cancers healed, and miracles were done in the Name of Christ. I clung to these words, for I thought if these people could be

healed surely then I could be healed, too. We went to the meeting the third day after I was told about the meeting. My mother, her friend and I went to the Civic Center that day on July 11, 1952, where the meeting was being held. I saw the people sing and praise God. I thought they surely were happy. (I still looked out of the corner of my glasses to see how they

were acting, and thought I'll go along with them, if I could find help). Later I was to find out that here is really joy in serving Jesus Christ. No wonder they were so happy. We came back after the afternoon meeting, and I got a prayer card. One thing I remember of the meeting was how they stressed, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." I did not know one

Scripture for healing, being brought up in a modernist church, only I thought if God made the universe and all its wonders and made me, then it would be a small thing for Him to heal my body. I bowed my head and asked God if it were His will to heal me to find a way. That is all I said. I did not know the Bible says "By His stripes we are Healed." I got a prayer card

Bro. Branham came and preached. After the preaching service Bro. Branham called J25-J50 prayer cards, mine was third in line, J27, so I went knowing if I stood before this man of God I'd be healed. When I came into the line, Bro. Branham said he saw me in darkness. He said "Do you believe in God's Prophet?" I said "Yes." Bro. Branham said, "If

God reveals to me what is the matter with you, and if Jesus heals you, will you serve Jesus the rest of your life?" I said "Yes." Bro. Branham told the audience to bow their heads, and he placed his hand on my head, and rebuked the devil of alcohol from my life, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I left the platform free. I felt so wonderful to know that for

the first time in my life I was FREE. "Who the Son sets free is free indeed." Jesus Christ healed my body in a matter of seconds, where to everyone else I was a problem. Praise His holy Name. I was having a meeting all my own, when I left that platform. My, how glad I was (for I had something I longed for all my life) in Christ.

A lady came to me, and said she felt so sorry for me, and I told her she did not have to for Jesus had just healed my body, and I was fine. She asked me if I'd call her daughter and I asked her three times what was wrong with her. She said she was a confirmed dope addict. The FBI could not even find her for a matter of months, but she had come home now. She was a

dancer, with Fred Astair, and needed help. Well, she gave me her phone number and told me to call her collect. I had to, for I just lost a good job. People told me not to call her. Also my Mother told me not to call her, and get mixed up again. Well, that night going home from Hammond, Indiana, after just being healed, we stopped for coffee or ice cream (don't ask me what I

ate for I don't remember, I was too thrilled).

That night I came to God, asking Him to show me I was saved, for I knew I was healed. I asked God to forgive my every sin I had ever committed against Him for I was sorry. I waited for about 10 minutes, and lying there on my bed with my arms outstretched my very soul left my body, went up to the ceiling, and I was

afraid. I called my Mother, and she said I just was saved. I was so glad. The next morning after being saved and healed, I got up, ate, and told Mother I felt a strong urge to call that girl. I went to the phone and talked 45 minutes to this girl. She found every excuse to not go to the meeting, and then she asked me how I knew I was healed. I told her we had tried everything

else, so let's try the Lord Jesus. I went to the meeting the next day, after I was saved and healed, and met the girl (first time I had ever seen her in my life). She got a prayer card, and her number was called. She asked me if I would go with her to the line. I did, and she asked me what she should do. I told her to forget everything else, and just believe Jesus. (Imagine I

was just saved and healed the night before myself, and I was acting like I knew what it was all about.) She was last in line, and Bro. Branham prayed for her. Jesus healed her, and how happy we both are when we saw one another, tears running down our cheeks, knowing it was the power of God that set us free. How wonderful to serve Christ! The Lord is wonderful!

Jesus gave me a good job after prayer, and I'd pray for a raise, and I'd get them, too. There is nothing too hard for God.

One week after I was saved and healed, I went to the meeting. (I went every day after that until the end of the meeting.) A man went with us that was an alcoholic, and also my mother and dad. After Bro. Branham had preached he

called for the prayer cards. My dad had prayer card R60. Too large a number to be called, so I bowed my head and prayed. I asked God to heal the alcoholic man, like HE did me. Also to heal my daddy and save him. Bro. Branham turned around and said, "The girl up in the balcony was healed a week ago of the same thing as you are, sir. She is praying for you, and

also she is praying for someone else. It is her dad. Have him to stand up. You put your hand on his head. Have him accept his hearing and salvation.

