

Life

2

William Marrion Branham



**Take a stand and stand there,
without moving**



William Marrion Branham

Title: 58-0512 — Life

38 A few days ago, down in Ohio, in a court they said that all children had to be sent to college. They want no illiteracy in Ohio. And the Amish people don't send their children to these modern high schools. And they've never had on the record of all the Amish in...?...history, of one case of juvenile delinquency. Let them dress different, and act different,

and be peculiar, and act...But they haven't had no—no juvenile delinquency. Not one case on their records of—of America. They don't send them to them kind of places. And they passed a law that they'd have to go their own high schools and colleges.

And the old mother and father was called in because they didn't send their son.

And the judge said, "You'll either send them, or you'll serve

two years in prison.” I was in Middletown, Ohio at the time it happened.

And the father said, “I refuse to do it, sir. Not for being different, but because that I come to America, thinking that this was freedom of religion (We don’t have no more democracy.)—freedom of religion.

He said, “You’ll either abide by our laws, or you’ll pay—you’ll pay

the penalty like the rest of them would.”

He said, “I refuse to send them.”

Said, “I sentence you and the mother, two years in the penitentiary.”

39 The last flower of democracy faded in that courtroom. The father got up and said, “Very well, I’ll spend it to save my son. I don’t want any of your rock-and-rolls and your nonsense.” And when he

started out, the unjust judge tried to justify himself by saying that, “Remember the Scripture says, ‘Give Caesar what’s Caesars.’”

And he turned around and said, “And to God...?” But it bloomed again just in a few minutes. His whole bench quit the job, and resigned their office. God be blessed for a few real outstanding Americans yet there. What should the Church do? Take a stand and stand there, without moving.



**So this eagle wasn't a
scared**



William Marrion Branham

Title: 58-0512 — Life

40 What's that thirst in you for? To worship God. Oh, David, he wrote the Psalms, the prophecy. He was an outdoor man; he loved the outdoors. Oh, how wonderful it is to love outdoors. How I remember mountain streams and there go hunting, not to kill the game, just to be alone with God, see Him moving in His bushes, and

hear Him in the call of the elk, and the wolf, and all in the bears that squeaking for the...Oh, all in nature, the birds, everything, God's just everywhere.

One day, standing in the Rocky Mountains, I was way high. I was hunting up there with a rancher, and I...There was nobody within, oh, I guess, fifty miles, forty miles anyhow of us, the closest place was way back in behind the Corral Peaks on the...?...pass, many,

many miles. And I ranched in there, many, many times, running the cattle, and so forth, even riding the roundups. So we knowed about all the country. I go there to hunt. So it was early, and the elk hadn't come down yet, while we were hunting, because they were up high. The snows hadn't come.

41 And I...?...he said, "Now, Billy, I'm going to take the—the northern slope of the mountain, and you take the southern—

~ 5 ~

eastern slope, and we'll meet about three days, and if you happen to get a big bull, hang him up, and we'll pack him on the pack horses coming back."

I said, "Okay, Jeff."

We started out to meet at a certain day. I was in the second day, I was way high, because of some real elk tracks, and they were up high yet. And in the fall, late, the storms come over, and rain,

then will snow, and...?...The sun will come and dry it out, and stormy.

And there come a great, sudden gush of wind was coming down with the storm and rain, and I got behind a tree. And I was standing behind the tree just a minute. And the storm went past, and oh, it did blow. And there'd been an old a blow-down there. And after the storm passed, it was cool while it was raining, and icicles was

hanging all over the—the evergreens. You know how it gets, and—and just then the great sun begin to set in the crevices in the west, and a great, like a eye of God began to peek through, and a rainbow formed over the valley. I said, “Oh, God, it’s good to be here.”

Just then I heard the old bull elk bugle, and the herd answered him, the herd being broke up in the time of the storm. My mother’s a

half-Indian, that come off the reservations.

42 And then that began to call, the deep. David said, “Calling to the deep.” The old gray wolf howled, and the mate answered it down in the valley. Oh my, something set my spirit to screaming. I got so happy, I said, “God, it’s so good to be here. I set my rifle down, and around and around the tree I run, screaming as hard as I could, shaking my hands.

If someone would have come in the woods, they'd thought there was a maniac out there. I didn't care; I was worshipping the Lord, just having a glorious time.

