

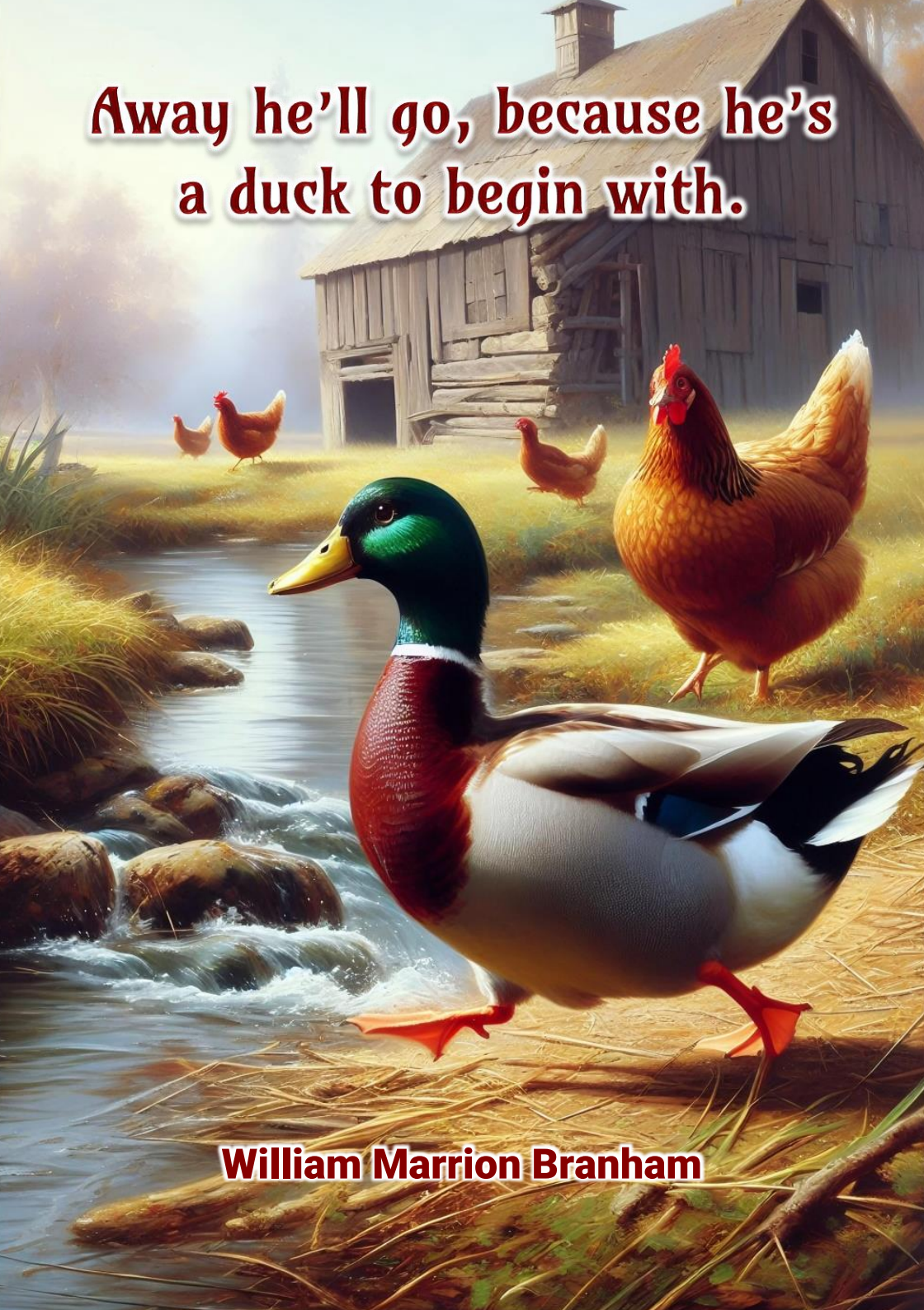
Voice of the Eagle

July 12, 2024

From The Sermons Of
William Marrion Branham



**Away he'll go, because he's
a duck to begin with.**



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 61-1231M — You Must Be
Born Again*

95 Reminds me. One day they, in a—a yard, they said they had a duck was following some chickens.

And the—the duck, you know, was a funny little fellow to them chickens.

He kind of top-heavy, you know, and big bill, you know. But that, being he was top-heavy,

he—he had that bill there for some purpose.

And that's the way I guess sometimes the Christian seems to be a little bit, get a little fanatically, but—but that's there for a purpose. See?

So, he, it did look funny as long as he was running around with the chickens, and he could... turkeys and things, they—they—they had little bitty short bill, and they, and while the

things they did, and they wasn't built like that duck.

One day the mother led him, with a bunch of chickens and him, out behind.

