



*In Memory of*

William Branham



## **WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM**

*Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the LORD:*

*And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.*

*Malachi 4:5-6*



## **The William Branham Family**

Left to right: Sarah, Sister Meda Branham, Joseph, Rebekah Smith



## **The Billy Paul Branham Family**

Left to right: Loyce, Paul, David, Billy Paul

## Memorial Service

*January 26, 1966*

*Ramada Inn*

*PHOENIX, AZ*

### Address by Billy Paul Branham

I would like to thank Brother Williams, the full Gospel Business Men's chapter here in Phoenix, and the International directors for this opportunity to speak at this memorial service for my father.

As most of you know, I am not accustomed to speaking. Somewhere in God's choosing He let me be the one to travel with my father for the last twelve or fourteen years, in his evangelistic campaigns.

To my knowledge, the first time that I ever gave out a prayer card in a meeting was here in Phoenix, when Brother Branham had the tent service. I believe it was down here on West Buckeye Road. I think it was in 1950. Since that time I have traveled with him constantly except for a year while I was away in Bible School.

Brother Williams asked me if I would speak. I said, "No," but then he told me a lot of people had called and wanted to know just how everything happened. I don't know whether I can do this or not, but I will do my best.

Brother Branham and I had planned on going back to Indiana to have a couple nights' service. He had wanted to speak on a subject, entitled "The Trail of the Serpent." He told me to contact Brother Wood, who is a trustee in our church and a very close friend of Brother Branham's, to see about getting the school auditorium for the service. I did this; and before Brother Wood called me back for confirmation, Daddy called me and he said, "I don't think that we should do it." He said, "We will just go back home for the holidays."

So we started back on December 18th. He came over to my house as usual that morning, and you local folks in Tucson and Phoenix know the kind of weather we were having. It had been raining for several days prior, and so he had made mention the night before that we would just wear out hunting clothes because he thought we might have bad weather all the way home. He came over that morning about six o'clock.

We left Tucson (my family and I) with his family, and he followed me as he usually did in his station wagon. We left at approximately six o'clock and had our breakfast in Benson. We drove on to Alamogordo, New Mexico, and had our lunch. My son Paul had traveled with his grandpa most of the day, and also because of my brother Joseph.

When we left the restaurant after eating lunch, I made Paul get in my car with me, because I wanted him to take his nap. Dad spoke to me and said, "That is okay. Let him ride with me." So we went on up to Clovis, New Mexico, and we ate supper at a little place, I think it was Denny's Restaurant. We got out, and it was turning very cold. We head that there was going to be snow around the Amarillo area that night. So before we left the restaurant Dad said, "How far do you think we ought to go, Paul?"

I said, "Oh, I don't care." I said, "Loyce has been feeling bad, so I guess we had better stay in Amarillo."

He said, "That is fine." so he got in his car, and for some reason that I do not know, my little brother Joseph stopped and was going to get in my car. You know how things are when you are traveling with children. The car was quite crowded, and normally I wouldn't have let him in there. I am certain my wife wouldn't have, Mother wouldn't, and I know Daddy wouldn't have, unless it was in the divine will of God to do so. So he got in my car with me.

We had just crossed into the Texas line, around eighty or ninety miles from Amarillo, when I saw a car coming, and the headlight of the approaching car was out on the driver's side. I thought it was a motorcycle at first, because it was right in the center line. I didn't pay much attention to it. It was just a little after dark, I would say around seven-thirty at night.

When it came closer I could see that it was a car, and that one of the headlights were out. As I said, it was on the driver's side. The headlight that I had seen was right in the middle of the line, and so naturally the whole car was on my side of the road.

I swerved to my right, blew my horn, and just glanced in my mirror as I missed him. I saw the car pull back over on the right side of the road. I looked again, and I saw two cars hit. The car had swerved directly into Dad's path. All I could see were two cars going in two directions. Dad's car was coming toward me. My wife hollered. She said, "It is your daddy!" I said, "No there was a car that I had just passed that is between me and Dad." I thought that Dad was still another car behind them. So I hit my brakes to go back to help them.

When I got back to where the scene was, one of the boys was lying in the road. I went up the highway. There was beer, liquor, something (I don't know) all over the road. I saw this car down to my left in a ditch. I turned off the road, and when my headlights hit it, it was Dad.

All I could see was his head sticking out. To me, I can just tell you what I thought. I thought that he was gone. I told my wife, "He is dead." So she jumped out of the car and ran over there. It was just like a freight train had hit it. Such a mess.

I had left Joseph and my son Paul in the car, and had rolled up the windows and locked the doors, and had told them to sit there.

Dad and I have traveled many miles together, and we have seen lots of things, lots of accidents, and I have seen lots of people die. I have seen lots of people killed instantly on the road. It was a sight that I had seen before. So in my conscience, I knew that he was gone because his eyes were open, and his face looked swollen. It was just that look that lots of us have experienced.

I got out of the car. I just didn't know what to do. I ran to him. Joseph started screaming, and when he did, his head dropped. I picked his head up in my hand, and he said, "Who was that?" I said, "That was Joseph, Daddy." I said, "Are you okay?" And he just looked at me. He didn't say anything.

This has a special meaning to me because of a tape that he spoke on, *Sirs Is This The Time?* I cannot say that this is true, but I know that he never responded until Joseph cried for his daddy! Then Dad said, "Tell Joseph everything is O.K."

My wife was over talking to Mother, and trying to arouse her. She hollered for me and she said, "Billy, your mother is dead." I ran over there, and I finally found her up under the dash where the heater was. I laid my hand over on her. I felt her arm but I could feel no pulse. I felt her heart and I couldn't find any. I

can't say; but I just couldn't find any pulse.

I looked in the back seat, and my sister Sarah was lying there, just moaning. So I came back to Dad, and he was so caught in the car to where he couldn't move. His left arm was in the door, and the metal was just jammed in up on it. His left leg was wrapped around the steering wheel. Most of his body, his head and shoulders, were projected through the windshield, just lying on the hood.

To give you just a little something I want to say here, a few weeks before that Brother Gene Norman, a friend of ours from Tucson, Don Weertz, and myself went hunting with Brother Brewer (I don't know whether he is here or not) up to Kaibab, and while we were hunting, I became ill. I have kind of a nervous condition--melancholy I would say, I don't know--I just went up into the hills. It was night time. I started crying, and I lost my supper. Just nerves, I suppose. I came back down. I saw Daddy take off his hat and bow his head standing by the fire. In just a few minutes you know it was all gone.

Then as he stood around the fire, he couldn't eat his supper. I asked him if I could fix him some soup or something. He said, "No," and he took off, walking down the road. When he came back I could see there had been tears in those eyes. I told the brethren, "You just don't know what he is going through." I said, "You just don't know!"

He came back to the fire and I stepped over by him after awhile when I didn't think the Brethren were looking. (I don't know if they were or not.) I said to Dad, "Are you feeling all right?" and he said, "It is okay."

Just before we went to bed that night he said something that I have never heard him say before, that I can remember. He spoke to Brother Norman, a friend of ours from Tucson, and said, "Did you all see Billy go up into the hills a moment ago?" And they all said, "Yes." He said, "You see, that is the reason Billy likes to always be with me. He says he knows that if I will just pray for him, it will be all right."

He said, "Brother Norman, you remember a few weeks ago when you fell off the fence when we were hunting and tore up your ankle?" He said to him, "You didn't think that you could walk on it for many, many days, and I just laid my hand over on you, prayed for you, and in a couple of days you were back to work." Brother Norman acknowledged this to be true.

He said, "I was hunting several months ago, and I just made a little sprain on my ankle." then he started unloosening his boots and he said, "Look at this," and it was still black and blue.

He said, "Billy was so nervous that he didn't think that he could make it." He said, "You are okay now aren't you, Paul?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "it is just that little touch." He said, "I have prayed for this ankle, and it is still the same. I prayed for this nervous condition, and it is still here." He said, "It is not for me. It was sent for you."

I didn't realize that then. It was just words to me then. But the night of the accident, he looked at me and he said, "Can you get me out?"

Well, I tried, I really tried. I said, "No, I can't, Dad." I said, "Dad, look at me." He opened his eyes. I said, "You speak the word, and you will come out of there." I had his head in my hands like this. He turned his head to the right, never spoke a word, but just turned his head from me like that. Then I knew what he meant when he said it wasn't for him, it was for us.

