

Foot Prints On The Sands Of Time

1

**The Autobiography of William
Marrion Branham**

**Experiences, Visions, And
Prophecy
1909 - 1961**

WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM

***Amber Light Appears At Birth
April 6, 1909, 5:00 Tuesday
Morning***

Page 5

***Grandmother Was A Cherokee
Indian***

Page 9

Christmas Time

Page 11

"I'm Healed"

Page 15

"I Seen Him At The Burning Bush"

Page 26

No Shoes And Ten Below Zero

Page **31**

"Poem That Used To Help Me So Much"

Page **33**

"Got Our Education Out In The Woodshed"

Page **37**

Fishing And The Snapping Turtle

Page **67**

Wrote Poetry On Borrowed Paper

Page **70**

***"I'd A-Been A Murderer" Except
For God***

Page **74**

Vision Of Hell

Page **85**

***"Something Hungering In My
Heart"***

Page **119**

Foot Prints On The Sands Of Time

**AMBER LIGHT APPEARS AT
BIRTH APRIL 6, 1909, 5:00
TUESDAY MORNING**

I'm told by my mother and my father. Now, my dad was a logger in the woods. My mother and father were married when my mother was fourteen years old and my dad was eighteen years old. I was borned when mama was sixteen years old, just

a child having a child, that was all.

I was born, I only weighed five pounds, little bitty fellow. I lived in a little old log cabin. The picture hangs in my house today, that a person painted for me in California. And the little old log cabin, and in there, in this little log cabin, that morning on April the sixth, when the midwife opened up the window so the light could shine in to show, let Mama see what I looked like, and

Papa. When they looked in--in there, there was a Light come whirling through the window, about the size of a pillow, and circled around where I was, and went down on the bed.

Several of the mountain people were standing there, they were crying. My people, back before me, are Catholic. I'm Irish on both sides, and so they were, they, my people. Not my mother and father, because they had gotten away from the church.

And then they didn't know what happened. Course, you know how superstitious the mountain people is, said, "That young'n that was born with the Amber over him, you know, there was a Light appeared over yonder in a room. Wonder what kind of a young'n it'll be? See, he will be born somewhere, he will be a certain--certain thing." You know how mountain people are.

Early Spiritual Experiences, July 13, 1952

GRANDMOTHER WAS A CHEROKEE INDIAN

A dove has a great strange thing in our family. One day when my grandmother... She come from up here in Kentucky, off the Cherokee reservation. She was dying, a little woman, and she was... They had... I think they call it scrofula or something, she was dying. And grandfather knelt down by the side of the bed; while Mama, Aunt Birtie, Aunt Howlie, all of them knelt around the bed;

Uncle Charlie, (little bitty four-year-old boy) the baby; Mama, the oldest, being about twelve years old. And she had combed her black hair out on the bed, and she started singing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee," when she was dying. Grandpa, at that time, wasn't a Christian. I baptized him at eighty-seven years old, in the Name of Jesus Christ, at the foot of the river there where the Angel of the Lord appeared. But while she was singing this song,

with her feeble little hands up in the air, a dove flew in the door, come around, set down on the top of the bed, started cooing. God took her soul.

*On The Wings Of A Snow-White
Dove, November 28, 1965*

CHRISTMAS TIME

I remember when we was little kids, they would get out and cut down an old cedar bush somewhere, and mom would pop some corn and string it around it. That's about all there

was on the tree. But them little, old ragged socks was hung up there just as... And, oh, and maybe she'd get a... maybe one little sack of candy, and them little hard candy, (and two or three to me, and two or three to Humpty, and two or three to this), just little pieces of candy, and we'd keep that all day long, sucking on that, you know. And wrap it up in a little piece of paper and put it in our pocket. And if we got an old cap pistol,

or--or a little horn to blow, it was a great thing, it thrilled us.

Today, course, it's different. The poor people has got a-hold of a little bit of money and it's got so they can buy their children more things, they dress better, eat better, live better. And all--all the way around, I guess they're better off, and under the wage condition of today. And therefore, little kids, you have to let them have something.

But always be sure of this, tell them there is no such a thing

as Santa Claus, 'cause it's not right. One of these days they'll walk up and say, "What about Jesus, then?" See? See? So tell them the Truth, be honest with everybody. Be Truth. And, especially, you wouldn't tell your children something wrong, 'cause they would raise up and say... They believe in you as a Christian, and they want you to... They believe that what you tell them is the Truth. So be sure you tell them the Truth, then it'll come out all right.

Christianity Versus Idolatry,

December 17, 1961

"I'M HEALED"

When I was healed, with stomach trouble, why, I remember holding my stomach, going along there, and when I was prayed for, I didn't have nobody with the gift of healing to pray for me, the elder anointed me with oil. He told me, I read in the Bible, I seen God's Word was right. And I know he had a right, though he was a Baptist

preacher, he come along, anointed. The Bible said so. He poured some oil on my head, said, "Now do you believe you'll get well?"

I said, "Now, God, I'm asking with all my heart, let me get well."

I went right down home to start into my eating. I had been drinking barley water and prune juice for about three, four months. The doctor said, "One mouthful of solid food would kill you right now." You know what I

done? I went right down home and we had cornbread, beans and onions for dinner. I don't know whether you ever eat it like that or not. Boy, it's good! I could stand some right now. And Mom baked, my mother baked with a big old pone in it like that. I always get the corner where it's nice and greasy, you know, and brittle. So, we're still enough Baptist around home to break bread, you know, we don't cut it. Jesus broke bread and blessed it. So we break it down, then just

reach over and break you off a piece. So I... and mother said... We never had had a prayer in the home. And dad, my dad was Catholic.

