

My Life Story

1



WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM

I could not say I was any good (I was determined to do it), but it's God, grace, amazing grace that kept me from doing those things. I wanted to do them, myself, but He just wouldn't let me do it.

William Marrion Branham

Title: 59-0419A — My Life Story

79 Then I remember coming on up. I got to be a young man. (I'll hurry to make it within the next little bit.) When I got to be a young man I had ideas like all young men. I...going to school, I'd found them little girls. You know, I was real bashful, you know. And I—I finally got me a little girlfriend. And like all little boys, about fifteen years old, I guess. And—and so, oh, she was

pretty. My, she had eyes like a dove, and she had teeth like pearl, and a neck like a swan, and she—she was really pretty.

80 And another little boy, he...we were buddies, so he got his daddy's old model-T Ford, and we got a date with our girls. And we was going to take them out, riding. We got enough to buy two gallons of gasoline. We had to jack the back wheel up to crank it. I don't know whether you ever remember that or not,

you know, to crank it. But we—we was going along pretty good.

81 And so I had a few nickels in my pocket, and we stopped at a little place and got...you could get a ham sandwich for a nickel. And so, oh, I was rich, I could buy four of them! See? And after we had eat the sandwiches and drank the Coke, I started taking the bottles back. And to my surprise, when I come out, (women had just start falling from grace at that time, or from

womanhood) my little dove was smoking a cigarette.

82 Well, I've always had my opinion of a woman that would smoke a cigarette, and I haven't changed it one bit from that time on. That's right. It's the lowest thing she can do. And that's exactly right. And I—I thought I...Now, the cigarette company could get after me for this, but, I'm telling you, that's just a stunt of the devil. It's the biggest killer and sabotage this nation's got.

I'd rather my boy be a drunkard than to be a cigarette smoker. That's the truth. I'd rather see my wife laying on the floor, drunk, than to see her with a cigarette. That's how...

83 Now, this Spirit of God that's with me, if That is the Spirit of God (as you might question), you smoking cigarettes has got a slim chance when you get there, 'cause that just...every time. You notice it on the platform, how He condemns it. It's a horrible thing.

Keep away from it. Ladies, if you have been guilty of that, please, in the Name of Christ, get away from it! It breaks you. It'll kill you. It'll...It's a—it's a cancer by the carloads.

84 The doctors try to warn you. And then how they can sell you that stuff! If you'd go down to the drug store and say, "Buy...I want to buy fifty-cents worth of cancer." Why, they'd come lock them up. But when you buy fifty-cents worth of cigarettes, you're

buying the same thing. Doctors say so. Oh, this money-mad nation. It's too bad. It's a killer. It's been proved.

85 Well, when I seen that pretty little girl just acting smart, this cigarette in her hand, that liked to killed me, 'cause I really thought I loved her. And I thought, "Well..."

86 Now, I'm called a "woman-hater," you know that, because I'm always kind of against women, but not against you

Sisters. I'm just against the way modern women act. That's right. Good women should be packed along.

87 But I can remember when my father's still up there running, I had to be out there with water and stuff, see young ladies that wasn't over seventeen, eighteen years old, up there with men my age now, drunk. And they'd have to sober them up and give them black coffee, to get home to cook their husband's supper. Oh,

something like that, I said, “I...” This was my remark then, “They’re not worth a good clean bullet to kill them with it.” That’s right. And I hated women. That’s right. And I just have to watch every move now, to keep from still thinking the same thing.

88 So, but now, a good woman is a jewel in a man’s crown. She should be honored. She...My mother’s a woman, my wife is, and they’re lovely. And I’ve got thousands of Christian

sisters who I highly respect. But if—if they can respect what God made them, a motherhood and a real queen, that's all right. She's one of the best things that God could give a man, was a wife. Besides salvation, a wife is the best thing if she is a good wife. But if she isn't, Solomon said, "A good woman is a jewel in a man's crown, but a—an ornery one or no-good one is water in his blood." And that's right, it's the worst thing could happen. So a good woman...If you've got a

good wife, brother, you ought to respect her with the highest. That's right, you should do that. A real woman! And, children, if you've got a real mother that stays home and tries to take care of you, keeping your clothes clean, sends you to school, teaching you about Jesus, you should honor that sweet old mother with all that's in you. You should respect that woman, yes, sir, because she's a real mother.