He was always way in the back, you know, kind of.

He didn't even talk like them.

His language was different.

They couldn't understand one another.

96 That's the way with the Christian when he's born again, see.

He come out of a different egg, that's all. See?

Maybe he's got... I believe there's many of them out here in these denomination churches, that's genuine ducks, but they got a hen leader. That's right. So they just don't get it.

That sounds rude. Don't mean it that way, but I'm trying to make a point.

97 One day she led him out a little too far behind the barn.

There was some water running down behind the barn.

Yeah. A spring going out, creek.

And he was going along there wondering what it's all about, you know, following the hen along.

And, why, he didn't even like the diet they were eating, didn't look right to him.

These old things that they do,
it didn't seem right.

So after a while he happened
to catch a breath.

“That smelled just right.
Where did that come from?”

Oh, that little breath of
Heaven, hummm!

Catch that little breath of
something that's refreshing, a
sermon that appeals to you, that
strikes down in, you feel the
Word anchor Itself.

Hummm, Heavenly sunshine!

He thought, “Oh, there’s somehow another, that breath that I got, fits my nature.”

He breathed it again.

“It’s somewhere. Now, you can’t tell me; it’s somewhere. I know there’s something somewhere that I belong to,” not to this creed. See?

You know what I mean?

He smelt water, and his nature
was a duck, so a duck and the
water just goes together.

That's the way a believer and
God goes together.

Directly he got another big
whiff of it, become more strong.

After a while the wind begin to
blow.

Like the rushing, mighty Wind,
you know.

It begin to blow the breeze
right off the water, to him.

He couldn't stand it no longer.

Down over the hill he went,
wobble, wobble, wobble, wobble,
just, you know, going, "Honk-
honk, honk-honk, honk-honk."

That little bill sticking up in the
air, you know.

He smelt water!

98 The old hen said, "You
fanatic, get back here!"

No good at all; he done smelt
water.

He was on his road to the water!

99 “There is a fountain filled with Blood, drawn from Emmanuel’s vein, where sinners plunge beneath the flood and lose all their guilty stain.”

A real Christian wants nothing to do with the world.

They don’t want to live around here haphazardly and wondering where they’re at, and today they’re Methodist and tomorrow

they're Baptist, and Presbyterian and Pentecostals, and so forth.

Oh, brother, that's miserable!

A real Christian wants to get the freshness of the Spirit, the freshness of God in his life, something that makes him a new creation.

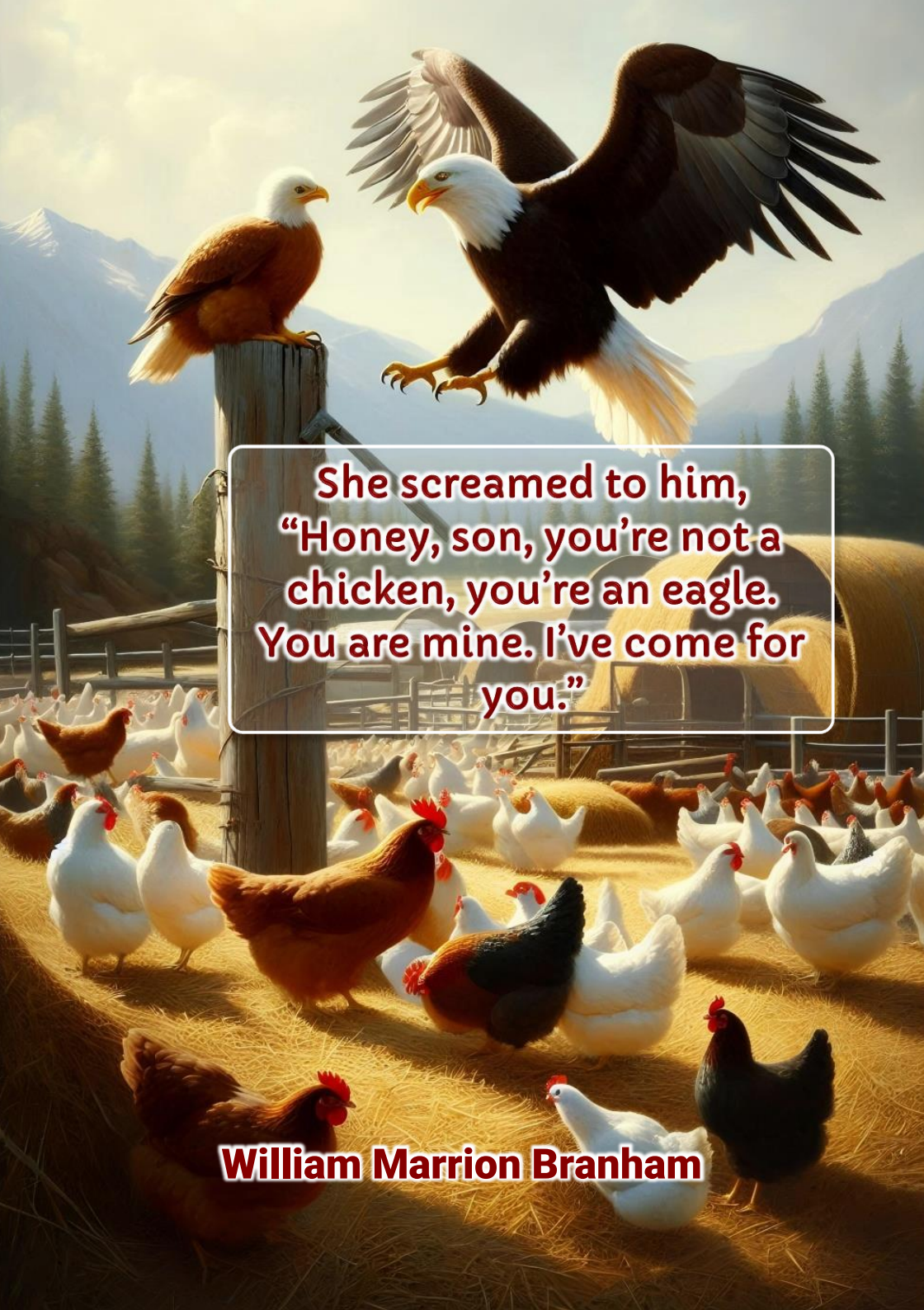
As soon as he can get that outlet, he'll drive over snowy grounds or anything else to get to it.