So I--I said, "Now, I'm going to try to ask the blessing." And I never will forget poor old Dad, how he cried.

And Mother said, "I don't mind you having religion, honey, but you, the doctor said it would kill you."

I said, "But God said I would live."

"And if I die I'm coming up to Your House. And when I meet You at the door, I died trusting Your Word." I said, "I've tried doctors long enough, and they can't do me do good." And I took that big mouthful of beans and that onion, great big chomp of that cornbread, and I started on it. And I chewed, tasted pretty good, a little funny, but I hadn't eaten about over a year, of anything solid. And when I swallowed the first mouthful, here it come right back up again.

When I did, I held my hand over my mouth, keep it from coming up. Got me another spoonful, till I eat the whole entire plate-full of them. When I got up from the table, I just had to hold my hand... just as sour of acid as it could be.

Mother called the doctor, said, "He will die, that's all there is to it. One mouthful will kill him." Said, "That's all there is." Here I was, going across the floor, you know. She said, "Are you... How do you feel?"

I said, "Wonderful. Fine."

She said, "You're about to die."

I said, "No, ma'am." Just swallowing as fast as I could, hot water in my mouth, you know. Went across, and I seen they was all gone.

I got in the room and I started off with this, "I can, I will, I do believe; I can, I will, I do believe; I can, I will, I do believe that Jesus heals me now. I'll take You at Your Word, I'll take You at Your Word," like that

you know, on down, believing that with all my... I just got so weak I just almost fell across the bed like that, I thought, "Oh, mercy! Mercy!"

And I got up the next day, I walked down the street, you know, my, I didn't care. Mother come in, she watched me all night long. Thought sure I'd die, you know. Next morning all them beans was laying right there at the same place. Said, "What do you want?"

I said, "I want some more beans and cornbread." Yes.

Oh, the Devil ain't going to cheat me out of it. No, no. God said so! "And every promise in the Book is mine, every chapter, every verse, every line; (is that right?) I am trusting in His Word Divine, for every promise in the Book is mine." That's right. He--he... I'd rather He had said, "Whosoever will" than said "William Branham." There might be a hundred William Branham's, but "whosoever will,"

I know means it's mine. And that's right. I just said, "I believe You." Yes, sir.

And I started on, went down the street. Said, "How you feeling, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Wonderful." I'd go down the street, going... mouthful of beans, swallow them back. No, no, I wasn't going to spit them out, no, sir, swallow them back. The Lord blessed them, they were mine. Keep on, I'd go down.

Say, "Hello, Brother
Branham."

I'd say, "Hello."

"How you feeling?"

"Wonderful."

Somebody told me not long ago, said, "Brother Branham, you was lying." No, I wasn't. No, I wasn't. They was asking me how my body was feeling. And I was answering how my faith was, it was wonderful. Yes, sir. Yeah, their... My--my faith was feeling wonderful because I took God at His Word. I don't care

how I felt. If I'd still been belching up, I'd still say, "I'm healed!" Amen! That's right, sure, because God's Word is right.

Experiences, December 14, 1947

"I SEEN HIM AT THE BURNING BUSH"

There is a true and living God. That's right, Jesus Christ is the Son of God. The Holy Spirit is in the Church today. "Now, if I just had somebody to tell me that, I'd have a right to doubt it."

But listen, one day yonder, as a little boy, I was standing under a tree, and I seen Him. I heard Him. He told me, said, "Keep away from them foul women. Keep away from the cigarettes, keep away from cursing, drinking, and all these things. I got a work for you to do when you get older." Now I know He's a real, living God that copes with His Word.

When I got a little older, how He met me! How He talked to me! How I seen Him yonder at

the burning bush, and that Fire moving around yonder! How I seen Him speak and tell just exactly what would take place! And every time hits perfect, just as it can be perfect like that! The same One that says those perfected things like that, is the same One Who inspires me to teach this Bible just the way I teach it. That's right. So it comes from God.

To me it's God Almighty, and He's the same yesterday, today, and forever. Jesus said, "I come

from the Father and I go to the Father." When He was come... when He was God in the wilderness, He was a burning Light. How many knows that? He was a burning Light, Pillar of Fire. And He come here on earth, and He said, "I come from the Father and I go... I come from God and I go back to God."

When He died, buried, rose again; and Paul, on his road to Damascus, met Him again. What was He? Still a Pillar of Fire. Yes, sir. What did He do

when He was here on earth?
What did He do when He met
Paul? How did He send him? He
sent him to a prophet that told
him how to be baptized, told him
what to do. Laid his hands on
him and healed him, told him he
had saw a vision,

That same Jesus is here
today, doing the same things,
and still the same Pillar of Fire,
teaching the same things and
confirming it by His Word and
by signs and wonders, I'm so
glad to be a Christian, I don't

know what to do! I'm glad that you are a Christian.

Serpent's Seed, September 28, 1958

NO SHOES AND TEN BELOW ZERO

I remember coming down that Utica Pike up there, as a kid (seven, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen years old), no shoes on (tennis shoes) and it eight or ten below zero, and tennis shoes, the toes out of them. And not... now that ain't walking down like the street here, but busting the

snow. There's no automobiles coming down, there might be a wagon track once in a while. Come down that highway of a morning, little old coat on, no shirt, and it pinned up like this, no more than what got on right now; soaking wet to my knees, go right on in and pay no attention to it. See, hardly have a cold. But that was about forty-five years ago. So, a whole lot of weakening, gone a lot of miles and built up on the speedometer,

you know, so we just don't take it like we used to.

*God's Gifts Always Find Their
Places, December 22, 1963*

"POEM THAT USED TO HELP ME SO MUCH"

Don't the Bible say that all things work together for good to them that love God? So what are you scared about? Let us be up and doing with a heart for any strife! Be not like dumb driven cattle, have to be begged and persuaded! Be a hero! I like that.