To emphasize this to you; after I went over and saw Mother before the ambulance arrived, I came back to him and said, "Dad, I know you are hurt bad, but I think Mom is dead." I said, "Sarah is okay, but I think Mom is dead." I will never forget that.

He said, "Where is she?"

I said, "She is over to your right." So somehow, I don't know how, but I know he moved his right hand, and he laid it over on her, and to the best of my knowledge this is what he said: "Lord, don't let Mommy die. Be with us at this hour."

When I came back to her, Mom was moaning and moving. I asked him, "Should I move Mother?"

He said, "No, just leave her." I asked him about Sarah. He said, "Leave her also."

The ambulances came, and took Sarah and Mom away. We still couldn't get Daddy out. When the ambulance returned, we still hadn't gotten him out. They made two loads with the other car, and we still couldn't get him out.

The traffic was lined up for six miles in both directions. Finally a man came with a four wheel drive truck. He had a logging chain on the truck, and they put it around the door and tried to pull it off. But they couldn't. I asked them if they would put it up in the windshield, where that brace comes down. I said, "if you pull it long enough that I can get under there, I can get him out." So they did. They pulled it until the front gave way so that I could crawl over Daddy's right shoulder, go down under the front seat, and untangle his legs that were under the dash and the steering wheel. He spoke to me and said, "Catch me, Paul." He fell over in my arms, and I pulled him from the car.

We took him to the hospital. When we got there they had brought the others in. The boy that hit him was dead on arrival. Mother and Sarah were in the emergency room, then they brought Daddy in. After he got in there the Doctor said, "Is that your daddy?"

I said, "Yes Sir."

He said, "Well I don't give him much of a chance, Son."

I said, "Yes Sir." I didn't know whether to call for help or just what to do, so I just sat there and tried to pray and hold on to what he had taught me.

They took him in for X-rays. He said, "We are going to take him to Amarillo because he needs special care. They all have to go, but your daddy has to go first because he doesn't have that much chance." Then Daddy went into shock (or so they call it), and they couldn't send him. They sent Mom and Sarah on up and made another load up with the Mexican boys.

When I came out the doctor asked me, "What type of blood do you have?"

I said, "I don't know, sir."

He said, "well we have to give him blood immediately. He is getting too weak."

I said, "Well we will go check." It wouldn't work with my type of blood. They looked in the blood bank, and they didn't have any. They sent to Amarillo and told them to bring back, I think it was three pints of blood from there. They got hold of the sheriff, because he had the same type as Daddy. He was so far gone when they gave the blood to him, that when I walked into the room, they had him in some kind of a

bed, in the emergency room, that stood him directly on his head. They said he couldn't receive the blood lying down flat. He took this blood for approximately eight hours, I would say. Then they told me, "I don't know how he is living." I forget the doctor's name, but he said, "When I came to give him the first bit of blood, his blood pressure was zero over zero. I have his blood pressure up now." He asked me if I could go in the ambulance with them to Amarillo. I said, "Certainly."

So a nurse and I took him to Amarillo, which is eighty or ninety miles from Friona, Texas. We left about six o'clock that morning, and we got there around seven thirty. The doctor was there to meet us. He checked him just the same. Daddy was still unconscious. He checked his X-rays and so forth, and said, "Is that your father?"

I said, "Yes sir."

He said, "I saw you praying for him."

I said, "Yes sir."

He said, "I hate to tell you this, but you would be better off to pray that he would die."

I said, "No sir. I can't do that, sir."

He said, "A man can't live with that many injuries."

I said, "I believe he can."

He lived for six days in the hospital. I can't say that he was conscious, and I can't say that he wasn't because he would make motions to me and to different brethren that went to see him. We prayed. We got a hold of men of God and prayed. I have always heard Daddy say, "Outside of God there is no hope." How true this is.

On the fourth day they said, "We are going to run a test on him. I guess you have been noticing him. We have watched him for the last forty-eight hours. His left eye is going shut." The doctors term (I don't know what it was) either meant that he had a blood clot, or else he had a stroke. He said, "I believe that he will die tonight. We are going to run a test." I forget what they call it now. It is kind of a dye they run into the main artery of the heart and then they see where it goes from there and how it goes into the brain, he said, "if it is a blood clot on the brain, we will have to go in there and take it out."

They took him up, and about an hour and a half later they were back. They called us into the room. He said, "We could find no blood clots." I might be wrong, but to my knowledge he said "The blood wouldn't go through the jugular vein." He said, "Your daddy's brain is swelling. When the brain touches the skull, that is all." He said, "I will give him a little bit of room here so it can swell, and I will give him some medicine to try to reduce the swelling. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. This they did, and he lived for two more days, as they expected.

Then the night before he passed away, we were singing in the waiting room of the intensive care unit. We were all sitting outside, singing, and praying. It was very dark. I believe one of the brethren mentioned this last evening. To my knowledge we were singing, "It Shall Be light About The Evening Time" because we knew that Daddy loved that song so very much. As we were singing, the sun broke through the clouds, and the sun looked just like this pillar of fire we have seen many times in the meetings. I knew then the time was close.

On December the twenty-fourth, Christmas Eve, I was downstairs. Brother Peary Green came and

said, "Doctor Hyde wants to see you." It didn't alarm me, because that wasn't Daddy's main doctor. He was a bone specialist. So I went up and he said, "Mr. Branham." I said "Yes sir." He said, ""I have the sad news to tell you, your father passed away at five-forty-nine."

Well, you could just... you know what I mean. So I came out while the brethren were standing there, and told them. I said, "One thing I remember, he said, 'if you ever hear that I am gone, you stop for just a minute and take your hat off and sing one chorus of Only Believe.'" This we did.

Brother Pearry Green then said he would take the body to Jeffersonville, where I had requested that the funeral be held.

I had to tell Mom and Sarah, who were still in the hospital. I didn't tell you about their injuries. Mother had a broken left leg and head injuries, and my sister Sarah had a broken back in several places.

When I told them, they said, "We are going back to Indiana." I told the doctor they wanted to go, so we tried to get things ready. The only way the doctor would let us go with them, was to get an ambulance plane. Brother Moseley and the brethren here were with us. They got the plane. We chartered two planes and took them back to Jeffersonville. When we arrived they were put in the hospital, and we went on down to the funeral home.

When I looked at that body, it didn't look like my dad. Then I thought, "He is not there at all." I know it was for some reason that I thought that way. We had the funeral on a Wednesday. Many, many people came. Those who couldn't come sent their sympathy and their love, and we appreciate this so very much.

I know it has been asked, so I must tell you. We did not bury our father. I said, "Lord, if you let me get through this funeral service, that is all I can do. I can't commit him to the ground. Mother will have to make that choice." I went to her, and she said, "I don't know whether I want to live in Tucson where Daddy had just built a home for us." (They were planning on moving in after we came back from Jeffersonville.) She said, "I don't know just where I want to be, but where I am, I want him to be there also."

I asked the coroner (who is a very good friend of mine), if he would give me permission to keep him there, or if I could just put him in a vault or something like that without committing him to the ground, till after Mother decided what she wanted to do. He said, "I love that man too much for that. I will keep him here in the funeral home. When you decide, then you can have the service." Up to now we don't know, but we must make a choice within the next few weeks. We know that Mother will make the right choice. So we desire you to pray for us.

My mother is home in Jeffersonville in the parsonage now. My sister is still in the hospital. She is able to walk, but she can't sit. Just as soon as she is able to sit, then we are going to bring he back to Tucson, to our home here, or wherever the Lord leads.

I don't know how to tell you of what I have to read to you now, but I said, "Lord I have never spoken much before, maybe five or six words before a congregation." When Brother Williams asked me to come, I said, "Brother Carl, I can't come out there. So many times I have brought him in to that old platform, I just can't do it right now, Brother Carl." Then I thought, "Now Dad wouldn't want me to be that way." So I prayed, and I came.

Brother Williams gave me his room over here, and as you know, Daddy always said, "I can't get Paul out of bed." I kind of like to sleep late. But somehow this morning I woke up about 6:00 o'clock, which is very unusual, and I couldn't go back to sleep. When I woke up I thought, "I am so lonesome for Dad." This might not mean anything to you, but I would like to read you something that just came to me this morning. Please excuse the way I read the words, but I want to read something that was a comfort to me, in my heart.

I would like to title this "My Dad."

