

# *Mother's Day*



Bro. William Branham

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Message: 59-0510M -  
*Mother's Day*

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28 I love the reading of His blessed Word. So now we shall turn, this morning, in the Book of First Corinthians, and read for a portion of the 15th chapter, beginning with the 1st verse.

*Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto*



*you, which also you have  
received, and  
wherein you stand;*

*By which also you are  
saved, if you keep in  
memory that I preached unto  
you, unless you have believed  
in vain.*

*For I delivered unto you  
first of all that which I also  
received, how that Christ died  
for our sins according to the  
scriptures;*

*And that he was buried,  
and that he rose again the  
third day according to the  
scriptures;*



29 You might say, “Brother Branham, that’s rather an unusual text for a Mother’s Day message.” Well, that’s true. But, you know, God is unusual, and He does things in an unusual way.

30 And I think, the thoughts, of mother. And I have one this morning, by the grace of God, still here on earth with us. And I’m grateful for mother. But beings that we were to have, also, a healing service, and not knowing that I



would be back again tonight, but I thought maybe that we could paint a different type of a picture.



31 Mother is so great. You know, the first one that receives you, in this life, is your mother. No one can touch you, because you're conceived, and she bears you under her heart. And she is the first to know you, and the first to, in this life, to—to hold you. Then, when you're born, she is one of the first hands that touch you and wipes back the tears out of your eyes. She is the first one to pat you and to love you, and

to coo over you, in this life, is your mother. Now, I think that there is not enough honor that we could give to a mother.





32 Mother is first with the child, and she is a great responsibility of what that child will be, will be based upon the way that mother starts that child on the path that it must travel. Mother has the responsibility, from God, to place that child on the right road. And I think that's why mothers has a special little touch.

33 I know of a boy in this city. It think his mother is

~ 10 ~

present now. He's almost my age.



But I don't say this to hurt the mother; because that she has enough hurts, as all mothers. But the boy drinks, and he drinks heavy. And when he gets real drunk, he'll come home and jump in the bed with his mother and put his arms around her. And he's got grandchildren. But there is something about just the pat of a mother, that seems to take a—a different place than anything else can touch; that



~ 12 ~

is, in this life, humanly speaking.



34 You know, a man like Moses, he...If I could credit anything to his character, it was because he had a God-sent mother. You know it was she that had prayed, Jochebed, and had longed for this baby. And when he was born, she was the one who cooed him, and cuddled him and built the ark and placed him in the bulrushes, when her poor heart breaking. Her only little baby, and it was the—the most outstanding

little chump that was in all the world. And how a mother likes any baby! But to see this special little fellow.





35 And then, in her heart, she knew that he was born for a purpose, and then to take him and place him into the very den of crocodiles, out into the river. By faith she did that, knowing that God was able to take care of him; and to summarize the love of a mother, and the action of the character of her faith. For faith does not place itself upon the shifting sands of what it can see; faith rests solemnly upon the unmovable rock of God's

Eternal Word. “For by faith,”  
says the Scripture, “she did  
this.”



36 And faith can take its  
stand on the rock, that the

waves are beating the foundations out, and look straight into the face of death and know that it'll be just in a little bit, but faith can look across the sea to Him that said, "I am the resurrection and Life," and fail to even hear the waves a dashing.

37 That's the kind of faith that Moses' mother had. She taught him and she reared him in the palace of Pharaoh, teaching him that he was born for a purpose, that Jehovah

had answered her prayer. And, she...he could not have had a better teacher. That's what help mold the character that Moses was.





38 I believe it was Abraham Lincoln who once made a statement like this...

39 Now, I'm neither Democrat or Republican, I just...I'm a Christian. For, I think one side could not say anything against the other side; it's all corruption. But, Abraham Lincoln, to my thoughts, was one of the...and was one of the greatest Presidents that this United States ever had;

including Washington, and so forth.