~ 13 ~

Away he'll go, because he's a
duck to begin with.

Yeah. Not a creed, no, no, no,
no.





She screamed to him,
“Honey, son, you’re not a
chicken, you’re an eagle.
You are mine. I’ve come for
you.”

William Marrion Branham

*Title: 57-0714 — As The Eagle
Stirreth Up Her Nest*

111 One time, it was said that a farmer was setting a hen and he put a eagle's egg under the hen. And so, after the hen had set awhile, she had...I wonder how many women in here knows what a setting of eggs is? Oh, these farmers would know. Fifteen is a setting, I believe. So he had fourteen eggs, so he put

one eagle egg under it. That's about the way it is, about one out of a setting is about the way you get it. So, he set the old hen, the atmosphere in the barnyard. Finally, after a while, they all hatched out. When this little eagle was hatched out, he was a—a funny-looking bird to the rest of them. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

And that's the way a real eagle, when he's born in one of

these modern, so-called sophisticated churches, he's kind of an off brand.

He couldn't understand the—the clucking of the hen.

And that's the way the real Christian that's born in one of those hen's nests today. They can't understand.

112 “Oh, come on, children. Just a...oh, it's all right.” The old hen leads them out in the barnyard and they pick in the

manure pile and everything else. That eagle couldn't eat that. He had a different nature. He was just about starved to death. That's the way a real Christian gets around some of these old morgues.

113 "Oh, come and join the church. Put your name on the book. And, oh, that's all right. You can put on your shorts and cut the grass in the afternoon. I think it's cool." It's ridiculous.

And the real eagle knows better. “Oh, a social drink won’t hurt anyone.” It’s sin. The real eagle knows it. “There’s nothing wrong with smoking cigarettes.” The real eagle knows better, his nature’s different.

114 He just hung on with that little ol’ bunch of chickens. Ol’ mammy would say, “Come on over here.” And they’d just be picking and having a big time with some big: “Oh, well, we’ll

have a bunco game. We'll pay the pastor." The eagle stood outside. He didn't want none of that. No, sir. Just something about him that was different.

115 Did you ever see one hatched out in a hen's nest like that? I mean some of these modern churches? They get up with the doxology and Apostle's Creed, and sing a couple of songs, and talk about the flowers, and go home. That eagle ain't

fed. That's scavengers. He can't stand that. So, he'd follow along like a little ugly duckling, you know, in the back.

116 And the old hen would find some kind of a certain kind of a—a—a something, and she'd cluck to her chickens a certain thing she'd found in the manure pile, and she'd cluck to her chickens. Little old eagle just walk up and look at it, say, "I just

can't be partakers of such."

Thank God for His nature.

117 That's the reason I believe in election. You are what you are by the grace of God. Not that you made yourself anything, it's what God, through His sovereign grace, made you before the foundation of the world. You might try to be good and go to church, if you want to. "It's not him that willeth, or him

that runneth, but it's God that showeth mercy." That's right.

118 He's an eagle to begin with. He just can't stand it. Don't worry. They might say, "Don't go around that bunch of holy-rollers, *this*, *that* or the *other*." Don't worry, he's headed that way just as sure as anything.

