

On The Wings Of A Snow-White Dove



William Marrion Branham

**How beautiful it's typed here
as Jesus being the Lamb, and
God being the Dove.**



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*Title: 65-1128E — On The Wings
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30 Now we want to get into the Scriptures right away. And I want you to turn with me now to Psalms 55, and then also Matthew 3. And my subject tonight was Brother Ernie's topic: *On The Wings Of A Snow-White Dove*. Now, I won't be able to strike all the notes and Scriptures that I got here, because

I'll just kind of skip over a few of them, and because I promised the message.

31 The Lord willing, for Yuma next Saturday night, I want to preach on: *The Conditions For The Rapture*, if the Lord willing.

32 In Psalms 53... I beg your pardon, Psalms 55.

Give ear... (Pardon? 55, yes, sir.)

*Give ear to my prayer, O God;...
hide not thyself from my supplication.*

*Attend unto me, and hear me: I
mourn in my complaint, and make a
noise;*

*Because of the voice of the enemy,
because of the oppression of the
wicked: for they cast iniquity upon
me, and in wrath they hate me.*

*My heart is sore pained within me:
and the terror of death are fallen
upon me.*

*Fearless and trembling comings
are come upon me, the horror has
overwhelmed me.*

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. Selah. (Selah means “Amen.”)

33 David, a lover of the wilderness, when he got distressed and the people wouldn't believe him, and the enemies had come upon him, he said, “If I had the wings of a dove, I would fly out

into the wilderness and there remain.” How many times have I thought that same thing! If I could take my rifle off of the wall, my camp bag, go out in the wilderness and never return again. I’ve asked the Lord if I can live to see the day...I don’t never want a funeral service, I said, “If I can just go out in the woods somewhere, set old ‘Blondie’ against the tree,...”

34 That’s my rifle, excuse me, I—I—I say that on account of my

wife setting there. You know, that rifle, a Brother here gave me years ago, I killed fifty-five head of game with it, without missing a shot, some of them seven to eight hundred yards. I call it “Blondie” because my wife’s a brunette, so she said I think more of the rifle than I do her. But...

35 So, I—I’d like to set it against a tree, and say, “Lord, let Joseph find it someday.” I like to

take the wings of a dove and fly away.

36 But just like one time up in the mountains and watching an eagle, and seeing him fly away (you know my story of it), I said, “It’s good to be here, Lord; like Peter said, ‘we could build three tabernacles.’ But down at the foot of the mountain, the sick and the afflicted are waiting, the lost and dying are waiting.” So let us do what we can while it’s day, and

someday there'll be a...the wings
of a white Eagle will come down,
He'll bear us away.

37 Now in Matthew 3:16, I'd
like to read 16 and 17.

*And Jesus, when he was baptized,
went straightway up out of the
water: and, lo, the heavens were
opened unto him, and he saw the
Spirit of God descending like a dove,
and lighting upon him:*

And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. (In other words, “in whom I’m pleased to dwell in.”)

38 Now we want to speak a few minutes on this bird. A dove has always been one of my favorite birds. And thinking of a dove, a dove is really...and a pigeon is the same bird. A pigeon is a domestic dove. They’re both the same family. I’ve looked it up and it is

the same family. A pigeon and a dove, they're both of the same family. The habits of these birds are outstanding.

39 I preached here, some few years ago, in a tent meeting out here with Brother Moore, on: *The Lamb And The Dove*. I guess you all remember that; and how that the dove is the most cleanest bird that we have, and the lamb is the most meekest animal that we have. They're both sacrificial bird and beast.

40 How beautiful it's typed here as Jesus being the Lamb, and God being the Dove. And the dove would not have settled on a wolf, his nature's not right. It couldn't have settled on a dog, his nature's not right. It had to be on a lamb; the two natures had to be the same. And that's the way we have to be, our nature has to change from the roaring sinner to the meekness of a lamb.

41 And did you notice the Dove led the Lamb? And notice, the

Lamb forfeit everything He had to the Dove. And look where the Dove led Him: to crucifixion for the sins of us all.

42 Now, the Dove of...God wanted to represent His Son, He was represented by the most cleanest and meekest animal on the earth, a earthbound creature; but when God represented Himself in the heavens, was by the meekest and most cleanest bird there is in the heavens, a dove.

43 Now, doves vary, there's many different variations of them. Usually our turtledove is kind of a gray-looking bird. And then there's a mourning dove, and then there's the evening dove. There's also called the sonora dove that we have at home, he's a little, gray fellow; little, bitty fellow with red stripes on his wings. There's many different kinds of doves, and they vary in colors. So is there same thing in the pigeons.



Now, I've always talked about the dove being the symbol of God, and the crow being the symbol of the hypocrite.



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44 Now, the dove is a very odd constructed dove, because his habit's that he cannot eat anything that's unclean; he just couldn't do it, because he's not built for it.

45 Now, I've always talked about the dove being the symbol of God, and the crow being the symbol of the hypocrite. A crow

can set out on an old dead carcass and eat, all day long, and fly right out in the field and eat wheat with the dove. But the dove can eat wheat all right, but it can't eat the dead carcass. See? He just can't do it, he can't stomach it. And I wondered why he couldn't do it; they're both fowls, both birds. But why? It's the structure of them.

46 That's the way it is with a genuine Christian. A..just a denominational Christian can just take anything, but a genuine,

borned-again Christian cannot take the things of the world. He's constructed different.

47 I found out that the dove don't have any gall. There's no gall in a dove because he has no need of it.

48 So that's the way it is with a Christian, he doesn't need any bitterness, see, 'cause he only can eat the Food of God. And it doesn't take bitterness to dissolve that; takes love, see, so he...to

dissolve the food. Bitterness: “Oh,” they say, “well...” they difference with It. But love always receives It, the Word of God.

49 Now, he has no gall, so therefore he could not...it's just against him to eat anything bad. And if he would, it would kill him. But there's no danger, he isn't going to eat it (uh-huh), because he has no appetite for it.

50 And that's the way with a real Christian. Did you know a real

Christian doesn't have even any sin at all imputed to him? David said, "Blessed is the man who God will not impute sin to." When you're washed in the Blood of the Lamb (not by make-belief, but really the—the Blood of the Lamb), God does not impute to you anything that's done, because you're under the Blood and He doesn't see it. There's a Blood sacrifice; the only thing He can see you in, is the way He saw you before the foundation of the world when He put your

name in the Lamb's Book of Life. That's all He can look at, because you are redeemed from everything that was ever done, you're washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore there's no gall in you, there's no unclean habit in you, because that the Blood of the Lamb has did this; and God cannot impute sin to you after you've got a sin-offering laying there waiting for you.

51 "Well," you say, "that gives me plenty of room then, Brother

Branham, I can do what I want to.”
I always do; always. But when a man can really see what Jesus done for him, and turn around and do something contrary to Him, it shows he never received Christ.

52 I got a little wife setting back there. She’s ten years younger than me, and is gray as I am. The reason is because she’s stood between me and the—and the outside world. If I was going overseas, and I’d...Wouldn’t this be some sort of a family to live in,

if I'd gather my family around me and I'd say: "Looky here, Mrs. Branham, you want to realize that you're Mrs. William Branham. Thou shalt not have any other husbands while I'm gone. Don't you make eyes at any other man," and all these things. "Don't you flirt at all. If you do, when I come back I'm going to divorce you."

53 And she'd turn around and say, "Now, my good man, I want to tell you something also. Thou shalt not take out any other woman

while you're gone. Thou shalt not do *this* and *that*. If you do, just consider yourself divorced when you come home."

54 Now, wouldn't that be a loving family? See? No! If I really love her...Though I believe if I did make a mistake and slip and do something wrong, I believe she'd forgive me for it because she loves me. And if she did, I believe I'd forgive her for it; certainly, because I love her. But if I love her like that, as long as I love her like

that she has no worry. Though she would forgive me, I wouldn't hurt her for nothing. I—I—I'd feel the guiltiest guy in the world, I couldn't wait for the minute I'd tell her about what I done, because I love her. Well, that's...If I love her with *phileo* love like that, how much greater would my *agapao* love be to Jesus Christ?

55 Though I might smoke a cigarette, I never in my life; but though I would, He might forgive me for it, I believe He would. If I

took a drink, I never in my life, but I believe He'd forgive me for it. And I love Him too much, (God, help me) I don't want to do anything like that, see, because I love Him. That stuff is gone from me, because when He changed me from a crow to a dove it made a difference, my appetite and things left me; then sin is not imputed to me because I don't aim to do it, it's not in me to do it.



The dove oils himself



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56 Now another great thing about this dove. He's a strange bird. Did you ever see all the birds...

57 One of my favorite birds is a robin. Now, you boys quit shooting at my robins, see, 'cause I don't want you doing that. My robin, you know how he got his red breast? You know, one day there was a

Man dying on the cross, nobody would help Him, God had forsaken the Man, and He was dying. His hands had nails in them, His feet and His side bleeding, crown on His head and thorns, blood running over His face. And there was a little bird passed by, a little, brown bird. And he looked at that, was... thought it was the most pitiful sight he ever saw. And he knowed he was just a little bird, but he looked at them great big, ol' cruel Roman nails drove in His hand, and he flew in with his little beak and

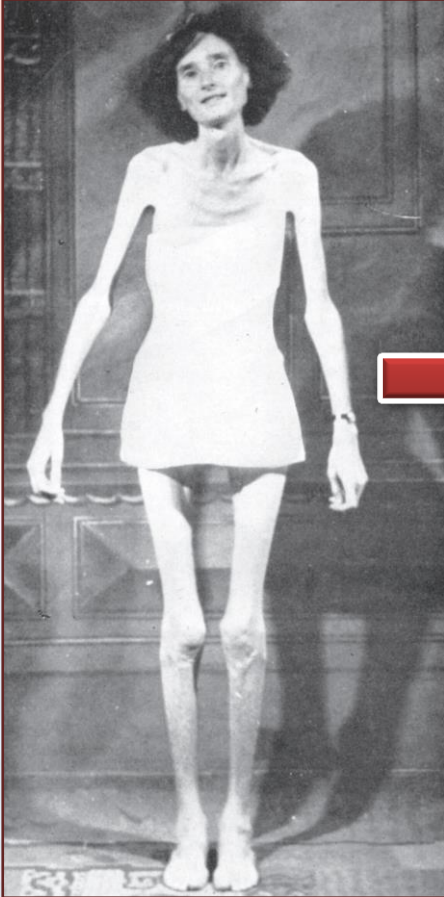
tried to pull them loose. He got his breast all bathed with blood, since then it's been red. I want my breast shielded with His Blood, too, defending It when I come to meet Him. I love a little robin.

58 But, you know, a little robin has to take a bath; but, you know, a dove don't have to; no. He's got some kind of oil on the inside of him that oils him and keeps him clean from the inside out. You know that? The dove has! The dove oils himself. Did you ever pick up

one, smell that odor on him, a pigeon or something? That's oil that's produced from the inside of him. His body makes up a oil gland that keeps his feathers always clean on the outside because he's clean from inside out. That's right. He's a marvelous little bird.

59 Now, I know you can hunt them here, I think, in Louisiana. Don't do that! Oh, I couldn't do it. I guess if I was hungry, it'd be all right, but I—I just couldn't pull the trigger on one if I had to.

Florence Nightingale



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60 There's... A dove has a great strange thing in our family. One day when my grandmother... She come from up here in Kentucky, off the Cherokee reservation. She was dying, a little woman, and she was... They had... I think they call it scrofula or something, she was dying. And grandfather knelt down by the side of the bed; while

Mama, Aunt Birtie, Aunt Howlie, all of them knelt around the bed; Uncle Charlie, (little bitty, four-year-old boy) the baby; Mama, the oldest, being about twelve years old. And she had combed her black hair out on the bed, and she started singing, “Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee,” when she was dying. Grandpa, at that time, wasn’t a Christian. I baptized him at eighty-seven years old, in the Name of Jesus Christ, at the foot of the river

there where the Angel of the Lord appeared.

61 But while she was singing this song, with her feeble little hands up in the air, a dove flew in the door; come around, set down on the top of the bed, started cooing. God took her soul.

62 I went over to London, England with Brother Jack and with Brother Gordon Lindsay, and there had been a woman by the name of Florence Nightingale (claims to be,

I think, a great-granddaughter or something of the late Florence Nightingale) that wrote me many letters. She was down in South Africa, dying with a cancer. And she had a picture; you seen it in the book. I never seen a mortal like that in my life. Brother Jack, I believe, was with me that day. We went into a minister's house, at the rectory, just behind the church where they had brought her.

63 While we were yet out on the...where the plane come down,

they paged us, and she was in a ambulance there then; had been flown up from—from down in South Africa, knowing that I was coming to England at that time. The minister took her to the rectory, so we went back there to pray for her.

64 I've seen lots of sick people, but her little arms didn't look over a inch across, her—her skull where it laces together, you could see it. And she...her limbs way up here around her hips wasn't over *that*,

about two inches across, just the bone. And she couldn't raise her hands, she was too weak to raise her hands. And she was trying to say something, and I couldn't understand her. And when I finally got to hear, I believe through a nurse, she said, "Brother Branham, pray that God will let me die." She couldn't...didn't want to live. And I noticed, and tears was running off of the side of them bone on her face. Where she got enough moisture about her to cry, I don't

know; for her veins was collapsed, and she was in a terrible condition. Coming to pray for the sick, I couldn't pray for her to die. But she just looked like couldn't die, she just lingered on.

65 I knelt down with your pastor, in the room to pray. And when I knelt down to pray, a little dove flew up by the window; begin cooing. When I finished praying, I thought it was a pet dove there somewhere. Foggy outside, how England is, the British Isles there.

And this little dove quit cooing, and flew away. I walked over and laid hands upon her and called the Name of the Lord. And the woman is a great big, strong healthy woman today, on the wings of a Dove.

66 He keeps hisself clean from the inside. A Christian does that too, he cleans from the inside. That keeps the malice... He don't need any gall to digest anything, because he doesn't eat it. See? He's clean from the inside out.



God used a dove for a sign



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82 Noah was given a sign, as the brother just sang about it. God was displeased, and there was nothing going to stay His wrath, for He said, “The day you eat thereof, that day you die.” And Noah had found grace with God and had built an ark according to the constructions... the

instructions, rather, that He had given him. And he had been floated up.

83 I can imagine his... what happened in them days when they said, “This old man up on the hill, an old fanatic, building an ark, saying ‘it’s going to rain,’ and it never has rained.” But it...

84 Noah said, “It’s going to rain, anyhow.”

85 And then I know the day that he went in, I think what...can’t

think of what day it was, I believe the seventeenth day of May. Noah entered into the ark, and God shut the door.

86 And the clouds begin to come, the rains begin to fall, the sewers begin to fill up, the fountains of the deep broke up, the springs all belched up their water. Finally people got into the houses, climbed up. The old ark set right there just the same.

87 After while when enough begin to get around her, she begin to rise up higher and higher. The people knocked at the doors and screamed, but it did no—no good, Noah could not open the door. God closed it, God's the only One can open it.

88 So is it at our Ark, Jesus Christ; God opened the door for us on Calvary, He'll close it just as sure as He opened it.

89 And it floated, and on and on, maybe a mile's deep over the top of the earth when this earth was tumbling out from the way... from the—the... its regular orbit. And around and around it went, and chunks, and trees, and above the mountains and so forth, pitching for forty days and nights.

90 And when the winds begin to cease...

91 God's wrath is horrible. His love is pure and Divine; and His

wrath is just as Divine—just as Divine as His love is, because, He must pass judgment because He is a judge. He's a law-giver, and law without penalty is not law. So there must be a penalty to law. And you transgress God's laws, that's when you pay the penalty.

92 Now we notice that after Noah floating up there, no doubt seasick from all that roaring and popping, and the wrath of God mashing and crushing, and screams and so forth. Then it begin

to quieten down, nothing happened. Days passed, nothing happened. Perhaps the food supply for the animals and so forth running low, nothing happened. So he thought, “Wonder...I can’t see out.”

93 The ark was so constructed (when you were once in it), there was only one window in it, and it was right in the top. You couldn’t look sideways, you couldn’t look no way but straight up. And that’s

the way the Ark, Jesus Christ, is. You can't look at the next fellow, you can't look at nothing but Christ when you're in the Ark because there's only one door, and He is that Door we talked about this morning. You have to keep looking up, "For he that will put his hand to the plow and even turn to look back, is not worthy of the plowing."

94 Now, as in this ark...And he could see light, and perhaps

sunlight, but he wondered where he was. The ark was still floating, he could hear the waves against the sides, but he knew that there'd been many days, surely the water was receding by that time. So he went and got an untrusted bird, treacherous, and he tried *him*, and he sent him out. He was a crow, and that crow never did return, because he found pleasure out there, outside the ark of God. He flew from one old dead body to another, eating the carcasses and

the a-carrion that was floating on the water; and he was perfectly satisfied.

95 So after several days he tried again, for he knowed... He didn't want to step out in the wrath of God. So he turned a dove loose. And this dove was of a different nature than the... It was not a vulture, neither is it a scavenger, it can only eat the clean pure things. And it was so satisfied because it couldn't find nothing else to put

the soles of his feet on, it returned back to the ark. Noah said, “Well, the flood’s still on.”

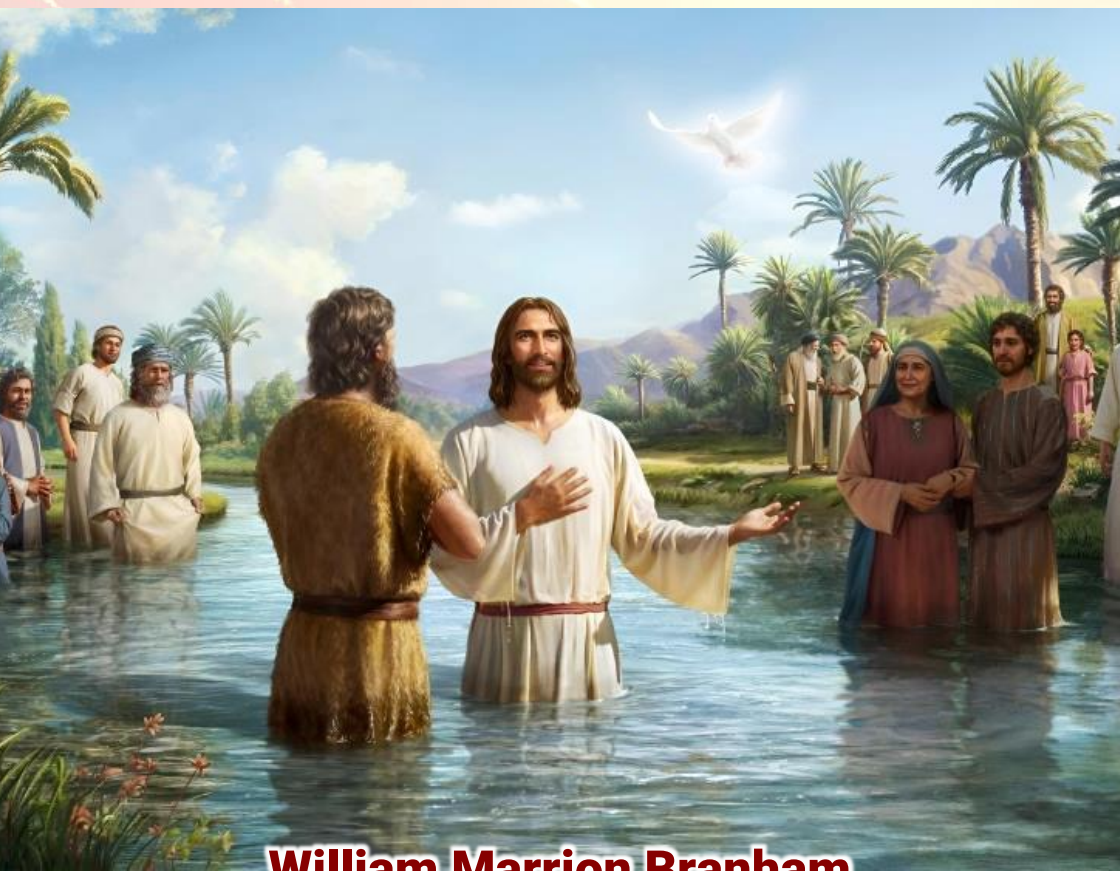
96 Then he waited several other days, and he sent out again; like his prayer, “O God, has Your wrath been appeased? Is—is—is Your wrath over, Lord? Is it all done?” And he said, “Now, if I send her out this time, she may stay out there if the floods are down, she may stay.” But he sent her out by prayer, and then when she went

out there directed by God, she picked off a olive leaf off of a tree, and flew back and pecked on the window again.

97 God used a dove for a sign. She come back saying that “the flood is over,” and then God opened the door, and they went out. That’s Genesis 8:8.



And when He was raised up out of the water, there come the Message from Heaven on the wings of a Dove, “This is My beloved Son.”



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98 Also used in Matthew 3:16, again when God's wrath was on the earth. And there was no way, the darkest of night, midnight, the churches had got things in such a twist till there was no way to get out of it. And there was false teachers, all kinds of things coming up, all kinds of professions coming up, but God used a dove

again. It pleased Him, His Son Jesus had pleased Him so well, that He identified Him.

99 Now, they couldn't believe that this baby that was born down there in that stable in a manger of hay...before His father and mother, supposedly to be, was married. They couldn't imagine God using anything like that. So He had to be identified to the world; and that day down on the river, when He walked down to prove Himself

God's Masterpiece (that I talked about this morning)... When He was obedient to walk into the water...

100 Now, if you notice there, there's a great lesson. John was the greatest man on earth, at the time. Jesus said, "There never was a man borned of a woman as great as he," to that time. And he was a prophet. You believe that? Now, remember, if the Word of God will come to anything in the land, it'll

be a prophet. That's always God's way. Do you believe that Jesus was the Word manifested in flesh? So there's only one way He can come to be introduced; not by the priests.

101 He didn't go up and say, "Caiaphas, will you introduce Me?" If He did, He made the same mistake that David did in our lesson the other day; see, if He went up to the church, and said, "Will you introduce Me?"

102 Just notice when He was borned, even. When He was borned, He was borned in the shadow of the church. And they was probably rang the bells and everything, but it was shepherds that recognized Him, and Magi. See?

103 And here He is now, on... ready for His ministry. And if He is the Word...

104 According to God's great plan, the Word can only... "The

Lord God does nothing until He first reveals It to His servants the prophets.” That’s always His pattern, has to be; when the Seals were opened, when anything else. Any major event taking place in the earth, God reveals it to His prophets.

105 And John was the prophet, for he was prophesying “He’d come.”

106 Then down off the side of a hill one day...when a discussion

was going on, a bunch of priests standing around. And they said, “Do you mean to tell me that you call yourself a ‘prophet,’ and stand over there in that mud?” (not in a church, because they wouldn’t have him) “Stand over that mud, and tell me that the hour’s coming when the great Jehovah Who ordained these sacrifices, when great Jehovah Who built this temple, Who came into it as a Pillar of Fire, ‘the day will come

when that daily sacrifice will be taken away’?”

107 He said, “There will come a Man, and He’s among you now (somewhere out there), and *He* will take away the sin.” The priest was discussing it with him.

108 John looked up! Now, what is he? The prophet! And here is the Word, there comes the Word coming right straight to the prophet, right to the water. John said, “Behold, the Lamb of God

that takes away the sin of the world. There He is, that's Him." Jesus never spoke a word, walked right out into the water. And I can see there, standing in that water (think of a drama), two of the greatest that ever struck the earth: God the Word, and His prophet.

109 Notice, the Word come to the prophet in *this* dispensation of grace, in the water (uh-huh). I thought you'd catch it (uh-huh). In the water! The first revelation of

the Word was in the water. Now you see where the Bride started, the Evening-light Message? In the water! The Word, true Word not mixed up with creeds, but come to the prophet in the water, by the water.

110 Notice! Could you imagine the eyes of the Word and the eyes of the prophet meeting in the water? Oh, that's too much for me. There stood the prophet, there stood the Word, looking in each

others' eyes. And the prophet said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, why comest Thou unto me?"

111 And the Word said...It has to be true.

Now let me give a drama here:

112 "John, you're a prophet, you know the Word." See? "You recognize Me, you know Who I am."

113 “I have need to be baptized of Thee,” John said.

114 Jesus said, “Suffer that to be so. That’s exactly right, you do have need to be baptized of Me. But remember, John, being a prophet, it is behooving to us, or becoming to us (as the Word *and* the prophet), that we fulfill *every* Word. Uh-huh. For, John,” (here’s the revelation now) “John, you know Who I am, I am the Sacrifice. And according to the Word of

God, the sacrifice had to be washed before it was presented for sacrifice.” Is that right? The Word...“The lamb was washed and then presented for sacrifice, and I am that Lamb. And I must be washed before I can be presented to the world for a sacrifice. Suffer it to be so, John, for thus it is becoming to us as the Word and the prophet together.”

115 Well, there can't be a mistake. Now, every one of these things...

116 Now, see, if it wasn't that very setup, John would've been like any of the rest of us; so they say, "Yeah, I—I know who You are, Lord."

117 "Well," He said, "wait a minute, I'm the Word. Uh-huh. 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by *every* Word.' Eve left off one uh-huh, but you got to take *every*

Word. And I am that Sacrifice, and I must be washed before I'm presented. But what you said, John, is true."

118 John being a prophet, knowing the Word had to be fulfilled, he suffered that and baptized Him. And when He was raised up out of the water, there come the Message from Heaven on the wings of a Dove, "This is My beloved Son." He sent the redemption Message of grace on

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the wings of a Dove, come flying down out of the heavens. “Peace on earth, good will toward men.” The Sacrifice was ready right then; been raised, fed, His ministry was ready, a Word that would redeem the whole world, “It’s over!”



**So he knew that this pigeon, if it could
get out of there, would carry the
message to the main headquarters to
where they'd been stationed.**



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119 The dove is used in the Bible as a symbol of peace, and also it's used by nations as a symbol of peace. We have nations...Our nation is represented by an eagle. And there's other birds of other nations, Rome has an eagle, Germany has an eagle; many of them, great birds of the

sky. But in all of them, the dove symbolizes peace in all nations. It's a universal thing.

120 Just like Brother Green said one night, Brother Pearry Green said, "The symbol of surrender is 'raise your hands.' Any nation, raise up your hands, it's surrender." He said, "When you sing, raise up your hands, you surrender it all."

121 And the dove is the symbol of peace in every nation. Why is it done? Because of its gentleness,

and because of its innocence.
That's the reason it symbols peace.

122 Another thing about the dove, it is a home-loving bird. It loves to stay home.

123 And another thing it is, it's always loyal to its mate. The dove, male or female, never leave one another. That female finds her mate in mating season. See, that's complimentary to God's great creation. That's the reason He made Eve a by-product. See? If

she'd been made like other females, when the time come for her mating time, she'd found her mate; but she could any time. See? And that's the way, that's what it is. I just...We don't want to go into that, because I've got it on *Marriage And Divorce*, and so forth. And how it...But yet she's honorable and brought that virtue, and you know how I preached on it the other night. All right, notice, she's got a great responsibility.

124 But the dove is always loyal to his mate. Always! Never leaves her.

125 And may I stop here just for a minute, to say this: a true Bride, female dove, is loyal to her Mate, too. It won't inject any dogmas, any denominational doctrines, anything of the world. It'll stay loyal to its Mate, the Word; always loyal.

126 And by this home-loving conduct, by the conduct of its

home-loving, it has been successfully used for a carrier pigeon. Because it loves home, you turn it loose anywhere, it'll always go back home. It'll go back home.

127 We'd like to stress on that a little while, and you Christians would understand what I mean. It always finds its way back home, so therefore it's been used for carrier pigeon. It's used in time of war, used to be; they still use them, carrier pigeons to carry a message. So you see then, that makes the

dove, both by God and man, a messenger; a dove is a messenger. It was a messenger to Noah, to tell Noah that “there’s peace again.” It was used by God to vindicate that this was His Son, “the Sacrifice to bring peace upon the earth and goodwill to men.” It was used as a messenger.

128 Right here I have a little story in my mind, I read one time out of a book. Now, I don’t want to say this is sure, it may be in *The Decline of the First World War*. I’m

not positive of that now; if you miss seeing it, then I'm wrong. I either read it in a book...it's been many years ago. But it was certainly a—a...really a—a dramatic thing that happened.

129 The American soldiers was pinned down by German machine-gun fire, and they were in kind of a pit. You soldiers, I guess, understand how they were on a reconnaissance somewhere. And they was pinned down, and they had just a little bit of ammunition

left. And the Germans was moving in great units, moving in everywhere. And they knowed that unless they'd get some reinforcement, some help, that they would soon all die; (they had to) the Germans coming right down off the mountain, looking right down their neck, going right into them like that.

130 And one of them happened to remember that he had a little mascot, a little pigeon. So he knew that this pigeon, if it could get out

of there, would carry the message to the main headquarters to where they'd been stationed. And so they set down and wrote on a note, "We are pinned down in a *certain* position at a *certain* area. We're out of ammunition, in a few hours we'll have to surrender or either we'll be massacred." And they pinned this, or tied it on the—the foot of this little dove and turned him loose.

131 Now, he's a home-loving bird, so he...what does he do? He

takes back home for his...meet, find his mate. She was worried about him, he'd have to come back home.

132 And as he went up, the Germans seen what had happened. So the thing they done, they started shooting at the dove. And one of them hit him with a .30 caliber machine gun, or bullet, it broke his leg. Another one tore a big hunk out of his back. His chest was bruised all the way across. One of his wings was crippled, the

end shot off of it, and he flew sideways. But he kept climbing, and finally he made it. Crippled, wounded, broken, bruised, but he fell in the camp with the message. That was a great dove.

133 But, oh, brother, Isaiah 53 tells us of One, came down from Home and all that was good.

And he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquity: the chastisement of

our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we were healed.

134 Sickness, superstition, and devils had us pinned down, there was no way out, the church had gone wrong, they had went off on denominational things (and the Pharisees, Sadducees, and washing of pots and pans), and the Word of God become of no effect. But this little Dove came down, and there's only one thing could take place: there had to be a redeemer.

135 But being wounded, broken, beaten, torn, but He knowed His way back Home. So from Calvary's cross where they bruised Him, mashed Him, tore Him, like a bunch of wolves upon Him, He made His flight from Calvary and He landed in Heaven's doors, saying, "It's finished! It's finished! They are free! Sickness can be healed now! Sinners can be saved! The captive can be set free!"

136 Though He was bruised
and wounded, that great battle
there when even everything
against Him...Even the poet cried
out:

Mid rending rocks and
darkening skies,

My Saviour bowed His head and
died;

But the opening veil revealed
the way

To Heaven's joy and endless
day.

137 I've been a neurotic all my life. As a little boy there was something struck me, that scare me, about every seven years it would happen to me. Brother Jack remembers when I first started, come off the field for a year; something just happened.

138 I remember the day that Juanita Hemphill... I think her name's Juanita Kelly now, she married Brother Kelly after the death of her husband. Anna Jeanne, I've got their pictures and

things, they were such... And her... And them two girls and Sister Moore had a—a little trio. They sang that song that I never forget: *Looking Beyond The Sunset*. Brother Jack, you remember, I guess, coming up from Florida. What fine little girls.

139 And I remember that morning a little Pentecostal group from up here in northern part of the country, in Michigan somewhere, those girls stood out there when Brother Hooper...I seen

him here the other night, I...he may not be here now, Brother Ed Hooper. Are you here, Brother Ed? I don't think he...He set here the other night. None...Many of you know him. He and I, and Brother Hooley, we was leaving. And those girls standing there on the corner singing that, gave us, each one, a yellow rose that they took out of their hair. (That's where that maniac had been healed down there, great things had took place.)

140 Coming up the road just as happy as I could be, all of a sudden it struck me; a year later 'fore I entered the field again, just killed me.

141 Since a little boy, I always said I didn't know what a vision was. A little boy, I always said, "If I—if I'd only fall in one of those trance, and see that, I'd get well." That time...I always wanted to go to Mayos' to find out what was wrong. The doctors there...

142 My stomach gets sour; and oh, my! Brother Jack's helped me around the house. I walk right around the house; and just a hot greasy water like, flying out of my mouth. And walk to the pulpit, and pray for people that was twice that bad, and be healed. I've had them lay my hands on a man with a cancer on his face, and the cancer left his face, standing there; and I was so sick I couldn't stand up.

143 And you don't know what I've suffered; just mental

oppression. Every seven years it's come, all my life. That's where I'm at now, seven eights.

144 So I was—I was so distressed; I cried, I begged, I pleaded.

145 And I remember when I finally thought I had enough money to go to Mayos' for an examination; they said, "They'll find what your trouble is." Wife and I, and Becky back there...Sarah was a little, bitty fellow. I just

entered my healing ministry. And we took off to Mayos’.

146 I went through the clinic. And the night before I’d find...had my finals the next morning, I just woke up and was setting there on the bed looking around. And I looked out in front of me, and there was a little boy, looked just like me, about seven years old; and looked at it, and it was me. And he was standing by an old snag tree. And on that tree...

147 Any of you squirrel hunters know you can rub a stick up and down on a tree like that, and it'll scare a squirrel and run him out if he's in the hollow.

148 And I was seeing there where that squirrel had been, and I thought, "What kind of squirrel is that?" and I rubbed it. And when I did, I looked over and it was me then about thirty-eight years old, the little boy was gone. So I rubbed that limb, and out of the hollow log, pole, come a little

squirrel about *that* long, dark, almost black, and looked like little currents flying from him; little bitty beady eyes, the wickedest looking thing that I ever seen, looked like a weasel more than a squirrel.

149 And he looked right at me. And I opened my mouth to say, “Well...” And when I did, he... Before you could’ve batted your eye, he flew right into my mouth, went down into my stomach, and just tearing me to pieces. And as I come out of the vision, with my

hands up, looking, I went screaming, “O God, have mercy! It’s killing me!”

150 I heard a Voice way down in the room, say, “Remember, it’s only six inches long.”

151 How many’s heard that story? I’ve told you that many times, the people around the tabernacle.

152 Well, on and on it went, suffering just the same.

153 Mayo Brothers, the next day, examined me. Said, “Your father was an Irishman, he drank. Your mother being a half Indian, that makes you almost a half-breed. So you’ll be...you’re—you’re—you’re just such a nervous wreck until you’ll never be out of it.” Said, “Otherwise, you’re healthy. But that, that’s something in the soul that man cannot control.” Said, “You will...” Said, “When a man dies, can’t hold a autopsy, ’cause his soul’s gone.”

He said, “Well, you’ll never get over it.”

154 And that guy said, my old doctor, said, “My father had it, he died at about eighty-five, ninety years old,” somewhere along there, he said. And said, “A month or two before he died, I examined him; had it all of his life, he’d get them” said, “spells.”

155 “Some people,” said, “they get it, they’re high tempered”; said, “that’s the kind that’ll kill

you.” He said, “The other kind, like women in menopause, they cry. You got the kind that’s kind of a weary feeling.” Said, “The old-timers used to call it ‘had the blues,’ it wouldn’t leave them.” Said, “When that hits you, your stomach sours; you’re just upset.”

156 I said, “But, sir, I don’t do nothing.” I said, “I’m happy.”

157 Said, “That’s right. That’s just out of the human grab bag.”

Said, “You’ll always have it.” Oh, what a discouraging thing!

158 But the words, to think it, “Remember, it’s only six inches long,” that’s hung with me, as my dear wife back there can tell you. Year after year, I’ve thought of that.

159 And then, going overseas this last time, I was...before. Well, I was back home, and I was on a squirrel-hunting trip. I jumped out of the car with Brother Banks

Wood, who's listening in tonight, and I started to run up the hill, and looked like my heart would jump out of me.

160 And I asked Dr. Sam Adair, I said, "What does that?"

161 He said, "Next time you have it, get a cardiogram."

162 Said, "All right."

163 So it happened again in the—the next year, and went and took the cardiogram. He said, "Nothing wrong with your heart,"

said, “you’re just nervous.” Started coming on then.

164 Well, another doctor said to me, a good friend of mine, said, “That’s your heart, boy,” said “you better be careful.” That’s the year I called Brother Moore and he got somebody to preach in my stead, when I went on that ram hunt with Brother Fred. I’d go up over mountains just like I did when I was sixteen years old, mile after mile, running; never bothered me a bit. See?

165 I come back and told Sam. He said, “Well, there’s something wrong, you better be careful.”

166 Then I saw a vision of an old doctor standing with those... old-fashioned doctor with stethoscopes over his arm. He said...He was standing in front of me one day, he said, “Don’t let them tell you ‘that’s your heart,’ that’s your stomach.”

167 So, I—I thought, “Well, I’ll just take that word, ’cause it was a vision. Come on.”

168 I started to Africa; get some shots. I had to take a bunch of shots before going to Africa, that’s the law. So, when I was getting these shots, he said, “Why, I can’t find one thing wrong with you.” Said, “Your hemoglobin, your blood’s ninety-six, it’s ninety-six.” Said, “If you was sixteen years old, it wouldn’t be any—it wouldn’t be any better.” And said, “Heart

enough to beat you a hundred years. Lungs, everything,” said, “you’re all right; no sugar, nothing.”

169 I said, “Thank you.” So I got a physical test, and—and to take my—my health certificate to the board.

170 So, he said, “You know anything about it?”

171 I said, “Nothing but persistent souring in the stomach all the time.”

172 He said, “Well, I’ll tell you.”
He said...

173 I said, “Oh, I’ve been examined. I’ve been to Mayo Brothers, and everywhere.”

174 He said, “But wait a minute.” He said, “Sometimes a ulcer is so little till that barium meal won’t show it; and sometimes it’s too big to show it, because an x-ray is only a shadow. And a little bitty ulcer, you can’t see it, it won’t enough stick.

Whole lot of little bitty ulcers could do that.” He said, “I know an old doctor up here that’s found an instrument, they got it now; they can put you to sleep with a little sodium pentothal, put a tube in your throat, and they just actually look down in your stomach and see what’s wrong.” Said, “He...” Said, “He’s your type of people, he’s a Christian.” Said, “Why don’t you go see him.”

175 I took his name: Dr. Van Ravensworth. So, when I come

back, I went up to see the old doctor. Oh, he's a fine old man from Dutch East Indies, out of a big line of missionaries. And he had heard of me and read my book, and oh, he just shook my hand, he said, "Brother Branham, I'd be glad to do that for you." He said, "Tell you what to do; next week you run over at the hospital over here," and said, "and call me up before you go." And said, "I have to give you a little shot of pentothal." And said, "Then when I do," said, "it

puts you to sleep for five minutes.”

176 My little girl had just took it to have a tooth pulled, and Brother Norman’s little girl. “A five minute sleep,” I thought, “that won’t bother me.” So, I thought I’d be satisfied then, to look at it.

177 And then the next morning, I raised up in the bed and looked around, I looked over in the twin bed; my wife over there, she hadn’t woke up yet. And I was

looking out the window towards the great Catalina Mountains there where I live, and I looked up there where the Angel of the Lord put that Sword in my hand, where the seven Angels that you see in the picture appeared, great things taken place.

178 And I looked, and as I looked, there I was standing by that tree again, right where that squirrel was. I looked up there, I thought, “That’s that squirrel’s den.” And I thought, “Wonder if

he's still up there?" in the vision. I raked the side of the tree, out he come. And before I could even bat my eye...He was the oddest looking squirrel I ever seen; now, you'll have to know my ministry to know these symbols and things. He jumped at me but he missed me; he missed my mouth, hit on my chest and fell off.

179 And as soon as he did, I heard Something said, "Go to the Catalina Mountains."

180 So I turned around, I said,
“Meda, are you awake, Honey?”
And I woke her up.

181 She said, “What’s the
matter?” About five o’clock in the
morning.

182 I said, “I was looking out
here, and I saw that squirrel again,
Honey.”

183 “What squirrel?”

184 I said, “The one I seen up
there at Mayos’.” I said, “You know
what? He missed my mouth this

time, he never hit me, he went out on my chest.” I said, “Praise be to God! I’ve looked, oh, since a little boy, I have longed to see that happen. If I could ever see that happen, not even... Before I knowed what a vision was, if I could ever see that happen, then I said, ‘I’d be all right. Whatever that told me, that’s what I’d be.’ And for forty years I’ve looked for that, and there it happened.”

185 Before, when I was at Mayos’, the same time I was up

there when they give me that message, and I saw the vision...

186 My ol' mother's gone on to Glory now, very odd woman. She had about three or four dreams in her life, and they were always true. She'd tell me, and the...She'd start to tell me, I'd tell...I'd say, "Stop right...Mama, I'll tell you what the rest of it is." See?

187 Cause always when you give me a dream to interpret, you don't always tell me just exactly

what it is. Then when I see it over again, I see exactly what you dreamed about, then He tells me what it is. See? You don't have to tell me what the dream is, He shows me the dream Himself. See? And then I see, I say, "Well, you didn't tell me *this* and tell me *that*." See? And so the God that can interpret a dream, can show a dream; He can show one, He can interpret it. And so then...

188 Well, wasn't there something like that in the Bible,

said, “If you can...”? I—I...Just happened to come to me. Daniel, wasn’t it? No, Joseph—Joseph. Well, it’s somewhere in the Bible. I just remembered that, said, “If you can show me...If you can tell me what a...” Oh, it’s King Nebuchadnezzar, that’s right. Said, “If you can...If you can’t...”

189 The magicians said, “Tell me the dream.”

190 He said, "It's gone from me." That's right, that, I remember that; just thought of it then.

191 Now notice. And Mama, she said, "Billy," when I come back, she said, "come here, son, and set down." She said, "I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I seen you a-laying sick, just about to die, with your stomach as usual." How many diets has she cooked me! And she said, "You were building a house upon a hill." And said, "I seen six white doves come down

from heaven, cooing, in a letter ‘S’ and they set upon your chest. And you was looking, and the one in front was trying to tell you something.” Said, “They was real glossy, white, doves. And they took their little heads and put against your cheek, and going, ‘coo, coo, coo.’” And said, “I couldn’t understand it.” Said, “They just kept going, ‘coo, coo, coo.’”

192 I said, “Oh, I see it, praise the Lord!” And said, “They formed

their letter 'S' again and went back up into the skies, going 'coo, coo, coo, coo,' going back home."

193 Well, the little animal that I saw was six inches long. The string of doves that Mom saw was six, six is incomplete. I knew that someday I'd see that seventh one. That was man, suffering; so on and on it went.

194 That morning, I got up after seeing this vision; I obeyed the Lord. I took my little boy,

Joseph, to school. He's listening to me now, in Tucson. I took him to school, and told Meda I didn't know when I'd be back.

195 And I took off up into Catalina, up into the—the foothills, and—and went up into the place where the Angel of the Lord put the Sword in my hand. Real early; and started climbing up the mountain.

196 Well, instead of going up in the peaks *this* a-way (which there's

a lot snakes, scorpions, you know how Arizona is), I turned to my right; Something said, “Turn to your right.” I went way into the peaks; I went around, and I was going around those great huge rocks, many times bigger than this tabernacle, laying up in them tops there where seldom ever a person could get.

197 And along about eleven o'clock, I was going into a little cove, back where some...a little place turned in like *this* over a little

deer trail. And I had my shirt off, my hat in my hand, because I was just lathering with sweat. And so I turned in there, and as I turned into that little cove, I felt the presence of the Lord. I jerked off my hat and looked around. I thought, “He’s here somewhere. I know He’s here.” I thought, “What is it?” I made a few more steps. I said, “Lord, You’re here somewhere.”

198 And I looked laying on the path, and there laid that little

squirrel; had jumped at something and missed it, and it hit a bunch of cholla (that's jumping cactus). It rammed through his head, chest, stomach, and he was dead. That odd-looking little squirrel, he had missed my mouth and hit that cholla. And the Voice of the Lord said, "Your enemy is dead." I stood there, and I trembled. I took my foot and ma...

199 Usually crows would've eat it up. I killed a snake, couple days later than that, it laid on the road

about a half hour. There's always eagles and crows flying through there, and they'll pick it up right now. I killed a coral snake, that's the most dangerous snake we got; laying right beside of me, a few days after that. I started to come back to pick it up to show it, the crows had done got it, the ravens passing over.

200 And that had been laying there ever since I had seen the vision, two days before; I believe it was on Saturday, and I went up

there on Monday. So there he was, laying on there dead. I mashed through it with my foot.

201 I went back around, set down again; set there and cried a while, and prayed; looking down over Tucson, miles below me.

202 Turned back around and come back, it still laid there. When I entered that cove the Spirit of God come on me again.

203 I went on around, went down the mountain. Went in and

told my wife, I said, “Honey, I don’t know how, but I’m going to get over this.”

204 Dr. Ravensworth, when he give me the examination, he said, “It’s totally impossible for you to be well.” He give me a shot of pentothal that was to last me for five minutes, and I slept ten hours. So that stuff, even an aspirin just knocks me out. So they...He give me a shot, put that tube down my throat. When I come to, and he told me the next morning, he said,

“Reverend, I hate to tell you this, but” said “your stomach walls are even so hard, they’re dried up.” I never seen it; he used the name of *gastritis*, and I went and looked in the dictionary and it said, “something that’s withered away.” And said, “You can’t get over it.” He said, “You’ll always have it.” And I would’ve been a discouraged boy if it hadn’t been for the vision of the Lord.

205 And the next day
Something said, “Go back to the
mountain.”

206 And that day instead of
going one way, I was led to go
another way. And I was standing
there; and looking, setting in the
front of me, and there set that
seventh little, white dove, looking
right at me. I rubbed my eyes, I
said, “Surely, it’s a vision; surely, it
is.” I looked, and I said, “Little
dove, where do you come from?”
Just as pretty and white, could’ve

been a pigeon; whatever it was, away in that wilderness.

207 God Almighty, Who raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, Whose servant I am, and His Word laying here, open before me, know that I tell the truth and lie not.

208 There set the dove, setting there looking at me. I walked around, I thought, “Surely, it’s a vision.” I turned my head, I looked back, and there he set there; them little, white wings, just as snowy as

he could be; his little, yellow feet; and little, yellow beak; setting there looking at me. He was watching right straight westward. I walked around him like *that*, I wouldn't touch him for nothing. I walked on up the trail; looked back, and there he still set watching me.

209 Brother, as a son of Abraham, I consider not what the doctor told me, I'm going to be well, anyhow!

210 The third day I went back, I was climbing up high. And many of you know the vision about the Indian chief riding that little wall to the west. Something attracted me off to a big rock, about noontime, said, “Lay your hands against that and pray.” God in Heaven knows this is true.

211 I laid my hands against the rock and looked up towards Heaven and started praying. I heard a Voice coming out of the top of the rocks there, said, “What

are you leaning against, over your heart?” And I raised back like this, my bare shoulders; naked from my waist up, hot. I looked back. And there was wrote in the quartz, in the stone, “White Eagle”; just exactly what the vision said that the next Message would come forth by.

212 I was so excited, I run home; got a camera and come back the next day, and took the picture of it. It was still there,

wrote in the rock: “White Eagle.”
(Dove leading eagle.)

213 Somehow, I—I know. I’ll tell you before it happens. The doctor’s a good doc...good doctor, no doubt; I—I think he’s a fine man. But I—I know I’m going to be over it. It’s done! It’s finished, and I’m going to be well!

214 And I was thinking as Ernie sang that song a few moments ago, *On The Wings Of A Dove*.

How is the melody to that? Start it
for me, Ernie.

...wings...snow-white dove,

Sing it with me.

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Was a sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

215 I understand Ernie made
two verses of that. I'm going to
make you three verses.

Noah had drifted

On the floods many days,

He searched for land,

In various ways;

Troubles he had some,

But not from Above,

For God gave him His sign

On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Was a sign from Above,
On the wings of a dove.
Jesus, our Saviour
Came to earth one day;
He was borned in a stable,
In a manger of hay;
Though here rejected,
But not from Above,
For God gave us His sign
On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Oh, a sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

Though I have suffered

In many a way,

I cried for healing

Both night and day;

But faith wasn't forgotten

By the Father Above,

He gave me His sign

On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Oh, a sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

216 Dear God, I thank You for
these things, Father. You give
Noah the sign, You gave the world
the sign, and You gave me a sign.
And the next day, seeing that
eagle flying, O God, there's a
Message coming forth now, and I
pray, God, that You'll let the Dove
lead. Grant it, Lord. It's led me to a

faith I never had before. I know, God, I know it's going to be all right; so I thank You for it, Father.

217 And, tonight, send down Your Message again, Lord, on the wings of the Dove of the Word. Grant it, dear Heavenly Father. And every one that passes through this platform, tonight, and out yonder in the meetings across the country, may Your great Dove of faith fall into their hearts and give them faith, Lord, for their healing. Remember that God is not a

respect of person. He could send the Message to Noah, could send It to John the Baptist, could send It to me, can send It to others.

218 I pray that that Dove will fly into every heart right now, Lord, with Its little, golden beak, and whisper that, “By His stripes...By My wounds and stripes you are healed.” God, grant that our transgressions will be blotted out, our iniquities will be forgiven us, and that our sickness will be

healed. It's in Your hands, Father.
In Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

With your heads bowed just
one minute longer.

219 How many here would like
to say, if you can and want to say
this, "Brother Branham, I've been
wrong all my life. I've wanted to
serve God, but tonight I'm ready to
surrender. Pray God, that that
Dove will fly into my heart tonight.
I can feel It flutter His wings as He
comes in"? Raise your hands, will

you? Here in the visible audience,
my, all over the building.

220 Way out into the
audiences across the country, way
up to Brother Hunt and Brother
Coleman, out to Brother Leo and
them, down into Tucson, over in
the Branham Tabernacle, across
the West Coast, raise your hands
everywhere: “I want the Dove to fly
into my heart tonight. Bring me
God’s sweet love on the wings of a
snow-white Dove, the Holy Spirit.
Bring It to me, tonight, Lord, and

drop into my heart the faith that I have need of.”

221 In the Name of Jesus Christ, I pray, God, forgive our sins. The wounded Dove has brought the Message back, O God, “It’s finished!” We believe that. Just give us faith to believe It, we pray. In Jesus’ Name. Amen.

On the wings of a snow-white dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet love,

Was a sign from Above,
On the wings of a dove.

222 Where'd that dove come from? I don't know. He wouldn't have been out there in that wilderness like that. No, no! No, he wouldn't have been there. And why was he white? The Heavenly Father knows he was as white as my shirt. There he set there.

But it was on the wings of a
snow-white dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Oh, a sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Oh, a sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

223 Oh, don't you feel real
humble? Let's just shake one
another's hands, and sing it.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

224 Let's raise our hands to
Him, and sing it.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent His pure, sweet love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

Noah had drifted

On the floods many day,

He searched for land,

In various ways;

Troubles he had some,

But not from Above,

God sent down His sign

On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sent down His pure, sweet
love,

Oh, a sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

Jesus, our Saviour

Came to earth one day;

Borned in a stable,

In a manger of hay;
Though here rejected,
But not from Above,
God gave us His sign
On the wings of a dove.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sends down His pure,
sweet love,

A sign from Above,
On the wings of a dove.

225 Why, me an old man,
suffered all my life, why did He heal
me now? I believe I'll ride this trail
again, I got to bring a Message!
And I say to my Father, tonight, as
Junior seen in a—a dream the other
night of the wings of this Dove,
moving in these windows here,
Lord, Your servant's reporting for
service. Amen, I'm ready!

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

~ 82 ~

God sends me His pure, sweet
love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

226 Let's believe now that He's
moving in upon the audience.

On the wings of a snow-white...

We're waiting, Lord.

God sends down His pure,
sweet love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

227 You that got prayer cards,
in this aisle here, step forward over
here; stand up, step forward in this
aisle here, over this way.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sends His pure, sweet love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

228 Those with prayer cards in
this line, step out to your left.

On the wings of a snow-white
dove,

God sends His pure sweet love,

A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

229 Those...[Blank spot on
tape—Ed.]

Oh, on the wings of a snow-
white dove,

God sent me His pure, sweet
love,

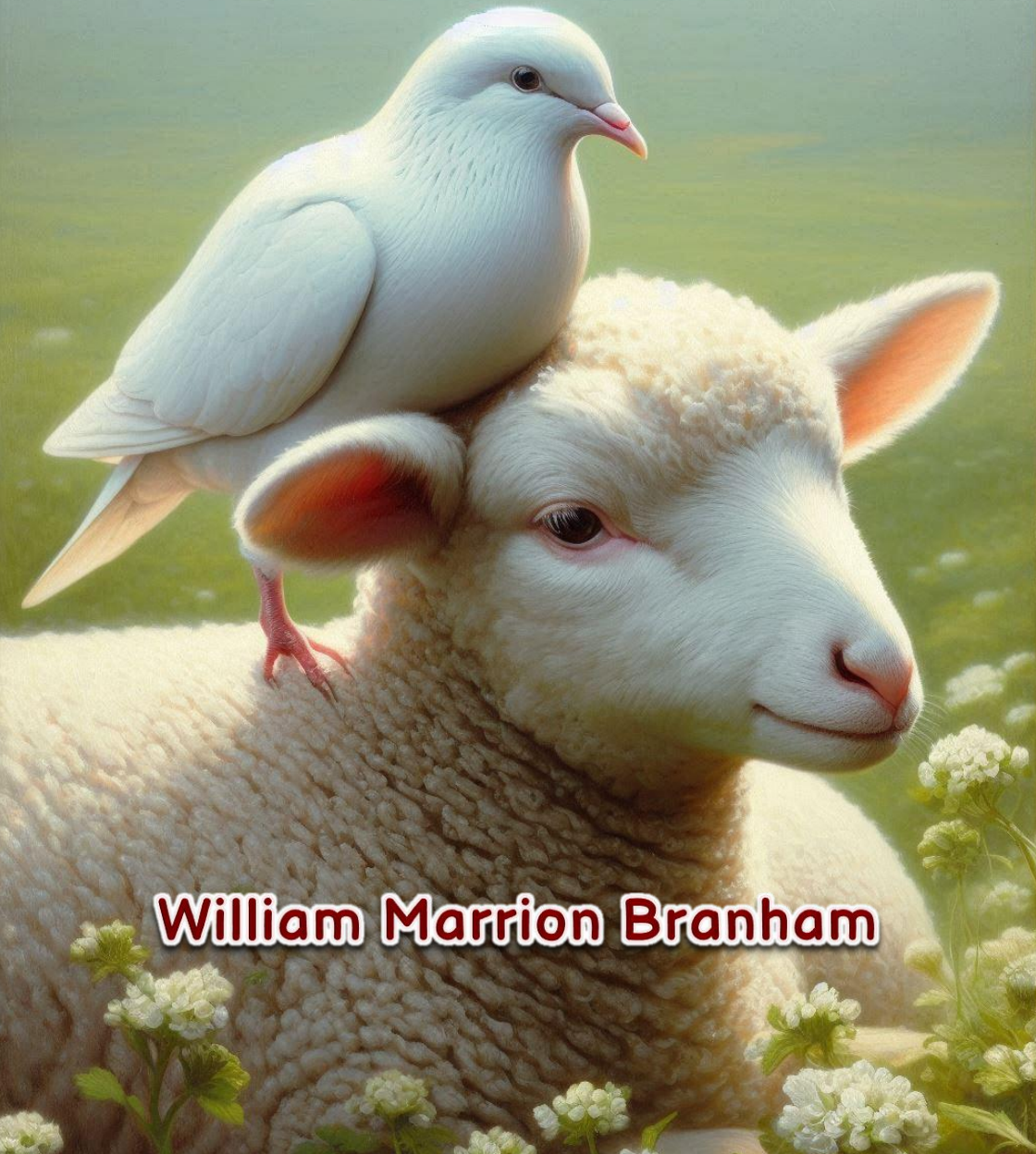
A sign from Above,

On the wings of a dove.

230 Where did the dove come from up there in the wilderness? I'd say this: God seen Abraham needed a ram for a sign, He's Jehovah-Jireh, "the Lord can provide for Himself the sacrifice." To think of it! The same God, by the same inspiration, by the same kind of people, sent a dove. He's still God, Jehovah-Jireh can provide anything He has need of.



On The Wings Of A Snow-White Dove



William Marrion Branham