

# ***I Was Just Having A Big Time***



***From The Sermons Of  
WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM***



So you can find God wherever  
you look.



**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 64-1227 — Who Do You Say  
This Is?*

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**8** There's many of the things as I...we're approaching the New Year that I—I wish I could—could forget about, but I know that I've confessed them as wrong to Him and—and He put them in the Sea of Forgetfulness, and He won't never remember them no more. Now see, we're not made that way, we'll always remember.

We can forgive one another, but we—we can't forget about it because we are—we are—we are made different. **But God can forgive it and forget it. He can just wipe it out as though it never was. See? Because He has access to that Sea of Forgetfulness, but we don't. Just think of it, that God cannot even remember that we ever sinned. Think of that!** Choir, you young folks, what if...what about that? **God don't even remember that we ever sinned.**



**See, He can forget the whole thing, and never will be brought into memory anymore.**

Wouldn't that be something?

9 This is not just no place for joking. I don't believe in that joshing or joking at...It reminds me of a—a friend of mine. He's gone on to Glory now. But he—he told a little story one time, about a—a couple that had moved into the city and...from the country. And they had a...This young couple had an old

father, and he was really on fire for God. So the young lady (that was her father, the...), so she had got into some classical people. You know, where you have this all kind of classical entertainments. And so, she was going to have some sort of an entertainment that day in her home.

10 And—and her—her daddy, after he'd have his lunch, why he—he'd get the Bible and go out in the room and he'd read

awhile. And he'd lay it down, and he would cry, and shout, and scream, and carry on, and get up and put his glasses on and read again. Then find something, and lay down his glasses and start crying and shouting. She said, "That would interrupt my party so I—I—I got to...I got to do something with Dad, and I don't know what to do." So she decided that she'd let him go upstairs, and get up—up over the—the place.



11 And—and she got to thinking, “Well now, I can’t give him his Bible, ’cause he’d do the same thing up there.” So she just give him an old Geography, and sent him up there. Said, “Dad, look at the pictures around the world and things while we’re having the party.” And said, “We won’t be too long. We’ll—we’ll be down...You come down after a while.” Said, “I know you don’t want to get around where all them women are.”

12 He said, “No, that’s all right, honey. I’ll—I’ll go up there.”

13 So he...She fixed him a light and a little place. And she thought, “Well, that—that settles it. Now, he’ll just look at the pictures and read a little bit of—of geography, and then...and after a while he’ll come down. And it’ll be all right.”

14 So about time they got in the middle of their drinking their pink lemonade, you know, and having their party...Was after

awhile, the house begin to shake, and the old man begin to run up and down the floor a-screaming and a-jumping. And—and she thought, “What happened to him? He didn’t have the Bible up there. That...He must’ve got a hold of a Bible.”

15 So she run up the steps, and said, “Daddy!” Said, “That’s not the Bible you’re reading. That’s a Geography.”

16 He said, “I know it, honey. I know it! But” said, “you know,



the other day I was reading in the Bible where Jesus said that He put our sins in the Sea of Forgetfulness, see, and wouldn't remember them anymore. And I was reading here to where they say they can't even find the bottom of the sea some places, in the Geography." Said, "Just think, they're still going."

17 That was making him happy. **So you can find God wherever you look. See, if**

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**you'll just look around,  
everything will talk for Him.**





**You're dead and don't know it!  
Yes. Oh, what's your stained  
glass windows going to amount  
to? What's your fine plush  
pews? And what's all your big  
congregation?**



**William Marrion Branham**



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*Title: 60-1211E — The Laodicean  
Church Age*

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160 He said, “Oh, you’re rich, have need of nothing.” Sure, but the very thing you had need of, you didn’t have. That’s right. But you didn’t know it. See, “Rich, have need of nothing.” Paid to do the things that they’re doing, card-playing. “Oh,” you say, “we got big congregations.” Oh, sure. Yes, sir. “Biggest congregation! Why—why, you know, the mayor

of the city comes to our church.”  
Um-hum. That’s right. “Well, you know, *So-and-so*, when they come to town, they come to our church.” Um-hum. “We have all the celebrity in our church.”

