

Life

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William Marrion Branham



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Title: 58-0512 — Life

Now, tonight, I want to speak from a text out of the Scripture. And I just love to read the Word. Don't you love the Word? How many Bible readers are here, just raise your hands, real high? Oh, that's fine.

5 And to come down when he...Usually before we come for that anointing to—for the prayer

line, I have to stay shut up, fasting and praying. But when you don't have to do that, in coming down to just speak, you just feel different. You know, it's the same Spirit, but a different operation.

And now, I love to read the Word, because the Word is God's Word, and God is just as good as His Word is. And now, I wish to read from the book of Psalms, the 63rd Psalm. And I want to read the first three verses:

O God, thou art my God; early will
I seek thee: my soul thirsts for thee,
my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and
thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so
as I have seen it in thy sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is
better to me than life, my lips shall
praise thee.

I like that 2nd verse, real well.

To see thy power, and thy glory, so
as I have seen thee in thy sanctuary.

But the subject would be, tonight, on the 3rd verse:

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

6 And I want to speak on the subject for about twenty, thirty minutes, of “Life.” Life is what controls us. We are known by the life that we live. And it’s been said that your life speaks so loud that I can’t hear your testimony. So therefore, to live a sermon would

much better, than to preach one. The life you live, shows what character you are, because your life always builds your character.

And Jesus said, “By their fruit, you shall know them.” So no matter what we would say, or how much we would testify, if our lives doesn’t coincide with that testimony, we are doing the Kingdom of God an indebtment, by giving that testimony. Because people know what we are.

7 And I've often thought at a funeral service, to hear a man preach the funeral of some person, that had lived ungodly, and had never done anything right, and yet preach as though they were a great person, that had gone right on to heaven.

Now, no matter what you'd ever say, the people already has their minds made up, by the life that that character has left behind.

And I like to think that of Longfellow right here, when he said, “Parting’s leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time.” That’s the “Psalm of Life.” Oh, I think it’s beautiful.

8 Now, the Christian church should have real character then. And if the Life of Christ is in the church of Christ, then it’s got to have the character of Christ. It’ll produce the Life of Christ. It’s just no more than just what we call in

the south, common sense. If the Life of the Spirit of Christ is in the church, it has to produce that Life, because the life that's in you, makes your character.

And what kind of characters ought we to be, who have solemnly promised that we would serve the Lord Jesus as long as we live, and we have been baptized to His death, burial, and resurrection, and have put our names upon the church rolls, take out place in

Sunday school, and then go out, and live something different.

Oh, it's more...It's more of an indebtedment to the cause of Christ, than all the bootleg joints we have in America. God grant the day, that when men will live just what they are. And you can always tell them by their nature, their make-up.

9 Now, you cannot get a—a dove and a crow to agree together, although they were both birds and set on the same roost in

the ark. Both of them are fowls; they both have wings, but when the crow was let loose, he was satisfied with eating the dead carcasses, that was floating around from place to place, and he never returned back again to the ark.

But when the dove went out, she could find no rest for the soles of her feet, so she had to come back. See? The dove cannot eat with the crow.

And the crow is a hypocrite; he can eat his own food, and go over and eat with the dove also. But the dove cannot eat dove food and come over and eat crow food. So that's the way it is with hypocrites. They can get in the church, and just rejoice like the rest of them, and go right out into the world and eat again. But a genuine Christian can only eat the food of God.

10 Why can't the dove eat carrion and stuff from the old earth, and the old carcasses, because it's a make-up of the dove. The dove is one bird who does not have any gall. If that dove would eat off of an old carcass, that dove would die immediately, because it doesn't have any gall. It just can't digest that stuff.

And a man or woman, that's ever been born of the Spirit of God, just can't eat the things of

the world and tolerate with sin, because they have no more gall. They're made up different. And we're always known by the life that we live.

11 Some time ago down in the south, when they had slavery, taking human beings and selling them just like you would an automobile...And there they would...Had lots, like you'd have today, used cars. Brokers came by and would buy slaves. Maybe, this

plantation had a hundred slaves, and some broker would come by and say, “That big fellow. I’ll take him.” And over here, he had a—a big woman. Maybe not his wife, breed them, make bigger slaves. And they would go around and buy them, just like you would a animal.

And one day, a certain broker came by a plantation, and he said, “How many slaves do you have?”

And he told them, “A large number.”