I am lonesome, oh, so lonesome  
For the man I called "my dad."  
It seemed like all the world would end,  
When I lost the greatest friend I ever had.  
You may now ask me, then why be sad?  
But please remember, he was my Dad.  
My Dad is not here with me on this great memorial day;  
I know he could have been,  
But he chose the straight and narrow way.  
He never wanted wealth or fame,  
But only pointed us to Jesus' Name.  
I wonder why should it be that it should be a car wreck,  
But it made the Bride take a closer check.  
He was not a large man of stature and voice,  
But if you ever heard him preach,  
You knew he was God's choice.  
His nature was gentle, he never tried to offend,  
But this was not so when he cried out against sin.  
He preached a great message called "Sirs Is This The Time?"  
Then he brought us to Tucson for God's answer to find.  
I wondered why God told him to go way out west?  
But I never said nothing because he always told me,  
"Paul, God knows best."  
He told me not to worry, for God's ways He reveals.  
Then the answer came forth, the mystery of the seven seals.  
To me he was the messenger of Malachi 4:5 and Revelation 10:7,  
And God knows best when he took my Dad to heaven.  
The message he brought came straight with the Word.  
Although rejected, but never a man before him stood.  
I love this prophet of this fast dying race.  
And I believe this message,  
And I will meet him by God's grace.

## Address By Roy H. Borders

Thank you, Brother Williams. I would like to read a scripture from Luke 12:42, before I make a few little remarks, this evening.

*And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?*

There are so many things that could be said on this particular occasion, that we have set aside as a Memorial service for this great servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, Brother Branham. Time being so important, it is hard to put into a few words just what is way down in the heart.

For eighteen or nineteen years I have followed Brother Branham around the country wherever he went. If I had the money to get there, I tried to be there. Since 1959, I have been his manager, and have worked as closely as I possibly could with this man of God.

I was thinking of the theme verse that we have used for many years: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever." (Hebrews 13:8) Not a God of yesterday only, or just for today but He remains the unchangeable God, that we have heard our brother refer to year after year, and time after time. I believe He is now standing present with us in this very building. The Word says that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, He would be there in the midst of them.

That Word that has been delivered to us so faithfully--the Lord Jesus Christ--stands ready to stand behind it and confirm it, for the hour is at hand, and His appearing draweth nigh.

I followed Brother Branham's ministry as closely as I knew how to follow it. Many times I saw him pray for people who were in an absolutely impossible condition to be helped, and yet the Lord raised them up. From my own personal experience in knowing the prayers of this man of God, on two different occasions I would have died, except that the Lord hears this man's prayer. Because of that finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, I stand as a witness today, with a testimony that is the truth. I am so grateful for the Lord. A memorial could not be long enough, expensive enough, or great enough, to represent the great eternal work that has borne witness in the hearts of God's people, even among those present here tonight.

He was a very strange, peculiar, and unusual man; yet the life of every man of God whoever stood still long enough and heard the Word of the Lord, was peculiar and strange also. He represented the Lord Jesus Christ.

As we think of Brother Branham tonight, I might just title my remarks, "Who was this man?"

I think of Abraham, who one day had a Visitor, Who came down and stood before him and told him the secret of his heart. He referred to and spoke to Sarah, telling her about her own condition. He said that one day she would have a son, even according to the time of life.

This man of God, who stood in this hall, has likewise revealed the secrets of the hearts and told men things that no other man knew, but the Lord Jesus Christ. I would like to ask you, "Who was this man?"

I think of John the Baptist. (How great that man was.) He was a lover of the wilderness.

I think of this servant of Christ that we are having this memorial for tonight. How perfectly typical he was, in every way. Brother Branham, like John the Baptist, was a lover of the wilds. He was one who

hated sin, impurity, and anything that bound up God's people. He hated all kinds of immoral life. He was one who spoke out harshly against the church of the Lord Jesus Christ when they would tolerate or allow their women to corrupt themselves, with the evil imagination of the world. He was one who stood there, like John the Baptist, as a bright light.

They asked John one day, "Are you the One that is supposed to come?"

John said, "I am only the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'prepare ye the way of the Lord'."

I would like to call to your remembrance these things. I would like to ask you, "Who was this man who was in our midst?" A man that could have been rich, and yet for your sake and mine, he laid aside all those things. He drove a borrowed car, wore a suit on his back and shoes on his feet that someone else had given him. Even the food on the table was often provided by someone else. Yet, he could have been a millionaire, with gifts that he could have received.

Who was this man? A man that was uneducated, as far as world standards were concerned, and yet teachers and wise men would sit at his feet to learn. He challenged any theologian to come and question him on the stand that he took in this word of God.

I would like to ask, "Who was this man that we are having a memorial for tonight?" Unannounced, and yet there are few who have been in a Pentecostal meeting that did not know something about this man, William Branham. Brother Joseph Mattsson-Boze, one day while making a flight across Africa, went up into the cockpit and talked to the pilot. He happened to mention that he knew William Branham, and asked if the pilot had ever heard of him. The pilot said, "There isn't a man in Africa that doesn't know that man!" Unannounced, but yet heralding the voice of the Lord around the word, which is "Thus saith the Lord."

Who is this man we are having a memorial for tonight? Many have called for him to pray for them. Kings of the earth have sent telegrams for him to come, and he has gone to them, laid hands upon them, and they have been healed. Congressmen in this land of ours were raised up according to "Thus saith the Lord." He has had appointments with leaders and men of renown in far off countries. Why was it that they called upon him for advice, council, and prayers? What was it that they saw in him? It was something that the people of this land don't recognize today!

Who was this man? Some called him "a great man". Some say, "He's the Messiah." Some say, "He is a prophet." Some say, "He is the star that is shining bright." Some say, "He is an angel to the church." Others say, "He is a mind reader, a false prophet." Never did he enter a building to speak to large crowds, nor did he ever talk to an individual, but what he demanded that they form an opinion of what was "Thus saith the Lord" in that Word of God. Every man was called upon to form some sort of opinion.

What sort of man is this that we are speaking of tonight? His birth was announced by a pillar of fire hovering over that little crib, before young parents that didn't even know God. He bore witness to that same pillar of fire all during his life. Many have seen it with their own eyes. Yet those of us that haven't, have heard them bear witness that what he said was the truth. During these visitations we have seen him stand on the platform and reveal the secrets of the heart.

My one hand is raised that all things he ever told me were exactly the truth. Never was one thing added, neither was there one thing taken away; but it was perfect. I have never at anytime seen anyone acknowledge differently that what he told them was the truth. It was perfect in every respect. That is right.

This is not the work of a man. This is the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, being manifest to the church in these closing days.

The same pillar of fire that was with him at his birth, also bore witness when he said he wanted to leave this "pesthouse" and go over into that other land. He said that he wanted to put his sword back into its sheath, take off his helmet and lay it down, place his Bible beside it, and shove off across that river, screaming aloud, "Lord, I'm coming home!" That is where he has gone.

Many brethren witnessed at the time of his death how that even the moon dipped gently on the horizon. Its color was blood red. Two stars fell in the very direction of the hospital where he lay. All during those six dark days, there was not a sign of the sun. Yet at that very moment that we began to sing the song, "On the wings of a snow white dove, God sent His pure, sweet love; a sign from above..." the sun broke through the clouds, in that glowing amber color of the pillar of fire, that he witnessed to us would come.

Even the stars of the heavens witnessed to this sad time. A bright star (I do not know if it was the North Star), but before our very eyes, it would dim and then brighten up, and then dim again, and finally disappear, only to return to the scene. It was seen in other places, in fact all over the country. There were signs in the heavens. That is right.

Even at his funeral, we were able to look directly into that sun and see the different colors. It seems as though a great disk hung in front of it.

God was trying to show his people that there had been an unusual man in our midst. I wonder if we have heard what he said? Who is this man of God, whose birth and death were declared by the firmament?

Brother Branham wrote additional words to the song, "Snow White Dove," just before he passed on. It was a song of commemoration, pointing to something that was going to take place, typifying the suffering that he would soon experience. I want to read it to you.

Though I have suffered in many a way,

I cried for mercy, both night and day. (Six long, long days)

But faith wasn't forgotten by the Father above,

He sent down His sign of the wings of a dove.

