

The Unwelcomed Christ

1 Sickness and many bad things . . . And death kept some away. And sickness kept others away. And disappointments kept others away. But God has brought us together again to serve Him. We're so happy for these things.

And now, coming together, I would like to just say a few words about our last meeting overseas, where you all prayed so hard for us, that the Lord would give us a great service. He did. And we're so happy to report that many souls were saved; that's the main thing: souls being saved, born in the Kingdom of God. We . . . You know we . . .

The preaching of the cross brings observation; it brings troubles; it brings stir-ups; and we can't expect to be immune from all those. We just have to take them as they come. So we—we had some trouble when we left Zurich. Now, I might explain what it was.

4 Ah, the church, the first reformer was Martin Luther, as we all know, and second was Zwingli, and Zwingli went into—to—out of—into Switzerland. And there, at Zurich was the Bible first translated in English, the full Bible, from the first translation, was did at Zurich, Switzerland. They still hang with the old Zwingli idea. And Zwingli's translation denies the virgin birth. He doesn't believe in the virgin birth. They said that He was the Son of Joseph, "called the Son of God."

And we believe that He was the Son of God, that He was born of the Father, God, that give Him His birth through creation.

And Billy Graham, well known, everyone knows him, nearly, he was in there for one day before I was. And if they didn't criticize that poor boy, just making fun of him, where it didn't. . . They didn't need to be. They said, "He put an permanent wave in his hair." And said, "He come to the church like he was going to a band box, instead of a church." And said, "He preached like a fantastic American, soap salesman." And—and said, "You could smell him ten feet away, with perfume," and just all things like that, just making fun of the boy. Because why? He didn't deserve that.

7 I heard Billy, was right there. He preached the supreme Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. That's right. He said, "There's many men who stand up, and philosophers, and so forth, but Jesus Christ was God Himself manifested in the flesh."

Brother, I hollered "amen" as loud as I could, 'cause I know that's true. I believe that. Well, of course, me seeing the way they treated him, I dropped right into his place, started right on with the supreme Deity, that Jesus Christ was Jehovah God manifested in flesh. Well, in doing that, the Lord gave us fifty thousand souls in that five night's meeting.

And then when they heard we were going up into Germany... Now, there, it's state and church. What the church tells the state, the state does it.

And we've often taught about, many times... If I have someone here, that's a Catholic friend... I don't say this now to be shoving your church at all. No, sir. I have thousands, and tens of thousands, of Catholic friends. But we've often thought in the early days when the Catholic church united with the church and state together, in the days of papal Rome, and what a persecution it brought, well, brother, the Protestant is just as bad, if not worse.

The Protestant church treated me twice as bad as Catholic church ever did treat me. See? So then when they went up there, and sent into Germany, and told the German authorities not to receive me, that I was absolutely against the teaching, and I wasn't nothing but an impostor, and not to receive me.

12 And they had built a stadium there, that seated thirty thousand people. When they refused me to have the regular football stadium, why, because of the state being owning it, Hitler built there, then they went out and put a canvas cathedral up that would seat around thirty thousand, opened up the side so you could still set them on back. Somewhere we had thirty thousand under roof. And they sent word that—that I was an impostor, and not to receive me at all.

And so then, the government set right down and said, thumbs down, I can't come in. Dr. Guggenbuhl, a friend which... National attorney sent word down there, and went down there and said, "No, sir. He cannot come in. We will not receive him."

14 So, he goes down. It's in the American zone, at Kar—at the—at the Karlsruhe, which means "Charles' rest." He went down there to the colonel of the American army, which is the American occupied zone in there. And he went to the colonel and said, "Why can't we have this American evangelist to come in?"

He said, "They had Billy Graham up there, and," said, "why can't we have this brother come in?"

And so the colonel said, "Well, I don't see why you can't." Said, "Who is the preacher?"

Said, "It's Brother Branham."

Said, "Brother Branham." Said, "He prayed for my mother, and she was healed in America." So, brother, that opened the door. Didn't make any difference in what they said. That opened the door. So they threw the door open, and—and we went right on in and had the meeting.

18 And the first night, to get in, out of the—the crowd. . . We wouldn't—we wouldn't preach Divine healing. We stayed right away from it, just wouldn't pray for the sick. First, we got them on the Gospel, first, and be sure. So in order to get me out, to keep me from being shot, from the bushes, they taken men, and just milling around and around me, like that, so the—they couldn't get aim on me, you see, till I got in. And we was attacked the first night, with a car. . . Well, just fanatics. And—and I got into the car all right. Billy, I had to grab him to get him in, 'cause somebody just about had him. And so then, so when we got in. . .

Then on the second, third night, we started praying for the sick. And that night they brought to the platform, one of the sweetest experiences that I've had in all my life. A little girl. . . Now, it is not. . .

20 Now, this rudeness is not the German people. They're the nicest people I ever met in my life. I tell you, if I lived anywhere else besides America, I'd take Germany, any time. And they're humble. They're way better than the Swiss. The Swiss is all right, but the Swiss has never had any trouble.

Just like Americans here (You see?), we—we never been bombed over here or anything. We just. . . War comes along, we live off the riches of the land, and the boys goes over and dies, and come back; we never see it.

But them Germans has been beat to the ground, where their mothers was burned with gas, and their arms. And they'd find their mummy skulls laying there, with a baby pressed to her bosom like that. They know what prayer means. And they're humble and willing.

23 And so that night, in the meeting, all the newspapers setting around and everything. And all the churches, criticizing, and sponsored by none of them. So we just set up the meeting, and thousands even couldn't even gain a place to get to the tent and the place where we was at.

And then while the Holy Spirit was moving, and the inspiration come over me; there was a lady laying there and told her her backbone was eat in two with tuberculosis. She was strapped on a board. I said, "Unstrap her."

And a doctor raised up and said, "Oh, you can't do that."

I said, "Unstrap her, for, THUS SAITH THE LORD." Up she got and run through that building, was just as perfect and normal as she could be. And her—her. . . She was barefooted, and come to the platform.

26 About fifteen minutes after that, they started the prayer line, going on. And along come a little girl about six years old, or eight years old, about the age of my little Becky, two long plaits hanging down her back. She almost went off the platform. They caught her and brought her over. When she got to me, she started putting her little—had her little head down here, and she started putting her little hands around me like that. And she was blind, been born blind. She never had seen.

And when we had prayer for her, honest, friends, I believe if I would have been the worst hypocrite in the world, God would've honored that child's faith. Put her arms around like that, and had her little head laying over on my bosom. And I prayed for her. And I said to the Lord, "I left Becky and them crying, at home, You know. But I. . . You sent me here to pray for this child, I believe."