“Any for sale?”

Said, “Look them over, and price them.” And he looked...

12 And of course, the slaves were brought over here from Africa by the Boers, and they were sold to the southern people for slaves, and they were sad. They would never go back home again. They'd have to die away from their own land. They'd never see their father, nor their mother, no more. Sometimes their children or their

wives, brothers or sisters, they'd never see them no more. So they were very sad.

They were in a strange land, with strange people. And the white people would, slave owners would whip them sometimes to make them work, just like they would whip the horse. And they had to drive them around to do it.

13 But this certain plantation, where this broker was, he noticed one young fellow there, that they

didn't have to drive him, had his chest out, his chin up; he was be just right at the spot, any time. They didn't have to scold him or say anything to him. So this broker said to the slave owner, the plantation man; he said, "I want to buy that slave."

"Oh," he said, "he's not for sale."

He said, "Do you...Is he the boss over the rest of them? He's so much different."

Said, “No. He’s just a slave.”

“Well,” said, “maybe you feed him better than you do the rest of them.”

Said, “No, he eats out in the galley with the rest of the slaves.”

He said, “Well, what makes him so much different than the rest of them?”

He said, “I wondered myself, until I found out the truth.” He said, “That boy is the son of the

king of the whole tribe. His father is the king of all of them, and though he's an alien, away from home, he still knows that he's a king's son, and he conducts himself like that.”

14 Oh, what ought we to be as sons and daughters of God? How ought we to conduct ourselves in this present world of sin and slavery? Our characters and our conduct should be the highest to keep the morale of the rest of

them moving, because we are aliens, and we are strangers and pilgrims, but our Father is the King. Oh, He's rich with houses and lands. He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hand. Oh, I'm so glad to be a son of that King.

15 Now, when I first read this Scripture here, I thought, "What must the prophet be speaking about?" He said, "Thy love kindness is better to me than life."

Now, I can't think of anything better than life. And there's only one type of Eternal Life, and that comes from God. And God had no beginning, so He has no end. That great Spirit, we would call it the—the colors of the rainbow, the best way I could illustrate it. One was the Spirit of love, the other one, the Spirit of righteousness, and so forth, the seven Spirits of God, that make up God. And anything... We'll take like the word, "love," there's two different words. We

call “love,” like we have for you wife, that’s called in the Greek word, “phileo.” And the love you have for God, is “agapao.”

16 Now, phileo love, like you have for your wife, is a perverted love. Then from that kind of love, it perverts again to lust and on down. And all those kind of things must have an end, to come to back to that which had no beginning or end.

Now then, agapao, came all the way down from the highest to the lowest to redeem His creature and bring him back to Himself. Oh, no wonder that people can't even express it. One said:

If we with ink the ocean fill,

And were the skies of parchment made;

And was every stalk on earth a quill,

And every man a scribe by
trade;

To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;