After while, I noticed a little old pine squirrel, a little guy about that long, the fussiest thing in the woods. Jumped up on a stump and begin, "Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter," like he was going to cut you to pieces.

I said, “Don’t get so excited, little fellow, I wouldn’t hurt you. Did I make you scared? I’m worshipping the God that created you.” Watch this. And around, and around, and around the tree, I went again. I said, “You ought to do that.”

And I noticed the little fellow, his eyes bulged out almost on his cheek. Wasn’t watching me, but cock his little head, looking around like that. And the storm had forced

a big eagle down in there. That's what he was scared of.

43 The big eagle jumped up on the limb, and I thought, "Now God, why did You stop me from shouting? Now, why did You put that eagle out there before me? Why? I'm here worshipping You. I know You're everywhere, but would You be in that eagle?" And I happened to notice that eagle. He wasn't a scared of me. And I said, "Are you afraid of me?" And that

great big galded eyes looked at me; he wasn't afraid of me.

I said, "Oh, I see God in that eagle." I said, "Because he's not a scared. God's not a scared."

You're afraid; "If I accept my healing, I can't hold out. If I give Christ my heart, I'm afraid somebody will laugh at me." Now, you're not condition yet. You ain't dead enough yet.

44 So this eagle wasn't a scared. I thought, "Why is it you're

not scared?” I noticed him feeling his wings, you know how they scuffle their feathers. I thought, “Oh, that’s it. I see; God’s give you two wings.” And if God give that eagle two wings, and he knowed he could be in that timber ’fore I could get the rifle in my hands. If he could trust his wings like that, what ought a church do that’s filled with the Holy Ghost? Long as you can feel Him around you, know that He’s there, what you

afraid of? You afraid your boss will say, “How’d you get well?”

“Oh...” Don’t be a scared, say, “The Lord God healed me.” Don’t be afraid. And I noticed he got...

45 I said, “You know I can shoot you?” And I grabbed at my rifle. He watched, looked at me again. I noticed he wasn’t afraid of me, but he was getting tired of that little old chipmunk, setting there, “Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter,” just all fuss. So

he got sick and tired of him, he just made a big jump. He made about two flops, and he was plumb out of the timber, and then I wept. He just took his great wings and spread them out like this. He never flopped his wings any more. He just knowed how to set his wings. And every time the wind would come up, he'd ride upon it, ride upon it, until he become just a little spot.

I stood and looked, and the tears running down my cheek. I

said, “Oh God, that’s it. That’s what You wanted me to stop here and sent the storm for. That’s the idea. Just know how to set your wings in the power of God, your wings of faith, and when the Holy Ghost rolls in, ride upon It. Just keep on going; get away from this little old woodchuck chatter, chatter, saying the days of miracle is passed, and there’s no such a thing as Divine healing. Ride over it. God wants to fill that heart.



**The hounds of hell's galloping
after you**



William Marrion Branham

Title: 58-0512 — Life

46 David said, “As the hart thirsts after the water brook, my soul thirsts after Thee O God.” Listen close, I’m closing. David was in the mountains, and being a woodsman or hunter, he knew about the deer. I seen them many times, down in Louisiana, they—they hunt them with dogs. Over in Africa there’s a wild dog. And it’s

very strange, and any deer hunter here knows, if you wound a deer, hurt him, and if he can get to water, you've lost him. As long as he can find water, he can live. But oh, if the dogs would hurt the little fellow. You see—you see them deer standing, and the dogs has the trick of the wolf either. And he slips up real easy. Now, he's technically got two blood fangs right here inside of his mouth. And he grabs the deer just behind the ear where the jugular vein crosses,

he sinks those teeth in, the coyote, the wolf, the wild dog. And when he does, he throws himself. When he does that, I've seen them cut steers throat, coyotes. And he—he's sneaking; you don't know where he's at. And he grabs the deer, and he swings his weight and cuts the jugular vein, and the little deer makes a few drops, and he's gone. Then he's covered over with dogs, and coyotes eating on him, pulling the hide and meat right off his bones.

47 How true that is tonight, with a many little innocent Christian. You little girls, with this little Elvis Presley, rock-and-roll, and Pat Boone, and Arthur Godfrey stuff, the devil to hang it—put that rouge stuff on your face to get the boys to give that (That's wolves, that's what they are. That's true.), to give that whistle. You dress yourselves in little clothes like that, and say, show that little body of yours. Oh honey dear, I've got two little girls at home too. God be

merciful child. You don't realize, honey, that that's the trap of the devil. Don't never dress yourself so a man look at you like that. Keep yourself for your little sweetheart-husband that's coming someday. God will give it to you.