89 They talk about the illiteracy of Kentucky mountains. You see it in this here dogpatch stuff. Some of them old mammies out there could come here to Hollywood and teach you modern mothers how to raise your kids. You let her kid come in one night with her hair all messed up, and lips...slips, (what do you call that?) make-up stuff they put on their face, and her dress all squeezed to one side, and been out all night, drunk, brother, she'd get one of them

limbs off the top of that hickory tree and she'd never go out no more. I tell you, she'd...And if you had a little more of that, you'd have a better Hollywood around here, and a better nation. That's right. It's true. "Just try to be modern," that—that's one of the tricks of the devil.

90 Now, this little girl, when I looked at her, my heart just bled. And I thought, "Poor little fellow."

And she said, "Oh, you want a cigarette, Billy?"

I said, “No, ma’am.” I said, “I don’t smoke.”

91 She said, “Now, you said you didn’t dance.” They wanted to go to a dance and I wouldn’t do it. So they said there was a dance down there, what they called Sycamore Gardens.

And I said, “No, I don’t dance.”

92 She said, “Now, you don’t dance, you don’t smoke, you don’t drink. How do you have any fun?”

93 I said, “Well, I like to fish and I like to hunt.” That didn’t interest her.

So she said, “Take this cigarette.”

And I said, “No, ma’am, thank you. I don’t smoke.”

94 And I was standing on the fender. They had a running board on the old Fords, you remember, and I was standing on that fender, sitting in the back seat, she and I. And she said, “You mean you won’t smoke a

cigarette?” Said, “And we girls has got more nerve than you have.”

I said, “No, ma’am, I don’t believe I want to do it.”

95 She said, “Why, you big sissy!” Oh, my! I wanted to be big bad Bill, so I—I sure didn’t want nothing sissy. See, I wanted to be a prize fighter, that was my idea of life. So I said...“Sissy! Sissy!”

96 I couldn’t stand that, so I said, “Give it to me!” My hand

out, I said, “I’ll show her whether I’m sissy or not.” Got that cigarette out and started to strike the match. Now, I know you’re...Now, I’m not responsible for what you think, I’m just responsible for telling the truth. When I started to strike that cigarette, just as much determined to smoke it as I am to pick up this Bible, see, I heard something going, “Whooooosssh!” I tried again, I couldn’t get it to my mouth. And I got to crying, I throwed the thing

down. They got to laughing at me. And I walked home, went up through the field, set down out there, crying. And—and it was a terrible life.

97 Remember one day Dad was going down to the river with the boys. My brother and I, we had to take a boat and go up and down the river, hunting bottles to put the whiskey in. We got a nickel a dozen for them, to pick them up along the river. And Dad was with me, and he had one of

those little flat...I believe they was about a half pint bottles. And there was a tree had blowed down, and Dad...And this man was with him, Mr. Dornbush. I had his...He had a nice boat, and I wanted to find favor with him 'cause I wanted to use that boat. It had a good rudder and mine didn't have no rudder at all. We had just old boards to paddle with. And if he'd let me use that boat...So, he done welding and he made the stills for Dad. So he...They throwed their leg up

across that tree, and Dad reached in his back pocket and pulled out a little flat bottle of whiskey, handed it to him and he took a drink, hand it back to Dad and he taken a drink, and he set it down on a little sucker on the side of the tree that went out. And Mr. Dornbush picked it up, said, “Here you are, Billy.”

I said, “Thank you, I don’t drink.”

98 He said, “A Branham, and don’t drink?” Every one died with

their boots on, nearly. And he said, “A Branham, and don’t drink?”

I said, “No, sir.”

“No,” Dad said, “I raised one sissy.”

99 My daddy calling me a sissy! I said, “Hand me that bottle!” And I pulled that stopper out of the top of it, determined to drink it, and when I started to turn it up, “Whooooosssh!” I handed the bottle back and took off down through the field as

hard as I could, crying. Something wouldn't let me do it. See? I could not say I was any good (I was determined to do it), but it's God, grace, amazing grace that kept me from doing those things. I wanted to do them, myself, but He just wouldn't let me do it.

