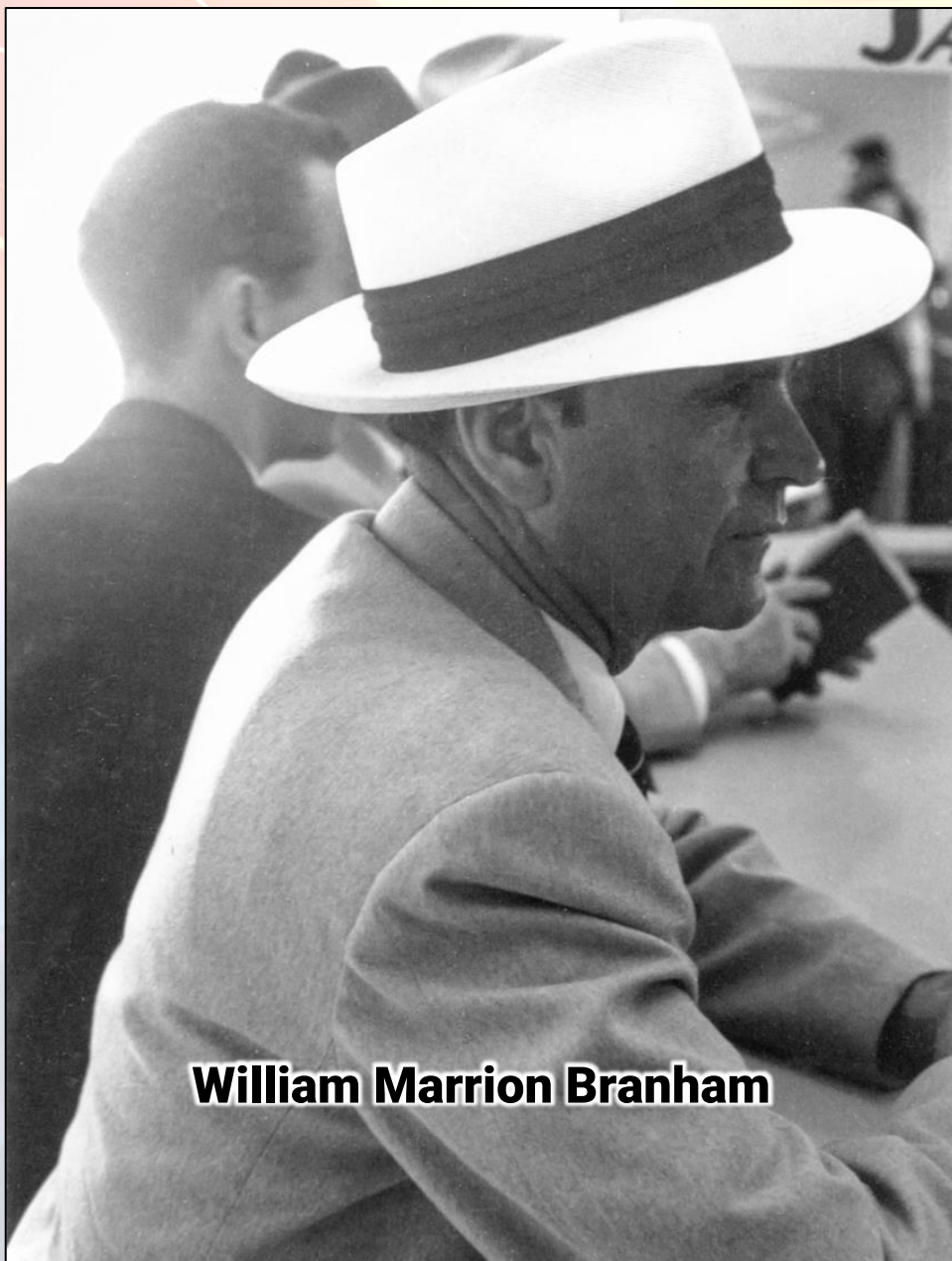


**There was a inside Man that
held in that hour**



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 65-0815 — And Knoweth It
Not*

181 And a real, genuine Christian will cope with that inside man, that Spirit that was back yonder at the beginning, which is the Word.

182 As He was the fullness of all of you, you were in Him back yonder at Calvary. He foreknew you would be here. He only broadcast what would take place. And you were in Him; you died

with Him. You died to your pride, you died to your fashions, you died to the world. When He...You died with Him in Calvary, and you rose with Him when He arose again on the third day. And because you've accepted it, now you're sitting in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Hallelujah!

183 There you are. It's that inside man. That inside that will punctuate the Word, hang with the Word, regardless. You can't

help it. I learned that, many years ago.