Stand up! A little poem that used to help me so much when I was a kid, goes something like this:

There was a noble Roman,
In the Roman Emperor's days;
Who heard a coward crocker,
Before the castle say:

"Oh, it's safe in such a fir tree,
There's no one can shake it."

"Oh, no," said the hero,

"I'll find a way or make it."

There you are. That's right. If this Bible teaches that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever... It wasn't an

easy thing when I stepped out of this Tabernacle that day, and everybody telling me this would happen and that would happen. "You'd be considered a fanatic, thrown into jail. And all the medical association would get against you." But God said, "Do it!" The Bible said He was, and now a revival fire burns in every nation under the Heaven! That's right! Stand up to it!

How do you tackle your work each day?

Are you scared of the job that
you find?

Can you stand right up to the
work ahead?

Have you got a tired and
empty mind?

(I hate that stuff!)

Or do you stand right up to
the work ahead,

Or is fear ever running
through it?

If so, tackle the next you find,
By thinking you're going to do
it.

Stay with it. Certainly.
Purpose in your heart like
Daniel. Stay with God.

Serpent's Seed, September 28, 1958

"GOT OUR EDUCATION OUT IN THE WOODSHED"

We used to go get our groceries on Saturday night, everybody. And we had an old Jersey wagon, and Pop would put some straw back in there, and all of us kiddies would get back there, and he and mother would set up front. And he drove a little

old mule, we go about seven miles down to the city. And Pop made, I believe, it was seventy-five cents a day, and he would buy all the groceries and things to last us through the week. And when he paid our grocery bill, Mr. Grower, the groceryman, why, he would give us a little sack of candy, and stick candy, oh, peppermint. And, oh, it was good! And so the thing of it was, there was about eight of them little Branhams, and maybe give about six sticks of it, you know,

so there was just about eight pair of little Irish eyes watching that candy to be broke just equally among each one. We'd set out there, you know, it'd be cold weather, we'd cover up in quilts. We'd get them, that candy, and all the boys would go to eating their candy.

And I kind of played a little trick on them. Now, don't you boys try this, 'cause it might not work. So I'd take my candy and act like I was eating it, and then get a piece of the paper sack off

of something, you know, and wrap it up and put it in my pocket. And I wait until Monday. And Mother would say, "William!"

I'd say, "Yes, ma'am?"

Say, "Go to the spring and get a bucket of water."

And a big old cedar bucket, and the gourd dipper, you know. And I'd have to go down to the spring. That thing was heavy. And I'd say, "Edward." I called him "Humpy," was his nickname, brother next to me.

I'd say, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you lick on this stick of candy till I count ten, if you'll go get that bucket of water for me." Very few chores I had to do on Monday, till as long as that candy lasted. I was a businessman. "Lick on that candy." And I'd--I'd count, I'd say, "One, two..."

"Not so fast!"

And I'd say, "Two, three..."

"Now, you're counting too fast!" I'd have to start over again, he'd get a couple extra licks, you

know. And, so, and then keep that candy there, wrap it back up till I'd have something else to do, you know. I had it easy then on Monday. I was a man of leisure. My, to go back to those days again! That was good candy. You know, maybe tomorrow I could go out and get a box of Hersheys, but it wouldn't taste just like that did. You know, that was really good. Did you ever eat it with salty crackers, them old barrel crackers, big ones? Did you ever eat that and peppermint candy?

Did you ever eat brown sugar with it?

I tell you, the second thing I ever stole in my life, and only thing I know of, was a handful of brown sugar from my daddy. They had some brown sugar in a box and made molasses for breakfast. Did you ever eat brown sugar molasses? Oh, my! So I'm going home with some of you for dinner, that's all there is! I went in, and my brother said to me, said, "If you'll go get the sugar, I'll get the cracker."

I said, "All right."

And Mother and Dad was hoeing in the garden. And I went in and got a big handful, enough for both of us. I was walking out with that. You can't even look straight when you're telling a lie, you know. So I walking along like that, down along the garden, the only way I had to get out. And Dad turned around, said, "Where you going, William?"

I said, "Sir?"

He said, "Where you going?"

I said, "I'm going down to the barn."

And he said, "What you got in your hand?"

I thought, "Uh-oh."

I changed, I said, "Which hand?" You know.

"Come here." Oh, my! I didn't want no more sugar for a long time. So, sure tasted good, though, see, I'm talking about the sugar yet.

For, when my Father gave us a whipping, he had a razor strap made out of a piece of belt

leather. Oh, my! And I... And he had it up over the door, the golden rule, and it had all ten commandments on it. It was out of hickory. A limb about that long, you know, with them ten branches out on it. We got our education out in the woodshed, just running around Daddy as hard as we could go like that. Listen, if we had some more dads like that, we'd be better off, amen, that's right, instead of appeasing your salary and giving him fifty cents to go to the

picture show on Sunday afternoon. That's it.

Come into a place not long ago, I was going to pray for a sick person. A little boy come in, and a little Mary, you know, stomps her foot, she said, "I'm not going to eat this." And said, "Well, Mother!"

And the little boy said, "I want to do this orange," and he grabbed it and threw it against this.

Said, "All right, son." Oh, my!

You ought to have been the son of Charles Branham. He wouldn't have been able to eat an orange for a week or two. So he would've, sure. And he'd take ramrod out of the old musket, and--and he used to call it, "beat the Devil out" of us. So I guess maybe that's what it was. We thought it went out, anyhow, when he was. I love him. He never--he never give me a whipping I didn't deserve, and I love him today. That's right.