Who was this man of whom we bear witness tonight? What was this great ministry? I would like to personally testify to this man of God, as one who stood in his presence, and beheld the works of the Lord. As the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon, "Blessed are thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom." (I Kings 10:8) I am one of those blessed ones.

I would like to refer you to the Word of God. Men may have opinions of the Word, but the only thing we really can stand on is "Thus saith the Lord." The Word of God foretold that these days would come, and I believe it with all my heart. Malachi 4:5 says:

*Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse. (Malachi 4:5-6.)*

*And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; (Revelation 3:14a)*

There has to be an angel for it. This is that Laodicean age, the seventh age, and all men realize we are right at the end.

*But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets. (Revelation 10:7)*

Not all men's hearts have been turned back to God. Not all mysteries have been answered to every man's heart, but to those who will hunger and thirst after righteousness, they shall hear, they shall know, and they shall understand. Their confidence shall be in that God whose testimony we have that He is the same yesterday, today, and for ever.

We might build great buildings or monuments in honor of this messenger. We might name our children after this man of God. We may say great things and use wonderful words of praise, lauding him to the skies. But all of this is empty unless we heed the Word that he has given unto us, unless we heed them with all of our hearts. If our eyes have beheld and our ears have heard his Word, then we will take heart, and we will take courage; for we are not left without the Word of the Lord that he has brought to us by the revelation of the Holy Spirit.

Yes, he was more than a prophet. If we really believe, we will walk in all the light of the gospel. He has announced and said. "Judgment will come to California!" Those that really believe will flee for their life just like our Brother McHughes, who sold his church and moved the whole congregation out of California. I believe that is the greatest memorial he could ever have.

When we see (like we see tonight) women with long hair, their faces clean, and properly dressed, this is the greatest kind of memorial we could give to this man of God. When you flee from your denomination and then band together as a church of Jesus Christ, this is a great memorial to this man of God.

This is the last message the church will receive, and we have received it. The Word has been given. It is up to you and I to live it, to ripen in the sunshine of that Son of God. To believe and live the message brought by Brother Branham is the kind of memorial that he would want. This is a worthy memorial to a man that lived God first, the people next, and his family third.

## Address By Tommy Osborn

My wife and I have been sitting in the back of the auditorium tonight. We were delayed in coming because of bad weather, and the flight that we were scheduled to be on, was cancelled. We almost found it impossible to get here, but they were able to route us through Denver, and we arrived about seven o'clock. We hurried and got here just as quickly as we could.

We heard Brother Billy Paul as he took the microphone, and of course our hearts joined with his as he went over the events that at least to us seems tragic, which has transpired recently concerning the man of God who has walked among us. I am sure that every person here tonight who knew our Brother Branham has been grieved. I can assure you that I want to speak very carefully tonight, because our words are heard in heaven, not only here; and they are recorded there.

The subject that we are here to speak about is one that I don't think anyone would want to undertake to speak on; yet when Brother Billy Paul requested this, you can be sure that my heart was here from the moment that I heard that he had requested this.

I will read from John 10:30.

*I and my Father are one.*

*Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him.*

*Jesus answered them, Many good works have I showed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?*

*The Jews answered him, saying, for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God.*

*Jesus answered them, is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods?*

*If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken;*

*Say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God? (St. John 10:30-36)*

And then these words that we have heard Brother Branham read so many times and quote:

*If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.*

*But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the father is in me, and I in him. (St. John 10:37-38)*

And then I think it would be appropriate if we would read I Corinthians 1:26.

*For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:*

*But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;*

*And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are:*

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*That no flesh should glory in his presence. (I Corinthians 1:26-29)*

And the next chapter, verse two--(and oh, how these are the words not only of Paul, but our Brother Branham!)

*For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

*And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.*

*And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.*

*That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. (I Corinthians 2:2-5)*

One has written:

God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.  
He plants His feet upon the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

And another has said:

There's a wind that blows full of grace and power;  
And in creation's most wondrous hour,  
When God gently breathed on a form of sod,  
The first man lived by the breath of God.

That wind is the symbol of God, the Holy Spirit. It blew across the face of the deep when the earth was yet without form and void. It blew across the Red Sea and opened up a path of deliverance for the people who believed. It came as a sound of a rushing, mighty wind on the Day of Pentecost, when God came in, to become one with man. And it has blown across the face of this, our generation, a fresh breath of God in this twentieth century through the extraordinary ministry of God's prophet to this age--the man recognized among men by the name of William Branham.

This little man, because of the gift of God foreordained in his life, lived and ministered completely inner-penetrated with heaven and earth, transcending both the seen and the unseen worlds at the same time. He couldn't help it; he couldn't avoid it.

One of his closest friends wrote these words as he endeavored to describe the first Branham campaign that he ever attended:

"We were privileged to keep only five glorious days and nights of this celestial vigil, but the effect of those memorable days lives on today. The people were left humbled and tendered, because they know that Jesus of Nazareth had passed our way in His servant... For that holy pause we had seemingly turned back the pages of time and joined the admiring host of followers that shuffled along the dusty trails of Galilee in faithful devotion to a lowly carpenter who claimed to be the Messiah of Israel. In our visionary procession we had passed by the place of the tombs which erupted a naked demoniac, screaming and hissing his objection to the presence of Christ, but sat at His feet a moment later clothed and in his right mind--We were among the jostling mob around Jesus when he asked the abrupt question, "Who touched me?" and saw a trembling little woman cast herself at His feet and declare before all the people for what cause she had pulled at the border of His robe and how she had been healed immediately; and then we followed on to Jairus' house and saw the raising of his daughter."

"We heard the plain words of a deaf and dumb child after his tongue was loosed by the Master's

touch, and laughed to see the lame man leap for joy. We clamored for a seaside seat with five thousand other men who had forsaken the anvil and the hammer and closed the doors of their shops to spend the day hours in rapt listening to the wonderful teachings of this Divine Philosopher. We wept with the women as we gazed on His beautiful face and recognized the sorrow and grief that spoke of a broken heart, and felt that melting, charming sensation that one glance from His kind eyes could bring to the soul. Yes, Bible days were here again. Here was a man who practiced what we preached.

"I say this, not to exalt any human, but only to emphasize that our deep appreciation for our brother stemmed from the fact that his ministry seemed to bring our Lover Lord closer to us, and to better acquaint us with His living works, His personality, and His deity than anything had before."

It was on an April morning in 1909 that William Branham was born in a little log cabin, foreordained of God to minister to this generation--to cross my path and most of yours. When the prophet of God crosses your path, oh, God grant that you don't miss the day of your visitation! How I thank God... (I wish I could cry and talk) but how I thank God! Forgive me.

To those who perhaps have not perceived or known the day in which we live, I know this sounds ridiculous. But to we who know we can not shake the seriousness of the hour.

This man who came would be a threat to the kingdom of Satan. So when he was only six months old, a snow storm almost snuffed out the lives of his little mother and him as they were left in a cabin alone and almost froze and starved to death.

He was only seven years old, when as he was passing a poplar tree, he heard the sound of the leaves rustling, it was like a wind blowing in the top of the tree. A voice came out of this wind saying. "Never drink, smoke, or defile your body in any way, for I have a work for you to do when you get older."

Numerous visitations and various experiences occurred. A strange halo of light appeared at the time of his birth. Surrounding the time of his conversion, a light formed like a cross, and a voice spoke to him. When he first took those who accepted the Lord in his ministry down to the river to baptize them, a strange and glorious star appeared above the baptismal scene so that the audience saw it. Some were frightened, some trembled, some ran.

In one of his first crusades, one of the first to be prayed for was a lad stricken with polio. As Brother Branham held him in his arms, some were perplexed that a stage man would turn on a flood light and beam it right on; him and the boy. It wasn't the flood light; it was the star again.

God has chosen divers and mysterious ways to reveal Himself to His servants. Especially to those called for dispensational purposes, as Brother Branham was called. To Moses He appeared in the burning bush; to the children of Israel, in a pillar of fire. To Samuel, by a voice in the night; to Elijah, with a still small voice and other ways. To Abraham, in human form; to Paul, John, and others, in His resurrected glory. Frequently He appeared by supernatural visitations of Angels. Frequently, to Abraham, to Moses, to Joshua, to Gideon, to David, to the prophets, to Zechariah, to the shepherds, and to the apostles. It certainly would not be strange then that in this way He appeared to Brother Branham.