And when I raised her little head up, she looked around. She said, "What are those things?"

I said, "It's lights, honey." See? And she. . . The interpreter told her. So, then, she could—she could see. And her mother begin screaming and run up to the platform. And she had never seen her mother before. She begin patting her on the

cheeks. She said, “Are you my mother?” She said, “You’re so sweet.” And like that. She had never seen her mother before in her life.

31 And then here come a man, the next one, was a man that was born deaf and dumb, about fifty-five years old, never spoke or heard in his life. And when the hearing and speech come to him, and he . . . They had talk on their fingers to him, you know. And I said to him, “Talk now, and tell him to say just what he—I say.” And I said, “Mama.”

He said, “Mama.”

I said, “I love Jesus.”

He said, “I love Jesus.” And the translator was . . . He was a German, speaking English, ’cause that’s the only thing he’d ever heard (See?), was right then. The only thing he could say was—was English. See, he could speak English, same as he could German. He was just born in Germany. So you get what I mean? He could speak English, ’cause that’s all he’d ever heard, and it was me speaking to him. See? I’d say, “Say, Mama.” And he’d say, “Mama.”

And I—I’d say, “Say, ‘I love Jesus.’”

“I love Jesus.”

And I’d say, “Praise the Lord.”

He say, “Praise the Lord.”

And the translator would have to say back to this German, to the German, was translated from English back to German again. My, the next day, the paper really lit up, everything.

34 So the state church ministers, a group of them come down, and they wanted to have a breakfast with me, and about two hundred, three hundred come down. Oh, I guess, something maybe like this tabernacle full of people. They come down to a great hotel, and they said, “If It could be proven to be the Truth, that it wasn’t witchcraft . . .” Mercy. Said, “If it wasn’t witchcraft,” why, they would be ready to protest against the church and come out, if they wouldn’t accept It.

So, got down that morning, I said, “Brethren, witchcraft? It’s absolutely, totally impossible for any demon to have anything to do with Divine healing.” I said, “I will—I will defy that from anywhere. Every Scripture is against it. And there’s no power with the devil at all, to—to have . . . make any Divine

healing.” I said, “There’s nothing in the devil can heal. If it is . . . Jesus said, Himself, ‘If Satan can cast out Satan, then his kingdom’s divided and can’t stand.’ See? He can’t cast out Satan. The healing comes only from Jesus Christ.”

36 And so they set there a little while, and they said, “Well, we can’t understand about these visions. We—we just don’t know.” Said, “We, what we think, is . . . You’ll have to clear us up on this.” Said, “We think, that what it is, that you go around in daytime to these houses, and give the people their prayer cards, and bring them up to the platform at nighttime, and then you’ve talked to them, and you know what their diseases are, and all about their life . . .”

I said, “Brother, I can’t speak German, and I can’t. Look here.” I said, “When I’m giving the vision, I can’t even say their name. I have to spell it out. It would spell out their names and the places where they come from, like ‘w, x, y, o, p, q, r,’ something another like that, being their names.” I said, “How do I? Ask the people. Find out from them. Why,” said, “the boys give the prayer cards right in the meeting. And what’s all, all those that don’t even have prayer cards?”

“Well,” they said, “well, could that be the devil doing that?”

I said, “Can the devil heal?” I said, “If it . . .” I said . . .

38 “Could it be mental telepathy?” they said.

I said, “Well, can mental telepathy make the blind to see?” I said, “Didn’t they say the same thing about our Lord? When they said, ‘Well, this Man has a devil.’ They seen Him foretelling things, and telling people. They said, ‘He has a devil.’ And the Pharisees raised up and says, another group of them, said, ‘Can the devil make the blind to see?’ No, sir. It cannot.”

So then, in the breakfast that morning, they had a great German photographer there to take the pictures of the breakfast.

Now, we all are aware that our cameras are little amateurs, up aside of the German lens. Anyone knows that, who buys telescopes, or German . . . Well, for instance, our little Argus camera. I got one. Sixty-nine dollars buys it, with all the equipment to it. And that’s a thirty-five millimeter. All right. The German Leica, in a thirty-five millimeter, costs five hundred dollars. That’s just the difference, between sixty-nine

and five hundred dollars. Oh, and it's far beyond anything our, their lens are than ours.

41 And they had a great camera setting up there, taking the pictures of the meeting, of the—of the breakfast. And they was asking about how that inspiration. . . They said, “Well, we feel that it's some kind of a set-up. It's something another that—that you have. It's a mental telepathy. That Germans can maybe look on their cards, or something another, and they can transfer that to you.”

I said, “Then how does the healing come?” I said, “Who foretells these things, who, what, that's going to come?”

“Well,” said, “maybe that's mental telepathy also.” And I said, “Then you don't believe in God.”

“Oh, we believe in God, sure. We believe in God. But we don't. . .”

44 I said, “Brother, you're—you're just born blind; that's all. See? You, you were born blind, and I doubt whether you'll ever receive your sight or not.” And I said, “If. . . I'd rather be physical blind than to be spiritual blind like that. Why,” I said, “you'd be far better off, if you were everyone totally blind, had to be led around by you're eyes—by your arms, so you didn't have no eyes, let somebody be your eyes, to lead you.” I said, “You'd be far better off. But,” I said, “because you see the things that prophets has longed to see. You see the things that great men long to see, and still you won't believe it.” I said, “Well did Isaiah speak of you right, saying, ‘You have eyes and can't see, and ears, you can't hear.’” And about. . .

45 They said, “Well, if that picture of the Angel of the Lord, that you have on the platform over there,” said, “what about that?”

I said, “That's proof, scientific proof, that Jesus Christ still lives and reigns.” I said, “That's the same Pillar of Fire, or Light, that followed the children of Israel, and brought them through the wilderness, and taken them to the promised land. And any reader knows that that was the Angel of the Covenant, which was Jesus Christ.” And I said, “He was with the Father before the foundation of the world. He's always been. And He's the same today.”

“Oh,” said, we've heard of your American fantastics, Divine healing services, and things.”

I said, "I'm not talking about them. That's not the subject. I'm talking about my own ministry now. Them brothers can defend theirs. But," I said, "I'm talking about my own. See?"

And he said, "Well, we heard all that stuff, and all like that."

49 I said, "Well, if you want to believe, you're a believer. If you don't, then you're not a believer; that's all." And I said, "I can't explain it. There's no need of me trying it. For if I'd try to, I would try to explain God. And who can explain God? And God has made it so that none of us can explain God. We believe God by faith, not by sight, not by knowledge; but by faith, we believe God. God is—has to be accepted by faith, inex—unexplainable. You have to receive it. If it's explainable, then you don't no more have to use faith, if you can explain it. See, you don't have . . . You can tell the details."