Or could the scroll contain the
whole,

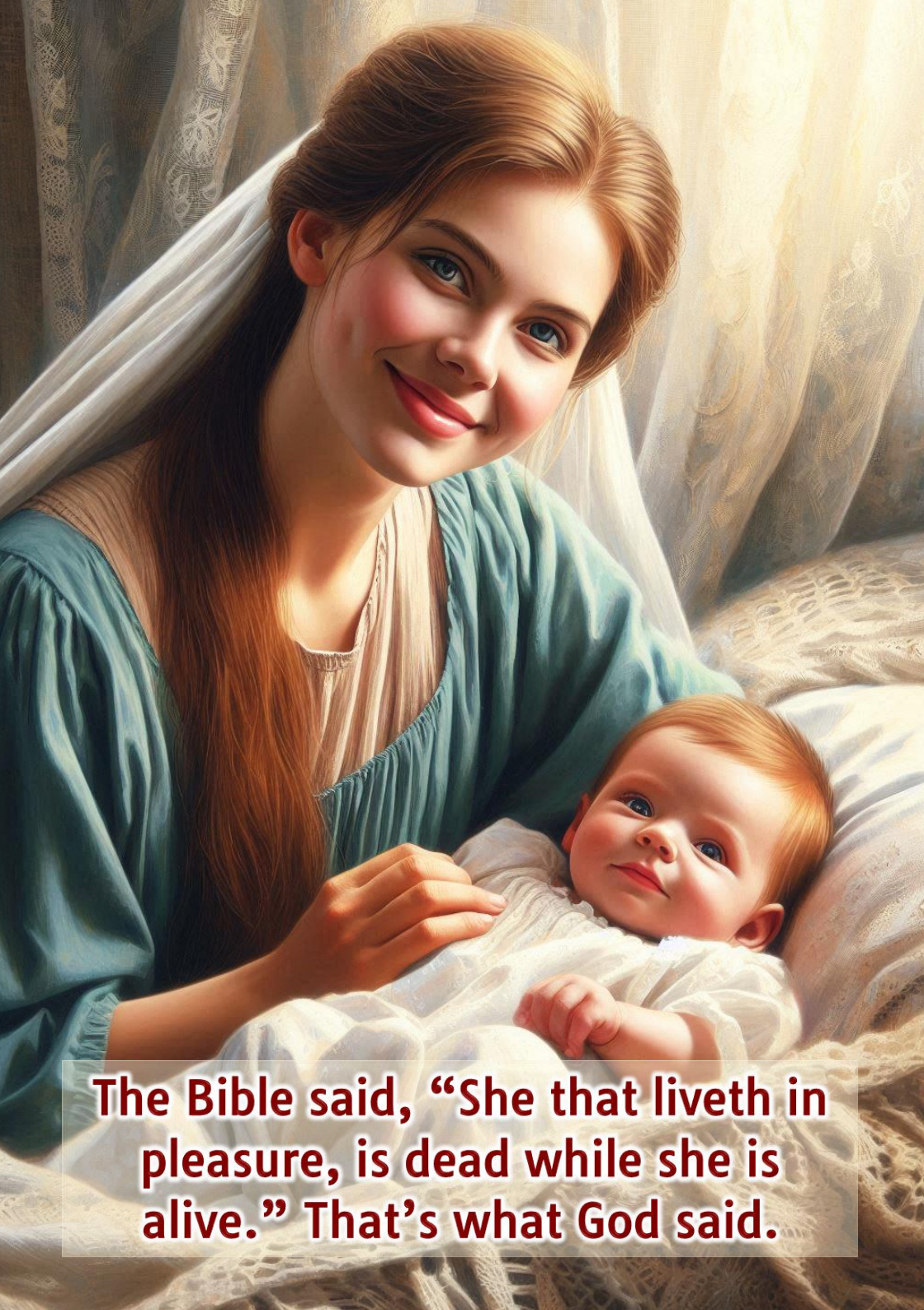
Though stretched from sky to
sky.

And no one will never know,
what agapao love meant to stoop
down, and to condescend to the
lowest pits of the lowest hell, to

bring the fallen creature, from a creature of time to a creature of Eternity. We could not express it.

But I was thinking as He said, “Thy love kindness is better than life.” What could be better than life? Everything else has an end. But life has no end, so what could be more valuable than life? So I drew this kind of a conception of what David was speaking. And he must have been talking about a different kind of life.





The Bible said, “She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she is alive.” That’s what God said.

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Title: 58-0512 — Life

17 Now, life has many interpretations, and we notice that sometimes life has an interpretation like this: “Oh, we’re really living it up.” That’s not life. Somebody said, “Making a lot of revelry,” and saying this is life.

Some months ago, I was in a great city. And I was having a

meeting. And that night...It was in another nation, Canada. And that night, a certain organization of America, they was having their convention up there. And I noticed as I left this great mammoth hotel, there were many people coming; the Americans were swarming in, and they were drinking, and women and men, all alike.

After my services was over that night, I got on the elevator...?... and started up. And the whiskey

bottles were everywhere. And I said to the elevator boy; I said, “It looks like that somebody’s sure been drinking.”

He said, “They sure had.” And he stopped up, just about the eighth or tenth floor, to let me out, and when I got out...I was in the elevator by myself with the boy; when I stepped out, I heard something up the hall. And as I’d come out of a little—a little place where we’d come out from the

elevator, I looked up the hall, and I never heard such a noise, of all the dirty words I ever heard. And I stopped just a moment.

18 Oh, this is shocking. Two young ladies, about, oh, in their late twenties or early thirties, with just their underneath clothes on, both women married with wedding rings, and they had a big bottle of whiskey. And they were passing it one to another, and then pulling up their little underneath clothes

and screaming. And you know what? Maybe, a husband at home taking care of the baby, while they were having a little innocent fun. It's sin! And vice versa, some woman home taking care of the baby, while her husband was up there with her having, little innocent fun. It's rank, ungodly, filthy sin. And the wages of it is death, separation from God forever.