Wish I could set down and talk to him. Hope to, someday.

I believe when we get over there we'll know each other. Don't you? I believe I'll know you exactly as I know you now, only, we'll be immortal and we'll know each other. Why? They knowed Elijah and Moses; and--and Peter, James and John recognized them. And we recognized Jesus after He returned back in His glorified body. The Bible said, "It does not yet appear what we shall be, but

we'll have a body like His, for we shall see Him as He is." So we'll have one like that. And He was eating and so forth. And I just believe Heaven's a real, real place that we're going. Amen,

Now, I remember when I started into school. Not long ago I stood by the old place where the schoolhouse was, and looking at it, and, oh, I looked like my heart would break. I remember when we used to go down there to school and--and we didn't hardly have any clothes to wear. Poor

little old kiddies. Dad was strictly an Irishman. Every penny it didn't take to pay the grocery bill, he drank with the rest of it. We went to school without clothes. I remember, all one winter... Now, it's no disgrace to be poor. But I didn't have a coat to put on, or shirt to put on. And I had a coat that Mrs. Wathen, a rich woman, had give me. It had a little eagle on the arm, and I kept it pinned up like this.

And I went every day to school. And we'd have to borrow a piece of paper, and didn't have no books to study out of. No wonder I'm ignorant, and didn't have... or illiterate, rather. So I did, no paper, no books, or nothing. And they didn't have it like they do now where the--the community furnishes it, or the school. And we were... I remember that year I--I wanted to study, but I--I just didn't have the opportunity, the books and things to study with.

I remember it come spring of the year, I had been all winter without a shirt. And got kind of warm weather there, and before school let out. And teacher said to me one day, she said, "William, aren't you warm with that coat on?" Said, "Take that coat off."

Well, I couldn't take that coat off, I didn't have any shirt. And it was just the skin, so I was... I said, "No, ma'am, I'm just a little bit chilly."

She said, "You're chilly on a day like this?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am."

Said, "You better come over here and set by the fire." My, that big old stove, and she had fired that thing up, and the perspiration just running off my face! She said, "Are you still cool? Are you still chilly?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am."

She said, "You better go home, you're sick." I wasn't sick, but I didn't have any shirt on, and I couldn't take that coat off.

So I wondered how I was going to get to go back to school. I waited a couple days.

My Father's sister that lived across the hill there a piece from us, so we... they used to come over. He had a... they had a girl about my age. She had left her dress there, so I figured out one day that I could get a shirt out of that. So I cut the bottom part of it off, here, and I--I took the other part just stuffed it down in my trousers, and I went to school with it. It was little sleeves up

like this, you know, and so it had all that there... What is it they call that stuff that runs around on it like that? Oh, yes, rick-rack. I had all that kind of stuff all over it like that, you know, and so I-- I... They said--said, "That's a girl's dress."

And I said, "That's my Indian suit." Indian suit. It was that rick-rack all over her dress, you know. And kids would laugh at me.

And I remember that winter at school, all the kiddies, it was

1917. There was a big snow in Indiana. I guess you got it over here in Ohio, too, any of you can remember back that far. So there was a sleeted, and sometimes the drifts would be seventeen, eighteen feet deep. And so most the children had sleds, and they could sleigh ride. And brother and I didn't have any sled, so we got up an old dishpan out of the dump. And we'd get in this dishpan; it was all sleet on top, you know, and I... we'd set down and wrap our legs around one

another, and down the hill we'd go. Just... Now, we wasn't as much class as the rest of them, but we were sliding just the same. So that--that did all right till the bottom come out of the pan. So we had to hunt another sled. So we got a log, and we chopped it off a little ways till... We had to chop, bring our wood from the river and out of the woods, to burn. Each evening when we'd get home from school, have to saw wood till plumb dark. And then I

remember we got the old log, and we were going down along the... sliding on the--the ice.

And there was a boy went to school there. If I'm not mistaken, some of the folks from the Tabernacle, that's in here this afternoon, from my church, I heard they were, it was Lloyd Ford, is who it was to you that... And I'm sure Brother Ryan knows who Lloyd Ford is. I just seen him here a while ago, and had... I was talking to him the other day, telling him about that.

It was during the time of that First World War, and everything that was big enough to put a uniform on, had a uniform. And, oh, I wanted to be a soldier so bad! And when I got old enough then to be in the army, they wouldn't take me.

So, after all, I got to join the army and put on a uniform. It might not be... It's not on the outside, it's on the inside. I'm in the Christian rank. God give me the Holy Ghost and I'm in the war today, in the battle against

Right and wrong, and I--I'm for the Right. And I feel my uniform, whether you can see it or not.

Now, this boy, I said, "When you--you..." Had a boy scout suit. He sold this Pathfinder magazine. I said, "When you wear that out, will you give it to me?"

And he said, "Sure."

Well, I never seen a suit last so long! But after a while, after he... Finally I missed him

wearing it for a long time, I said, "Lloyd, what about that suit?"

He said, "Why, I'll ask my mother." And so he said, "No," said, "she taken the coat and made a pallet out of it, and the trousers, she patched some of dad's trousers with it." And said, "I haven't got a thing left but one leggin."

I said, "Bring me that."

So I got this one leggin, a little draw string on the side, well, I wanted to wear that leggin to school so bad, I--I

didn't know how I was going to do it. So I put it in my coat one day, and when I was riding on this log going down the hill, I act like I hurt my leg, and I said, "Oh, my!" I said, "I hurt my leg so bad!" I said, "It just reminded me, I got one of my scout leggin here." I--I pulled that leggin up, and, oh, I thought I was something then!