How many understands that? Do you see? You cannot explain God. You have to believe God. It's a mystery to you, but you have to accept it. That's on the basis of your faith to accept something that you cannot explain. Amen. That's the way. That's it. See, you have to explain something, and believe something that . . . I mean, believe something that you cannot explain. It's impossible to explain it.

51 Well, they set and scratched one another's heads. And, oh, you know how the sovereignty of God always is on the job, isn't He? No matter what takes place, God's on the job. Right at that very crucial moment, right at the time, when hundreds of those pastors of the state church, setting there at this breakfast, this big German camera setting there. And he would snap the picture, and then roll a roller, turn it over, just like a thirty-five millimeter, only that big, great big camera taking all like that, just snapping, roll it, and kept taking pictures.

And about that time, I said, "Just a moment. The One that I'm speaking of is here now." I said, "He's—He's here, present." I said, "I see It. And He's moving." Well, the German moved his camera right in like that.

He said, "I will try it." He shot the picture.

I said, "It's this man standing right here. He's a leader of thirty-two thousand communists, standing there." And the interpreter give it to him. I said, "He's not a German." I said,

“He’s an Italian. He comes from Italy.” And I said, “He’s not a German, at all.”

“And that was the truth,” he said.

And I said, “You just recently come—become converted.”

“Yes. I said, “You picked up a Bible. You was raised a Catholic.”

“Yeah.”

“And you picked up a Bible. And you took the Bible and you read It, and got convinced that It was—Jesus Christ was the Son of God. And you—and you accepted it.”

He said, “That’s right.”

And I said, “Now, you are hid from the Catholic church, and got an orphanage way up in the mountains.”

He said, “That’s right.”

And I said, “The reason you’re not eating your breakfast, is because that you got such a stomach trouble that you can’t eat breakfast.”

“That was right.’ And he started weeping.

I said, “But, THUS SAITH THE LORD, you’re healed. Eat your breakfast.” That settled it.

59 And they took the picture. And they took. . . And that camera standing there now, taking that picture, each one. And he shot three pictures of the Angel of the Lord. And then took five or six, afterwards; five or six, before. And It showed up in the neg—in the camera again, the Angel of the Lord a coming down: When It come, started down, when It come over me, and when It’s a leaving. And I got them right here on the platform this morning, which swept all the German papers, and everywhere else. And I got it right here now, of the pictures of the Angel of the Lord. Oh, man.

The Lord Jesus never fails. “Heavens and earth will pass away,” He said, “but My Word will not pass away.” He said, “I the Lord have planted It; I will water It day and night.” Hallelujah “Lest some should pluck It from My hand, I will water It day and night.” See?

61 Now, I got a whole group of them here. There’s about two dozen. But here is the picture, the one I hold up like this. And maybe, after the service, I will have Brother Neville, if he

wants to take care of them, he can show it to you after the services.

And, now, now here is the picture of the ministerial breakfast. Now, you can see how the lights are up here, how the room looks. And there's just about six, after, before this, and six afterwards.

Now, there It is. This is me, standing right here. That's the interpreter. And that's Dr. Guggenbuhl. That's Brother Bosworth. These are all state, church pastors, groups of them. All right.

Now, when It—when It struck, that shows. You see, there's no light or nothing in there (See?), when It struck.

Now, when I stood up and said, "Stand to your feet, the Angel of the Lord is here," Here It is. Oh, my...?. . . Now, that's when It's coming down. You see, here I am, standing right here. It's coming down. They got the picture of It, ascending, coming down from the ceiling, like, coming down. You see everybody looking. And this picture here is looking sideways.

66 And here, this man here, with his collar turned around, is the man that's talking to him. See? That's the one that's giving. . . I'm talking to, here (See?), and he's watching. I said, "The vision's of this man standing right across here. And so, what kind of prayer card you got? See?" You see what they. . . There they are.

Now, here It is when It's already come down, and you can't see nothing but just my shoulders there. That's when the vision is going on, when It's telling him. And here is where It is, when It's leaving off my face, with half my face cut off there with the vision, the Angel of the Lord, the Glory of the Lord going off. See It right there? And here It is after it was over, nowhere at all.

68 So, they got it now; it's passed all through Germany. It's coming now through the states and the different religious magazines. There's one, coming down; here's one when It's on; and here's one when It's going away. See?

Oh, He lives, He lives. Christ Jesus lives today. So in the midst of conflict, don't never worry, He's still God. He always has done it. I have been so thankful for that.

That I know, here at my home town, it's hard to be understood here, and especially being at home. It's the hardest place in the world, of course, it is: not to you, my friends. But, why, didn't Jesus say the same thing? Among your own, it's—it's the worst. Cause it can't help. The people don't want to be, but they are. The Scripture cannot be nothing but fulfilled. It must be fulfilled. It cannot be broken. The Scriptures must be fulfilled. So Jesus lives today.

71 And friends, this little old tabernacle, today, with its little crude walls, and to the strangers that's in our gates, we most heartily welcome you here in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, as His beloved children. And we love Him, and want you to enjoy this fellowship together, this morning, as we speak on the Word of the living God.

And I desire, solely, for you to pray for me. I'm at the crossroads of my life, at this time. I have been coming up to this point for a long time. And I finally arrived, this place, where I must make a great decision right away. So you pray for me. Will you do it?

73 I will just give you a little understanding. I've stood between brethren, not representing anything, coming from one to the other one that. . . And I have noticed, standing between them, I have brought myself to this place. It's. . .

I was ordained down here by Dr. Davis, you all know, in the little old Baptist church over here. And now, the. . . I've often told you that I found two classes of people: One of them is the Baptist and the fundamentalists, which has a good mental conception of the Word. On the other side, I find the full Gospel, Methodist, Nazarene, Pilgrim Holiness, Pentecostals, all them; they have the faith. One of them has climbed up to receive the Holy Spirit, and this. . . But they so loose with It, they don't know how to control It. And the—the others over here, knows the Word and how to place It, but hasn't got no faith with It. If I could only get pentecostal faith in Baptist theology, (what?) the Church would be set out. That's right, if I could only get it. Those wonderful gifts of pentecost, it's a shame the way you trod them down and mistreat them, and so forth.

76 Here, I will tell you a little something that happened the other day, just to show you.

I'd say this because it's the tabernacle, and here it's home. I preach what I want to (See?), and here, or what the Lord tells me to, rather. See? I don't aim to say it, "What I want to." I wouldn't say that, 'cause I—that would be my own desires.