184 My little baby laying here, dying. My wife laying here in a...in—in the morgue, embalmed and laid out. They called me out there, and Sharon was dying. That's the hardest temptation I ever met in my life. I was about twenty-five years old. I walked out there, and Billy Paul lying at the point of death.

185 Doctor Sam come, said, "Bill, I don't think we're going to

save Billy. And I..." He said, "He's so bad." Said, "Bill, I feel so sorry for you." He put his arms around me.

I said, "Doc, I ain't got no more strength."

186 Couple of hours, I called him, my baby, Sharon, I run her out there, he...to see her in spasm; it wouldn't stop. They put a needle in the spine; they punctured it, brought the sign up, tubercular meningitis. That's all.

187 I waved my way out to the hospital; stopped my old truck out there, and got out and started walking down to the room. Here came Sam down the hall, with his hat in his hand, crying, put his arm around me, said, “Come on back, Bill.”

I said, “What’s the matter?”

Said, “You can’t see her.”

Said, “She is dying, Bill.”

And I said, “No, Sam, not my baby.”

188 Said, “Yep.” Said, “Don’t even ask for her, Bill. She’d ever live,” said, “she’d be afflicted.” Said, “She’d always be drawed up, and she’d be afflicted all of her life.” Said, “She’s got meningitis.” Said, “Don’t go around her; you—you’ll just kill Billy by doing it.”

I said, “Sam, I got to see her.”

189 Said, “You can’t do it, Bill. I—I forbid you. Now, you know how much I think of you, and you’re my buddy and

everything,” said, “how much I think of you,” said, “and how much I believe you, Bill,” he said, “but don’t—don’t go to that baby.” Said, “If you do that,...Meningitis is on her.” See? Said, “She’ll be gone in a few minutes, and,” said, “you can...we’ll bury her.” Said, “Bill, I just feel so sorry for you.”

190 And he call, told, called a nurse, to order me some kind of medicine. Said, “I don’t know how the man is standing up.”

191 I stood there a little bit. He brought the medicine in. I sat down, in the hall. He said, "Sit." And the nurse brought it, said, "Drink this, Brother Branham."

192 I said, "Thank you. Just set it down there a minute." When she left like that, I poured it over in a spittoon; set the glass back down.

193 I set there. I thought, "O God, what have I done? You're a good God. Why did You let her die, the other day, me holding

her two little arms like that?" Begging Him for her. "Why'd You let her go? There is Billy laying there, dying; and here she is, dying. What have I done? Tell me! Well, I just might as well go with them."

194 I opened the door, and no nurse was there. I slipped down in the basement. That was before the hospital was fixed. Screens, no screens on the windows, hardly, and flies on her little eyes. Had a piece of mosquito bar, we call it, netting put over her face. I

shooed the flies off; laid there.
Her little eyes, she suffered so
hard till they were crossing.

195 Then Satan moved up by
the side of me there, and said,
“Did you say He was a good
God?”

I said, “Yeah, I said that.”

196 “Did you say He was a
Healer? Well, why did your father
die in your arms over there, and
you calling, him a sinner, calling
for his life? Why did your brother
die in your other brother’s arms,

out there, and you standing in the pulpit preaching, a few weeks ago?” Said, “Then why didn’t He answer you? You said He loved you and saved you.”

197 He couldn’t tell me there was no God, ’cause I already seen Him. But he was telling me He didn’t care for me.

198 Said, “There lays your wife. Your babies will be there pretty soon. Your daddy is buried. Your brother is buried. And your wife is going to be

buried now, tomorrow. And here is your other baby, dying. He's a good God? Huh? He's a Healer?" Said, "You made a sap out of yourself!"

199 What did it do? From...it was working from the outside, now, to this first man.

200 Said, "Now look. You know, when you was a few years ago, about two or three years ago, before you accepted This, you was well thought of amongst the people. You lived a good,

clean life. Any girl in the city, that wanted to go out, go out with you, 'cause they felt clean and decent." I could stand before any of them. I never insulted one, never said anything. She even act smart, I'd take her home. "And you were liked amongst the people. But what are you now? A religious fanatic."

201 "That's right. I was." See these things begin to move together? The outside, reasoning in the spirit, moving these things together. "That's right, Satan."

“And did you say He was a Healer?”

“Yes. Hum. Yeah.”

202 “And you begging and crying, and the people telling you it wasn’t so, that you’re all off the line. Your own church turned you out, for This. Your own Baptist church down there, put you out the door, for the very same cause.”

“Yeah.”

203 “Your daddy buried. Your brother buried. Your wife lying

there, to be buried. Here is your baby, just about fifteen minutes longer and it'll be gone. And He's a Healer? Your own flesh and blood; one Word from Him would save the baby's life. 'He's a Healer,' you said. The people tried to tell you. The preacher told you you was all messed up; you was all insane; you was become a religious fanatic. And you said He loved you. Could He love you?

204 "And how you cried for your daddy! How, night after

night, you fasted, and when you...in daytime, when you'd have to pray, to get up a pole, to work. And when He let him die in your arms, a sinner.

205 “How your wife, what a fine woman she was, and how you loved her!” Billy’s mother; many of you remember Hope. “What a fine girl she was! How happy you was, your little home over there; with about seven or eight dollars worth of furniture, what furniture you had, but yet you loved her; and you...and you

loved one another. And you went and prayed for others; and, some mental emotion, they got up and walked away and said they were all right. But now your own wife; and there she is, dead, second day now, lying in the undertaker's establishment down yonder, Scott and Combs. He's a Healer? Huh?

206 “And your little boy at the point of death, Billy Paul, eighteen months old. And your little girl, at eight months old, is lying here, dying, with meningitis.

And you just prayed; and God pulled a sheet down, said, ‘Shut up!’ Don’t hear, won’t hear you, at all! Turned His back on you. He’s a good God? Huh? He loves you? And every girl you ever went with, every boy you ever associated with, your very best friends, has walked away from you as a religious fanatic.”

207 Everything he was telling me was the truth. Everything that he would say, just fall right in line, see, *here*. I was just then about ready to say, “Then I, if

that's the way He has to act, then I won't serve Him."

208 Just as I said that, there was Something came from somewhere else, way down on the inside. Said, "Who are you, to begin with? The Lord gave, and the Lord taken away." See, that's that inside man, don't reason at all.

209 I looked back, and I thought, "How did I get on earth? I come from a bunch of drunkards. How did I get here?"

Who give me life? Who give me that wife? Who give me that baby? Where did my wife come from? Where did my life come from?" I said, "Though He slay me, yet I'll trust Him."

I said, "Get away from me, Satan!"

210 I laid my hand over on the baby. I said, "Sharon, honey, I'll lay you on your mother's arms in a few minutes, when the Angels of God comes to take you away, but one day daddy will see you

again. I don't know how it's going to be, honey. I can't tell you how; when He turns His back upon me, won't even hear for you."

211 He let my wife die, and me holding her by the hands, crying for her. And my daddy, in his arms, died on this arm right *here*; looking up at me, trying to get his breath. And I prayed as hard as I could. How could I face the public again, to preach Divine healing? How could I preach He was a good God, and let my own daddy die, a sinner? How could I

preach that? I don't know how, but I know He's right.

212 The Word of God shall never fail. It'll triumph, no matter what that is. Then I knowed there was Something inside of all reasonings, Something inside of all emotions, everything else like that. There was a inside Man that held in that hour. Nothing else could have done it; every reason, everything could be showed, everything could prove that It was wrong, and I was in the wrong. But the Word of God, that

was predestinated before the foundation of the world, held on the inside.

213 I felt a little Wind come through the building. Her spirit went to meet God.

214 Brother, sister, let me tell you, That's the only thing. Don't try to reason It out. Don't try to have long hair because I said so. Don't try to do these things just, because, in your flesh. Don't try to do it, just kind of cope up. But just wait before the Lord, till

Something way down on the inside!

215 Many of you think, 'cause you've got long hair, that means you're going to go to Heaven. That doesn't mean that. Many of them thinks, 'cause you're a good, moral woman, you're going to...?...It don't mean that. Many of them think, because their churches, and belong to *this*, and *this* great groups, and great doctors of Divinity. That don't mean that. See?

216 Many think, because they speak with tongues, they've got the Holy Ghost. That don't mean that. Though, the Holy Ghost does speak with tongues. But until that real, genuine Holy Spirit in there will cope with every Word! If that Holy Spirit in you, that makes you speak with tongues, looks back there and doesn't agree with the rest of the Word, then it's the wrong spirit. See?

217 It's got to come from the inside, which is the Word, from

the beginning. “In the beginning of the creation of God,” when God begin to create, bring you into existence, you see. You started back there as a seed, and worked down to where you are now. And, then, you were all in Christ. And then when Christ died, He died to redeem all of you. And you are a part of *this* Word, and how can...the Bible, all of It! “Precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little, there a little.” “Not one jot or a tittle shall fail.” How in the world can

you, being part of that Word,
disagree with the rest of It, or any
part of It?

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