And I remember I went up to old blackboard. Did you ever go to country school? How many

went to country school where they had eight grades come up? And I stood by the blackboard like this, to work the problem, you know, and I had that leggin on that side, and I stood like this and worked sideways like this, see, to write, look at that one leggin. All the kids got to laughing at me, and I got to crying. Teacher made me go home, so, oh, it was a hard struggle back there.

I remember one day around Christmas, Mama popped some corn and that was really a rarity. We couldn't... brother and I couldn't take our lunch like the other kiddies. Their mother's would bake that old oven bread and, oh, my, it was dandy! But we... They had sandwiches, made sandwiches. But what we had, we had a little molasses bucket about this high, and on one side would be a little jar full of greens, maybe the other side a little jar full of beans, a piece of

bread, a leaf sticking between it, and a spoon. We were ashamed to eat before the other children, because they could have sandwiches and cakes and cookies and things. And we'd go over the hill from school, and set down there, and we'd set these little jars between us. And God bless his heart, he's in Glory today. But we would set and eat, one with another, like that.

Life Story, July 20, 1951

FISHING AND THE SNAPPING TURTLE

Me and my brother was fishing, we was little boys, up here. And I caught an old snapping turtle, and I cut his head off; get him off the line, didn't want to fool with that thing; and throwed him up on the bank there. And my little brother come along, and he said, "What'd you catch a while ago?"

I said, "A turtle."

He said, "What'd you do with him?"

I said, "There, laid him there, and his head's laying up there."

And he went up there. And he said, "Is he dead?"

I said, "Sure! Separated his head from his body, he must be dead."

So then he picked up a stick, and started to reach down to throw this turtle head back in the river, and when... the creek. And when he did, the old turtle

grabbed it. You know, they'll snap for an hour or two. He jumped back, he said, "Hey! I thought you said, 'It was dead.'"

I said, "He is."

He said, "Well, he don't know it."

So that's the way a lot of people are, dead and don't know it! Nicolaitanes! Oh, my! Oh, He said, "You hate that."

*The Ephesian Church Age,
December 5, 1960*

WROTE POETRY ON BORROWED PAPER

I had a little poem I wrote something like this. It said... Now, just think, I was only about twelve years old. And standing up the other day looking up that canyon, and thinking that lion will be setting right here in this den room looking out the window in a glass window, I was thinking of a little poem. I went back and picked it up, something like this.

Just think how God... Do you believe God is in all inspiration? God has to write a song. You believe God's in songs? Jesus said so. He referred back to David. Don't you know what David said in the Psalms, you know? "Has not it... " Look at the very crucifixion. David sang it in the 22nd Psalm. "My God, my God, why has Thou forsaken Me? All My bones they stare at Me. They pierce My hands and My feet." You know, and that was a song. Psalms is a--is a song.

And in this poetry, just watch
how it come to pass. Standing
there, a little old kid with a
borrowed sheet of paper, I said:

I am lonesome, oh, so
lonesome for that far away
southwest,

Where the shadows fall the
deepest over the mountain crest.

I can see a lurking coyote all
around the purple haze;

I can hear a lobo hollering
down where the longhorns
graze.

And somewhere up a canyon I
can hear a lion whine,

In that far off Catalina
Mountains at the Arizona line.

Forty years later I'm setting
right there at that canyon, that
lion looking me in the face. O
God! There's a Land beyond the
river somewhere, friends. It's
just--it's got to be there. See?
There's--there's too much
speaking of it. All these things
are not just myths, they are--
they're real. They're realities. I'm
so glad to be here tonight to be

with these people that I'm expecting to live over there forever with, where there'll be no more sickness, or death, or separations. And travel will be nothing to us then.

*A Man Running From The
Presence Of The Lord, February 17,
1965*

**"I'D A-BEEN A MURDERER"
EXCEPT FOR GOD**

Sweeten your temper with prayer, then make up your mind. There... I don't guess there is too

many people in this building ever had any more temper than I did to begin with. Oh, I--I had a mouth mashed all the time, And I--I--I'd taken a lot of my meals out of a straw.

My mother, as you know, was a half Indian, and my father was an Irishman, a Kentucky Irish at that. And every one of--both of them had enough temper to fight a buzz saw. And all the time my mouth was mashed; I was little to begin with. And they'd just pick me up and knock

me down. And I'd get up again; and they'd knock me down again till I just got too able--unable to get up anymore. That's always. And then when I got able to get up, I got up again; they knocked me down again. So that's just the way I had it.

I thought, "I can never be a Christian." But when the Holy Spirit came into my life, that's done it. No more...

I had a woman one time; I went to have to cut the lights off. And that day I had hair on top of

my head. She said, "You little, kinky-headed idiotic!"

I told her, I said, "Woman, you oughtn't to curse like that. Oh, don't you fear God?"

She said, "You little, kinky-headed idiotic, if I wanted somebody to talk to me about things like that, I wouldn't get a half-wit like you."

"Whoo!" Then she called me a blankety, blankety name. Oh my, if that'd been a year farther! I always said, "A man that'd strike a woman wasn't man enough to

strike a man," but I--I might have broke that at that time calling my mother a bad name like that. But you know what? It never even fazed me. I said, "I will pray for you." Never bothered... I knowed right then something had happened to me. Yes, sir! Oh, my!

You know the evils that I done when I was a kid, fighting! Almost killed five man at one time. Took a rifle loaded with sixteen shots, and when them boys beat me because I was a

Kentuckian, no other reason... I couldn't even hold my head up. One would hold me by hands like this, and the other one's stand there with a rock in his hand and pound me in the face, till I just lifeless. Nothing in the world...