I always pray first, then I ask for my vacations to go to Bro. Branham's meeting. I find every time I go I find help. I feel privileged to get to go to as many meetings as I do, and truly thank God. God has smiled on my life.

My dad started going to Sunday School and Church with mother and me, and truly I have a brand new life in Christ. 2 Cor. 5:17: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, behold old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

Let me say one thing, I have never craved drink since that night July 11, 1952. Also the Lord took the

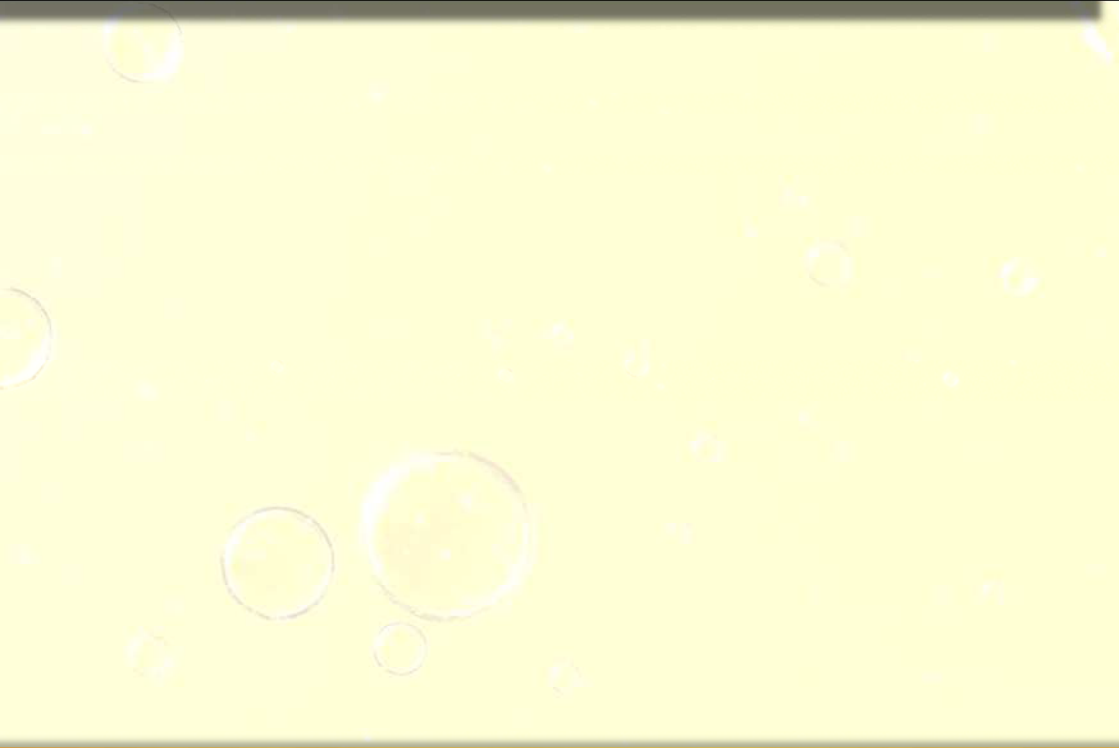
habit of smoking away, too. So now I go to jail services to try to win souls to Christ, also in skid row missions. I go to small churches, large churches, anywhere I can testify for Christ, for He has done so much for me. I could never thank Him enough. The Bible says, "He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me hath eternal life, and shall not come into

condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

I could not witness to people like I do now, if I were in my old self, for I would be ashamed, but I am not in myself any longer, I am in Christ. Jesus said, "Because I live you shall live also." I am so glad for a Christian mother that would not give up, even though she was made fun of in our

neighborhood, etc. But now our home is a happy place. I'm so glad that Jesus said "I am come to set the captive free." I truly thank God for His mercy and love to me. God heard my Mother's prayers, saw my honest heart, wanting to be free, and sent His Prophet, Rev. William Branham to Hammond, Ind., to bring Christ to my life. Truly, I have the greatest Christian

respect and love for Bro. Branham, and truly he is a true Prophet of God. I am so glad that Jesus saw me and understood, and knew I wanted to be free. Praise His Name.



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