59-0419A — My Life Story

**And God, by His mercy and
His goodness, we was the
happiest little couple could
be on the earth**



William Marrion Branham

Title: 59-0419A — My Life Story

100 Later on I found a girl when I was about twenty-two years old, she was a darling. She was a girl that went to church, German Lutheran. Her name was Brumbach, B-r-u-m-b-a-c-h, come from the name of Brumbaugh. And she was a nice girl. She didn't smoke or drink, or—or she didn't dance or anything, a nice girl. I went with

her for a little while, and I'd...Then, about twenty-two, I made enough money till I bought me an old Ford, and I...we'd go out on dates together. And so, that time, there was no Lutheran church close, they had moved from Howard Park up there.

101 And so they was...a minister, the one that ordained me in the Missionary Baptist church, Doctor Roy Davis. Sister Upshaw, the very one that sent Brother Upshaw over to me, or

talked to him about me, Doctor Roy Davis. And so he was preaching, and had the First Baptist church, or the—the...I don't believe it was the First Baptist church, either, it was the Mission-...called the Missionary Baptist church at Jeffersonville. And he was preaching at the place at that time, and we would go to church at night, so...and we'd come back. And I never did join church, but I just liked to go with her. Because the main

thought was “going with her,” I just might as well be honest.

102 So then going with her, and one day I...She was out of a nice family. And I begin to think, “You know, you know, I oughtn’t to take that girl’s time. It isn’t—it isn’t right, because she’s a nice girl, and I’m poor and—and I...” My daddy had broke down in health, and I—I...There wasn’t no way for me to make a living for a girl like that, who had been used

to a nice home and rugs on the floor.

103 I remember the first rug I ever seen, I didn't know what it was. I walked around the side. I thought it was the prettiest thing I ever seen in my life. "How would they put something like that on the floor?" It was the first rug I had ever seen. It was—it was one of these...I believe it's called "matting rugs." I may have that wrong. Some kind of like "wicker" or something that's

laced together, and laying on the floor. Pretty green and red, and big rose worked in the middle of it, you know. It was a pretty thing.

104 And so I remember I—I made up my mind that I either had to ask her to marry me, or I must get away and let some good man marry her, somebody that would be good to her, could make her a living and could be kind to her. I could be kind to her, but I—I—I was only making twenty cents an hour. So I

couldn't make too much of a living for her. And I...With all the family we had to take care of, and Dad broke down in health, and I had to take care of all them, so I was having a pretty rough time.

105 So I thought, "Well, the only thing for me to do is tell her that I—I...she...I—I just won't be back, because I thought too much of her to wreck her life and to let her fool along with me." And then I thought, "If somebody

could get a hold of her and marry her, make a lovely home. And maybe if I couldn't have her, I could—I could know that she was happy.”

106 And so I thought, “But I—I just—I just can't give her up!” And I—I was in an awful shape. And day after day I'd think about it. So I was too bashful to ask her to marry me. Every night I'd make up my mind, “I'm going to ask her.” And, when I, uh, what is that, butterflies, or something

you get in your...? All you brethren out there probably had the same experience along that. And a real funny feeling, my face would get hot. I—I didn't know. I couldn't ask her.

107 So I guess you wonder how I ever got married. You know what? I wrote her a letter and asked her. And so her...Now, it wasn't "dear Miss," it was a little more (you know) on the love side than that. It was just

not a—an agreement, it was...I—I wrote it up, best I could.

108 And I was a little afraid of her mother. Her mother was...she was kind of rough. And, but her father was a gentle old Dutchman, just a fine old fellow. He was an organizer of the brotherhood, the trainmen, on the railroad, making about five hundred dollars a month in them times. And me making twenty cents an hour, to marry his daughter. Uh! I knowed that

would never work. And her mother was very...Now, she's a nice lady. And she—she was kind of one of these high societies, you know, and prissy like, you know, and so she didn't have much use for me anyhow. I was just an old plain sassafras country boy, and she thought Hope ought to go with a little better class of boy, and I—I—I think she was right. And so...But I—I didn't think it then.