They called me a "Kentucky squab," because my mother, when she was young, she sure looked like an Indian (looking at her picture awhile ago), and they knowed she was a half Indian. And because I was Kentucky and her being a squaw, they called

me a "squab, a Kentucky squab."
And I had nothing in the world to
do into it; I couldn't help because
I was born in Kentucky.

I went down there to school,
and I didn't have no clothes to
wear, and my hair hanging down
my neck, And Pop... Mom took
his old coat that he was married
in, and cut it up and made me a
pair of pants to wear to school
my first time. And I... And she
dressed me with a pair of white
stockings on and a pair of tennis
shoes. And they said, "If you

don't look like a 'windy' Kentuckian." And--and all--and that--and then, that went on all my--all my school days.

And a couple of boys, because I walked down the road with some little girl and packed her books... They didn't want me to do that, and they met me down there and beat me till I was simply unconscious. I told them, if they'd let me go, I promise that I would go right straight home. And so they took--let me loose, kicked me four or five times,

knocked me down, and scrapped my face all over. And I went home, like this, up through the broomsage field.

I had a little twenty-two Winchester rifle laying up over the door. Reached up and got that rifle full of bullets, went right down through the locust thicket, and hid beside the road till these five or six boys come along there. Just waited till they come, and when they was coming there, talking, said, "That Kentuckian will realize

where he's at from this on," going on like that.

I stepped up with the hammer pulled back on the rifle, I said, "Now, which one of you wants to die first, so you won't watch the others?" They started squealing; I said, "Don't squeal, 'cause you're all going to die one by one." And I meant it! And just then they started squealing. And I pulled up and snap! The gun snapped. I threw another shell in. Snap, it snapped; another shell, snap, it snapped. And I

pumped sixteen shells on the ground. Every one of them snapped. And them boys running, and screaming, and diving over the hill, and everything.

And after they left, I stood there. When I'd get so angry, till I--I--I wouldn't cry, I would laugh like a idiot and tears run out of my eyes. Now, that's a temper. If it hadn't a-been for God, I'd a-been a murderer. And I picked up them shells and put them back in the rifle, and,

"Pow, pow," they'd shoot just as good as ever. Talk about grace!

*Questions And Answers,
August 30, 1964 P.M.*

VISION OF HELL

Then I was out hunting one time, which seems to be a second nature to me, to love to hunt. And I was out hunting with a boy, Jim Poole, a lovely kid. I think his boy comes to church here, little Jim. A fine family of people. I know the Pooles. Jimmy and I slept together and

lived together since we were little boys in school. We're about six months apart in age. And Jimmy let his gun go off and shot me through both legs, real close to me with a shotgun, and I was taken to the hospital, and there laying there dying. No penicillin or nothing in those days. And they had a rubber sheet under me, and I know that night, they were going to operate the next morning. They just took and cleaned off the wound, and big pieces of flesh blowed up, and

they'd take the scissors and cut it off, and I had to hold a man's hands. And they had... Frankie Eich, just recently committed suicide. And they had to pry my hands loose from his wrists, when they got through.

I screamed and cried, holding onto--like that, and them cutting that part of the leg off. I was fourteen years old, just a boy. And that night I tried to go to sleep and they... I woke up and something splashed. And here was blood, nearly a half a

gallon, I guess, that had come from them veins. And they taken an x-ray and they said the shot was laying so close to that artery on either side that just a little scratch would cut it right in two, and I'd start bleeding. "Well," I thought, "this is the end of me."

I put my hands down like this and raised it up, and the blood running down my hands, it was my own blood I was laying in. I called--rang the bell. The nurse came, and she just soaked it up with towels because there was

nothing they could do. And the next morning, under those weakening conditions, (they didn't give the blood transfusions in them days, you know) they operated on me. They gave me ether. And when I... The old ether--I guess you remember, it's the old anesthetic. And under that ether, when I came out... I was coming out of the ether after eight hours. They had to give me so much, they thought I

couldn't... wouldn't wake up.
They couldn't get me awake.

I remember Mrs. Roeder stood by me out there in the hospital. I'll never forget that woman, no matter whatever happens, I can never forget her. She was just a young woman then. Her husband was superintendent down here at the car works; and I remember she standing by me, her and Mrs. Stewart. They was the ones actually that paid my hospital bill. We didn't even have food to

eat in the house; so how could we pay a hospital bill that was hundreds of dollars?

But she, through her church society and the Ku Klux Klan paid the hospital bill for me--Mason's. I can never forget it. No matter what they do or what, I still... there's something that stays with me, what they did for me. And they paid the bill to Dr. Reeder. He's still living, lives here in Port Fulton, can tell you the story.

When I came out from under that ether, there was something happened to me there. I've always believed it to be a vision. Because I was so weak, they thought I was dying. She was crying. When I opened my eyes to look, I could hear her talking, and then I went back to sleep. Woke up two or three times.

And then I had a vision then... and then about seven months later I had to go and have shotgun wads and greasy hunting clothes taken out of my

legs, the Doctor didn't get it. See? I had blood poison, both legs just swelled up and doubled back under me, and they wanted to take both legs off at the hips. And I just... I said, "No, just come up higher and take it off up here." I just couldn't stand it. See? And so finally, Dr. Reeder and Dr. Pearl, from Louisville, performed the operation, and cut down in there and taken it out; and today I've got wonderful legs by the grace of God. But under that last vision that I

had... The first vision when I come to, and then I went into this trance, and I thought I was in hell.

*Souls That Are Imprisoned Now,
November 10, 1963*

Now, in this time, as I had this vision and thinking that I had passed from this life into torment. And seven months later, here at the Clark County Memorial Hospital, I had the second operation. And that time, when I come out, I thought I was

standing out in the west. I had another vision, and there was a great golden cross in the skies, and the Glory of the Lord flowing off of that cross. And I stood with my hands out like this, and that Glory was falling into my chest. And the vision left me.