And here they come down the hall, and one man grabbing them, pulling this way and another one that way, the man out of their doors.

I just stepped back and watched just a moment with my Bible. And finally, when they got loose the last man, and he sprawled on the floor, and had to climb in on his hands and knees, to get back in the room...And

somebody pouring whiskey over the top of him, bringing him in.

19 Oh, such an ungodly sight. And I looked at that, and I thought, “Oh, God.” I’ve seen these two beautiful little women, just with their underneath garment, and they stopped just a little above me, and they tried to pass the bottle one to the other, and one reached down and picked up her little skirt, and kicked her feet up in the air,

and she said, “Whoopee, this is life.”

I couldn’t stand it any longer. I stepped out; I said, “Sister, you are mistaken; this is death.” So death—life has more than one interpretation.

The Bible said, “She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she is alive.” That’s what God said.

20 And she looked over, and she took the bottle; I said, “Just a

moment.” This same Bible in my hand. She blared her eyes and looked at me. I said, “I’m a Gospel preacher. And I’m an American too. But I’m almost ashamed of my country, that you’ve come here and represented it in the way that you’re doing.” I said, “Shame on you.”

They dropped the bottle, and down the hall they went, as hard they could go. They thought they were living, but they were dead in

sin and trespasses. Oh, what a condition.

21 In Hamilton, Ohio, recently, I was having a meeting, and they'd gotten up to seven, eight, ten thousand people, and I had to stay outside the city. We were eating at a little Dunkard restaurant. The ladies were clean and nice-looking, as they come in and waited, and everything just so decent looking. Well, we enjoyed that. Sunday came, and Sunday afternoon, I was

going to speak. Dr. Baxter was let—let me speak, who was the campaign manager, and I'd speak on Sunday afternoon, then wait till Sunday night for the healing service. I got hungry; I thought, "I believe I'll go get something to eat, just a sandwich, kindly hold me over."

As I went out the door, the little Dunkard restaurant, they'd closed up, and they were gone to church. And I seen, just across the other

side, a typical little roadside place, with sandwiches and things. I stepped in there. And when I stepped in, there was a policeman with his arms around a woman, playing a slot machine. And gambling is illegal in Ohio. And a man of my age, which was, perhaps, a married man with a bunch of grown children. I looked down at the other end, there was a young teen-age girl setting by a bunch of them motorcycle-jacket

boys, with a, you know, with their clothes half hung off.

22 And God bless that man in that college the other week, made that bunch of hoodlums straight up. He said, “You’ll either wear different clothes or get out of this school.” If more men had more American spirit and backbone like that, we’d have better schools and less juvenile delinquency, stabbings on the street and things.

And here they was setting back there, and the little teen-age girl, and her skirts hanging down, and them boys with their arms around her hips and things. I thought, “Oh mercy, let me get out of here.”

And as I turned to look, there was an old grandma, would have been sixty-five easy, if not more; her skin was all wrinkled up. And she had on that manicure on her lips (or I—ever what you call the stuff, blue looking); and the little

lady with here hair cut and all frizzled up, and a pair of these little old ungodly clothes on, setting with two old men. It was summertime, and one of them with a great long government overcoat on. And they excused themselves and went out. I thought, “God, how can You stand to look upon sin? If it would make me, a sinner saved by grace, feel like it, what it do to a holy God,

look like, You'd just destroy the thing."

23 And as I looked at it, I stepped behind the door and started out, and a vision came before me. I seen the world, and around the world was a spray. And it looked red. And then all of a sudden, I seen a—through the vision, the Lord Jesus, and sins were catching against Him, and it was my sins. And it was beat her from one side to the other, like a

bumper on a car. And every time I'd do something, it would strike Him. And He looked at me with weary looking eyes; I said, "My, God, have I caused that?" I looked. Laying there was my book open, my name at the top, all kinds of dark streaks in it. And I said, "Lord Jesus, forgive me."

And He touched His finger to His side, and wrote on it, "Pardoned," and threw it behind Him.

And I said, “Oh, Lord God, I really don’t know what to say. I just love You for that.”

He said, “Now, I forgive you your sins, but you want to blow her up.”