And there the wolves of hell is right after you, and you're coaxing them on. And one day the jugular vein will be cut. You'll be gone. Then you'll stumble a couple of times, you're gone. Innocent, "Oh,

just a little rock-and-roll won't hurt anything." And I noticed our YMCAs are teaching it. What's that "C" in there call for, is that Christ or Cursing? It's a disgrace. She's gone, the whole nation's polluted; it's rotten to the core, because the church let down. It ought to be a standard.

48 The deer... The dog has another technique to grab at the deer. If it misses it's ear, it'll grab it in the side. The hind quarters of

the deer is heavier than the front quarters, and if he can grab him right in the flanks with those teeth, and take a big bite in the deer, if he's not a smart deer, he will—the dog will—in the mid-center of him or the wolf will throw the deer on the ground. If he misses this part, he will catch him in the side. But if the deer's real smart, and jumps quick. It can't slowly jump, it's got to jump fast. And if the little deer will quickly turn sideways, the—the dog will

pull a whole mouthful out. And then if the deer's quick and fast, he will get away.

Listen, sister dear, if you're right on that verge, and the devil has dragged you, jump quick. Don't wait till the next revival. Jump now. If you've had your first rock-and-roll date, don't never go again, jump away from it quick as you can. If you've been dressing like you oughtn't to, dress decent, act

like a lady, a Christian. The hounds of hell's galloping after you.

49 Then when she's grabbed... The little fellow will run as hard as he can, the blood's pouring out, watch here. He's got to find water. They're right behind him. He must find water. If he don't find water, he's gone. Let him find water, and he will live. But he must get to water right quick. And if he can pass over a stream...You hunters know what I mean. He will get his

drink, run over the hill, freshens him up. He will come down and get a drink again, leave the dogs one way or the other, the hunter, either one. Back and forth and cross that river, he can live.

50 But think of David, when he said, “As the hart panteth for the water brook, so my soul thirst after thee, O God.” If that deer don’t get the water, he’s dead. And if you can’t get to Christ, not the church...The devil tries to put a

false thing in you there, tries to make you satisfied, that great thirst in you, by saying, “Yeah, I joined church.” That’s just as almost as bad as doing something else. He tries to... “Oh, I’m a Presbyterian, I’m Pentecostal, I’m Catholic, I’m a Baptist.” That don’t mean one thing to God. You can be any church member and go to hell like a martin to its box.

Jesus said, “Except the man be borned again, he will in no wise enter in.”

“Well, I pay my tithes; I do this.” That’s all right, brother dear.

“Well, I tell you, our church has got the biggest missionary offerings in the country.” That’s very fine. “We got the loveliest church there is in the city, more members.” That’s fine, but that don’t have one thing to do with salvation, not one thing at all. God

don't even recognize it. "Except a man be borned again of the Spirit, and of the water, he will in no wise enter."

51 Intellectual won't help; it's got to come down here to a birth. Join church as much as you want to, good holy churches, that still won't have a thing to do with it. Be baptized face forward, backward, poured, sprinkled, won't...You just go down on a dry sinner and come up a wet one. It don't do one thing

to you but pollute you. You're a twofold child more of hell than you was when you started. Most miserable person in the world, is someone trying to impersonate Christianity, miserable. To live for Christ is a joy. It's wings that you fly over it, and your soul begins to thirst like the deer. "Oh, if I can't find it, I'll die." You'll find it. If you thirst after God like that, you'll find Him. "Oh, my soul longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. I long to see Thy power

like I seen it in Thy sanctuary.” Is your soul thirsting like that tonight?

“Lord Jesus, come to us. Bless us. Do for us like You did for them in the early days. Take the world from me, and let me worship You.” Is your soul thirsting like that? Quickly, there’ll be a spring break up in the inside of you. You’ll live.

52 “Brother Branham,” you say, “I’m just as good as the rest of

them. I don't have to do these things."

You're dying and you don't know it. "As a hart panteth for the water brook, my soul thirst after Thee, O God." You must find water or he died. Ye must find God or you die. "I must see, Lord, or I'll perish."

Oh, how we need Him tonight, in an old fashion God sent revival, where men and women really get right with God. Let us pray:



Life

2

William Marrion Branham