Now, watch. Them little ol' chickens went around, they thought they were having a wonderful time.

119 But, you know, one day while they was out in the barnyard, there come a scream across the sky. The old mother happened to sweep by, she looked down. She seen this little fellow tugging along, looking.

Oh, brother, His eye is on the sparrow. This one thing we know, God knows His Own.

120 The old mother eagle happened to come over this barnyard and she looked down.

She saw her young'n. The farmer stole him. That's right, an egg out of her nest, but that was hers. She screamed to him, "Honey, son, you're not a chicken, you're an eagle. You are mine. I've come for you."

121 I remember the night when God made that scream to me: "You're not of this world. You're not of them chickens. You're not a chicken to begin

with. You're an eagle. You're Mine, and I've come for you."

"Now, honey, up and listen to my word. Just make a little jump and flop your little wings." She's circling the barnyard.

Oh, I pray that this very hour
He's circling the barnyard:
"You're Mine. You belong to Me."

122 There's something about
that voice that he understood.
Well, it was, "Good-bye chicken

yard.” He made a great big flop with his little wings and he landed right on top of the barnyard post. He seen he had done something. I’d say, then, he joined a denomination, got right in the middle of a Pentecostal organization.

His mother screamed again, said, “Honey, you’ve got to come higher than that.”

I think we do, too. We got to come higher than under an

organization, or a denomination or a confession.

123 She said, “Just simply make another jump and flop with all that’s in you. I’ll catch you on my wings, and I’ll bear you up to the place where you ought to be.”

124 That’s it this morning, friend. You may be sick. Your church might not believe in Divine healing. You may be a sinner. Your church don’t believe

in the baptism of the Holy Spirit. But there's Something in you that calls for God. Why? You were borned an eagle. He's here this morning to bear you away. His Word says so. Let's just, when He spreads forth His Word, let's lock our hope this morning, right in His everlasting promise. When death finally strikes us: "I'll fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."



Memphis Woman Prays, “Where Is Your Elijah?”



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 60-1208 — The Thyatirean
Church Age*

I remember coming from Chattanooga one night; and the plane was downed at—at—at Tennessee, down there at Memphis. They put me up in that big, fine hotel there. And called me, said, “The plane will go out at—at seven o’clock, next morning.”

151 And I was taking some mail down to put in the mail box; coming home, writing back to some of my friends. And going down, the Holy Spirit said, “Keep walking.” I just kept on, got on down in the colored district.

152 I was standing down there, I thought, “My! Look here, it’s time for that plane to go.”

153 And the Holy Spirit kept saying, “Keep walking.” Just like He did in the woods the other day down there, you know. “Just

keep walking.” So I kept on walking.

154 I happened to look way down there, in one of those little colored shacks where the colored people was living, poor, down there. An ol’ Aunt Jemima, typically, with a boyish shirt tied around her head, leaning over the...like that.

155 And I was going along there singing:

I’m...of them, I’m one of them,

I'm so glad that I can say I'm one of them, (Oh, Hallelujah!)

“And what do You want, Lord?”

One of them, I'm one of them,

Do you believe in being led by the Spirit? Yes, sure.

I'm so glad that I can say I'm one of them.

156 It's been about fourteen years ago now. She was looking over the fence. I was about, oh, a half city block from her, and I

seen this old, colored lady eyeing me right down, you know. Well, I just kept on, quit singing, started walking on down. I got up close to her, great big tears on them big fat cheeks; she looked at me, said, “Good morning, Parson!”

157 Turned around, I said, “How do you do, Auntie?” And she said...I turned around, she was laughing, had a big smile across her face. I said, “How did you know I was a parson?” Down South, you know, a *preacher* is a

“parson.” Said...I said, “How’d you know I was a parson?”

She said, “I knowed you was coming!”

And I said, “How do you know that? Do you know me?”

She said, “No, sir.” And she said, “I know you was coming.” Said, “Did you ever hear the story about the Shunammite woman?”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

158 And she said, “Well,” she said, “I’s was that kind of woman.” She said, “And the Lord give me a baby, and I told her...told Him that I’d raise him.” Said, “I’m a poor woman. I wash and work for the white folks for a living.” She said, “And He told me that He—He give me the baby, and I told Him I’d raise him.” Said, “I raised him the best I knowed how, but” said, “Parson, he got amongst the wrong company. He got a disease, and we didn’t know

nothing about it.” Said, “He got it advanced stage. And he’s dying, in there on the bed.” Said, “He’s been unconscious now, two days.” Said, “The doctor-man come and said, ‘It done eat up his heart and so forth, got into his blood stream, so bad till it damaged him; so that the stuff that they give him wouldn’t help him now.’” And said, “He’s dying.” And said, “I just can’t stand to see him die, a sinner.” And said, “I prayed and I prayed,” said, “all night long I

prayed.” Said, “He’s unconscious, he don’t know nothing.” Said, “He hadn’t for two days.”

159 Said, “I prayed, I said, ‘Lord, You give me that baby’ and said, ‘like You did the Shunammite woman.’ Said, ‘Where is Your Elijah? Where is...?’ Said, ‘Well, where—where is something to help me?’”

160 And said, “I fell asleep on my knees.” And she said, “The Lord spoke to me, in my dream,”

and she said, ““Go out and stand by the gate. And there’ll be a man coming down the street, wearing a little, tan hat and a dark suit.’ He said, ‘He’ll speak to you.’”

161 And she said, “I been standing here since ’fore daylight.” And her back was wet from dew. And she said, “And I seen you come in that tan hat,” she said, “but you was supposed to be packing a little satchel.”

162 I said, “I left it in the hotel.” See? And I said, “Your boy is sick?”

Said, “He’s dying.”

I said, “My name is Branham.”
I said, “Do you know me?”

She said, “No, sir, Parson Branham, I—I never heard of you.”

I said, “I pray for the sick.”
She wasn’t interested in that.
She didn’t want her boy to die, a sinner.

163 I walked in; they had an old gate there with a plowpoint hanging on it to swing it back (maybe many of you Northerners wouldn't know what it is), but, to keep the gate closed. And I walked in the house, in a little, bitty, old, two-room (looked like a little...what we call a little "shotgun house") like, setting there; there's a room *here*, and that's the living room, bedroom, and all together; and the kitchen back *there*. When I walked in...It was a little whitewashed place,

and nice, stripped down on the sides, and clapboard. So then...No, I believe she had tar paper on top of the roof, I remember seeing them big bubbles, like of the dew, hanging on top of it.

164 Then when I walked in, there was a sign hanging there across that door, said, “God Bless Our Home.” Right here in the corner was an old bedstead over here, and one over here. There laid a great big fellow (not

a rug on the floor), great big boy, big fine-looking chap standing there. I guess he was a...weigh a hundred and seventy or eighty pound, close to six foot. And he had the blanket in his hand, going, “Uhm. Uhm.”

165 And she said, “Mama’s baby.”

166 And I thought, ““Mama’s baby.”” And yet he had a—he had a social disease, syphilis. And he—he was dying.

167 And she kissed him on the forehead, and patted him like that, said, “Mama’s baby.”

168 Why, my heart just went big. I thought, “Yes, no matter how deep you are in sin, you’re still her baby.” Then I thought, “See, no matter how bad off he was, it’s still ‘Mama’s baby.’” And I thought, “God said, ‘A mother may forget her suckling babe; but I can never forget you, for your name’s engraved in the

palms of My hand.” See? How could it be!

169 I looked at that poor old saint walking around there. You could tell, brother, she didn’t have nothing in the house; but she had something in the house that every house in Indiana or everywhere else ought to have in it; that’s God. I’d rather have that than have a big fine home with pin-up girls, and all this vulgar, nasty stuff. Old Bible laying there

where It's opened, old pages wrinkled in It.

170 I looked at her. And she said, "The Parson come pray for you, honey."

171 He go, "Uhm. Uhm. Dark. Uhm."

172 And I said, "What's he saying?"

She said, "He doesn't know. The doctor-man says, 'He's out of his head.'" Said, "He thinks he's out in a big sea somewhere,

and he's rowing a boat, and he's lost." And said, "That's what I can't stand, Parson: to know my baby's dying, lost." And she said, "I knows you come to help me, 'cause the Lord's done told me so."

I said, "I'll pray for him," and I said, "maybe the Lord will heal him."

173 She wasn't interested in that, she just wanted him to raise up and say that he was 'saved.' That's all, just so as long as he

was saved. No matter, he has to go anyhow, so, sometime; as long as he was saved! Oh, if we could just get that attitude! That Eternal Home yonder, she knowed she'd live with him again then.

Said, "If I could just hear him say he was 'saved.'"

I said, "Let's bow down." And she knelt down. And I just took a hold of his feet, and his feet was real cold and sticky. And I couldn't pull the cover over

them, a little—a little thin blanket she had over him there; and just had on his trunks, you know.

174 And so he...And he was pulling that back like that, just thinking he was in it. He grabbed that, and thinking he was pulling oars. He kept saying, “It’s so dark. Uhm. Uhm. It’s so dark.” So then she tried to talk to him; and he’s just keep saying, “It’s dark and cold,” just pulling.

175 Then I—I looked at her a little bit, and she knelt down

there, and I said, “Auntie, would you lead us in prayer?”

She said, “Yes, sir.”

176 Just she, and I, and the boy, and the Holy Spirit in the room, is all. That old saint prayed. My! When she talked to Him, you knowed she had talked to Him before. Yes, sir! She knew who she was talking to. She said, “Lord, I don’t know what You’re going to do,” she said, “but everything’s just the way You said it.”

177 Oh, my! Oh! I'm so glad, I'm so glad He's still the same Jesus was back there with those saints back in there. He's still the same Jesus today.

178 And I never asked her about her religion, whether she was Baptist, Pentecostal, or what. That wasn't my business. I was—I was just following the Holy Spirit, and she was doing the same thing. We wanted to see what He was going to do.

179 So we knelt down, and she started praying. When she got through praying, she raised up and kissed his head, said, “God, bless my baby.”

180 And then she said, “Now will you pray, Parson?”

181 And I said, “Yes, ma’am.” And right then it was about half past eight, maybe quarter till nine, and I was in...two miles from the place, and—and the airplane leaving at seven o’clock;

and didn't know when I'd ever get out.

182 So I put my hands over on his feet, I said, "Heavenly Father, I don't understand this. And You...I—I was suppose to catch an airplane a while ago, nearly a hour and a half ago. You just kept saying, 'Walk,' and this is the only thing that I've found yet. And she said that You...she seen me coming. If that—if that was You, Lord, then I don't know

what to do but just put my hands over on the boy.”

183 He said, “Oh, mama,” said, “it’s getting light in here now.” And about five minutes from then, he was setting up on the side of the bed, with his arms around his mother.

184 I slipped out, run down there and caught a cab, and run over to the hotel to get my suitcase. And thought I’d go over and just wait, maybe have to wait a day or two in them days. You

know how hard it was right after the war there to get a plane, so I thought, “I’ll have to wait a couple days.”

185 And I got in the cab and run out there, airport. Just as I got there, they said, “Flight number 196 for Louisville, Kentucky, now leaving.” God held that airplane on the ground for me, like that. Oh, I believe it!

186 About two years from then, I was going down on the train, going over to Arizona, to

Brother Sharrit's, there to a meeting. And so I was to pick up with Brother Moore and them. And so when I went over there, I stopped there at Memphis. And the train pulled in, if you all know how it pulls in going west like this, and then backs out and takes the turntable and switches off.

187 And them sandwiches on the train, they want about sixty cents apiece for them. And I can buy them for ten, fifteen cents,

you know, out somewhere else. And I just waited till the train stopped, to get me some sandwiches. I was going to get me a ha-...sack full of hamburgers, and really have a jubilee going over there. So I jumped out and run down through there real quick, to get me a hamburger stand; looking around, she going to lay over there about thirty minutes.

188 And so I—I started to get me some hamburgers, and I

heard somebody say, “Hello, there, Parson!” And I looked around, a little red cap, standing there batting his eyes, you know, said, “Don’t know me, do you?”

“Don’t believe I do, son.”

Come over, said, “Look at me good!”

And I said, “Yeah?” I said, “I don’t believe I know you.”

He said, “I knows you!” Said, “You Parson Branham!”

And I said, “Yeah, that’s right.” I said, “You ever been in one of my meetings?”

Said, “No, sir!” Said, “You remember that morning you come down to the house and my mammy was w-...?”