And I seen the woman. I come from the vision; I walked over to her, and I said, “How do you do?”

And she said, “Howdy do.” She was drinking, almost drunk.

And I said, “May I set down?”

She said, “Thank you, but I have company.”

I said, “I didn’t mean it that way.” I said, “May I just speak to you a minute?”

She said, “You may.”

I said, “I was standing there at that door, wanting to know why God didn’t strike you dead.” And wanted to know if my little Sarah

and Rebekah, when they get to be women, if they'll be raised up under such stuff as that. And I told her about the vision.

24 She said, "I perceive that you're a minister."

I said, "I am." I said, "My name is Branham."

She said, "Oh, you're the Mister Branham down at the armory."

I said, “Yes ma’am.” I said, “I’m sorry that I said that, or thought that in my heart.”

And she started weeping, and then she caught me by the hand; she said, “Preacher, I’m going to tell you something. I was raised up in a Christian home, and my father was a Baptist preacher.” And she told me about her marriage to a—a boy that drank, and she had two daughters then, that was married and had children. They were all


Christians, but she took the road that's wrong, and she said, "I guess I'm finished."

I said, "No. As long as you've got life, you've got hope, because the Blood of the Lord Jesus has this world encircled, and God can't see your sins. But someday when your life passes beyond that circle of Blood, then you've already judged yourself."

And there on the floor in that little old place, I had the privilege of leading that precious soul to the Lord Jesus, sent her back home rejoicing.

Oh, the depths of the love of Eternal Life that God desires to give to His people. It was a changed life; she thought she was living over there, but she was dying. Now, she's living, and will live forever, because she has Eternal Life, from death unto Life.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a floral-patterned top, is shown from the chest up. She is smiling gently and looking down at a white dove perched on her outstretched hand. The dove is facing left and has just released a small stream of dark seeds. The background is a warm, golden sunset scene with a field of tall grass in the foreground, rolling hills in the distance, and a few evergreen trees on the right. The sky is filled with soft, glowing clouds.

**And God made
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25 Now, some people think that drinking, and smoking, and gambling, and, oh, trying to do the things that they do in revelry, they think that that's life, but it's death. And what makes them do that anyhow? Here's the reason they do it. Because God made a human being to thirst.

You were made for that purpose. Every organ in your body

was made for a purpose. Everything is for a purpose. And God made a man to thirst, because He wanted him to thirst after Him. But the devil has perverted it, and he's trying to make you think something different and trying quench that blessed holy thirst by filling it with sin. He's giving you death in the stead of life. It's a perverted life. It cannot be the right life. And the devil is doing that, because that God made you to thirst, but thirst after Him. That

little flame in you that makes—that wants to rejoice, get on the dance floor, and carry on, that’s perverted. That thing that makes you to want to drink, and act the way the people do, that...The devil is trying to take sin and quench that God-given thirst, when God made you to thirst for Him. And you can never be satisfied until God comes in and satisfies that thirst.

Oh, how dare you to try to quench that blessed holy thirst

with the things of the world, when God give it to you to thirst after Him.

26 Now, I hope I don't hurt anyone's feeling, unless it's deserved, but I just want to call some things to remembrance to you. What's happened to the church lately? The church used to be a separated people. I didn't know what group I was speaking to until the man told me here, I was speaking to Pentecostal people.

Now, let's go back just a little bit. You know, a few years ago, it was wrong for Pentecostal women to cut their hair. What happened? If it was wrong then, it's wrong now. Now, you say, "Well, my pastor..." Well, you need a new pastor.

The Scripture says, "If a woman cuts her hair, she dishonors her husband. And if she's dishonorable, she should be divorced."

You won't like me after this, but I'm going to be honest. But at the day of judgment, I don't want to stand with that wishy- washy bunch, who was ashamed to tell you. Preaching's not a meal-ticket, it's a responsibility to God to tell the truth.

27 And it used to be wrong for Pentecostal women to wear that make—make-up, manicure stuff on their face. It used to be. Don't tell me, I remember. And you Free Methodist, and you Missionary

Baptist, and Pilgrim Holiness, and Nazarenes, it used to be wrong. What happened?

As old brother, Methodist preacher, friend of mine, by the name of Kelley, and he used to sing a little song, “We let down the bars, we let down the bars. We compromised with sin. We let down the bars, and the sheep got out. But how did the goats get in?” It’s because we let down the bars. You’re supposed to be a different people, a peculiar people,

a called-out people, a separated people, a people walking after the things of the Spirit and not the things of the flesh.