109 So I thought, “Well, now, I don’t know how. I—I can’t ask her daddy, and I—I’m sure not going to ask her mother. And so I got to ask her first.” So I wrote me a letter. And that morning on the road to work, I dropped it in the mailbox. The mail...We was going to church Wednesday night, and that was on Monday morning. I tried all day Sunday to tell her that I wanted to get married, and I just couldn’t get up enough nerve.

110 So then I dropped it in the mailbox. And on at work that day I happened to think, “What if her mother got a hold of that letter?” Oh, my! Then I knowed I was ruined if—if she ever got a hold of it, ’cause she didn’t care too much about me. Well, I was just sweating it out.

111 And that Wednesday night when I come, oh, my, I thought, “How am I going to go up there? If her mother got a hold of that letter she’ll really

work me over, so I hope she got it.” I addressed it to “Hope.” That was her name, Hope. And so I said, “I’ll just write it out here to Hope.” And so...And I thought maybe she might have not have got a hold of it.

112 So I knowed better than to stop outside and blow the horn for her to come out. Oh, my! And any boy that hasn’t got nerve enough to walk up to the house and knock on the door and ask for the girl, ain’t got no

business being out with her anyhow. That's exactly right. That's so silly. That's cheap.

113 And so I stopped my old Ford, you know, and I had it all shined up. And so I went up and knocked at the door. Mercy, her mother come to the door! I couldn't hardly catch my breath, I said, "How—how—how do you do, Mrs. Brumbach?" Yeah.

114 She said, "How do you do, William."

I thought, "Uh-oh, 'William'!"

And—and she said, “Will you step in?”

115 I said, “Thank you.” I stepped inside the door. I said, “Is Hope just about ready?”

116 And just then here come Hope skipping through the house, just a girl about sixteen. And she said, “Hi, Billy!”

117 And I said, “Hi, Hope.” And I said, “You about ready for church?”

She said, “Just in a minute.”

118 I thought, “Oh, my! She never got it. She never got it. Good, good, good. Hope never got it either, so it’ll be all right, ’cause she’d have named it to me.” So I felt pretty fair.

119 And then when I got down at church, I happened to think, “What if she did get it?” See? And I couldn’t hear what Doctor Davis was saying. I look over at her, and I thought, “If maybe she’s just holding it back, and she’s really going to tell me

off when I get out of here, for asking her that.” And I couldn’t hear what Brother Davis was saying. And—and I look over at her, and I thought, “My, I hate to give her up, but...And I—I...the showdown’s sure to come.”

120 So after church we started walking down the street together, going home, and—and so we walked to the old Ford. And so all along the moon was shining bright, you know, I look over and she was pretty. Boy, I

look at her, and I thought, “My, how I would like to have her, but guess I can’t.”

121 And so I walked on a little farther, you know, and I’d look up at her again. I said, “How—how you feeling tonight?”

She said, “Oh, I’m all right.”

122 And we stopped the old Ford down and we started to get out, you know, around the side, walk around the corner and go to her house. And I was walking up to the door with her. I thought,

“You know, she probably never got the letter, so I just might as well forget it. I’ll have another week of grace anyhow.” So I got to feeling pretty good.

She said, “Billy?”

I said, “Yeah.”

She said, “I got your letter.”
Oh, my!

I said, “You did?”

123 She said, “Uh-huh.” Well, she just kept walking on, never said another word.

124 I thought, “Woman, tell me something. Run me away or tell me what you think about it.” And I said, “Did you—did you read it?”

She said, “Uh-huh.”

125 My, you know how a woman can keep you in suspense. Oh, I—I didn’t mean it just that way, you see. See? But, anyhow, you know, I—I thought, “Why don’t you say something?” See, and I kept going on. I said, “Did you read it all?”

And she...[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] “Uh-huh.”

126 So we was almost to the door, and I thought, “Boy, don’t get me on the porch, ’cause I might not be able to outrun them, so you tell me now.” And so I kept waiting.