40 For, Abraham Lincoln had a—a bad start. He was poor. He had no background, as far as education, or—or some great something, or money, or something that could have helped him, like Washington did. Washington was a college graduate, and he—he knowed; he was a smart man, a great man, to begin with. But Lincoln was raised in a little log cabin, under the great grounds of Kentucky, and with no floor in

the little old cabin, which sets  
as a memorial here at  
Louisville now.





But, being the great man that he was, and had to learn to write, upon the ground that he plowed, to plant the corn.

41 But I might pass this on to the young people. Do you know Abraham Lincoln never owned a book in his life, until he was after twenty-one years old, but the Bible and the Foxe's book of the martyrs? See, what you read molds the character that you are. No wonder we got a bunch of neurotics today; little

old fiction magazines, and vulgar and nonsense, is placed upon our newsstands. He owned the Bible and the Foxe's book of the martyrs. Look what it made him!



42 But in the face of all that, one day he made a statement like this. He said, “If there could be any good thing found in me, it’s because of a godly mother,” that reared him to serve the Lord.

43 You see, a child listens to its mother; some little touch about that mother, that a child will listen to. When it’s hurt, it’ll go to the mother for consolation before it’ll go to the father. Because, she was first with it, you know. And



there's some gift that God gives a mother, to be that way; I mean a real mother. Now, I believe that mothers are honorable and godly.





44 But I believe, such as Mother Days, like this, is a racket, make a lot of money out of flowers and things. But mother's day should be every day. Not to send her a bunch of flowers on Mother's Day, but to love her and care for her three hundred and sixty-five days and nights, through the year. But, of course, the commercial world has a great hold in things like this, and it—it—it depreciates mother.

“Oh, well, last Mother’s Day I sent her a bunch of flowers.”



45 She would appreciate, a whole lot more, just sit down and talk to her just a little bit, write her a line, pat her on the shoulder, kiss her on the cheek, tell her you love her. It'll go a lot farther than all the flowers that you could buy from the florist. That's true.

46 I believe it was in the Ten Commandments, the late Cecil DeMille, that wrote and put on the screen one of the masterpieces of the movie world.



And before it was put on the scene, or let out, Cecil DeMille called Oral Roberts and Demos Shakarian, and a bunch of the Full Gospel



ministers, and took them into his own studios and showed the four hours of the Ten Commandments, and asked them their opinion of it. God rest his gallant soul!

47 And when I seen it, was looking at it, and a little remark always stuck to me. If many of you who did see it, it was when the daughter of Pharaoh...after Moses had found out that he was a—a Hebrew, and he had decided to go dwell with his

people. And there sat his once beautiful mother, faded out, with her gray hair and her wrinkled face, sitting in old armchair; a typical mother. And the Pharaoh's daughter came in. And he said, "Whose son am I, anyhow?"



48 And when it was brought to light, that Jochebed was his real mother. The daughter of Pharaoh, with her paint and so forth, and all fixed up; she said, “But, look! He may be your son, but,” she said, “I give him wealth and splendor. You could have give him nothing but the slime pits.”

49 But the aged gray-headed mother said, “But I give him life.” That makes the difference. “I gave him life.”

God gave him Eternal Life.  
How true, mother!





50 Sometimes people say to me, mostly always in my campaigns, I'm "constantly preaching upon the resurrection." And I read a text this morning, the 15th chapter and the 4th verse of First Corinthians, on the resurrection.

51 But, you see, the way they place mother today, is a pot of flowers sitting by an old lady, who is old and can't get up, maybe, and feeble, and gray-headed, and wrinkled,

and setting in an armchair. That's true enough. But I want to take my theme and paint you another picture of what mother is.



52 Someone said, “You preach too much on the resurrection. Most every Message has got something about the resurrection.”

53 Why, sure. It's the—it's the cardinal resting place of the Gospel. No matter what He did, if He did not rise again from the dead, then all of it was in vain. It, to me, proves that He was God. Proves every claim He made; the resurrection! And it also is the place of the resting of the

soul. It's the starting point. It's  
the crowning of our  
consolation.





54 And when we see that He rose from the dead, it places us, with the Gospel armor, at the battle front, to take the place, to fight. For, we know He said, “He that will lose his life for My sake shall find it again.”

55 And I think it's the great coronation of the Full Gospel, is the resurrection, and its Divine promises, and the consolation that it gives those who are trusting in it. For, it promises the great union of

our uniting together again. It promises, and the—the fading away of all sin. It promises the fading away of all deformities, all the sufferings that we have did in this, had to go through with, in this life. It promises, and the vanishing of its all. It promises that even death will lose its hold, and we'll rise in the likeness of Jesus. So, to my opinion, the resurrection is the greatest of all the promises in the things

of the Scripture. There is  
where it sealed it.



56 And the last Easter,  
when I was preaching on the  
five things of:

Living, He loved me; dying,  
He saved me;

Buried, He carried my sins  
far away;

But, rising, He justified  
freely forever.

57 That's the Day for me,  
that great Day of days! And to  
see what it'll mean, to all of  
us, in the resurrection, as we  
labor and wait for that blessed  
Day of days!

58 It gives us the promise  
that someday that these old,



weakening, feebled, gray-headed, broke-down mothers will be changed. Not only will mother sit there, by herself, but all of her family with her.



59 And what a day that will be! What a time it will be, when we look upon the faces of those who we have loved so well! What a difference on that morning, when we shall see our loved ones, and—and to watch what they'll be then! All the afflictions will be taken away. All the marks of suffering will be done. No more pale cheeks of death. No more tears from the eyes. The resurrection promises all of this.



There'll be no more funerals. No more patting the baby on the cheek, that's like a piece of stone; where the undertaker has embalmed, and pushed out and put paint on, and so forth, to look natural. It'll never be needed again, there.

60 Then I think of when we see them standing yonder, our loved ones, our mothers, our kindreds, all our friends; and to see them in their immortal bodies, their celestial bodies;



watching their character, seeing how they conduct themselves with that sweetness and quietness, no more nervousness or frustrations. To see them then standing in the likeness of the Lord Jesus, that'll be a wonderful day.

61 And each one of us, in our minds, are anticipating and longing for that hour of consolation, when we meet them. Each one is thinking of their loved one, maybe their

mother that's gone on. And what a day it will be, when you see her again! And to dad, and to brother, and to the...all the loved ones, what a day it will be!



62 I'm thinking, too, right now. I'm thinking of my family, what it will mean for me at that Day.

63 I'm thinking that, on that resurrection morning, perhaps the first one will come to meet me will be my little Sharon. No, she won't be shaking. That devil can't enter that place. No meningitis can ever touch that Land. She won't be waving good-bye to me. Those little, blue eyes will be dancing as she throws her

arms forth and screams,  
“Daddy!” I’ll be glad to see  
her, to know that she’ll never  
die again; to know that it’s all  
over, why I preach  
resurrection so hard.

64 Then I’ll see her  
mother, the mother of Billy,  
my boy. And I have lots of  
memories right there that  
linger on. I remember when I  
was taking her up; or Mr.  
Combs, up here, was taking  
her for the last ride, and I was  
following her, in a car. As we



went down Seventh Street,  
right there; Billy, eighteen  
months old.



65 How that they would bring him out to the street, and let her see him. And she would lay and weep, and look at her baby, but she couldn't get near him.

66 And then on the road down, the undertaker come along and went down the—the—the Seventh Street. Mama here was taking care of him at the time. And he was standing out in the yard, with a little bitty pair of short pants, and a little red

cap pulled sideways on his head.



And when that mother, laying on that cot, in the back of that ambulance, watching me, when she seen her baby standing in the yard, knowing she was taking her final ride; she raised from the cot and screamed, and throwed out her bony hand, to embrace her baby in the yard. But she couldn't have him.

67 Oh, it'll be a joy to see her on that day. No, she won't have bony hands, neither will



them cheeks be sunk in. But she'll stand in the celestial beauty of a queen of Heaven, and of mother. Her black eyes, as black as ravens wings, will be dancing with joy. She won't be all stooped over; where, that devil of TB will never enter that Land. But, immortal, will stand in His likeness.

68 I suppose, then, next coming to meet me will be Edward, who we called "Humpy," for a short name. He

was the first of the big nine-link chain, chain of the Branham family.



He was the first link to break; the one next to me. I'll see Edward come running to me. Yet, he died as a boy, nineteen years old. And when I take him by his hand, I'm sure we'll have lots of things to talk about, of boyhood, 'cause we were chums. We stuck together. He let me wear his suit, and—and—and things, like real brothers did. It'll be a pleasure to see him again.

69 And I'll hear him say something like this, "Did you get my word, Bill? You were working on a cattle ranch, at the time of my going from the earth. But in the hospital, I sent word back, 'Tell Bill everything is all right.'"

I'll be glad to say, "Yes, I got your word, out on the prairie."

70 Then, I suppose, next will come my dad. He was the next link to go, and...No.





71 I think Charles was the next link, a younger brother. He had an automobile accident when just a little boy. He always drug his right leg, as he walked. But, you know, when I see him, he won't be dragging that leg. It'll be all done away with, will stand in the splendor of a young man.

72 And he'll say to me, something like this, as he smiles. He'll say, "Yes, Bill, there is no accidents up

here. And I remember the night before I was taken in the automobile accident, you talked to me, standing in the little archway of our little humble home,” and I’m looking on the top of, right now. “You talked to me about the Lord, just a few hours before going. And you were in the pulpit preaching when I left.”

73 Then will come dad. Oh, I can see him. Though he give me many hard whippings,

just exactly what I needed, but I'll see that shock of black wavy hair, more brilliant than ever, at that day. And he'll look at me, and say, "My boy, you know, Daddy will never get up from the table here, anymore, hungry, to let his children eat, for here we have plenty. There is never a want here."

74 To see him when he would work, and at fifty or seventy-five cents a day, and then get up from the table so



the children could eat, go  
back to work again.



And he worked so hard till  
his shirt would sunburn to his

back, and mom would cut it loose with a scissors.

75 I'll hear him say something like this, "Bill, you remember that night you and Brother George come to pray for me when I was going? You know, I told mama that there were two white Angels standing at the bed, and a red angel at the foot. And the red angel was trying to get me, but the white Angel stood between. They finally packed me Home."





76 Then, also, the next in the link to go, or did go, will come Howard. I'll see Howard; as we chummed together across the lands, everywhere; called to be a minister; great personality, but his associates kept him back. Last talk that I had with him, he said, "When I go, Bill..."

77 I—I saw him going, by a vision, about four years before he went. Told him I



seen Pop mark his grave and  
say that was the next.



78 And he said, “There’s one thing I want you to do for me.” He said, “I’ve muddled up my life. I’ve been married and everything. I—I don’t know what’s happened.”

I said, “Do you believe Him, Howard?”

79 He said, “With all that’s in me, I believe Him.” In about two or three days before he left, he made his peace with God, with Brother Neville and them there. And he said, “There’s one thing I want you

to do. When I go, Bill, have them to sing for me, *'He'll Understand, And Say, "Well Done."*'''



80 I believe, before I shake Howard's hand, I'll hear him stop and look at me, and say, "Bill, He understood."

81 After that, will come Brother Seward, Brother Frank Broy, Brother George DeArk. Oh, the resurrection means a lot to me. I'm anticipating on that great crowning hour. And as the Light begins to spread, "We'll know as we are known." We'll understand, and—and we'll remember our acquaintance



and the—the ones that's been there.

82 And—and many, there'll be many there that we didn't even think would be there. For, you know, it's at that time, that I believe that "the bread that we have cast upon the human, troubled waters, will return to us on that Day." When we see the effects of our testimony, on people that we didn't understand their action

towards It, will probably be there. What a Day that will be!



83 And then, also, the seeds that we sowed, not

even thinking that what they would do, but here they are. They brought forth precious fruits, and we'll see them on that Day, the wayward loved ones and relatives.

84 And I think of the thousands that I've seen converted, yes, into the millions now, a going, and what their ministry was. Oh, it'll take more than a resurrection. It'll take a Eternity, to go around,

shaking hands and finding out  
things that I don't know now.



85 There will be those old  
gray-headed mothers, that  
you're wearing those white



flowers for today, that'll see you, and they'll be beautiful. Not represented by a pot of flowers, or some picture of an old gray-headed person; but in the likeness and beauty of the resurrection, they'll stand in the likeness of Christ, their celestial bodies, young and beautiful forever. Sure, that's the rest. That's the mother's Day that I'm waiting for. That's the coronation. Not the carnation on the lapel, but the

coronation of the soul, for God  
has changed her!



86 I think of my own  
mother, old and feeble, and

shaking with palsy. She'll not be doing that that Day. It'll be different then. And that great Light begins to spread on, as we begin to look around, and the great circle will be getting greater and greater and greater. It's all just reflecting the approach of Jesus. "And after a while," as the song said, "and I shall see Jesus at last."

He will be waiting for me,  
Jesus so kind and true,



On His beautiful Throne,  
He'll welcome me Home  
After this day is through.





87 Then as we see Him, and we will not be as we are now. We'll—we'll know how to love Him more. We'll not stand back with a little fear; because, we'll be like Him. Well, He'll be more of a relative to us than He is now. We'll understand Him better. Because, we're so far away, in the mortal bodies; then we'll have a body like His glorious body. We'll know how to worship Him. And when we see what the Presence of His

Being has done to us, changed us; the old back young, all the deformed straightened out. Oh! We'll understand then why His power healed us.

88 The questions that's been in our minds, "How can He do it? What would *this*?" Somehow, mysteriously, they'll all fade away. The knots that's been tied in the back of our minds, "Will it be this? How could it be?" Somehow, or another,

majestic fingers will just untangle, unravel those knots, and it'll all fade into the one big crown of love.



89 Then we shall see Him.  
Then we shall be like Him.  
Then we shall worship  
Him. Then we shall see  
mother as God wants her.

Mother would not be  
complete There without her  
family.

90 Cause, the greatest  
time of all of her life is to see  
the children around the  
table, and all of them healthy  
and happy; and—and—and to  
see her pour the coffee, or  
whatever she does, and fixes



supper, and her and dad sit down. Why, that's the happiest time in mama's life, see her kiddies all at home.

91 Now, don't miss, don't be missing that Day. Let the great chain of your family be hooked together, link by link. Let every spoke be in the wheel. Then when we sit down with our families and groups, across the canopies of Eternity, what a Day that will be! Then we'll understand.

92 It was Him who promised this, in Revelations 1, where It said, that, “A sharp two-edged sword went out of His mouth.” “He was called the Word of God.” And it was from that same lips, that said, “I am He that is alive, that was dead; and I’m alive for evermore.” From those same lips, in Saint John 6, thirty-...it says this, that, “I’ll lose nothing, but I’ll raise it up again at the last days.” Was Him that made the promise;

those same precious  
lips. He's the One Who saves  
us, Who heals us, Who  
redeemed us, and Who will  
raise us up at the last day.



93 If you are that little weak link that has separated this great family reunion at that Day, may the God of Heaven, this morning, somehow in a mysterious way, unravel those little knots that's tied in your mind, and reveal to you the love that He has for you, and may you come sweetly to serve Him.

While we think of these things, let us pray.

94 Just before we pray, and you have your heads



bowed, I'm going to ask you. Would you like to, on this Mother's Day, to rededicate your lives anew to Him, looking forward for that resurrection? Would you raise your hands to Him? While everyone...God bless you.

95 Would there be a sinner who is present now, would say, "O God, I've not yet hooked myself into that link. I am the missing one that would be not there when mother goes to looking around

through Glory. I'll not be there, for I've never yet made my peace with God. I have not the hope of Eternal Life in me. But today I—I want to do that"? Would you raise your hand, say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham, at this time. I want to be remembered in prayer, for I have loved ones across the sea, the sea of Life, and I want to meet them"? Raise your hands.



96 Or someone who is backslid, and would want to come back on this day, and say, “Lord, I reconsecrate myself again to You; coming to renew my covenant with You,” would you raise your hands?

97 Our Heavenly Father, as it is drawing, this day will make one day closer to that great event. And we have just been forced, each year, to see this represented.





98 As the people used to go up to Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost, and for the cleansing of the tabernacle and the sanctuary, and—and the offering of the sin offering; each year they was reminded, when that lamb died out there, that there would come a time that the Lamb of God would die, to divorce sin. Each time that little fellow blatted, and the blood sprinkled over their hands, they was reminded

that there would be a time  
when there would be the  
Lamb of God, that would  
cry, “Eli, lama...? Eli,  
lama...?” at the cross.



I pray, God, that as we look today and see that...

99 A few weeks ago, before leaving in Your service, for California, this Indiana laid bare and dead, and there was no life, seemingly. The flowers that died last fall. The leaves had gone off the trees. And the sap in the trees had gone to the roots, and everything was dead.

100 But there was a season when the sun begin to shine in a different way. The



same sun that had shined through the winter, but the elements had changed and it shined differently. And by the shining of the sun, with the elements, life sprung up, everywhere. The leaves come back to the trees. The leave...The life that had left the leaf, and the leaf dropped off, but the life went in the ground; it came back in new beauty, in the splendor of youth. The flower that had give up its—its fragrance, that

had give up its radiant beauty  
and fallen into the earth; born,  
burst forth again in its youth,  
with a new fragrance.

What are we reminded of,  
Lord, at these hours?



101 And the world become  
from a bleak, blatted  
desert, unto a paradise of  
beauty, and the bees and the  
birds singing, and everything  
light-hearted, and the trees  
a—a frolicking in the winds of  
the warm spring  
breeze. Warmth and joy was  
on the earth again, because of  
the sun, s-u-n.

102 But some day the S-o-  
n is coming with healing in His  
wings, and those little lives  
that's hid like the sap in the

tree, in the ground, like the—  
the life that's in the seed of  
the flower, it'll bring it forth to  
newness again, never to  
fade. Oh, how we thank You  
for this!





103 And there was many, many hands that went up this morning, for they know that beyond the veil there, there is something. They long to see mother. They long to see their loved ones and their acquaintance, and find out all these mysteries, how they come here, and down through the time. It all lays behind the hidden veil. And some day You're coming. And they raised their hands; they—they—they—they want to be

sure, Lord. They're renewing themselves again, and so am I. Now help us, Lord. Renew our faith and our strength.



104 And as we feel the approaching of the Lord. And the last forty years, there broke forth a new pentecost upon the earth. The Spirit begin to reveal things. And here we are at the last sign, just before the Coming. We know the approaching of the Lord is close. And we see the sick being made well from their sickness, which has been mysterious to the world, for two thousand years, since the apostles. But here it is

appearing again, prophets arising, Angels are appearing, signs and wonders. What is it? The resurrection is drawing nigh. The S-o-n is coming.

105 Let us be ready, Lord. Let us embrace every Divine promise; don't think about these little knots that's been accumulated by science, and so forth, that it can't happen. Let them begin to unravel, this morning, by the immortal...[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]...as He vibrates



across the Words of God's Bible, like a well-tuned instrument, to sing the rhythm, "I am He that was dead, and is alive for evermore." "A little while, and the world seeth Me no more; yet ye shall see Me." "For I will be with you, even in you, to the end of the world." "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I'll pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; signs and wonders; the old men will dream dreams, and

the young men shall see visions,” the sign of the latter rain and the end time. Let it be felt among us, this morning, Lord, and may our faith be secured. For we ask it in Jesus’ Name. Amen.

*59-0510 M - Mother's Day*

*Rev. William Marrion Branham*

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