My father was standing there looking at me, when the vision came. I've always felt... All the people that's knew me an these years knows I've always wanted to go west. You know how it is. It's always been something to the

west. But because an astronomer told me one time, the same thing, that I should go west... The stars, when they cross their cycles and so forth, I was born under that sign, and I'd never be a success in the east, I'd have to go west. And last year I took off west to fulfill what a lifetime's desire has been to do it.

Souls That Are Imprisoned Now,
November 10, 1963

In the vision that I had, I'll go back because I brought that (the

two visions) in to show you about one of them, I was to be out west. I've always longed for that.

Now, the purpose of the Message this morning is to post the church in everything that He will let me post the church to, as far as I know, until the... as I go along. And this struck me, so I wanted to post the church. Now, this is to this Tabernacle only to hear. And in this vision, the first one, here's what taken place. After the vision struck me, and I was so weak and I'd lost all that

blood, and I thought I was sinking into an endless eternity--many of you have heard me tell this before--and sinking into an endless eternity.

First, I was going through like clouds, and then through darkness and sinking on down, down, down. And the first thing you know, I got into the regions of the lost. And in there I screamed, and I looked and everything, there was just no foundation to it. I could never stop falling, for eternity (looked

like) I was going to fall, there was no stopping nowhere.

Then, what a difference it was from the vision I had here not long ago of being in Glory with the people, the contrast. But in this, as I was falling, I finally--I screamed for my daddy. Of course, being just a kid, that's what I would do. I screamed for my daddy, and my daddy wasn't there. I screamed for my mother, "Somebody catch me!" And there was no mother there. I was just going. And I

screamed then to God, and there was no God there. There was nothing there.

And after a while I heard the most mournful sound that I ever heard; and it was the awfulest feeling. There's no way--even a literal burning fire would be a pleasure to the side of what this was.

Now, those visions has never been wrong. And it was just one of the most horrible feelings I ever had, and what did... I heard a noise, sounded like some kind

of a haunted affair. And when it was, I looked coming, and it was women, and they had green stuff, you could just see their face, and they had green stuff under their eyes, and their eyes, looked like, run back like the women today paint their eyes, Run back like that and just their eyes and face, and they were going, "uh, uh, uh, uh." Oh, my! I just screamed out, "O God, have mercy upon me. Have mercy, O God. Where are You? If You'll only let me go back and

live, I promise You to be a good boy." Now, that's the only thing I could say. Now, God knows, and at the day of Judgment, He will judge me for that statement, That's what I said, "Lord God, let me go back and I'll promise You I'll be a good boy."

And when I got shot, I had told lies, I had done pretty near everything there was to be done, only one thing that I say... I might as well just clean it out while I'm right here now. And when I looked down and saw I

was half blowed in two, almost, I said, "God, have mercy on me. You know I never did commit adultery."

That's the only thing I could say to God. I'd never accepted His pardon and all these things. I just could say, "I never did commit adultery." And then they taken me out there, and then in that, I cried, "God, be merciful to me. I'll be a good boy, if You'll only let me go back," for I knew there was a God somewhere. And so help me, those weary

creatures all around--I'd just been a new arrival. The most hideous, horrible, ungodly feeling in that... Looked like great big eyes--big eyelashes out like that, and run back like a cat. Like--back like this, and green stuff and like it cankered or something, and they were going, "uh, uh, uh."

Oh, what a feeling! Now, when I... Then in a moment's time, I had come back to natural life again. That thing has bothered me. I've thought, "Oh,

let it be that I'll never go to a place like that, no other human being will ever have to go to a place like that." Seven months later, I had the vision of standing in the west and seeing that gold cross coming down upon me. And I knew that there were the regions of the damned somewhere.

Now, I never noticed it too much until about four weeks ago. The wife... Never thought of it in this terms. About four weeks ago, the wife and I went

down to Tucson to do some shopping, and while we were sitting... The wife, we went in downstairs and there was a bunch of sissy-like boys had their hair ratted (you know, like the women does), and bangs combed down here in front, and these real high trousers on, kind of--I guess the beatniks or ever what you call them.

And they were in there, and everybody was looking at them, and their heads was that big like the women that wear these here

"waterhead" haircuts, you know, and they were down there. A young woman came by, and she said, "What do you think about that?"

I said, "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, if you can think that." I said, "He has just as much right to do it as you do. Neither one of you have a right."

So I went upstairs, and I sat down. And when I did, there was an escalator, it was at J. C. Penny's store, and the escalator bringing the people up. I really

turned sick at my stomach seeing those women come up there; young, old, and indifferent, wrinkled, young, and every way, with little bitty shorts on; their filthy body and those sexy-dressed women with those great big heads like that, and here they come, and one coming up that escalator was just coming right up like that where I was sitting back in a chair--sitting there with my head down, and I turned and looked. One of them coming up

the steps was saying (Spanish speaking) to another woman-- she was a white woman speaking to the Spanish woman. And when I looked, all at once I was changed. There I'd seen that before.

Her eyes, you know how the women are doing now, painting their eyes just recently like cat, you know, put it up like this, and wearing cat glasses and everything, you know, with eyes up like this. And that green stuff under their eyes. There was that

thing that I seen when I was a child. There was the woman just exactly. And I just got numb all over, and I begin to look around, and there was those people mumbling, you know, going on about the prices and things in the building.

And I just... Looked like that I just changed for a moment. And I looked and I thought, "That's what I saw in hell." There they was, that canker. I thought, because they were in hell, what made them that way, a greenish

blue under their eyes. And here was these women painted with greenish blue, just the way that vision said about forty years ago. About forty years ago, is what it's been. I'm fifty-four, and I was fourteen. So about forty years ago, and that's the number, anyhow, of the judgment.