127 And she said, “Billy, I would love to do that.” She said, “I love you.” God bless her soul now, she’s in Glory. She said, “I love you.” Said, “I think we ought

to tell our parent...the parents about it. Don't you think so?"

128 And I said, "Honey, listen, let's start this out with a fifty-fifty proposition." I said, "I'll tell your daddy if you'll tell your mother." Rooting the worse part off on her, to begin with.

She said, "All right, if you'll tell Daddy first."

I said, "All right, I'll tell him Sunday night."

129 And so Sunday night come, I brought her home from church and I...She kept looking at me. And I looked, and it was nine-thirty, it was time for me to get going. So Charlie was sitting at his desk, typing away. And Mrs. Brumbach sitting over the corner, doing some kind of a crocheting, you know, or them little hoops you put over things, you know. I don't know what you call it. And so she was doing some of that kind of stuff. And Hope kept looking at me, and

she'd frown at me, you know, motion to her daddy. And I...Oh, my! I thought, "What if he says, 'No'?" So I started out to the door, I said, "Well, I guess I'd better go."

130 And I walked to the door, and—and she started over to the door with me. She'd always come to the door and tell me "good night." So I started to the door, and she said, "Aren't you going to tell him?"

131 And I said, “Huh!” I said, “I’m sure trying to, but I—I—I don’t know how I’m a-going to do it.”

132 And she said, “I’ll just go back and you call him out.” So she walked back and left me standing there.

And I said, “Charlie.”

He turned around and said, “Yeah, Bill?”

I said, “Could I talk to you just a minute?”

133 He said, “Sure.” He turned around from his desk. Mrs. Brumbach looked at him, looked over at Hope, and looked at me.

And I said, “Would you come out on the porch?”

And he said, “Yes, I’ll come out.” So he walked out on the porch.

I said, “Sure is a pretty night, isn’t it?”

And he said, “Yes, it is.”

I said, "Sure been warm."

"Certainly has," he looked at me.

134 I said, "I've been working so hard," I said, "you know, even my hands is getting callouses."

He said, "You can have her, Bill." Oh, my! "You can have her."

135 I thought, "Oh, that's better." I said, "You really mean it, Charlie?" He said...I said, "Charlie, look, I know that she's

your daughter, and you got money.”

136 And he reached over and got me by the hand. He said, “Bill, listen, money ain’t all things that’s in human life.” He said...

137 I said, “Charlie, I—I only make twenty cents an hour, but I love her and she loves me. And I promise you, Charlie, that I’ll work till these...the callouses wear off of my hands, to make her a living. I’ll be just as true to her as I could be.”

138 He said, “I believe that, Bill.” He said, “Listen, Bill, I want to tell you.” Said, “You know, happiness, don’t altogether take money to be happy.” Said, “Just be good to her. And I know you will.”

I said, “Thank you, Charlie. I sure will do that.”

139 Then it was her time to tell Mama. Don’t know how she got by, but we got married.

140 So, when we got married, we didn’t have nothing, nothing

go housekeeping. I think we had two or three dollars. So we rented a house, it cost us four dollars a month. It was a little, old two-room place. And someone give us an old folding bed. I wonder if anybody ever seen an old folding bed? And they gave us that. And I went down to Sears and Roebucks and got a little table with four chairs, and it—it wasn't painted, you know, and we got that on time. And so then I went over to Mr. Weber, a junk dealer, and bought a

cooking stove. I paid seventy-five cents for it, and a dollar and something for grates to go in it. We set up housekeeping. I remember taking and painting a shamrock on the chairs, when I painted them. And, oh, we were happy, though. We had one another, so that was all necessary. And God, by His mercy and His goodness, we was the happiest little couple could be on the earth.

141 I found this, that happiness does not consist of how much of the world's goods you own, but how contented you are with the portion that's allotted to you.

142 And, after a while, God came down and blessed our little home, we had a little boy. His name was Billy Paul, is in the service right now here. And a little later from then, about eleven months, He blessed us again with a little girl called

~ 35 ~

Sharon Rose, taken from the
word of “The Rose of Sharon.”

59-0419A — My Life Story



My Life Story

1



WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM