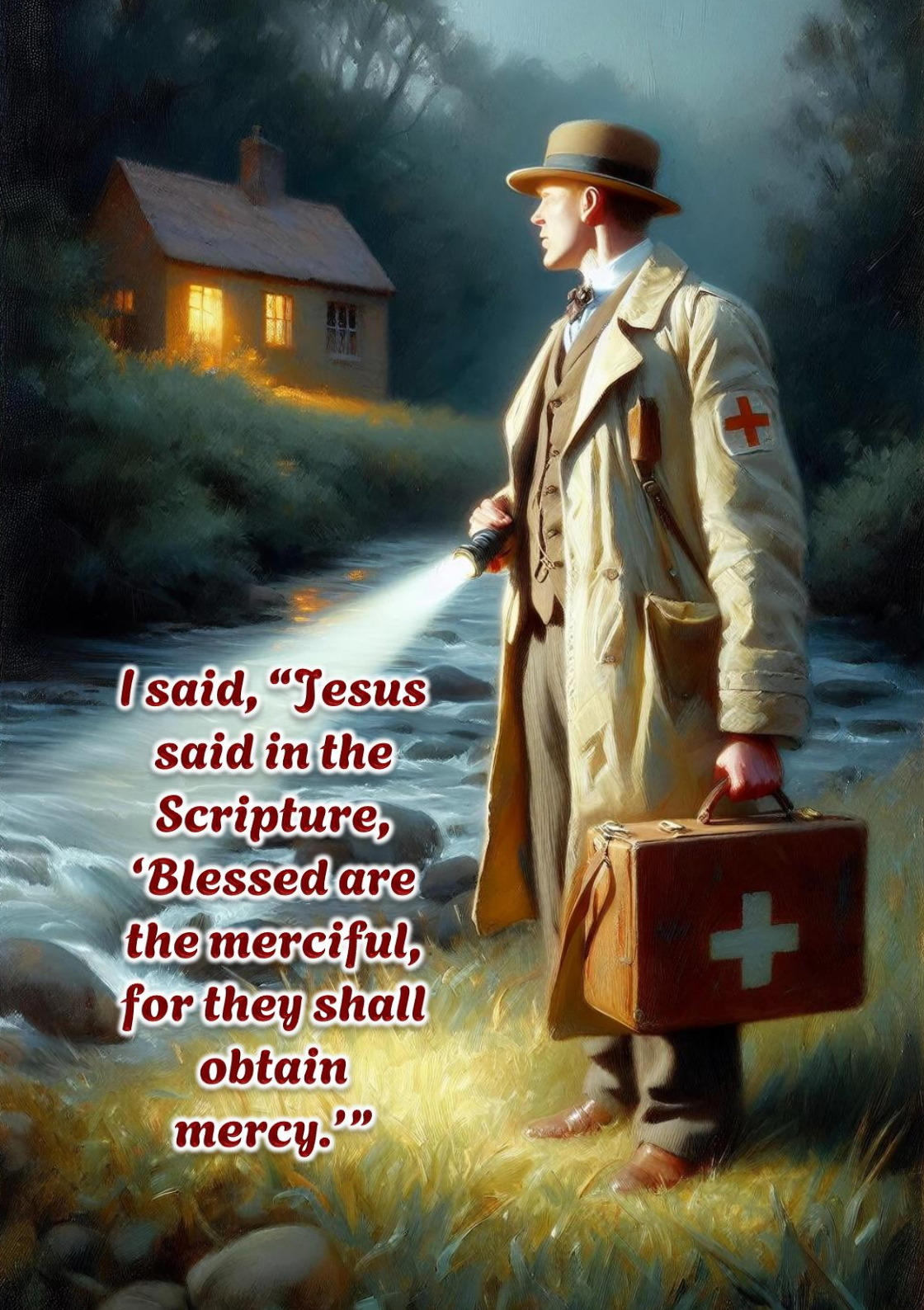




Voice of the Eagle

August 19, 2024

From The Sermons Of
William Branham

A man in a light-colored trench coat and a brown hat stands on a grassy bank next to a flowing stream at night. He holds a flashlight in his right hand, casting a beam of light onto the water. In his left hand, he carries a brown first aid kit with a white cross on it. The trench coat also features a white cross on the sleeve. In the background, a small, rustic house with a chimney is illuminated from within, its light reflecting on the water. The scene is dark and atmospheric, with trees and foliage visible in the shadows.

***I said, "Jesus
said in the
Scripture,
'Blessed are
the merciful,
for they shall
obtain
mercy.'"***

William Marrion Branham

Title: 60-0515E — Adoption #1

20 Well, now, many of these little pretty-faced mothers sitting here, some of them sixty or seventy years old, would say, “Well, what have I done, Brother Branham?”

You’ve raised your children.

You’ve done what you were supposed to do.

21 Maybe some old dad sitting here, say, “Well, I’ve harrowed the fields, I’ve done *this*. I never preached.”

But you did just what God sent for you to do.

There’s a place for you.

22 Speaking to an old doctor, yesterday, one of my doctor friends, buddies, eighty-something years old.

And his sister-in-law is here at the church tonight, and she’s been

~ 4 ~

just a teeny, teeny bit worried about him.

And I went to see him.

And as soon as I begin to talk to him, he brightened up, told me about a hunting trip he taken many years ago up in Colorado, the very same country I hunt at.

Just as brilliant and bright!

And I said, “Doctor, how long you been practicing?”

23 He said, “When you were nursing.” And way down I said...

“And many a time,” he said, “I’ve practiced, taking my buggy, I put my saddle bags over my horse. I took the little satchel and I’ve walked.”

24 And I said, “Yes, down along the creek banks, two o’clock in the morning, with your flashlight, trying to find a house where a little child had tummy ache or a mother in labor pains.”

“That’s right.”

25 And I said, “You know, doctor, I believe, across this dividing line here, between mortal and immortality, God has a place for good old doctors that’s served like that.”

26 Great tears come in his eyes and he started crying, he reached up his feeble hands and said, “Brother, I hope so.”

Across the land, God judges a man’s soul, what he is.

27 Then I give him this satisfying Scripture.

Many times, plowing through those dark muddy fields at night, trying to help somebody, maybe never get a penny for it, but it's all right.

I said, “Jesus said in the Scripture, ‘Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.’” And that is true.





***His face had
characters that
no artist could—
could draw or
paint.***

William Marrion Branham

*Title: 65-0218 — The Seed Is Not
Heir With The Shuck*

12 This ground tonight, this very spot, holds a great thing for me. Since I knew that they built this school auditorium here, I have wanted to have a service in this place. I'm very grateful to the school board and to those who graciously let us have it.

It was upon this spot, right about somewhere where this building stands tonight, that a great thing took place some thirty years ago, right on this same ground.

It was nothing but a broom sedge field at that time.

And I lived in a little house just beyond here, about two hundred yards.

~ 4 ~

I was very concerned in those days about the salvation of my father and mother.

Which, both are gone on tonight.

And especially, in that day, I was concerned about my father.

I remember, I was sleeping on the porch.

It was warm, summertime.

13 This is written, I believe, in the little book called *Jesus Christ The Same Yesterday, Today, And Forever*, or either it was in the little book called *I Was Not Disobedient To The Heavenly Vision*.

14 And laying on the porch, I suddenly was awakened, and a burden come on my heart for my father.

As, many of you people here of the city knew my father.

~ 6 ~

I think he was a great man,
though he was a sinner.

And, but he had a bad habit,
that I tried to fight against that
thing as hard as I could, through
the age, that's, drinking.

And that night he was drinking.

And I woke up with a great
burden on my heart for him.

And just with my pajamas on,
slipped on my trousers, my pajama

shirt left on; I wandered out through this broom sedge field, to just about where this stands now, and I knelt down to pray for my father.

15 And while I was praying and asking God to save him and not to—to let him die a sinner, that I loved him; and while I was in prayer, I raised up to look up towards the east from here, and there was a vision.

And standing just above me, many of you knows the vision, was the Lord Jesus.

16 Now, I'm not allergic to illusions, as I know of.

But visions are real.

And there stood the Lord Jesus, the first time I had ever saw Him in a vision of that type.

He was just about, oh, probably ten feet above my head, standing

in mid-air, with one foot just making a step.

He had on a white garment, a fringe around the side of it.

He had hair down to His shoulders.

He looked to be about, a Man about what the Bible said He was, about thirty.

But, a small, thin-built Fellow, very small, looked like He wouldn't

weigh over a hundred and thirty pounds.

17 And I looked, and I thought there was something, that I might be wrong.

So I—I rubbed my eyes and—and looked up again.

And He was standing kind of sideways, kind of a profile of His face.

And the looks of His face, which I've always seen in the visions, has been like Hofmann's head of Christ at thirty.

That's the reason I have that in my house, on my literature, wherever I can put that, because that's the way it looked, more like that. Only, He seemed to be small.

18 And as I was looking up at Him, I thought, "Surely I'm not looking at my Lord standing there."

And I was kind of, I'd say, in *this* position, and maybe right where *this*, under where this pulpit is at now.

Somewhere, it was right in this vicinity, within, with a radius of where I'm standing, the best I could measure off, within forty or fifty yards of somewhere around in this district here, this circle.

19 And I looked up, and He was standing there.

~ 13 ~

And I bit my finger, to see if I was asleep.

You know how you... Just seems like it couldn't be so.

And I was just young in the Lord then, about six months I had been preaching.

I bit my finger.

I took the broom sedge and broke it off.

And many of you people who live in the country, know what that little toothpick, like, is in the broom sedge.

I begin to chew on that.

And I said, “It—it can’t be. I’m dreaming. There is my home. There is father, mother, and the children there. There is the old brick house pond that used to stand down here, where I used to hunt ducks, just about two hundred yards beyond this. And here I am

standing in the field; it's got to be so."

20 I kicked against the ground, stomped my feet a little bit, and shook my head, and—and wrung my hands, looked up again; looked away, looked again, and there He was, standing there.

And the wind started to blow, and I seen the broom sedge blowing.

~ 16 ~

And when it started blowing,
His garments blew with it.

Like the clothes hanging on a
line, it begin to—to flip.

He was standing there. I looked
at it.

21 And I thought, “If I could just
get a look at His face!”

And He was watching east,
right *this* a way.

He was watching it, tensely.

And I moved, to step around, to get a close look at His face.

And I still couldn't see Him very well.

He had His hands in front of Him, rather hid from where I was standing.

22 I moved around again. And I cleared my throat, something like this, went, "hum," to see if I could

attract His attention. But He never moved.

23 Then I thought, “Maybe I’ll call Him.”

When I said, “Jesus,” He turned His head.

And when He looked at me, He just raised His arms out.

That’s all I remember.

For, about nearly daylight, I was laying right out here somewhere where this place is now, in the field; my pajama shirt all wet with tears, where I had been crying. And I had passed out.

His face had characters that no artist could—could draw or paint.

They could not do it.

He looked like a Man that, if you would look at Him, He

wanted to cry with sympathy,
and respect with reverence; and
yet with enough power that,
would speak, it would turn the
world over.

And the characters could
never be caught by an artist.



***He was all fat and round.
He felt good.
He had been eating all winter.***



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 54-0330 — Redemption In
Completeness, In Joy*

89 Reminds me of a story.

A fellow had a great big fine farm.

He built great big fine barns, just as dignified and classic as it could be, but he was too lazy to farm. All right.

There was another farmer lived close to him; he didn't have very much of a barn, but he really was a farmer, and he had put plenty of good food in that barn that year.

And two little calves was born, one in one barn and one in the other.

When springtime come, they turned the little calves out of the stall.

90 That little calf from over here, had been fed real good, my, when that wind begin to hit him, oh, my, he kicked up his heels, and away he went, just as hard as he could go; a snorting, and a jumping, and a bucking, and a going on.

91 And then the other farmer turned his out, over there.

He had—he had nothing to eat but weeds; too lazy to farm, too lazy to feed him.

92 Puts in mind of some of these pastors. Right! Right! Too lazy! It's too trifle. And just dignified barns is all you got.

Put some Food in there for the calf! Right. Right.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost, preached with power, it'll scorch them. That's right.

But that's what they need, is some good old-fashion scorching; what the church needs, what the members need. Notice.

93 And this little old calf had been ruined.

Poor, little fellow come out of the stall, was so thin he couldn't hardly walk.

And he peeped down through the crack, and looked across.

~ 7 ~

94 And he seen that other calf
just a snorting.

He was all fat and round.

He felt good.

He had been eating all winter.

95 And that little, starved calf
looked over, said, “Such
fanaticism!”

My! Sure, he was too skinny to
think anything else.

96 But, I tell you, when that one that all fattened up, all winter, brother, he knowed where he was at.

He was having a good time when that warm wind begin to blow on him.

97 And any man that's born of the Spirit of God, they'll call him a fanatic or anything else.

But when that warm, spring, Holy Ghost wind begin to come

like It did on the Day of Pentecost,
something is going to take place.
Right.

The warm winds begin to blow;
brother, you're all fattened up with
the Gospel, all round and feeling
good. Kick up your heels and have
a good time.



**And take, a lot of times, and lay
something else aside to read that
Word**



William Marrion Branham

Title: 58-0328 — God Keeps His Word

24 You know, the Holy Spirit feeds on the Word. Jesus said, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” That’s what’s the matter, one of the things, today, that makes the church in its anemic condition, is because it doesn’t

take time to feed on the Word.
The church is hungry.

25 If I was a doctor, and a great big stout-looking man come to me, and said, “Sir, I’m sick.”

I’d say, “What is your symptoms?”

He would say, “I’m so weak, I can’t hardly pick my hands up.”

Well, I would say...ask him a few physical conditions.

“Yes, that’s all right.”

And I would say, “Well, sir, have you been eating regular?”

“Oh,” he’d say, “I eat a half a cracker day before yesterday.”

Well, I’d say, “You’re just hungry. You need strength, and you need to eat.”

26 That's what's the matter with the church: just read a Scripture, one little verse on Sunday morning. We ought to have our head in His Word every minute we have to spare! **And take, a lot of times, and lay something else aside to read that Word.** "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."





A young man with light brown hair, wearing a colorful patterned sweater over a plaid shirt, sits on a wooden bench in a snowy forest. He is holding an open book and looking down at it. The background shows snow-covered trees and a soft, warm light filtering through the branches.

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