161 Yes, and let the poor, sainted needy come into the church, and they’re a rebuke to you. You don’t even want them there. You’re afraid somebody will say “Amen!” while you’re preaching.

162 Like the little lady I read one time in a little book up here, she come into a church. Her children, she had raised them in an old-fashioned church back in the woods somewhere where they was really godly. So the...A young fellow come in one day and married the girl. Said he belonged to the *outside* church, you know, one of the big churches of the same denomination out in the city. So he told the mother he was a



Christian. So he married the daughter and taken her out.

163 Well, finally he got her weaned off from the little old country church back in the mountains, to out here, this great big fine church, same name; but back there they had the Holy Ghost, out here they had nothing. So then when they come in, this great big fine church.

164 So Mother said, one day, she was coming down to—to see her daughter. Well, they wondered what in the world they'd do with her. So when she come down she looked like something out of a relic book, one of them little, high-neck dresses, you know, and long sleeves, and her hair's peeled back there, onion-face slicked, like that (peeled back, you know). And she come down, and she says, “Well, Hallelujah, honey! How you all getting

along?” Well, she said, “Now, in the morning is Sunday.” Said, “You all going to meeting, ain’t you?”

165 (The husband said, “What will we do with her?” Said, “We can’t take her over there like that!” And said, “Well, I don’t know what to do.”) Well, he said, “Mother, I tell you, we...”

166 “Oh,” she said, “but, honey, I couldn’t stay out of church. Surely there’s a *certain-*

*certain* church around here.”

“Oh,” she...he said...Said, “I seen one over on the corner there, I’ll just go over.”

(And he said, “Oh, well, we’ll just have to do it.”)

167 So when they went in, they let her go in first, (See?) ashamed of her. Here she come across the street with that little skirt, you know, and her Bible under her arm. Well, brother, she might not have had her name in



*Who's Who*, but I imagine she had her name on the Lamb's Book of Life. That was the main thing.

168 When she walked in the church she set down back there, took her a seat, you know, and opened up the Bible and she begin to read. And everybody begin to look around, thought some kind of an antique had dropped out somewhere. Looking around like that, "Oh, my!" With all their fine clothes

on, you know, the typical Laodicean, and their fine dresses and so forth. Looked back and seen this little mother sitting there, with a big smile on her face, you know, reading the Bible. Yeah.

169 And the pastor, after a while, after they got through all the other things, he finally, he had about fifteen minutes to talk. So he got up and he said, “The Lord is good.”

170 She said, “Praise God! That’s right! Hallelujah!” And everybody stretched their neck like a gander, looking around, “Who was it?”

171 And then after a while, he said, “Uhm! Uhm! Uhm!” He said, “Christians in every age should be valiant, great, fine Christians,” or something on that order.

172 She said, “Praise God! That’s right!” And they all looked around.

173 And he, “Uhm!” looked over to his deacon board.

174 And the deacon board got the idea. Goes back and takes the little woman by the arm and walks her out the door, said, “You’re interrupting the pastor.”

**175 You’re dead and don’t know it! Yes. Oh, what’s your stained glass windows going to amount to? What’s your fine plush pews? And what’s all your big congregation? Going**



just straight to hell, as a martin to its box. For if you don't have the Spirit of God, you're lost! Unless you're born again you cannot see the Kingdom of God.

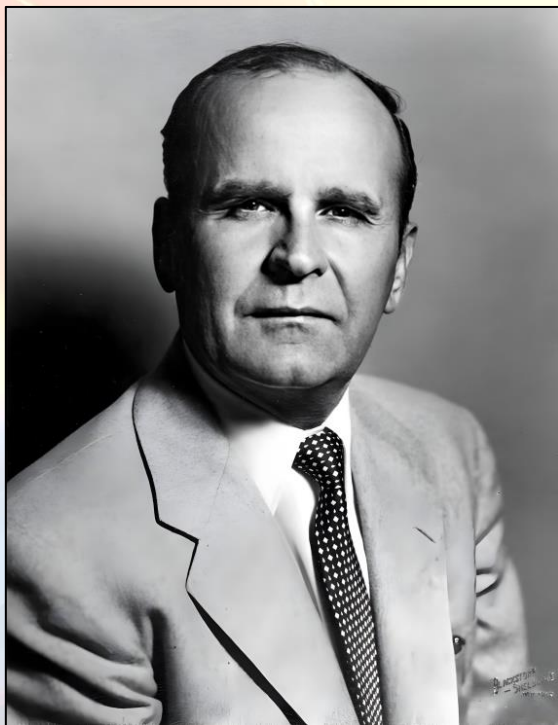
176 That's bitter. It's like I used to take castor oil, I said, "Mama, I can't even stand it."