But I—I heard a remark the other day, that someone had—had made about a wagon. A fellow saying, "They had a great meeting." And said, that, "But," said, "there wasn't enough spirit, there wasn't enough noise about it."

And the old preacher said, "Well," said, "when I used to live on the farm, I went out to the farm, and I went with my wagon empty, and every time I hit a little bump it would squeak and crack, pop, jump, and go on." Said, "When I loaded it down with good food and products, I brought it back. And it hit the same bumps, and never moved at all, a good, loaded wagon."

So what we need today, is a good, loaded, solid wagon, knowing where we're going, led by the Holy Spirit.

81 Now, sometime ago, I tell you what. . . You know what my—my theology is? Redeeming love, when you got love one for another. See? No matter what these other things are, how many gifts we got, or how much this we got, or how much that; if we haven't got love one for the another, we—we're lost. That's all.

I went to a fellow. Now, brethren, I'm using church names here this morning. I don't mean harm by it. But I went to a fellow that belonged to the Assemblies of God. He didn't know me. It's been years ago. I walked up to him; I said, "Howdy do, sir."

He said, "Howdy do."

I said, "I understand you're a preacher."

He said, "I am." And just before the. . . A great man in the Assemblies of God, he wanted me to join the Assemblies of God. He said, "Come, join, because we're the biggest pentecostal organization in the world."

I said, "That may be so, my brother, but I like to stand between all of you, and say, 'We're brothers,' see?" I said, "I may be way off the road on some of mine, you may be too, but let's be brothers, anyhow. See? Let's be brothers."

And he said, "Oh," he said, "all right. We got the church."

85 So I just happened to investigate. I went up to a fellow; I just taken the negative side on both sides, to test out. I went up to a bro—this brother, and I said, “I hear that you belong to the Assemblies of God, a minister.”

He said, “I am.” He said, “What are you?”

I said, “I’m a Baptist.”

And he said, “Well, have you received the Holy Ghost?” I said, “Yes.” I said, “I received the Holy Ghost?”

He said, “You speak in tongues?”

I said, “Yeah. Yeah, I spoke in tongues.”

He said, “Brother, you’ve got It. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord. That’s It.”

I said, “Yeah,” I said, “I received the Holy Ghost, and spoke in tongues, and for the evidence of it.” And I said. . .

He said, “Oh, you’ll come out of that old, stiff, formal Baptist church, then. Hallelujah.” And he spoke in tongues a few times.

I said, “Yeah, I received the Holy Ghost, was baptized in Jesus Christ’s Name. And. . .”

He said, “You what?”

And I said, “I received the Holy Ghost, and was baptized in Jesus Christ’s Name.”

He said, “You don’t get the Holy Ghost like that.”

I said, “You told me a little too late.” I said, “I done done it.” So he said. . . And I said, “I—I—I just. . . I just done done that.”

And he said, “Oh, you can ‘t get That like that.” Said “You believe that kind of heresy?” See?

I—I said, “Oh, I wouldn’t call it heresy.” I said, “It teaches in the Bible.”

He said, “Get out of my house. I don’t even want nothing to do with you.”

I said, “Okay. The Lord be with you, brother.” Walked out.

95 Not long ago, an old Baptist preacher out there. . . That was my first trip to Phoenix, Curtis. I went to see this old boy. Walked into him, and I said, “Howdy do, sir.”

He said, “Howdy do.”

I said, "I hear you're a Baptist preacher." Way back over there, at the time when that little old boy, back over in that place was healed with that lung trouble, back, where that tubercular place is back there. I forget the name of the place. And so I just said, "I hear you're a Baptist preacher."

He said, "Yeah."

I said, "Have you received the Holy Ghost?"

He said, "Well, what are you, Pentecost?"

And I said, "Yeah, I'm Pentecost." I was a Baptist to the other one, but I was a Pentecost to this one. I said, "Yeah," I said, "I'm Pentecost." I said, "You got the Holy Ghost? Evidence, speaking in tongues?"

He said, "Uh-huh," he said, "well," he said, "I tell you, brother," he said, "that's all right." He said, "But, you know, I never did just. . . Somehow, I just never could see it just like that." He said. . .

And I said, "Oh, you haven't got nothing then. That's all there is to it. You ain't got a thing, 'less you do it. That's all."

He walked over to me, took a hold of my hand, looked me right in the eye and put his arm around me. He said, "But we're brothers, aren't we? We're going to heaven, aren't we, brother? "

I said, "Yes. And, brother, happen to be, I'm on your side." See?

102 Now, I said, "That man proved, by that, that he did have the Holy Ghost, and the other one proved he didn't have the Holy Ghost." That's right. See? That's exactly. See? The man had theology, but as soon as I told him something to cross up his theology, then he flew to pieces, 'cause he didn't have nothing else but his theology. I crossed this other man's theology, and he had Christ to hold him there. Amen. Oh, my.

Be a good wagon, loaded up full of good things, and have faith with one another, faith in God, and love one another, and the Lord will bless us. Don't you believe so? Amen.

104 Now, before we open this blessed old Bible here, let's pray. Our heavenly Father, so good today, to know that Jesus died in our stead, to save us from sin, and to bring us together as beloved children in the anointing of the Holy Ghost, healing our diseases, "forgiving all of our iniquity; Who

healeth all of our diseases,” renewing our youth as He does the eagles, that we could mount up, way high. . .

The eagle can go higher than any other bird, 'cause he can see afar off, and see things that's coming. We're thankful this morning, Lord, that You put with us the eye of the eagle, the Holy Spirit that looks far off and sees the great time coming, when Jesus shall come. All troubles will be over; all sickness will end; all sorrows and death will flee away. We're happy for this, and to have the opportunity, living in this great marvelous day now, to preaching the Gospel.

106 And knowing this, that Satan is making his last punch at the Church. He will never be able to do it after this age. She will be safely under the wings of Her Lover, after this time. And we realize that he's impersonating in the way of religion. He's doing all kinds of things. And the Bible said he'd be like a roaring lion, devouring what he would. He'd be so shrewd and cunning, that he would deceive the very elect if possible, "if possible." But, O Lord, Thou art the protection of those who flee to Thy bosom for a refuge. And we come in Jesus' Name; receive us, Lord.

Bless the reading of Thy Word. Bless the people here. So glad, Lord, to be home today, to where we don't need an interpreter, where we don't need someone to translate the language. And we think, then, when we get home to glory, they'll need no more translators, no more interpreters, we will all speak one great language there. Babylon will be in the past then, forgotten, no more remembrance of it; it'll all pass away.