Now, there was... I'd seen that and I couldn't even speak to my wife when she come. She was over there trying to get Sarah and the kids something, kind of a dress or something for school,

and I couldn't even... I couldn't even speak to her. She said, "Bill, what's the matter with you?"

I said, "Honey, I'm almost a dead man."

She said, "What's the matter? Are you sick?"

I said, "No. Something's just happened." Now, she don't know. She's waiting for this tape to return. I've never said it to nobody. And I thought, "I'd wait," and as I promised, "bring it to the church first." Bring it to the church. That was my

promise. And you'll realize after tonight the reason I try to keep my promise.

I thought then as I noticed them cankered-looking eyes on those women. There was the Spanish, French, Indian, and White, and all together, but that great big head, you know, bushed up, with that combs, the way they comb it back, way big, and then comes out. You know how they do it, fix it like they do it. And then, them cankered-looking eyes and the eyes with

the paint, they run back like a cat's eyes; and them talking, and there I was again, standing there in J. C. Penny's store, back in hell again!

I got so scared, I thought, "Lord, surely I haven't died and You've let me come to this place after all." And there they were making... just around like that, in that vision, like you could just barely hear it with your ears, you know. Just the mumble and going on of people, and them women coming up that escalator

and walking around there and "uh, uh," and there was those green, funny-looking eyes, and mournful.

And wife come up, and I said, "Just let me alone a minute, Honey." I said, "If you don't mind, I want to go home."

She said, "Are you sick?"

I said, "No, just go ahead, Honey, if you've got any shopping to do."

She said, "No, I'm finished."

And I said, "Let me take you by the arm." I walked out.

She said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "Meda, I... Something happened up there." And while I was under that, I thought this, "What day are we living in? Could this be the Third Pull?"

*Souls That Are Imprisoned Now,
November 10, 1963*

I'm getting to be an old man, I don't know how much longer I've got. I'll soon be fifty-five years old, and I don't know, according to nature I may not have too

many years. I don't know where this tape will go, but let everyone here, hearing the tape or wherever it may go, don't never go toward that regions of the lost! You can't picture hell being that bad! And whatever you do, don't you never forget this, that the regions of the blessed... I would say this with Saint Paul, "Eyes have not seen, ear has not heard, or either could it enter the heart of man, what God has for them in store that love Him!"

So stop, if you're listening at the tape, turn the machine off and repent if you're not saved, and get right with God! I'm saying this by firsthand experience, as I believe in my heart. And I say, if the visions has deceived me, God be merciful for me making a statement like that. But with the sincerity of my heart, knowing that not one of them visions ever failed, I believe that I have been in both places. Far be it from any

human being going that road
downward!

Souls That Are Imprisoned Now,
November 10, 1963

"SOMETHING HUNGERING IN MY HEART"

I remember one day as a little boy, about eighteen years old, running from the Lord. I went out West, I wanted... My father was a rider, and I wanted to go out and break the horses. Just something hungering in my heart. Oh, I tell you!

I went down to the Baptist preacher, he said, "Stand up and just say, 'Jesus is the Son of God,' we'll put your name on the book." That didn't satisfy me.

Everywhere I went somebody... The Seventh-day Adventist, went to see him, a fine man, Brother Barker, lovely brother, he said, "Billy, come and accept the Lord's sabbath." (I have now.) But he said, "The sabbath day." And I thought, "Oh, my, that just still don't seem to be."

I went out West, and I thought... Got way back up there that night, we was on the roundup. And, you know, you took the saddle off and your camp bag, and laid it out, and use your saddle for a pillow. And I was laying back, up under them old pine trees that night. And I was on day watch, and so the night boys was out bringing the cattle down. And there was an old guy called "Slim," from Texas, he had a--a guitar there and he was playing "Glory to His

Name!" And another guy there had a comb with a piece of paper, blowing through it. [Brother Branham hums, "Glory To His Name'--Ed.] They had been singing other songs, cowboy ballads, and got singing that "Down at the Cross."

My! I turned over, put my blanket up over my head like this. I looked back out, you know, it looked like them stars was hanging right down there close to the top of them trees and them mountains. That old

everlasting whisper of them pines, I can hear Him holler, "Adam, where art thou?"

About three weeks after that, I went down into the city and all the boys got drunk, and I didn't drink. And I'd have to take them all home, pile them on the car, any way. They get out there and shoot at one another's toes, and everything else, and dangerous to be safe; draw a straight line down through there, bet one another five dollars they could walk it, and they couldn't walk a

sidewalk out there like that, you know. And that's the way it was till they all got sobered up, after they got their money.

And I was down there and they was all drinking, I went apart and set down. I thought, "My, my!" About thirty-five years ago, or thirty-five, I guess, thirty-five years ago. And I set down there, apart. Phoenix was a small place then, they come from Wickenburg down there. I set down there, and there was a little spanish girl come flipping

through there; and me setting there, this big hat setting on the back; she passed by and dropped this little handkerchief, you know. I said, "Hey, you dropped your handkerchief." I wasn't interested.

I heard a little noise down the street there, and went down there. And there was an old boy converted out of them bucking stalls out there, pot marks all over his face, the tears running down his cheeks there, playing a guitar, singing, "Glory to His

Name!" Oh, my! The tears running down his face, he stopped and said, "Brother, you don't know what it is till that you've received this wonderful Christ. Glory to His Name!" And I pulled that hat down and away I went. Oh, my! You can't hide from Him. You just might as well come out and confess it. Oh, He is wonderful! Yes, He is.

*The Sardisean Church Age,
December 9, 1960*



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