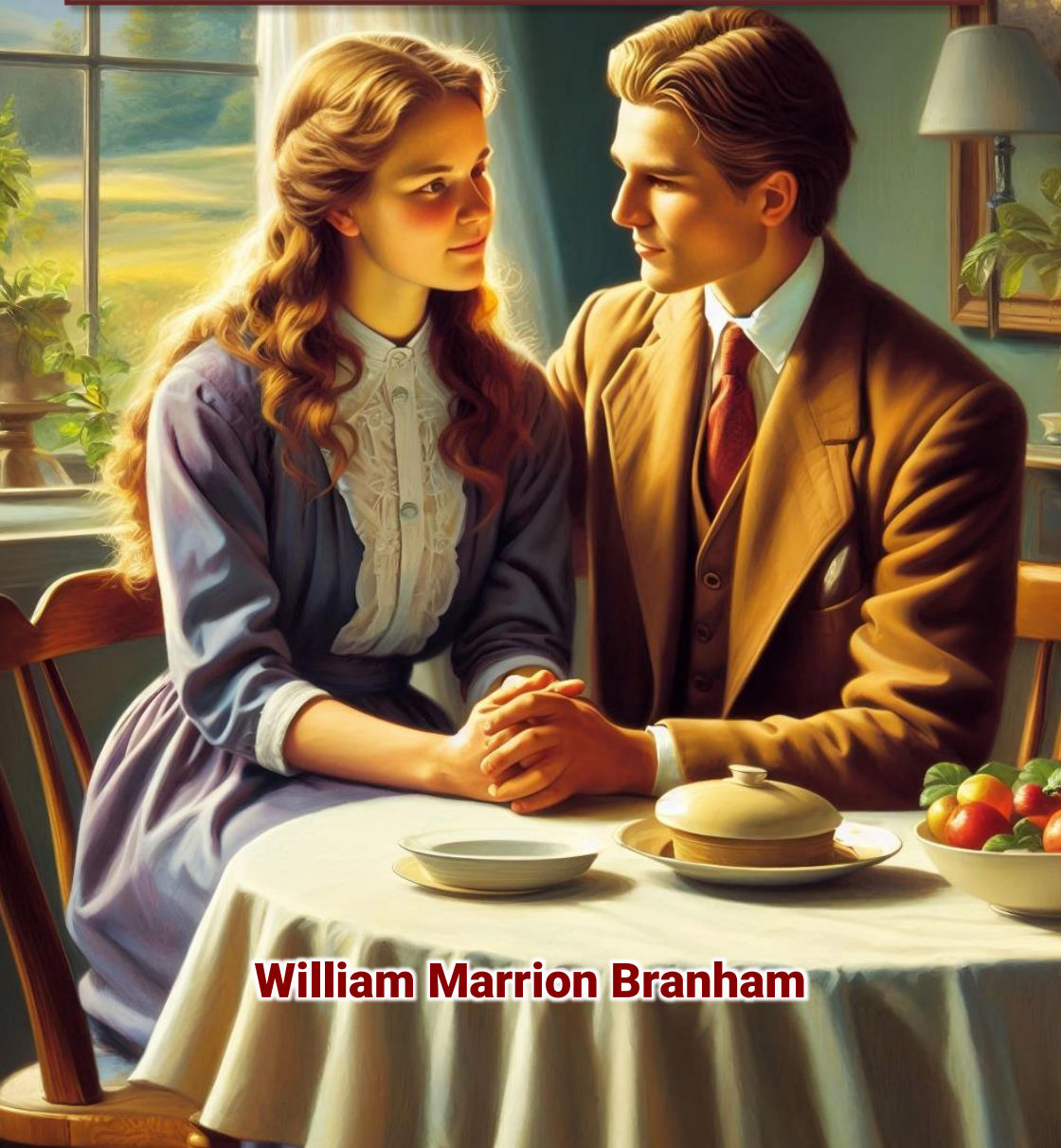
“Oh!” I said, “You’re not him!”

Said, “Yes, I is! Yes, I is!” He said, “Parson,” said, “I is healed, sound, and well. And not only that, but I’s a Christian now!”

189 Praise the Lord! Oh!



Now, you multiply that by a billion and then you have some idea of what the love of God is.



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 63-0623M — Standing In
The Gap*

35 Now we're going to read
Numbers 16:3 and 4.

*And they gathered
themselves together against
Moses and against Aaron, and
said unto them, Ye take too
much upon you, seeing all the
congregation are holy, every one
of them, and the Lord is among
them: wherefore then lift ye up*

*yourselves above the
congregation of the Lord?*

*And when Moses heard it, he
fell upon his face:*

36 Our Heavenly Father, bless these few Words. “And may the meditation of our heart, and the fruits of our lips, be acceptable in Thy sight.” In Jesus’ Name we pray. Amen.

37 I want to—to take this as a text, for what I wish to say this morning: *Standing In The Gap*.

38 Of this time that we're speaking of, or reading, of course, we all understand that it was when Dathan and—and—and Korah had decided that—that they would interfere with the—the commission that God had give to Moses, saying, “You ought to let the whole congregation do *such-and-such*. They're all holy.” And God had commanded Moses to lead the people to the promised land. And they said, “You take it upon yourself to do too much. You, try

to make yourself the only one in the bunch that—that's got any say-so."

39 And this displeased God so much until He told Moses, "Separate yourself from among them. I—I'll just—I'll just kill the whole bunch, and start a new generation with you." And Moses fell in the Presence of God and said He'd have to come over him. See?

40 Now, today, if God was going to liquidate the people,

and there was a time that when God had gotten tired of fooling with our sin, we constantly going wrong, who would stand like Moses, today, for the people? Where would we find a person that would stand, or could stand, that God would accept like He did Moses? And Moses' own life on earth meant so much to God till it stayed the wrath of God, and God would not cross over Moses. That always was a puzzle to me till I...One day, in revelation of the Scripture, there

came this thought to me. That, you see, Moses, in act, was every way substituting. He was a type of Jesus Christ.