108 So, Father, we pray that in Jesus' Name, that You'll interpret the Word to us. Bless us. Bless every sinner, Lord, that's sitting present; may, during the time of the preaching of the Word, may he be convinced that he's lived wrong, and will come, he or she, and give their lives to Thee, in surrender today, knowing that it's the last day.

May the saints be lifted up. May we go from here with a new vision today, going in the strength of the Lord. May the sick go away, this morning, well. May the preaching of the Word bring it. May every sick person be healed, all those who are very sick; some of them sick, blind, cancer-ridden, heart trouble, all kinds of conditions. Thou art the Healer, Father. And may You manifest Yourself in the Spirit this morning, realizing that there's nothing in a man could heal another. But

the healing lays in faith in the Lord Jesus. And may He be so close, till every one today, can accept their healing (grant it), and accept their salvation above everything. In Jesus' Name we pray. Amen.

110 Now, I want to take a little text here this morning, for just a little talk of a drama. I spoke on this subject once before, and I was asked to do it again at the Tabernacle.

One day here recently, I was down in Kentucky, at Campbellsville. And setting in a—a little place there, a little motel, there was a . . . That night, reading in the Scripture, I read a piece of Scripture about a very foul woman in the Bible. And she done a great honor to Jesus.

And Jesus, to one of those women, once said, "This story must be told everywhere this Gospel is preached."

And I thought, "I—I had never spoke on this anywhere. I believe I will just try speaking on it, in a little drama."

And then I was asked this morning, if I'd—or a few days ago, rather, if I would come back to the Tabernacle and—and speak on this again this morning. And I pray that . . . Maybe some was here, was down there when I preached on it. I will try to approach it from a little different standpoint.

115 And now the—the Scripture reading is found over in Saint Luke the 7th chapter, and beginning with the 36th verse. I will read the one verse, then, when you go home, you read the rest of it. Saint Luke 7:36. Or, maybe I will read some, some of It, 'cause it's—it's good to read It.

You know, the Lord's Word is always perfect. You know, we just watch the ages roll on, watch science raise up and say, "Oh, God was mistaken there." In a few years they come back around, say, "You know, He was right." See? They always . . . See, they scientifically proved He's wrong, first, then they have to tear all their theology down, come back, and prove that He was right. See? So God just sets in the heavens and laughs at them, I suppose, and say, "Oh, my. Poor little kids, why don't you just come to yourself? Come, serve Me, and just believe what I said about it." See? That settles it.

117 So, now, I've given you a chance to turn to the Scripture.

And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went unto the Pharisee's house, and set down at meat.

And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus set at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed him with the ointment.

Now . . . the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet . . . (You get it?) . . . This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that touches him: for she is a sinner.

"If He was a prophet." See? That's what they had Him there for.

And Jesus answered, said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he said, Master, say on.

There was a certain creditor who had two debtors: and one owed five thousand pieces, and the other one fifty.

And when they had—when they had nothing to pay . . . frankly forgave both of them. Tell me whereof, which of them loved him most?

Simon answered and said, I suppose that he . . . whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house, thou givest me no water for my feet: but she's washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

Thou givest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came . . . has not ceased kissing my feet.

My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

Wherefore I say unto her . . . Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which were many, are forgiven; for she has loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven thee.

And they that sat at meat with him begin to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?

And he said unto the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

119 You know, there's something wrong. To begin with, the—the picture don't look right, somehow. You can just tell, there's a little something wrong here. What would this Pharisee want with Jesus? He had nothing for Him. He hated Him. The Pharisees didn't like Jesus. Why, would he be asking Him to his dinner, for a guest, when he hated Him? Usually, men ask one another to dinner when they love one another. But this Pharisee inviting Jesus, that don't look right, does it? And it's just something wrong with the story here, somewhere.

So now, let's not be in no hurry. And let's just look this story over for a little while. Let's take it in a little way of drama. And let's—let's think it over. There's something wrong.

120 You know, people have things in common. You know, people who love the Lord, they like to go to church, because they—they have things in common. They—they . . . We have common grounds for things. We come here because we're all believers in this—this way of worship. We believe in Divine healing; that's the reason you bring your sick here. You don't go to places they don't believe in Divine healing to—to get healed. You go to places where they believe in Divine healing. And we believe in worshipping the Lord in the Spirit. And that's why you come here, is because we have . . . It's fellowship.

121 Now, as I've often said, just like you take a little bitty girl, and she follows grandma around all the time. Better watch. There's something wrong there. There's too much difference in their age. One is a little six-year-old, and the other one seventy. There's something wrong. Now, she might be grandma's pet (You see?), so that might be. Or, maybe grandma might have a pocketful of candy, you know. So there's something, the reason that little girl . . . Because why?

She won't play with the children; she just follows grandma. There's something—something curious about it, 'cause little children has things with little children. Little children play with little children. The Bible speaks of that in Isaiah, little children playing in the streets.

122 Now, you take in Germany there. I seen the little Americans and the little Germans, all of them, playing together. The little German would be rattling off German, the little American speaking English, but they played together. They were children. They had things in common.

Young women have things in common. They associate with young women. They talk about their boyfriends and—and different things. They—they associate with one another. The middle age, they have their things in common.

The old people have their things in common. You take the—the older women, they speak of, about the older women. They have things in common that they talk about.

125 And we have different clubs, like the Kiwanis, for instance. The Kiwanis, the men of the city, they meet together and talk together. They have things in common they're interested in, in the social affair of the city. They want to know how they could make it a—a better place, and how they can feed the poor, and so forth (You see?), so they—they have a meeting place. They have things in common. They want to talk about these things, subjects that they wish to talk on.

As mama used to say back there, she used to say, "Birds of a feather flock together." That—that's a whole lot of truth in that. See? You take . . .

You don't see buzzards and—and doves having any fellowship. They scatter from one another, quickly. Why? They haven't got nothing to talk on. Now, a buzzard could talk to a buzzard about an old dead carcass somewhere.

128 And that's like sinners. They talk about big dances and parties they're going to, buzzards, so they—they like to talk about those things. But a dove can't. He ain't interested in—in that old dead carcass; let it lay over there. My, he can't stand the smell of it. He gets away from it. See? That's the way. Christians talk about wholesome things and good things; and sinners talk about dirty things, and ornery things, and sing ornery songs.

And even, it's so much disgraceful in our America here, till even the people over there want to know what kind of women we got in this country. Said, "All of our songs are dirty songs about our women. Have you got any nice ones over here?"

And a certain organization had a convention there. Paper wrote it up, while I was there. And they had to make the young ladies put their jackets over their legs, so they could take their pictures, to keep from disgracing the picture, the paper: wearing shorts, in a great religious organization of ours, come to Germany. My. Buzzards, that's right. Birds of a feather flock together. It's too bad, but it's the truth.