177 She said, "If it don't make you sick, it don't do you no good." So I guess that's about the way This, too.

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**I was just having a big time  
up there by myself, just the  
Lord and I, you know.**



**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 64-0830M — Questions And  
Answers #3*

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You know what? As I said, that eagle that time I watched, feeling his wings, you know. I thought, “Aren’t you afraid of me?” I had my gun setting out there; I said, “I could shoot you.” He knowed I couldn’t shoot him; I was too far from that gun. I said, “Are you afraid?” He just walled his big eyes and looked at me. A little chipmunk setting over there



going, “Cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha; I’ll tear you to pieces, tear you to pieces!” He wasn’t paying attention to that chipmunk, but he got tired listening at him. So after while, he just made one big flop, went out like that, and just set his wings. And he knowed how to maneuver those wings, just flew plumb on out of sight. See? I just seen him just become a little bitty thing like that, just a little speck.

334 Brother Fred, I believe I showed you. I spotted Brother Fred back there now, when he hollered “Amen!” a while ago. I— I believe I showed you that spot up there, and Brother Wood, wherever you are, way up in the mountains up there, where that taken place. I seen that eagle. I...He was forced down in that storm, and I was standing behind this tree.

335 Was hunting elk (and along a little later), and it was in

October, and snows and things. This brother here was up there last fall with us, Brother John and them, right upon top of Corral Peak is where it was at.

336 I stood there, and I stood behind this tree. Snow a little bit and rain a little bit, and I was just standing there. That eagle standing there, and he got forced down. He flew up on there, great, big monster-looking fellow, a big, brown eagle. Set up there and looked around, I thought,

“Well...” I—I was having a—a real good time. I was screaming, “Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!” Around and around and around the bush I was going, shouting like that. I looked down there; I could hear that old coyote hollering. You know how they get to hollering.

337 Last year down there, when...just before it'd start raining, they'd start hollering; it was a little wolf, you know. I just love to hear them.



338 Then I could hear the elk way over here, the “Whee hoo,” bugle. And way over here the mate answer him. (Next week, week after next, I’ll be hunting them, the Lord willing.) So then, hearing that over there, oh, it’s just so godly to be up there. Oh, I—I just...That’s—that’s my cathedral up there where I talk to Him, and then come down here and talk to you. See?

339 And up in there, oh, it’s so wonderful, just relaxing. Just

stand there, I thought, “Oh, God...” I looked, then the rain come out, and the evergreens was froze over, and a rainbow swept across that from Corral Peak plumb over to Sheep Mountain, over *that* way, across *that* way. And I thought, “Oh, God, looky there. Umm,” I thought, “here You are, Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. Here it comes down and here, there. You’re the same yesterday, today, and forever, the Seven Church Ages, the

Seven Golden Candlesticks.  
There You are, God, how  
wonderful You are.”

**340 And I was just shouting,  
I set my gun down; I went  
around the tree hollering,  
“Glory to God! Praise the  
Lord,” around and around the  
tree like that. I was just having  
a big time up there by myself,  
just the Lord and I, you know.**

341 And after while that eagle  
come up out of that bunch of  
brush and just looked at me. I

thought, “Well, you don’t like that?” I said, “Old boy, I’m worshipping the same God that made you.” See? He just batted his great big gray-looking eyes and looked around at me, and me hollering like that.

342 A little, ol’ pine squirrel (anybody ever hunt in the mountains, he’s—he’s the policeman of the woods), and he jumped upon there (a little old fellow, not big enough to do nothing, but oh, what a noise)—

and jumped up on there, jumping up and down, you know, “Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah—yah, yah, yah, yah, yah,” just carrying on like that.

343 And that eagle was watching him; he'd look over at me. I thought, “My, Lord, well, what'd You stop me on something like that?” See? I said, “Because, You know, I was worshipping You. You want me to see something on that eagle?” I said, “I'll study him, or is it on



the pine squirrel?" I stood there and watched them; I thought, "I'll study him just a little bit." I said, "One thing I noticed him, he wasn't afraid." I like that, not afraid. He stood there, that great big bird; I said, "You know what?" (My gun was setting up against a tree.) I said, "You know I could shoot you?" He knowed better than that; he knowed one thing: I wouldn't do it; I admired him too much. See? There he was standing there, not a bit afraid.

344 And I thought, “I could shoot you.” Now, I’d seen him; he’d look around at me like that. And he kept making his wings, you know, go back. You know how they do like that, their wings, you know. Great big wings about *this* long, you know, and he was a big fellow. He was setting there, and I looked at him. (That was way before I knew these things; this was years and years ago, maybe twenty years ago.)

345 And I watched him. After while, I see him; I thought, “What’s he—what’s he...He’s not afraid, so I admire that. But what’s so godly about that old eagle?” Seeing that great, big, hook bill come out like that, and them big eyes, I thought, “Boy, he’s a real bird.”

346 Now, nobody...A hawk, if he’d try to follow him, he’d disintegrate. There’s nothing can follow him. No, no! It’d take an airplane to do it. Yes, sir! No bird

can follow him, so, he goes so high. And then, he's got eyes; he can see right down to the ground too, after he's up there, see way off.

347 Now, Jehovah likened His prophets to eagles (you see?); He'd lift them up like that. They had to be special made. Let's see. Predestinated, born for that purpose (see?), be lifted up like that. And then you...What's good of you going up there if you can't see where you're at? See?

What's the use of getting up there if you don't know what you're doing? See, see?

348 What the use of jumping up and down, shouting and speaking in tongues, if you don't know what it's all about? See, see? You got to understand while you're there. See?

349 So then, I watched him, you know, as he moved around there. I kept...I just admired him; he was such a beautiful bird. And yet, he'd probably eat some of



my deer meat and stuff that I'm...I watched him, and after while I thought, "You know, what—what's he..."

350 After while he got tired. I don't think he got tired looking at me, but I think he got tired listening at that little ol' chipmunk setting over there. You know, we got so many of them in the camp today. You know? See? "Cha, cha, cha! Days of miracles is past! No such thing as Divine healing. Don't have these things

no more!” See? Little ol’ earthbound chipmunk that’s setting up on that stump. “You have to belong to *this*. We’re—we’re—we’re the...” See? Setting there just chattering up and down. Oh, he was vibrating, he was shaking so hard.

351 He got tired of listening at it, and he just made one great, big jump, and just shook that limb where he’s setting on, like that. The limb shook, like that, and he went right out. See, he

flopped his wings and just parted through that timber there. And when he did, I noticed him. See? He wasn't afraid, because he could feel the presence of his God given wings. He knowed them wings could pack him away from any kind of danger. See?

352 And so, that's the way we want to feel. This is the Word, and the One who wrote the Word is my Wings. I'm not afraid of the Word; It'll pack you right through any kind of a trouble there is. It's

a Sword that'll cut Its way right straight through. Don't you never worry about it. See?

353 I noticed him then. He didn't flop, he just set his wings. See? And that, every time the wind would come in, he'd just raise up, get up higher and higher.


I stood there, and fold my arms, and looked at him till he was just a little spot I could hardly see no more. And I thought, "God, that's it." It's not

run join *this*, and run join *that*,  
and do *this*, *that*, or the *other*; it's  
just setting your wings (see?);  
knowing how to set your wings of  
faith into the Word of God, and  
sail away from all of this  
nonsense of chatter-chatter here  
and chatter-chatter there. Yeah!  
“Heavens and earth will pass  
away, but My Word shall never  
fail.”

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Until It fills every fiber, until the  
Holy Spirit Itself bubbling in  
you; I don't care whether the  
music is playing, whether  
they're playing *Nearer, My God,  
To Thee*, or whatever it is, the  
Holy Spirit is still ringing the  
glory bells in your heart. That  
satisfies.

**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 65-0919 — Thirst*

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137 And let me tell you, friend, I don't care how many churches you join, how many names you put on, which a way you go, and whether you are sprinkled, baptized, or whatever you are; until you meet that Person, Jesus Christ! That, that's the only thing that will really satisfy.



138 Emotion won't do it; you might jump up-and-down and shout as long as you want to, or you might run up-and-down the floor, and you might speak in tongues as much as you want to. And them things are holy and good. I don't say—I don't say nothing against that. But until you meet that Person, that satisfying Portion, that Something that takes every fiber in your body; not by emotion, but by a satisfaction!

139 Used to see a little sign, said, “If you’re thirsty, say Parfay.” Used to be a little drink, when I was a boy, called Parfay. I remember coming down the road, oh, from fishing, I had been up to the pond, old stagnant waters. And I was about starved to death, and I seen a sign say, “If you’re thirsty, just say Parfay.” I started saying, “Parfay, Parfay.” I got thirstier all the time. And I—I...See, I—I—I got so I couldn’t



even spit, after a while, I was so—so thirsty.

140 Well, you see, that won't do it. There is nothing will satisfy it. I don't care, you can drink Cokes, you can drink anything you want to, with them sweetened by carbonated waters, and so forth, there is nothing that will satisfy the thirst like a good cool, cold stream of water. That'll quench that thirst.

All these other things are substitutes.

141 And why would we want to take a substitute, when there is a genuine baptism of the Holy Ghost that satisfies every fiber and longing in the human soul? Then stand right in the face of death, like the great Apostle Paul said, “O death, where is your sting? And, grave, where is your victory? But thanks be to God, Who gives us the victory through

our Lord Jesus Christ!” That’s the experience, brother, that satisfies that holy hush that...or that holy thirst that’s in you. It satisfies it. You don’t have to do anything else about it. Yeah, It cleanses the lips.

142 And there is, also, just people who live upon the emotion, upon the...Some people say, “Well, we got a lot of that in our Pentecostal movement.” And they will go in,

which is fine, they'll pat their hands and play the music. [Brother Branham clapped his hands—Ed.] The music stops, “sh, whew,” a bucket of water went over everything, see. Now we—we do that, we—we got in a habit of doing that. We got, we—we...It's just become one of our customs.

143 Let me tell you something. When you're worshipping God, in the Spirit

and in Truth, when it becomes a *custom* for you to do it, because you think you *ought* to do it; because you think, if you don't shout, or jump up-and-down, or dance with the music, your neighbor is going to think you're backslid; you are drinking from a stagnated stream. Right!

**144 Until It fills every fiber,  
until the Holy Spirit Itself  
bubbling in you; I don't care  
whether the music is playing,**

**whether they're playing  
*Nearer, My God, To Thee*, or  
whatever it is, the Holy Spirit is  
still ringing the glory bells in  
your heart. That satisfies.  
That's God's satisfying Portion.  
Anything less than That, you're  
done.**

145 You might speak with  
tongue like men and Angels, you  
might give all your goods to feed  
the poor, you might prophesy,  
and you might have knowledge,



understand all the mysteries and all these things, and you still become nothing (First Corinthians 13) until that satisfying Something that can only quench that thirst.

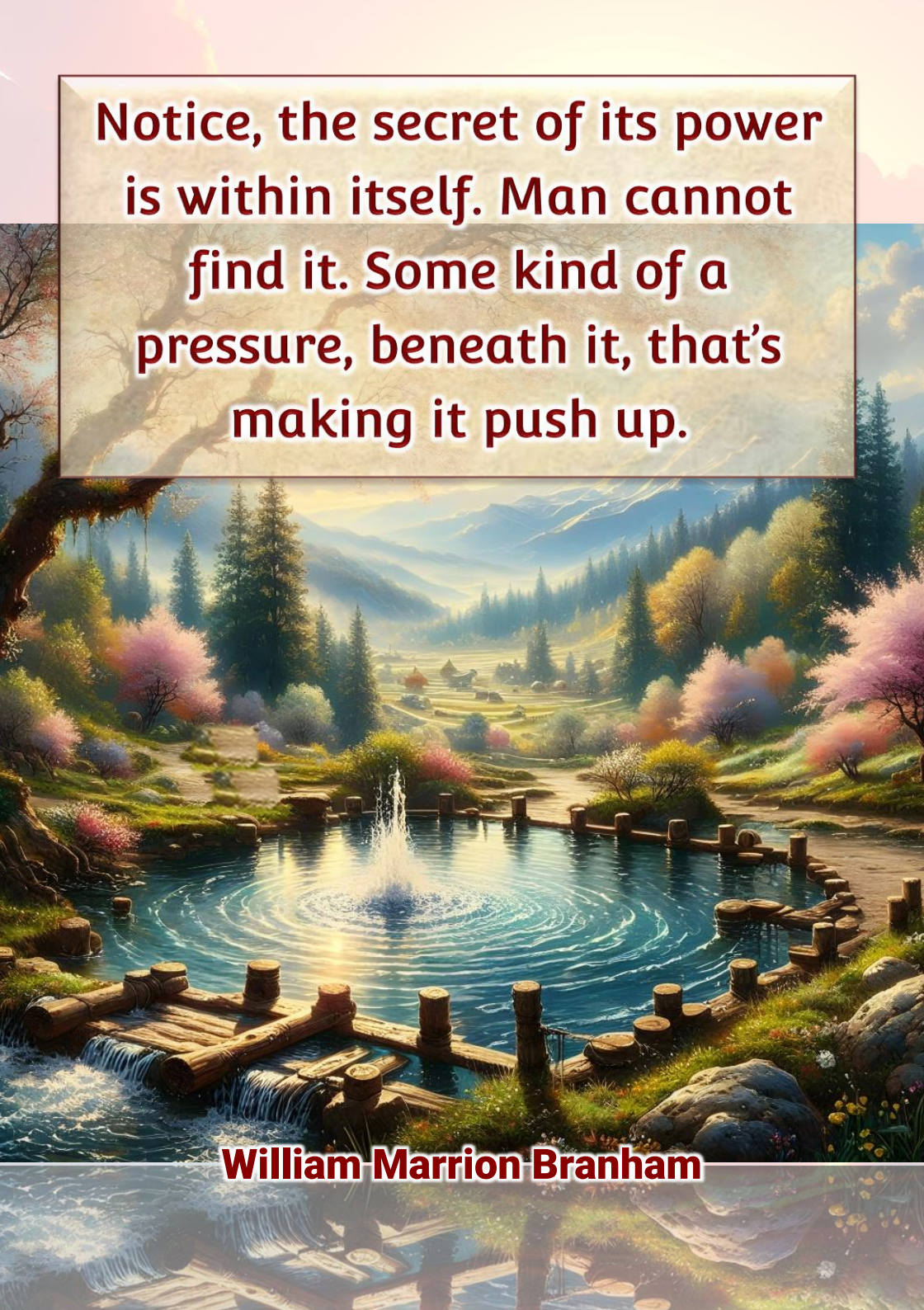
146 “My soul thirsts for the living God, like the hart panting for the water brook. Unless I can find It, I’ll perish.” When you get to hungering for God like that, something is going to take place. The Holy Spirit is to lead you to

~ 12 ~

those great fountains of God.  
Yes, sir.





A vibrant, painterly landscape featuring a river with a small waterfall and a fountain, surrounded by colorful trees and distant mountains. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, suggesting a sunrise or sunset. The river flows from the background towards the foreground, where it cascades over a series of wooden logs and rocks. In the center of the river, a small fountain sprays water upwards, creating a focal point. The banks are lush with green grass and various trees, including tall evergreens and flowering trees with pink and yellow blossoms. In the distance, rolling hills and mountains are visible under a soft, hazy sky. The overall mood is peaceful and idyllic.

