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Bro. William Branham

60-0611e - **Faith Is The Sixth Sense**

37 Remember up here at Fort Wayne, old John Rhyn. Not the man with the whiskers, the other blind John Rhyn. I was having a meeting up there in a big tabernacle. I'm fixing to close, go to praying for the sick. This man was setting up in the balcony. He was Catholic. They brought him along the altar, brought him up on the platform by his card.

When he come up where I was at, said, "Your name is John Rhyn."

"That's right."

"And you're a Catholic by faith."

He said, "That's right."

“You used to ride in the circus.”

“That’s right.” Said...?... then, “You’ve been blind now for twenty something years or better.”

Said, “That’s right.” And some kind of leukemia or something another got into his eyes and run him blind. I said, “You’re a beggar.”

And he said, “Not exactly a beggar.” But said, “I set on the street.”

And I said, “Well, that’s all right.” And I said, “Do you believe that Jesus Christ will make you well?”

He said, “I do.”

I prayed for him and laid hands on him. I said, “Lord Jesus, I rebuke this blindness now in the Name of Jesus Christ. Let it leave him.” And I turned

around and looked, and I seen him go walking away with his sight. I said, “**THUS SAITH THE LORD**” (You watch for that), “**THUS SAITH THE LORD**, you’ve received your sight.”

Well, he—he said, “I can’t see.”

I said, “That has nothing to do with it. Go on on your road rejoicing.” So he went down.

38 There’s a woman in a few minutes, had a great goiter hanging on her throat, and while we was praying for her it went away. Here come John Rhyn back, pushing through all the ushers, and coming back again. And so the man was helping me in the prayer line, he started to put him off the platform. He said, “I want to see that preacher.” And so they brought

him up there again. He said; he said to me; he said, “You told me I was healed.”

I said, “You are.”

He said, “Well, if I was healed I could see.” He said...

I said, “Oh, no, that has nothing to do with it. You told me...”

He said, “Well, you said I was healed.”

I said, “You said you believed me.”

He said, “I do believe you.”

I said, “Then what are you doubting about?”

He said, “Well, if I was healed, couldn't I see?”

I said, "You will see. When God showed me a vision that you were seeing, it has to happen." He was Catholic and he'd never been taught anything like that.

He said, "But I don't understand it. What shall I do?"

I said, "Well, the only thing to do is go on your road just praising God for giving you your eyesight."

He said, "Where are you?" Started pushing on, said, "Wait a minute." Said, "What is your name?"

And I said, "Branham."

He said, "Let me feel you." And I let him put my hands over. He said, "Mr. Branham, as a Catholic I'm taught to believe my priest." And he said, "I've come to you for help. And you told me

who I was and all about my conditions, what nobody knows but God. I believe it to be the truth, and I'll keep on saying, "Praise God." Off the platform he went.

39 Why I couldn't hardly have the service the next two nights. He'd get up there where I was at, "Praise the Lord for healing me." And I'd start preaching, he'd raise up over hollering, "Praise the Lord for healing me."

They give him a job selling papers. Nearly a month was gone, hollering, "Praise the Lord for healing me." And he was down there, he hollered, "Extra, praise the Lord for healing me." They laughed at him and made fun of him, little newsboys hissed at him.

People on the streets said, "That old man's lost his mind."

And he'd say, "Extra, extra, read all about it: Praise the Lord for healing me. Extra, read all about it: Praise the Lord for healing me."

40 They took him (And they thought they was going to have to send him to the insane institution.) and they questioned him. He said, "I'm just as normal in my mind as I ever was. But I believe God. Praise the Lord for healing me," on like that. What was it? He was holding on to that sixth sense. Something in there holding that. He wasn't paying any attention to whether he could see, that sight had nothing to do with it. He was seeing with another sight. He seen God! We look at things we don't see. All the Christian armor is by faith. He that cometh to God must believe that He is. All the fruits of the Spirit, everything is faith,

unseen. We look at the unseen. We look at the unseen, by faith we see it. Hallelujah!

41 A little boy led him across the street to get a shave in a barbershop. And some little smart-aleck barber wanted to make some fun out of him. So he lathered up his face right good. And other barbers and he winked his eyes at him like that. He said... Got shaving him, got about half side down, had towel laying up there, you know, and he said, "Say, papa Rhyn."

He said, "Yes, son."

Said, "I heard you go over to see the holy-roller when he was up here."

"Yeah, I did," he said.

He said, "Um, I heard that you—you got healed."

He said, "Yes, I did. Praise the Lord for healing me." And when he did that, his eyes come open in the barber chair. Out of that chair he jumped with the towel around his neck. The barber run to the door with the razor in his hand. Down the street went old man Rhyn just as hard as he could go, screaming and shouting, "Praise the Lord, He has healed me."

42 What was it? Holding on that sixth sense. That's something that makes it real. Yes sir. Through this sixth sense has subdued kingdoms. Amen. The sixth sense subdued kingdoms. Through that sixth sense the walls of Jericho fell flat to the ground. Amen. You believe that? The walls of Jericho hit the ground through the sixth sense.

Through the sixth sense the sea could not drown Paul. When he went down

there, when all hopes was gone, he saw a vision of the Angel of the Lord. And he come back up saying, "Be of a good courage." What was a matter? No moon and stars for fourteen days and nights, it was just as black as it ever was. The storm was just as great as it ever was. But that sixth sense went to work when he seen the Angel of the Lord. Hallelujah.

That sixth sense could not keep Peter in jail. No, sir. The power of God sent an Angel in there and delivered him.

The sixth sense could not keep Paul and Silas in stocks. God sent an earthquake and shook the whole thing down.

That sixth sense, let it go to work for you sometime. Because of that sixth sense

the lions couldn't even eat Daniel. They couldn't fool with that sixth sense. No, sir.

By that sixth sense the fire couldn't burn the Hebrew children up.

By that same sixth sense that was working in little Martha, when she come to see Jesus raised her brother out of the grave, after being dead for four days...

That same sixth sense cleaned a leper. That same sixth sense raised up Jesus Christ on the third day. That same sixth sense will rapture the Church one of these days and take it out of here to glory.

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