132 Now, we're home folks, and we want to talk like home folks. We want to—we want to talk to home folks. And now, that's the reason that they don't have any fellowship.

Night and day don't have any fellowship. When day comes on, night just flees away. But night can't come on and put out—put out daylight, when daylight. And daylight. . . Daylight and night can't accept the same time. They can't exist through the same channel. And light is so much stronger than—than—than darkness; darkness scatters.

Did you ever notice? Spiders, black widow spiders, serpents, and all kinds of poison things, reptiles, they sneak and crawl at night. Why? They are of darkness. They're of the kingdom of darkness. And they won't associate in the daytime with the mockingbird and different things, because they are of darkness. Their works are darkness. They're evil things. Their life in them is evil. If they bite you, it would kill you, if you couldn't have some aid right away. And they—they have fellowship in darkness.

135 That's the reason that people today, most of them sleep half the day, run around all night. See? They're. . . It's darkness. That's when evil is done, is in darkness.

But Jesus said, "You're the children of the Light. Walk in the Light, and you won't walk in darkness. He that walks in darkness doesn't know where he's going." He can't see where he's going. But a man that's walking in Light, knows where he's going. You might have a lot of stumbles, but we're homeward bound. That's one thing sure. You know where you're going, because you're walking in the Light.

137 But this fellowship, this Pharisee that invited Jesus. . . The first thing, I want you to know what a Pharisee

means. A Pharisee means “an actor.” Find the Greek word for Pharisee, it means “somebody that’s acting.” I don’t like that.

Actors, we have too much of that in America, actors pretending to be something that you’re not, acting like something that you’re not.

As Congressmen Upshaw used to say, the old slogan he used to say, “You—you’re trying to be something that you hain’t.” That’s right. You’re trying to act like somebody else, and you haven’t got no business to be.

140 Our American people, for instance, in Hollywood. . . When I get over there, you find so many people over there that’s a actors. They stay before the camera so much, till when they get on the street, they’re acting some imperson—or, some person or personality of some day gone by. And they get on the street; they find themselves still acting: Pharisee. And it’s not only in Hollywood. We have it in Jeffersonville. You’re looking at too many televisions. That’s what’s the matter. That’s right. That’s right. Actors, Pharisee, trying to act like something that you’re not, putting on.

You don’t only find it around on the streets. You find it in the pulpit. You get fellows go in the pulpit; they get a pulpit voice, “Well, I tell you, brethren,” a pulpit voice, acting. Pharisee, hypocrite: talk like you do on the street. Don’t try to put on something. I hate to see anybody trying to put on something.

142 A lot of the sisters, sometimes, you know, they, like the men, they put on; go up to their house and hear them say, “John, get over there in the corner. I told you you wasn’t going.”

“Yes, my dear.”

The phone rings. “Oh, hello. . .” Pharisee, you actor; quit acting like that. Be yourself. Act normal, natural; people will think more of you. Don’t try to act like somebody else; you’re not. Just be yourself.

But all that put on, Pharisee, acting like somebody else when you’re not. I don’t like that. You never know how to take a fellow like that. You don’t know where you’re standing with him. He don’t know where he’s standing himself, ’cause he’s something, one in his heart, and something else in his mouth; so he’s an actor. I just don’t like it. It just seems to be too much of something that’s not right, putting on.

145 But American people let the little girls go out here and see these—these, some of these women from Hollywood, put on some kind of a vulgar dress. First thing you know, here she is out on the street, same thing on: actors, Pharisee. That's right.

Then you see somebody, a minister, go across the country with a ministry. You find out, here comes some Pharisee actors, putting on, impersonation. It lays in every walk of life: actors. It's too bad. Why don't you just be yourself? God will think more of you. Just be . . . Everybody knows what you are anyhow. You're life speaks what you are, so don't act.

147 What'd this Pharisee want with Jesus? I can't get that in my mind. What did he want with Jesus? He hated Him. And here he is, going to have a big supper now.

And oh, my, I can see it, walking up-and-down his great big corridors of his home. How they can put on. Walking up-and-down there, rubbing his chubby, fat hands, you know and the big diamond-stud rings all over his fingers, saying, "Well, I suppose, getting about time for me to have my banquet. Hmmp." Perfumed rooms, and his Persian rugs on the floor, walking back and forth, this big fat roly-poly Pharisee, walking back and forth, said, "Well now, if I could just get some sort of entertainment. If I could just find something. 'Course, you know, I'm a well-known man. And I stand in good with all the—the—the upper crust." Huh. Huh.

Upper crust? That's what people has got their mind on today, is the upper crust. What do I care about the upper crust? I want to know what Jesus wants me to be. I don't care about the upper crust. Let them take care of themselves; they're buzzards, Pharisees, acting. Let them alone. Jesus said, "They're blind leaders of the blind."

150 Some man wrote me a letter from over in Germany, said, "Come over, and let him put some—some sacks over peoples heads, and then let me know what was wrong with them, then he'd—he'd talk with me."

I said, "Tell that old fox, "Today I cast out devils, and tomorrow I'm made perfect." "Amen. Amen. Devil, actor. . .

152 Here he is, walking up-and-down, say, "You know, I am the greatest degree in this city. My word in the Kiwanis stands high. And at the temple, everybody looks up to me. I am Dr. Pharisee, Father. I'm the big shot around here. I got plenty of money. Everybody knows it. I live in a mansion.

Everybody looks up to me. Oh.” [Brother Branham snaps his fingers—Ed.] “Why didn’t I think of that?” I can see him rubbing his hands together. “I know what I will do. I know how I will get everybody out here to my party, and I will be the talk of the town.”

That “I, I, I, I, I, I,” you know, that’s a disease, so many people get it. “I will do. I did. I will.” Get “I” out of the way. Where Jesus belong in this thing? “I will do.” See? “I will do,” and “I will have,” and “I will say.” And, “I, I, I, I,” that’s all they think about.

He said, “Well, why didn’t I think of that before?” All right. It dawned on his mind, what he was going to do. So it’s long, late in the evening. I see the sun going down.

155 And there’s someone, great crowds of people standing around. And they . . . I see this fellow standing on his toes; he’s looking over the crowd. And everybody’s setting breathless. They’re listening to the Words falling from the lips of a Man that, “Never a man spoke like that before.” He’s teaching.

And I see this courier from this Pharisee’s house. He’s got a commission to run. He’s been going all day long, two or three days, maybe, coming from way lower Palestine, plumb up into the northern part, trying to find Jesus. So he finally runs on to Him; getting late. He’s sweating, tired. His legs is all full of dust. He’s just a flunky at his master’s house. That’s what they were. They had a lot of flunkies just to work for them, do their dirty work and everything.