On the day of May 17, 1946 (I was in India then as a missionary), Brother Branham had worked hard, and he came home and was standing near or under the maple tree when this wind stirred the top of the tree. It frightened Brother Branham with a great rushing, a greater sound than he had ever heard before. His wife thought something had happened, but he bid her goodbye and told her that he had to find out what this meant. He went away to seek God, to know what this was all about. He said, "I must find out." He went alone, bowing before his Lord in repentance and in weeping praying and asking that the Lord would speak to him.

It was about the eleventh hour at night. He had quit praying at the time and was sitting up when a light flickered in the room. He thought someone was shining a flashlight into the cabin, but when he looked out the window he saw no one. Then he observed that the light began to spread wider and wider across the floor. Naturally, he became very frightened. As he beheld, lo the star hung in the room like a ball of fire. He heard the sound of feet walking, and then he saw the feet coming toward him. Then he beheld this Angel from God. He estimated he weighed about two hundred pounds. He was dressed in a white robe, had a rather dark complexion and beautiful hair flowing down on his shoulders.

The Angel of God spoke to him and said, "Fear not; I am sent from the presence of Almighty God to tell you that your peculiar life and misunderstood ways have been to indicate that God has sent you to take a gift of divine healing to the peoples of the world. If you will be sincere and can get the people to believe you, nothing shall stand before your prayer, not even cancer."

He was told many other things in this visitation. He was told that he would be given two signs as Moses had been given, so that if the people would not believe the first sign, they would believe the second sign. By one gift he would be given power to detect diseases, and by another he would discern the thoughts and the deeds of men. (The Angel explained that the thoughts of men speak louder in Heaven than their words on earth.) He was also told among many other things that this gift was a sign of the nearness of the coming of the Lord, and through it God would call His people together in the unity of His Spirit. In short, the man we know as William Branham was sent to demonstrate God again in the flesh.

But why was he sent to do this? And why all of these signs? Had not Jesus already done these things? Have they not already been written and recorded? Yes, absolutely. They had all been done before, and men had forgotten them. So God, willing more abundantly to show us the immutability of His council, did it again in the twentieth century. He did it again, and I beheld His glory. He could have done it in the eighteenth century, but He did it while I was here.

In the second chapter of Judges it talks about a generation of Israel who walked with God in the days of Moses and Joshua. They had seen all the great works of the Lord that He did for Israel. Then, there arose another generation after them which knew not the Lord nor yet the works that He had done for Israel, and they did in the sight of the Lord and served the devil. It is written of them, "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

I am the least capable of rehearsing the wonderful events of Brother Branham's life. Many were with him much more than I, but I don't think any loved him more than I.

When I first saw this ministry, I caught on, I learned, I perceived. It didn't take ten times--one was enough. I knew what I had to do. I also had to do the will of God; and rather than enjoy his company and be with him, I had to join with him and be about the Fathers's business and stay busy, and I did.

As oft as I could, I heard him. It wasn't often; I wish it could have been more.

When Brother Billy Paul requested that I speak here tonight, I am sure you ministers could appreciate the responsibility of the assignment of this call. I didn't want to placate my generation and my fellow Americans. That is not the purpose of this meeting. It must be that God's will must be done. If there is something to be said, it must be what God would have said; and it has been requested or thought expedient that this Memorial service be held, so that all of us who loved this man could come together and have a time to reminisce and think back on the wonders of God.

This is always good. This isn't idolatry; this is always appropriate. This they did in the old days, when they called them together and recounted the wonders that God had done through Moses and Joshua.

It would be very appropriate if the whole meeting were given to recounting, night after night, the miracles; for a miracle is not done for a day, it is done for eternity. A miracle is God on display. God never changes. It is just as much the will of God that we would recount a miracle or wonder wrought under the ministry of Brother Branham here, as if we would recount one wrought under the ministry of Peter, Paul, or Elijah just as much, for it shows us God afresh. So this is the purpose of our being here. This is the purpose of recounting these things... I have just said a few things here. Now I must bring you to face the full charge that I, as a servant of the Lord, believe that God would have you to face tonight.

You, whom He foreordained to be in this meeting and hear these things (for you are not here by chance), I pray God tonight that the words can be said that will show you a little bit more the purpose of what we witnessed and see how it would affect us, now that the man of God has gone on.

Go back to the beginning when God created man. He created him to be a God-man, to walk, talk, think, and be like God. He breathed into him His very life, His breath, God Himself. Then the fall came--sin, the separation, the spoiled plan, the broken fellowship, and the tearing apart of what God had planned. But then came the love story--the redemption story, and it was no longer the forgiveness, but now the remission of sins. The son ship and the new creation came about by so perfect a sacrifice and so perfect a Word, that man, once again through the act of God, was transformed and put back in a capacity to once again be a God-man.

First He showed us how this would be. This idea of God and man being one had been lost. The concept was lost when man went out of the garden. They forgot about it and never thought about it. Even the old prophets consciously never thought of it. They didn't perceive it. Under divine inspiration they foretold these things; but in their human conscience they never thought of this son ship. This remission, this total redemption and restoration that was to come. They never even thought it. Nobody ever called God his Father. It would have been the most sacrilegious thing they had ever done! So much so that they wanted to kill Jesus when He did it. This was new language that no one could even conceive.

Now, you have got to think about that before the rest of this makes sense. So God would show us how it would work, He came in human flesh--God, in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. (11 Corinthians 5:18)"In the beginning was the Word," (John 1:12) The Word was with God. More than that, it was God. The Word in Him (there is a person, same thing,) was life, and life was light. We beheld His glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Then in Hebrews 1:2-3, God hath spoken unto us by His Son, Who being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person... God, in the flesh.

God came down here to show us how it would work. He clothed Himself in flesh, came, and showed us the new creation--how it would be when everything was taken care of. The price was paid. All claims were satisfied. He walked here in a human body, a God-man--whom we call Jesus. God grant that you can see!

Then, He said, "Now I have been with you, I have shown you how it works. Now, I am going to be in you, and you will be like Me." That is all it amounted to. Just as simple as that! Now, I have come in the flesh of this body that you call Jesus Christ. I have walked with you. You have gathered around. You have drawn virtue out of these wonderful things. Now, it is going to be more wonderful than ever. Don't fret about losing sight of Me; it is going to be more remarkable than ever. It is better than I am in you, than with you. So I will go back and then I will come again. I have showed you. Now I will disappear in the flesh form that you call Jesus, but then I will come again in the Spirit form in you, everyone of you."

How delicate this most sacred truth is. How people hang on your words to line you up and see which doctrine you stand with. How wicked, how unperceiving! How dull! How cruel! How useless! How foolish, and missing the heart of God! "So," He said, "I will come to you." Then read John 17:20-23.

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*Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; (That is you and I)*

*That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the word may believe that thou hast sent me.*

*And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one:*

*I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.*

It can't be plainer. Having said this, having praised this, having foreordained this, having demonstrated and foretold them about this, then of course, the crucifixion fulfilled the prophets.

But then this wind, this Spirit, this presence, this God in Spirit form, blew in that room as the sound of a rushing mighty wind, and little pillars of fire sat on everyone of them, just like it sat on the camp of Israel, just like it blazed in the bush. This wind blew, and they became God's people, a new creation for the first time. It was never known before. They became a new creation for the first time. It was never known before. They became a new creation--Divine species, God-men, God indwelt. When this happened, they did just exactly like Jesus did. They raised the dead, they discerned the hearts, they cast out devils, they healed the sick, and they spoke peace to sinners. They showed God to the world.

But then, not long after, things began to happen as in Judges chapter 2. Another generation arose who forgot God and what God in the flesh was like. They forgot, and down through the years they forgot more and more, until so-called "Christendom" degenerated into a traditional, cold and hopeless religious society without power without God, and without miracles. It was destitute of God.

Then the end began to draw near, and the last days began to come upon us. A bit of light then began to come through; a bit more, and a bit more, until a few years ago we were nearing the end of the cycle of another two thousand years (which is the final one), so that the day of the Lord is at hand. As the light began to dawn, many of the signs of the coming of the Lord began to be fulfilled, until the people of God know that surely His coming was drawing nigh. But something very great, basic, and all important had not been done.

This gospel of the kingdom was to be preached as a witness to all nations, and then the end would come. But, what was this gospel of the kingdom? The church had forgotten. It was a generation where although many of them were religious and sincere, and many of them were hungry and seeking; but yet they had forgotten what it really was like.