Oh, we used to be down on the corner with the guitar, and some salvation. And today, we're in a great big, swell, half-a-million, two million dollar cathedrals, with a big bunch of creeds like the old cold formals we used to talk about. Pot can't call kettle black. That's right.

28 And you Pentecostal women wouldn't let your girls put on them little old vulgar-looking clothes and get out on the street. Then talk about juvenile delinquency. Not only do they do it, but mammy, you do too. "Oh," you say, "I don't wear them shorts (I believe that call it) and halternecks, I—I—I don't wear them; I wear slacks." The Bible said that a woman that'll put on a garment that pertains to a man, it's an abomination in the

sight of God. That's what the Bible says.

And today, you take women come down the street with these little old skirts on, that's so tight, and so sexy dressed, and call themselves Christians. Don't act up like the—the King of heaven's daughter, not conducting yourself. And look, let me tell you something, sister; and I'm only saying this for your good. When the judgment comes, you're going to answer for committing adultery.

29 You might be as pure as a lily to your husband, or to your boyfriend, but when you put on clothes like that and walk out on the street, if a sinner looks at you and lusts after you, the Bible said that he has committed adultery with you in his heart. And at the judgment bar, you're going to answer for committing adultery, because you presented yourself to him like that. Jesus said that. Who's guilty, the sinner or you? You are. He's a hog and a pig by

nature. He's never been converted. But if he answers for committing adultery, who did he commit it with? Whosoever, sinner or saint, looks upon a woman to lust after her, has committed adultery with her in his heart already.

Think of it. "Oh," you say, "Brother Branham, that's the only kind of clothes they make." They still got sewing machines. There's no excuse for that. You know that's right. Does that act like a daughter of the King? "Well," you

say, “The rest of them do.” But you’re different. You’re an alien. You ought to conduct yourself like the daughter of the King.

30 And these women here, might say, “Brother Branham, we heard you was a woman-hater, so now we know you are.” That’s not so. I’m a lover of the Lord Jesus and responsible for His Word. “So why do you pick on us women?”

All right, you men, here you are. Any man that’ll let his wife smoke

cigarettes, and wear shorts, shows what he's made out of. He's no man. He ain't got an ounce in him, a Son of God, the head of the house. That's right. Now, you know that's the truth. It shows what you're made out of. Man's not measured by muscles; that's beast, brute. Man's measured by character. And if you're a son of God, you're measured by your character. And you're supposed to be the ruler of the house, and God will hold you responsible for what

she does. But she's a god in America.

31 And you remember, I've already predicted in 1933, a woman would rule this nation before the chaos, by the annihilation. See her face on the money; she's everything; she's a goddess; she's...Hollywood's done it. The reason that takes place, is because you stayed home on Wednesday night from the prayer meeting to watch some old dirty

play of “We Love Sucy,” or something like that.

Showed what was in you to begin with.

And you women, instead of having your prayer meetings, on the morning, the ten o'clock prayer meeting, you stay home to watch some vulgarity stuff, and dirty jokes, like that Arthur Godfrey or Elvis Presley, some scavenger feeding on the carcass of their own people.

Only one difference 'tween Elvis Presley and Judas Iscariot. Judas got thirty pieces of silver, and Elvis got a million dollars and a fleet of Cadillacs. He's a traitor to Christ. And yet, he becomes a god almost to the teen-ager, working up in such a condition, that a little young ladies get in there, and jerk their underneath clothes off, and throw it on the platform for him to autograph. Talk about devil power.

32 Go over to Africa, and see if that old boogie-woogie, or ever

what they call it, rock-and-roll, that's originated with the Hottentots in Africa. And you're trying to satisfy that longing and blessed holy thirst by poking that trash down in the place where God wants to live and to give you freedom, and holiness, and happiness.

What a disgrace. What a letdown to the American people. And to you, Pentecostal people, and Pilgrim Holiness, and Nazarenes, who profess a higher

calling than that, shame on you. You're dying and rotting in your own corruption.

No wonder, we can't have a revival in America. No wonder God can't place His gifts in the church. What has He got to place them in? You think He would place gifts in a thing like that? He just couldn't do it.