**Notice, the secret of its power  
is within itself. Man cannot  
find it. Some kind of a  
pressure, beneath it, that's  
making it push up.**

**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 65-0123 — Broken Cisterns*

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111 What is a fountain of Life now? What is the fountain of Life, fountain of living Waters? An artesian well, we would liken It to.

112 Now I want you to notice the difference between a cistern and a fountain of living water; artesian well, and an old broken cistern out there full of bugs,

lizards, frogs, germs, what-more, see.

113 And here is an artesian well. Now watch this. It's self-supporting. You don't have to get any big systems and bring a lot of money into it. You don't have to join a lot of members. It supports its members, of the Spirit of Life in them, functioning.

114 Notice the water that comes from it, fresh, pure and clean. Not a cistern, something

stagnated that's been indocumented by forty, fifty different minds, saying, "*This* is right, and *that's* right, and *this* conception," and vote and call on, and as they do, and then make a denomination out of it. It's pure and clean, unadulterated Word of God, coming from the hand of God. It's a real artesian well.

**115 Notice, the secret of its power is within itself. Man**



**cannot find it. Some kind of a pressure, beneath it, that's making it push up.**

116 I remember when I, used to, was the state game warden of Indiana, I used to go by, in Harrison County, a certain well, a spring. It was always bubbling up. And just, oh, it looked like it was the most happiest thing. Whether the snow was on the ground, ice, was froze, how cold it was, it still bubbled; where the

old man-made ponds and tanks, with frogs and everything, was out there froze over, solid.

117 And that goes to show that any denomination, through a little lack of Spirit or a little change of atmosphere, will freeze over. But God's artesian well, He's the—He's the same yesterday, today, and forever, it keeps all the things bubbled out of it and shoved out of it. And there is none in there, to begin

with. And anything gets into it, it'll push it out of the way.

118 That thing was bubbling up like that, and I said, sat down there one day, I thought, "I believe I'll talk to that spring, just for a moment." I took off my hat, and I said, "What are you so happy about? What are you bubbling so about? Maybe it's because the deers drink from you, once in a while."

If he could have spoke, he'd have said, "No."

I said, "Maybe it's because that I drink from you."

"No, that isn't it."

119 I said, "Well, what's making you so pure, so clean? So what—what is it bubbling, that makes you bubble, full of joy all the time, and nothing can freeze you over? You're spurting up in

the air, and there is nothing, clean water.”

120 If it could have spoke to me, you know what that well would have said? He’d have said, “Brother Branham, it isn’t me bubbling, it’s something behind me, bubbling me.” And that’s the way it is with...That’s a poor word, but you know what I mean.

121 **And that’s the way it is with a born-again experience. You cannot contain it. It’s a—a**

well of water within you, bubbling up into everlasting Life. See, there is something about it, that you have nothing to do with. The man-made tanks may freeze, and them begging for revival and everything; but a man that's under that Fountain, living in that Fountain, it's day and night! No, you don't have to wait on local rains and local revivals. You are full of It. "I'll give unto him a fountain of Life,



in him, bubbling up.” There’s something in It, that’s fresh every day, pure and clean. It’s the unadulterated Word of God in your heart and mouth, vindicating Itself, speaking for Itself. I don’t care whether it’s raining, whether it’s snowing, what kind of weather it is, you are still happy because the Holy Spirit is in there bubbling up. It’s the hidden Power. Notice. Oh, its secret is within it.





The Christian has not one worry in the world. They should be the most freest, happiest people in all the world. 'Cause there's nothing...You can't lose. And all things work together for good to them that love God.

*54-0301 — The Angel Of The Covenant*  
*Rev. William Marrion Branham*



## Matthew 18:3

And said, Verily I say unto you,  
Except ye be converted, and  
become as little children, ye shall  
not enter into the kingdom of  
heaven.





## *Joel 2:26*

**And ye shall eat in plenty, and  
be satisfied, and praise the  
name of the LORD your God,  
that hath dealt wondrously  
with you:...**



# ***I Was Just Having A Big Time***

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**WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM**