This was the closing generation. Something had to happen. It couldn't go as past generations had gone. This one is it! Therefore, in God's divine mercy, somehow stepping beyond the bounds of ordinary measure, He had foreordained at this hour to send again this prophet.

Some are going to think I am sacrilegious or off doctrinally (and it doesn't really matter), but God came again in human flesh and said, "Apparently I must show them again. I must remind them again. They must see some time. Once again they must know what God is like." And He stepped down and sent a little man, a prophet, but more than a prophet this time, A Jesus-man this time!

Elijah was not that. This is more than that which we have beheld! Moses was not that, for because of the different dispensation in which he lived, it couldn't be what we have seen. More than that! A Jesus-man, a man full of God, but sent as a special sign to a generation---this generation. A supernatural sign, an extraordinary measure.

Why? It was done before, why do it again? To arouse this last generation! Once more to be the forerunner; once more, to be sure the record is clear, to be sure there is no excuse, and to be sure that God has demonstrated afresh; to be sure there can be no mistake, and to be sure that we are reminded afresh of what God is like, how Jesus was, and of what God does in the flesh. To be sure that this generation, charged with bringing back the King, would know without question what it must be like, what the work must be to do, and what the minister must be. So we would know what our mission is to perform, what our witness is, how we are to perform and execute it, what we are to do, and how we are to act. Once more to be without excuse, beyond measure. To be the forerunner of His second coming.

The first night I heard and saw Brother Branham minister, I didn't hear a voice, I didn't know that it had been said of him, and I didn't know that the voice from heaven had spoken these words. I knew nothing of that. I had not been with any of the ministers that believed in him, for most of those that I was with did not believe in him. But like a voice, and yet not like a voice, I heard it. I know it. It came to me! "As John the Baptist was sent as a forerunner of His first coming, William Branham is sent as a forerunner of His second coming." I know that.

I was an inexperienced young preacher. I was not a theologian. I did not know the Scripture. Why I know this, I do not know; but I knew it. I said, "Thank God, he crossed my path. Thank God, I learned. Thank God, I caught on." It did not take ten nights, only one night.

This generation seeks a sign, another sign, another one, and still another one! One is enough! One is ample.

God willing, to be sure, that we don't fail in the knowledge of the immutability of His covenant, did it again in the twentieth century, the generation destined to bring Him back. This generation must know. This generation must be without excuse, for unto this generation is committed the task to do this. So, He sent forth a particular human vessel, surrounded by supernatural signs to attract attention and to make this wayward generation look up, ponder, search, and think.

Thus, the halo of light that appeared at his birth, the star, the Angel, the discernment, the gifts--all of these were given for that purpose. For what? To show us God again! To repeat what He showed us in Jesus Christ, when He came in the form of flesh; and to remind us one final time. Like Jesus, Brother Branham redemonstrated the very thing which made men believe that the true Messiah had come.

He was a seer; he saw. He lived in both worlds, the seen and the unseen at the same time, and transcended both of them practically all the time. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. The Son can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father do."

Here comes Brother Branham along in the twentieth century and does exactly the same way. God in the Flesh, again crossing our path; and many did not know. They would not have known Him if they would have been here when God crossed their path in the body they called Jesus Christ! People have not changed. Those who questioned then, would question now. Those who didn't believe then, would not believe now. "The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father doing. For what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son and showeth Him all things."

He saw the miracles before they happened. Jesus saw the crippled man who thirty-eight times had been to the pool but never could get into the water. Jesus saw all this before He went in, stood there, and told him to stand up.

He saw Lazarus raised before it came to pass. He had already settled it with the Father. It had already been rehearsed.

He saw Nathanael before Philip ever called him, when he was over under the fig tree, before they were even converted.

He foretold exactly how the disciples would go down the streets and meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. He said that they should follow him and would find an ass tied there, and He also told them to bring him. He saw all this before it happened.

This was William Branham's life. Precisely as we read it in the Scriptures. Then men hear Brother Branham say this, and they say, "It is wrong today," but it isn't. They don't believe today; they would not have believed then. But God had come again, crossed our paths again, and showed us again what the God-man is like, what God is like, what He is like in the flesh, and what the new creation is like.

See what this is? This is the new creation at work. He was a discerner, as Jesus discerned the woman at the well and her life. And how many times have you sat and marveled? If we believe when we read the Scriptures of the few things that we heard that Jesus did, how can we be without excuse when we sat night after night and saw these things repeated, not once, but dozens of times in the same perfect manner in which Jesus did them? Exactly! How it has been that one could see this and not believe, is beyond me.

Brother Branham knew diseases. He knew them everywhere before anyone told him. The same God knows all things. It is God in man, demonstrating His knowledge--what He is, how that He transcends all natural barriers, and nothing is impossible with Him.

He knew when virtue had gone out of him. How many have sat and watched when Brother Branham whirled around and said, "there she is," "There he is"? only once in the Scriptures did the little woman see this. Of course we do have the fact that later everybody heard about it, and they all got it; but only one case is set forth in detail. But my eyes have beheld dozens of cases, and some of you have seen hundreds of cases! How can I not believe?

This does not bring doctrinal barriers to me. This simply tells me that what happened then is the same today. My God is unchanged.

By these signs it is witnessed in the Scriptures that the Gentiles were made obedient by word and deed though mighty signs and wonders by the power of the Spirit of God. Have we not looked on and seen the multitudes come to Christ as they beheld the wonders and repented of their sins, cried out for salvation, and received Eternal Life, not only here, but abroad to the count of as many as thirty thousand in a single day, standing to receive the life of Jesus Christ, because a God crossed their path in human flesh and unveiled Himself?

Is this a mystery? This is not a mystery, this is the wonder of God! Is this a matter to dicker over doctrinally? This is a matter to give glory to our God, who has come in the flesh again in our generation. He has come in the flesh in all of us, but in a particular way in this man who was His prophet for this generation, for He surrounded him with these supernatural signs which were to attract the attention of the world once again by a sign.

The crowds came everywhere, always. Why? Because it was a generation who had forgotten what God was like. We went to church, we had our camp meetings, but we had forgotten. We wanted to see Him.

I was one. I was a preacher. I was sincere. I prayed for the sick. I was loyal to my organization. But I had forgotten. We did the best we could. I was told by men who I am sure were as sincere as they knew how to be. But they had forgotten.

I had gone to India. I wanted to help people; but when I met the Hindus and the Moslems, I couldn't

win, for they said, "Your Bible is not the Word of God; our Koran is the Word of God. Jesus was not His Son; Jesus was not His prophet. Mohammed is His holy prophet." I could not prove who was right. He had a black book and I had a black book. Mine was a Bible; his was a Koran. Whose was right? He believed his, I believed mine; but there was no proof.

I came home, and I heard a sermon, "If You Ever See Jesus, You Will Never Be The Same." I saw Him the next morning in a vision, and this changed my life forever and prepared me for what God was about to send across my path--the man of God. I had beheld the Lord, and no man can ever tell what happens when this takes place. I know He was alive.

Shortly after this we were in a convention, and Brother Branham came to Portland, Oregon. Our convention was to go on; I was the host pastor, the secretary of the district. But I had to leave, I had to go to see the man of God. I had to go, I had to go!

There I sat, in the third balcony of the Civic Auditorium in Portland, Oregon. This slight, little Kentucky man came out and stood before the microphone, with his Bible clutched to his side, and preached. What a wonderful message! So very simple.

His language was "Hillbillish," but he was from God. God was in him; I knew it. He expounded the Words of the Lord and acted like they were all true, just as good now as ever.

When he finished, many people turned to the Lord. They brought the sick before him, and they marched before him. There were so many that he could not take time with many of them. I watched, and I wept. Every few minutes he would stop someone and take a bit of time with them, sometimes away from the microphone, and I could not hear what was said. It seemed that something wonderful was happening.

I heard those about me criticizing, "Look at them! Carrying them up, carrying them down." It never occurred to me that this was happening. Brother Branham had told us the promise of Jesus Christ that you would lay your hands upon the sick, and they shall recover; and that this would come to pass, for the Word of the Lord could not fail. The Scriptures could not be broken. So I sat there with my heart full, thrilling to the fact that as he would touch these people, they would get well. It never occurred to me that it would not happen. I was shocked when I heard some about me. Criticizing in that very meeting.

He stopped a little girl, and he asked us to bow our heads. I heard him say, without hardly raising his voice: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I adjure thee by the Name of Jesus Christ that you leave this child and enter her no more." But he didn't say it like I had heard it said before. He didn't speak as the scribes and the Pharisees. He spake as one who had authority. He meant what he said.

I was all ready to help him. I wanted to do my best, and I am sure that most of the audience felt that way. But he was finished. And the job was done. He had said it, and that was finished. He had told the devil what to do and expected results. He know that he was the boss, and obviously the devil did too. That finished it. The girl was healed before I was tuned up and ready. I burst into tears. Oh, that was wonderful! That little girl was so perfectly well.

It seemed that ten thousand voices whirled over my head and said, "You can do that. That is what Jesus did. That is the way Peter did it. That is the way John did it. That is the way Jesus did it. What they did in the Bible can be done today. The Bible is for today."

The reason I am saying this is this: So many could not understand the supernatural sign that was given as an evidence; for he at that time would take people by their hand, and a vibration would show up on his hand that indicated the presence of the evil spirit of disease. When it was cast out, this appearance disappeared from his hand, and it became normal.

This was a matter of such great concern to the theologians and to the Christians who felt this was new. They had not seen it before. Why people would scream about that, say that the man had a devil, and that he was a Beelzebub--how could they say it?

Then on the other hand, those that didn't believe it was a devil, all started praying to get the same sign. I couldn't understand that, either. It never occurred to me, sitting there, to look on and desire that sign. That was none of my business. That was God's gift to a generation. It never occurred to me that was what I had to have. But everything he did, the discerning of the people's thoughts and of their deeds, demonstrated to me Jesus in action. I saw Jesus that night in a human form that they called William Branham!

I saw God at work in a little Kentucky Hillbilly. I saw God's Word, the living Word that can never be broken, displayed on the platform. I didn't see a sign that I desired. I saw that God lived today.

The sign was a true sign, pointing somewhere. A sign doesn't point to itself. A sign doesn't say, "Look here I am a sign. Look at me!" A sign never says that. A sign tells you where to go to something. It doesn't say, "See the sign! I am a sign!" What good would that do? The sign was a pointer. But where did it point? How could my fellow ministers look on and not understand? How could they say this man was a devil? How could they say this was not of God? How could a man, a church member or a Christian see this, and not believe? Every time this sign happened on his hand, he stood there and told where sickness came from. That shocked me. That shook me, for I never had thought about where sickness came from. Why, we just have it. It has just always been here. You have just got to have it. It is here to stay, it always has been. It never occurred to me it had to come from somewhere.

This was the man that came as the Voice of God, and showed me that men's diseases did not exist before the fall, but came after. When Christ came, he took them away. But people did not know this; and if they don't know it, they don't have faith for it. So the devil comes illegally, and people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.

This man began to talk about the spirits of infirmity. Here he was talking about devils, about an evil spirit sent to kill. I had never heard this before in my life. Then he began to talk about a cancer. How it starts as a little cell, and as it grows it becomes a body. Then he starts to talk about us, how we begin as a little cell, grow a body around ourselves, and here we are, a human being. Our body is alive because the life that was in that cell to begin with is there and continues to be there.

One of these days that life will slip out and be gone, and all this body that has grown will still be there, but it will be dead. It is still there, but it is dead because that life that started in that little cell has slipped away from that body. What would happen to it then? The same way it came, it would go back to the dust.

That made so much sense. Then he went back to the cancer and how you could get the life out of the cancer. The doctors' radium couldn't do anything, but the name of Jesus Christ could! He told how we had been given power over devils and diseases, if we would cast them out in Jesus' name. Here are these spirits of infirmities. We as the foreordained, chosen, and elected God-men, who were to inherit and receive His Name--the Name of Jesus--could say that name over the cancer, and that life had no alternative. It must go away. And when it goes away, that growth might still be there, but it would be dead.

We had known all the time any believer could do that. Any child of God had the authority to do that. Every God-man could do that, but we had forgotten. So, in this generation we are charged with the duty to bring back the King by giving this gospel to every creature, and the only way we can get that body is with the signs and wonders, or we will not get the ears of the people. We had forgotten how. So he come along and tells us how. God, who had chosen us, comes down in the flesh once again to say, "I must show them again what I am like, so that they will go with renewed zeal and remember afresh my living Word cannot

change, that It is always the same. I must go and show them again."

And He came down here in the form of flesh, and we call him William Branham. He came across our generation, crossed our path, told us these words from the Scriptures, and we are to believe these words.

To help us believe, God in His mercy, said, "I will fix it where you can show them and take them by the hand. There it is. Now tell it to come out in Jesus' name. There, see it, tell them." But you didn't need to see. "The Bible said it will happen, but you forgot. So all right, I will show them, in a physical way."

Now do you expect that to stay with you forever? How long must we have this? Brother Billy Paul, you are grieved tonight because of your Daddy; but he was a prophet, sent to a generation, and you know this. How long can we have this? Didn't we see enough? Haven't we seen enough? What will we do about it? The sign has come. You are not going to have it repeated. Many will claim it. Many will seek it. Many will hang out their shingle, but it will not be repeated.

This is the generation that is foreordained of God to bring the King back. We have had our rehearsal. We have had our refresher course. We have walked where God has walked. God has tread our pathways, our cities, and our streets in the form of another one. It is true that He also walks with us, but I am saying in this extraordinary way, Brother Branham was surrounded by supernatural signs to point us afresh to this. This is what it points to, and this endures forever.

Oh God, grant that my fellow Christians here will hear what He will have to say to them tonight.

This showed me Jesus at work. This revised my faith in the gospel for my day. This was the Holy Ghost in action before my eyes. This demonstrated before me the power of the Name that I received when I came into the family of God. The Name that is above every name in heaven, and in earth. I bear this name. The God, whom this Name represents, is in you and in me. I have no signs, but I have this. Must we always have to see it on his hands, or hear him tell it out loud?

"There it is, a cloud hanging over here," he said. He prayed, or he spoke, and it went away. He saw it and told us about it, and God even allowed the camera to capture it for our unbelieving eyes.

He let the light appear and register on camera film. What do we ask? Yet, in the face of the greatest demonstration of God in the flesh that any generation has ever beheld before, men do not believe.

I am not here to pronounce judgment. Neither am I a prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I just say we have seen. How much do we demand?

The first night I saw, I believed. I believed already as much as I could, but I had forgotten and since this end time generation rests upon my shoulders, God, in His great mercy, foreordained that He would show me afresh and send me Himself again in human flesh to shew me once again just exactly what God is like in the flesh. He did it, he ordained that I would come, see and follow. From the third balcony, I saw and perceived. I believed and I know that night what my work was to do, and I have been working at it.

Many times the Businessmen have asked us to speak. We have appreciated their invitations. It is only because we stay as busy as we can, just doing this simple thing. We want to tell as many people as we possibly can tell the message of Eternal Life, the message of Jesus Christ, that they may hear and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and come into the kingdom. That is all we live for. In order to get the ear of the maximum number of people everywhere we go, we consecrate our vessel before the Lord so that He might see fit to show signs and wonders in the meeting to confirm His word.

Let me just correct that. I don't mean that our consecration has anything to do with that. He will do

that regardless. But what I mean, we try to be worthy of God's presence in the meetings. His Word is preached out around the world in over forty countries. Without a vision, without a sign and without these supernatural things, the same wonders have been wrought.

That God which performed in your sight in the man that we called William Branham was in him, showing us Himself. The same God that was working through him, works with every man, every believer, every creature, the same way. I am not talking about the light. I am not talking about the supernatural signs. I am not talking about the discerning of the thought. I am talking about the confirming of His covenant that cannot be broken. That is why He has sent the sign, and the prophet, around the world.

Now let me give you this testimony, for I believe it is the will of God that I would say this. We set out to do as we had seen Brother Branham do. Not to discern people (for that could not be done without God), but to announce the promises of God and to ask God to confirm them, which He did. We prayed for many people, and many were wonderfully healed. But we never prayed for a deaf mute.

It was over in Kentucky, not far from Brother Branham's place, where the first little girl came through the line, deaf and dumb. I suppose this was an extraordinary thing to me, because when I was a little boy on the farm, my daddy could talk the sign language with a friend of his who would come once in a while. I suppose he came to my daddy's house because there wasn't very many people he could visit with. It always fascinated me to see him talk on his hands. I always imagined that would be such a terrible thing. Perhaps that is why God used that one miracle to so change my life.

I will never forget how glad I was when this little girl came, and how it seemed that the fire of this Holy Ghost in me burned. I knew this girl would be well, for the Lord would do it. We prayed for her. I did my best to pray just exactly like I had seen Brother Branham. I meant every word of it, and I believed that I had the same reason for the devil to obey me that Brother Branham had when he prayed. It had to be the same. And of course it was, so the little girl was perfectly healed, and I headed out to find Brother Branham.

The first and the only time I ever went to his home, we found him and Daddy Bosworth standing on the front porch of his little cabin there in Jeffersonville. He lived in that little narrow house near the Tabernacle. Brother Branham was so sweet and kind to us and encouraged us so much. He just took us in his arms like his little boys and encouraged us. He made us feel like we could just conquer the world.

This was what he wanted people to see, that if they would just go trust in His Word, it could be done just the same. He prayed with us, blessed us and talked with us. That was a great event in our life.

We then went on to Jamaica; and in Jamaica, hundreds and hundreds of remarkable miracles took place, and over nine thousand souls came to Christ.

We came back to America, and God spoke to me in a closet one day very clearly. I won't pass on what He said, because it would not be fitting right here. I didn't hear His voice, but yet I did hear it.

After a few days Brother Bosworth called me from Flint, Michigan, and we went up there. He said that Brother Branham was very tired and had asked if I would finish out the week of meetings. (They had heard that we had been in Jamaica.)

That great auditorium was packed and we beheld wonderful wonders of God as Brother Branham would stand there and preach the Word (which was always first). Then he would relate to the people how to cooperate with God and explain about this sign in his hand, it would happen if they would believe. He would pray that the Lord would confirm what he had said, and of course it would be so each time, and many wonderful things took place.

The night came that I had to take the microphone because Brother Branham had gone. As we stood up there that night (of course this was something that would frighten any young preacher), I remember I preached, and then they called for the people to come for prayer.

The very first one was a blind, colored lady with her big German police seeing-eye dog. Of course in the natural I was awed by this challenge, but deep inside me was such an assurance that God was there. God was there, and as we prayed, we just reminded the Lord of His Words that had been preached, by Brother Branham. That as He testified for the gift, he would testify also of His Word, for the gift confirmed the Word, and it was all the same.

This girl screamed out for joy. Her eyes came open. THE dog started barking, for he thought we had hurt the girl or something; and great excitement was there, as the girl was healed. From then on one thing after another began to happen--the great Puerto Rico meetings and then around the world to forty different countries, to say to you, "This is what God sent His prophet to teach us." He was sent to reassure us of this. It can't fail. Do you understand?

I am not leaving this as a testimony for you to say, "Oh Brother Osborn has a great ministry, too." That is not the point. The point is: Here was just an ordinary man without any of these extra supernatural appearances, but who had seen them when God sent the Prophet. These signs had pointed him to the covenant, and he had set our with the covenant to announce it to the people, that if they would believe, it would be so, for it cannot be broken. And it came to pass. Now, how did it come to pass? How do you explain that? And the ten thousand miracles, that we beheld. How do you explain it?

This is the living Word that we beheld and saw His glory among us, testifying to us in this last generation by supernatural signs and wonders. Foreordained of God, it was sent across our path to point us to the Word that lives forever and cannot be changed. It is forever settled in heaven. It is invincible. It cannot be altered.

Surely If God would have us to close this with any other thought, it would be to thank God for the prophet, the man of God, the sign from heaven, that has come to give us life in the evening time of this generation. Thank God for the supernatural signs and wonders. The redemonstration in our generation of Jesus Christ.

How many times have I stood... perhaps not as many times as most of you, but many times have I stood at the side, on the platform, or maybe in the audience or down near the front, in awe, as I would watch Brother Branham minister. Never once in my heart adoring or worshipping the man, but absolutely revering God, Who was a work in my presence. I was standing with God.

We can come to reverence God's presence as we take His Word to our hearts, walk with it, talk with it, and commune with it. For it is God with us, God in us.

I can't say what I feel, but my plea to this congregation and to those to whom you will talk of this service, is that you will run with this message: "William Branham came our way as the prophet of God and showed us in the twentieth century precisely the same things that were shown us in the Gospels." Where we read of a few incidents in the Gospels, we have seen hundreds in our generation no less great not wonderful, but far more numerous. We have seen them in our day.

We have walked with God in our day. He came and walked the shores of Galilee, but He also came to the streets of Phoenix, Portland, Oregon; Tulsa, Oklahoma; and across this nation. I saw it. And when I saw it once, I knew what it meant. This was the Word in flesh. I could take it up and go with it, for God was with me and in me. What a revelation!

I had heard Brother Branham speak often and say, "I won't be with you long. You will hear of me being gone one of these days." Sister Osborn and I have marveled all the time. As we heard the reports we would say, "How can it be that God leaves him in this generation?" Still he remains on the scene. Still these things are shown. Still he pleads for the people to look to the Word, and to believe the Word. Look at this sign, it has happened again! It shows Jesus is real. Here is His Word. Stand on it. It will never fail you. How often has he said it.

I stood and trembled in Tulsa, Oklahoma, as I watched him show the congregation the wonders of God by the supernatural signs that I could never show a congregation. All I can do is say. "It is written." Of course that is the greatest sign. Brother Branham said it was the greatest. There is nothing greater. No sign is as great as this. This is forever settled in heaven. There is no debate about that.

I stood there and watched him as he showed me something by which to prove the Word to an idolater, an agnostic, or an atheistic generation. That was to show them it is written and that it came to pass.

How often I watched him do it as he stood there and discerned the thoughts of the people. They thought he was a soothsayer, that he was reading their minds, or that he was pulling some other gimmick. He would turn his back on them and prophesy to them with his back turned. Three nights in a row he did it in Tulsa.

But now he is taken from us. Tulsa will not see that again. The preachers are there. The Christians are there, and they are comfortable. But whether they caught on, I don't know. Many don't act like it. What a wonder that God sent this demonstration our way.

Did you see it, just soak it up, and take it for granted as a thing that was with you, thinking that you would always have these wonderful meetings, and would always be blessed? Did you think that this was the Branham-type meeting, and you would see these things? Was that your idea? You didn't catch on! Now it is gone. But my friends, if God sent me to Phoenix to tell you anything on this Memorial service, He sent me to tell you that this is what he was trying to show you all of the time. This is where your faith must rest. But it must be acted upon. It must be carried out. Where are those who will arise and say, "I will run with the message?" A few years ago Brother Branham crossed my path, and I ran.

Did you decide that this was just a phenomena of your age? You had him, but now you haven't got him anymore. Not all failed to know him; not all missed. Many caught on, not only me; and more are going to catch on from this message.

God was in Brother Branham, demonstrating Himself. God is in us. The difference is that He has not foreordained that we operate in the place of the prophet of this generation. We are not accompanied by these extraordinary signs to give evidence of this to preachers. We are God's people. We are Christians. We are born-again believers. We are new creation. We are sons, born into the family. We are royal. The King's blood is in us. We bear the name of the King. We have a right to use the Name. Let us use it! Let us take up the sword, the Word! Let us yield it.

I don't know what the forthcoming days hold for us. I am not a prophet. I am not a seer. I don't know. But did this message get across to you? What are you going to do about it? It didn't get across to you until you do something about it.

A generation is committed to us, the generation across the horizon of which God has marched in human flesh again with signs and wonders in the form of a prophet. This generation is reverting to paganism thirty times faster than it is being evangelized. This is our chance.

What now will you do about this message that has been pointed out so clearly to you? What shall

you do with it? Shall we run with it? Shall we act upon it shall we take it up? Shall we bear it to the ends of the world?

God has visited His people, for a great prophet has risen up among us.



Brother Roy Borders and Brother William Branham



Brother William Branham and Brother Tommy Osborn



The family car, referred to by Billy Paul Branham, in which the fatal accident occurred.



Taken at 4:30 P.M. in Jeffersonville, Indiana by Brother Lee Miller,  
of Columbus, Ohio, the day of Brother Branham's funeral.

## A Psalm of Life

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
“Life is but an empty dream!”  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not it's goal;  
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way:  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle:  
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe're pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act, - in the living Present,  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing:  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow  
(Henry Wadsworth 1807 – 82)