158 So, he—he is standing there, all tired. And he’s standing on his tip-toes’ and, “Whew. At last I found Him; for my master, the Pharisee.” So he—as he’s looking. After while Jesus leaves off His speaking, and He starts praying for the sick.

I can see this courier coming, elbowing his way through the crowd. He’s trying to get up there. He bumps into somebody. Maybe it was—maybe it was Nathanael, or was it Philip? I don’t know, I wasn’t there. But, anyhow, he . . . Let’s dramatize it, a minute.

I see him bump into him, and say, “Sir, I would see your Master. I have an important message for Him from my master. Could I see Him?”

161 Well, first, Philip never paid any attention to him, ’cause there’s so many people pressing to get to Jesus, and

want Him to lay their hands on their children and things. And—and he had a time keeping the people back.

So I see him catch him again, and say, “Master . . . I have a very important message from my master to your Master. Could I speak to Him just a moment, to give Him this message? I will go.”

Well, I see Philip finally get him up there. Say, “Master, this man seems to come from another country; he comes from some great man; and he’s got a message for You.”

And I can see the courier, as he bows his head to Jesus. And Jesus, in polite way, nods His head to the courier. He’d say, “Master. My master, Simon the Pharisee, is making a great banquet at his house; he’s a well-known man. And he’s having a great dinner, and, oh, he can really put on a good dinner. You all know that. And he’s inviting You to come down and be his guest at the dinner at a certain such-and-such a date.” Well, I can hear . . .

165 What would you have done, if you’d been standing there? Well, you’d done the same thing, probably, they done. He said, “Oh, no, Lord. No. You don’t want to go to that Pharisee. He ain’t got no use for You. Look at the thousands of sick people here. Why, everybody is trying to touch You, Lord. You don’t have no time to go down there to that old fat Pharisee down there. Why, he—he’s just loaded in money. And he—he—he don’t need You. Why, You don’t have to go down there. Don’t go, Lord.” I can hear Philip say, “Don’t go, Lord.” And hear Nathanael and Peter and them, say, “O Lord, don’t. Don’t do that. That Pharisee doesn’t need You. Why, he’s only . . . He’s got . . . He’s using You for a trump card. He—he—he’s got something up his sleeve. He—he’s fixing to play something.” And that was true.

But, in the spite of all that, wherever my Lord is invited, He will go. He said, “Tell your master, at such-and-such a date at such-and-such a time, I will be there.”

167 And the courier bowed his head and started away, run away, back to see his master. How could he do it? What caused him to do that, just bring that message? And standing before the Prince of all princes, and have an audition with Him; He has an interview with the King of glory, and fails to see his opportunity. He’s so took up with things of the world, his

master's business, until he didn't catch what his opportunity was.

Oh, I'd like to take his place. I'd like to get to Jesus sometime. I try to go daily for your troubles. But never do I ever leave Him, when I'm in His Presence, until I worship Him.

Why couldn't that courier fall on His knees, say, "Now, Lord, first thing I want to do, knowing that I'm standing in Your Presence and got Your attention: forgive me, a sinner." That's what he ought to have done. That's what I'd have done, I believe. Don't you? I believe I'd have asked Him to forgive me. "Lord, be merciful to me. I'm a sinner. I'm without hope, without God. I'm just a flunky in the Pharisee's house. Will You forgive me?" But, no, he had something else to do. He had to take care of the civil things of the world, the civil law.

170 And don't you think that we're just a little too much took up with such stuff as that? Oh, we have to polish the car. We can't go to church on Sunday. "Nah. Oh, I know Jesus comes to the church, but, my, I ain't got time to go over there. If—if I fail to get my oil changed today, it may burn my bearings out tomorrow." Burn them out. I'd rather my bearings to be burnt out, than my soul to torment in hell through all eternity. Don't miss your opportunity. It's presented to every man and woman in this world, daily, like that, but they fail to get to see their opportunity.

He failed it. There he was.

But we got other things to do. The children has got to be taken care of. "We can't go to church, too many kiddies to get ready." Take them, anyhow. "Well, the—the neighbors will say something." What do you care what the neighbors says? Use every opportunity. Get to Jesus; that's the main thing. Don't be took up with the affairs of the world. We spend too much time on those things. Make your way to Him. And when you get there, pour out your soul to Him.

173 Not say, "Lord, I will serve You next year if You'd give me a Cadillac instead of this Ford. Lord, I will do this, and this and that, and that, if You'll do so-and-so."

Come, say, "Lord God, I'm no good; there's nothing in me. Forgive me. I'm a sinner." That's the way to do it. Don't stand off and be an actor, Pharisee. Don't run off with so many civil things, so much little petty stuff that don't mean nothing

anyhow. Your automobile and everything you got will perish. Take care of your soul. Get it first. Straighten that up in there, till that deep, settled peace, that passes all understanding, comes sinking down into your heart, and you feel Him kiss away every stain. Then, brother, nobody will have to tell you what to do after that; you'll know what to do, yes, if you ever touched Him once. No man can ever come in His Presence, and talk to Him, and ever go away, and be the same person. You're always changed. When you talk to Him, there's an impression strikes your soul that you never forget it.

176 How I remember the first talk I had with Him. I was twenty-two years old. I was ashamed to talk to Him. I wrote Him a letter. I was going to tack it up on a tree in the woods, so He could read it. I was so ashamed of my life. And I thought, "Well, maybe He might not pass by that tree, but maybe He will hear me if I will just talk to Him." And I got down and said, "Mr. Jesus, I want to talk to You a minute. I'm the worst person in the world." I went away a different person. See, that's the way it is. It's your approach to Him. And you're realizing your need.

But the trouble of it is, we're too good. We feel we don't need Him. You got to feel the need of Jesus. You got to realize that He's—He's your only hope. You've got to be so thirsty, that you're ready to perish, then You'll make your way to Him. You won't come up with some civil question. You'll come up with the need of your soul. You'll come up telling Him what it's all about.

179 Off goes the courier. "Oh, it's all over now." And well satisfied, too. "Yeah, I—I've done my master's bidding." You might do your boss' bidding, on the job. You might do your husband's bid—bidding, about changing curtains or whatever, at the house. But what about Jesus' bidding? Pray. Certainly. There it is. Get to Him.

Now, the next thing we find, we find him going on. Now, in Palestine when they're making entertainment, only the rich. . . You have to be in the East, once, to—to know the East. Then you got a different view of things, if you're ever there and look how their customs are.