I hope that you understand what I mean. It's time for a housecleaning in the house of

God, all the way from the pulpit to the janitor, an old fashioned, God sent, Saint Paul's revival, and the Bible Holy Ghost back into the church, back to make men and women, sons and daughters of God. Can't you realize that old dirty spirit of the devil gets into you and makes you act like that?

33 Some time ago, I was crossing the America, and I had to take a bunch of books over in a truck. I hired a sinner to drive it, 'cause I couldn't find no one else.

When I landed onto the ground, a great denominational Pentecostal people, and this sinner got out of the truck and was unloading the trucks, and with the books and so forth, and he was smoking a cigarette. And one of the great high officials come up the me and he said, “Brother Branham, I’m surprised at you.”

Said, “What’s the matter?”

He said, “That man’s a smoking a cigarette, that unloaded your

truck. We Holiness people, do not believe in smoking cigarettes.”

I said, “Neither do I.”

He said, “But our people, it’ll be a stumbling block in their way.”

I said, “I couldn’t have no...Get no one to drive that car. I had two trucks; I had to drive one myself, and get him to drive the other one. I’m going to lay him off in a few minutes. He knows that.”

He said, “Well, don’t you never do that again.” Said, “Because our people are holiness people.”

I said, “I’m sorry I did it, sir. If I’d had anyone else, I wouldn’t have done it.”

34 We turned around and walked to the place where there was several thousand people assembled together. And he...He said, “Here is my wife. I want you to meet her, Brother Branham.”

And I looked, she said...“She’ll be your pianist this afternoon.”

And not for jokes, this is no place for a joke. That’s the trouble of today, we too much Hollywood evangelism and not enough of the old fashion conviction of the Gospel.

And that woman stood there with a dress on so tight, looked like the skin was on the outside. And she had great big earrings on, and stuff all over her mouth, and

her—blue places behind her eyes, and real short-cut hair, and it all fuzzed up like a fuzzy worm.

And she said...look at... She said, “How do you do, Dr. Branham?”

I said, “Howdy.” I said, “I want to ask you something, sir?”

Said, “Yes, Brother Branham.”

I said, “Is your wife a saint?”

Said, “Certainly.”

I said, “I don’t mean to hurt your feelings, but she looks like a haint to me, from the way she’s standing there like that.”

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]...?...
and they got the manicure stuff on...“Listen lady, let me tell you something as your brother: there was no woman in the Bible, that painted her face...” [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] So you can see what God thinks of painted face women, dog meat. That’s God dog meat. What do they do it for? Not to

meet God. That's not a joke; get that out of your minds.

35 What does a woman do it for? What? To appear before men; that's the same thing Jezebel does. She likes to hear the boys go, "whee whew" [Brother Branham imitates a wolf whistle—Ed.] that hound dog call or wolf call. That's right. It's because the pastor has let down. And you wouldn't have an old fashion, God sent minister; you got some little Hollywood type of a guy that likes to beat on a

drum, and jump up-and-down, and holler, “Hallelujah.” The devil can do the same.

Holiness becometh the Lord. And if you love the world, or the things of the world, the love of God’s not even in you. That’s what the Scripture said.

36 Now, you see what you’re doing? The wrong spirit’s got among you, and it’s making you try to satisfy that blessed holy thirst, that God give you to

worship Him with, you're trying to satisfy it with television, radio, all the fancy things of the world, and make-ups, and carry on. I believe you should look clean. Don't think I have to...?...you ought to have dirty clothes on. I think you should look the best, but be decent, clean, honorable looking.

Laying out in the backyard, with a little old lawn mower, when a man's coming on the...them little old clothes on, that you oughtn't to even stand before your husband

with. And men come in and permitting such as that. And then deacons in the church, shame on you. No wonder we're gone.

37 Listen, don't you worry about Russia whipping us. It ain't the robin that pecks on the apple that hurts it; it's the worm at the core. Why, our own rottenness is what's killing us. We need...?...of the Lord God. If you want to act like children of God, He will protect His own. You know that's the truth.

Now, that blessed thirst, what made it come? God made you that way? And the devil turns around and said, “This is life. This is life.” But you’re receiving death all the time. You don’t know what pleasure is, till you really get those carnal roots out of your heart and get God in there, where you can fellowship, and worship God, and rejoice, and sing in the Spirit, and wash His feet like a real lady or gentleman, house under control, and your children all obedient.



Life

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William Marrion Branham