41 And when God was going to take the life of the whole world, and destroy it, and all was sinners, and condemned to die, Christ died for us all. And God could not cross over Christ, being His Own Son. And then Jesus gave Himself freely, that He might pay the way then if...Moses couldn't have done

that. Moses had no blood but human blood, like we are. So, therefore, his blood would not be...it would not suffice. But Jesus being the Blood of God Himself, the creative Blood of God, God just excused the entire human race then, of sin, because it was all laid upon Him. And He went to Calvary and died out of the Presence of God, and suffered. And was cast into hell, because that He was sin, made...our sins upon Him. And there being our—our burden

bearer, took our sins to—to Calvary, and from Calvary to hell; and God raised Him up on the third day, for a propitiation of our sins.

42 And today He is the only mediator between God and man, and we're freely pardoned and forgiven. God don't even know we ever sinned. Our sins were put in the Sea of Forgetfulness, never to be remembered no more. We cannot do that ourself; we are finite. He is infinite. And

our finite, we can still remember, because we're not big enough. But He is so great that He even forgets we ever did sin. We are sons and daughters, in His Presence. And all things that He was, we are. He become my sin, that I might become His righteousness. He become your sin, that your...He...you might become His righteousness. So God cannot see no sin in you as long as your confession is in Christ Jesus.

43 Someone said, some time ago, said, “If I believed a thing like that, would I ever turn on the steam! I’d paint the town red. I’d go to every dance hall. I’d get so drunk, and everything, because...”

“Why?”

“You’re already secured in Christ. What difference does it make?”

44 I said, “That shows you haven’t got it.” If the love of God ever struck your heart, in the

tenderness of Jesus Christ, you would be so in love with Him, the world would be dead, as your sin. That's how you know you have the Holy Spirit. Not because that you could scream, shout, speak, or tongues, or whatever it is. But when sin becomes dead, and you're alive in Jesus Christ. Oh, love of God, how rich, how pure! See?

45 Now here in Louisville, Kentucky, not long ago, a minister was talking, that there

was a—a young lady. She had waited a little long in life to be married, somewhere around her twenty-five, thirty years old. And she was a fine, staunch Christian girl. And there was a certain man in Louisville that wasn't; he hadn't lived such a good life. He had run to dances and roadhouses, and so forth, but one day he found pardon for his sin and he—he become a real Christian, real staunch Christian. About a year later, he fell in love with this young lady, and the

young lady madly fell in love with him. And they were married.

46 And after they lived together about two years, they said that this young lady said to her husband one day, she said, “Dear, I suppose that’s kind of hard for you, just a new Christian,” said, “I’ve been a Christian since a little girl, but,” said, “for you, a young Christian, to have to stand all the—the—the wiles and temptations that goes

with it after you—you've sinned so long."

And he said, "Well, it does become a battle."

47 She said, "I want you to remember one thing, that if the enemy does upset you somewhere, and you fall and you go back into sin, don't stay away from home. I want you come on home." Said, "You're going to find at home the same wife that you married." And said, "I'll help you to pray back, and pray

through, and get back to God again.” Said, “I—I—I—I don’t want you to stay away.” Said, “Look, I married you upon the basis not of what you were, but I married you because I loved you.” And she said, “No matter what you do, I still love you. I married you because I loved you.”

48 And the man that day went to work, was heard repeating it in a...the place where he was working. He said, “Now, how

could a man do anything wrong against something like that?" When a woman, that loves him so much that, no matter what he did, was willing to come back and take him again, and try it again. See? It shows...Now, you multiply that by a billion and then you have some idea of what the love of God is. See?

49 That when a man falls in love with Jesus Christ, the things of the world...When you think of what He did for you in the Light

of the Scripture, not in the light of some emotion, but in the light of facts, what it is, then there is something happens in you. When the new Birth comes, the sin is dead as midnight. When as long as that Light is in you, how can darkness shine? It cannot do it. That's what God did to one man who throwed hisself in the gap, that could take the promise. And Moses being a—a type of this Antitype, that's why Moses stood in the gap for the people.

50 Then I wonder, in this day, of this loose, lazy, soft Laodicea age that we live in. We all know, and have been through the *Church Ages*, that we're living in the last age, the Laodicea Church Age. And this lazy, loose, happy-go-lucky, joking, sinful age of lust that we're living in now, it's a wonder that God doesn't just say, "Step back, Church, I'll just liquidate the whole group." See? What a age that we're living in! And He will do that one of these days, too. We know that

it's coming. There isn't going to be no sparing to this, because He's, already, Someone died for those who wanted to escape. But He'll take those who was, or has accepted Christ and become Christians, they'll be taken out of the wrath. Cause, then He could not do it; there was no way of doing it in the time of Moses.









Voice of the Eagle

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From The Sermons Of
William Marrion Branham