181 In Palestine, the way they eat, they set a big table out like this. And you don't set down to eat in Palestine.

It ought to be good for you children. Like the little girl sitting here in the front, with her little blue dress on, little pink ribbon. And, you know, lot—lot of times, those children like to kind of lay over on their arm, like that, and eat. See? You know, after all, that's right. Yeah, that's right. Mama don't think it's right, now, but, and it isn't just etiquette today, but it is in Palestine. They don't eat on a . . . They don't eat on a—a chair, set in a chair. They lay on a couch and eat. So they had a long table set, and they set their couches in, slant-ways, like this, all down along. And each man, instead of. . .

183 Something on the order of this. They set the couch in like this. [Brother Branham illustrates—Ed.] And when they go to eat, they lay down like this, put their hands up like this, and eat like this. Now, you'd like to eat like that, wouldn't you? Uh-huh. And that's the way Jesus and them eat in their day. Now, they lay back there and they eat.

And, oh, do they have fine food. My, I imagine this Pharisee could really put on a feed, too, because, remember, he was a rich man. And he got a cut out of every lamb that was offered as a sacrifice. Yes, sir. The boys slipped the pruning hooks in, and what they brought out belonged to the priest. And he could really. . . He really had money. He was a man of wealth. He was no pauper. He belonged in here in the upper crust.

185 But he invited a Pauper. What for? The big hypocrite, he was going to make some fun out of Him. I can hear him say, "Now, all is setting fine. That holy-roller said He'd come to my dinner. Ho-ho-ho-ho. Wonder what Pharisee Jones will think about that? He hates Him too. Won't we have some fun? Now, He claims to be a prophet." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] "Ha-ha-ha. We know He's not. So we will have some fun out of Him when He comes. We will have some fun."

186 That's the way. Very few rich people today has any time for Jesus. I'm so glad He is mindful of the poor. I don't say all rich people; some love Him. Sure, there is. But you take man, when he's got houses, and lands, and cars, and everything; he—he is so busy with that, he hasn't got no time for Jesus. And then he deals with a class of people, that he just can't accept Jesus. Hallelujah.

I think of it today. A man in a great social standing, how could he get on his knees, and cry and beg out to God? Go down the street, testifying? It would ruin, it would spoil, his social standing. Who cares about social standing? I want my standing in glory. Amen. Name on the Book of Life, that's what I want. Don't care nothing about your old social standing. Take your upper crust; going to be burnt into a crust, anyhow, so go on.

187 There he is, "What could I . . . Oh, won't everybody in town come around now? Ha. You know, them poor people down there, they believe in such stuff as that. Say, all around my house, oh, the newspapers will pack it. I will tell you; I'm going to have a blow-out." Yeah.

You know, that kind of spirit still exists. Oh, sure. Pride, oh, it's a cursed thing, pride. "Oh, I will put on my very best ecclesiastical robe. And I will . . . my servants."

Oh, you ought to see how they dress them servants. My, they—they . . . Sometimes they bring the Indians in there, and they're really dressers. They put little bells on the toes of their shoes and their fine robes. Even when they walk, it—it plays music. And they have their platters full of fine spiced lambs, and things. And they bring it out like this, one hand behind them like that. And their toes a-moving like that, playing music. And they come out and serve it in such a way, why, if you wasn't hungry, you'd be hungry anyhow. Oooh, it smells wonderful. How they can cook and fix it up.

191 And he said, "You know, it's just the time of year, that my . . . I don't believe I will have it in the house, because too many couldn't see me, in my best home." See? Hypocrite, Pharisee, Actor . . .

A lot of people today has to go to church to show your religion. Oh, my. That's right. "I will go to church. I will be a pretty good fellow at church, and people will think I'm real religious." You Pharisee, actor. Jesus sees you all the time. He knows where you're at. He knows all you're doing.

And here he goes down there then, you know, and he says, "I will just move it out on the—out on the piazza, out there in the yard. And you know, these great grapes that I got here, these great, big, white ones. Oh, they're delicious. So, I just timed it. They're in, full. The harvest is just ripe. And the smell, that aroma coming through there, won't it be beautiful?"

And I will set my table out there, and all the people will come around the gates, and look around.”

194 That’s the way Easterner does, anyhow, always gaping at something, everything goes on. You don’t have to have. . . A crowd about getting a crowd; just go over there and start something. They’ll all come. Everybody will be right there, looking on, you know.

Said, “Oh, all around my gates and everywhere, the people will be standing. And, you know, I will be the talk of the city for the next year. I will be. I will be. Oh, it’ll—it’ll—it’ll boost me up, see. It’ll make me something.”

Who cares about “me”? You ought to be thinking about Jesus, not what you’re going to be when you become a Christian, but what are you going to do for Christ when you become a Christian? “I will go to church. I will join. And I will be sprinkled,” or whatever you do, and take you in the church, and shake hands. And put my name on the book, and I will be considered a—a better person. I will be considered. . .” Is that all you come to Christ for? Shame on you, actor. Pharisee.

197 I come to Christ to see what I could do for Him. I got to do something for Him. I want to make Him better. Let people see Him.

Not long ago, was a healing campaign come to a certain city. “The man of the hour,” pictures on their papers, out on the walls and all over everything, and not Jesus’ Name mentioned once. I said, “Where does Jesus come in on this? ‘Here’s the man of the hour. The man with a heart for the people. The God’s man for this, and God’s man for that.’” I said, “Where is Jesus at? I thought He was the Man of the hour. I thought He was God’s Man. Where is He at?” That’s what it is, a bunch of actors, Pharisees. Amen.

199 Notice. Oh, he’s going to put in on big, out there. And said, “Then, at nighttime, when I—I light the candles and so forth, and hang them out in the air. And the soldiers standing by, the guards with the—servants with their torches on, won’t it be wonderful?” And how, oh, rubbing his hands, and so forth.

And then, finally, the day arrived for the—the great banquet. It’s going to be set now. And then they got everybody ready. And after while, I hear the bells a jingling, and up come Dr. Ph.D., F.D., So-and-so, D. Jones, Pharisee, the big fellow

rolls up there, the chariots, you know, stop. They always got a bunch of flunkies around, those rich people. And somebody comes out and takes his horses, and he takes them over to the stable and feeds them, and grooms them. And then he's invited into the house.

201 Now, in Palestine, the first thing, when a man comes to the house, most the people, in coming in—in—in those days, it was by foot. Their only way of transportation was by walking, and—and—and walking on the roads. They have a robe, and the robe comes down to the foot. And the foot is covered by a sandal. And the underneath garment just comes to the knees, and it's cut off here at the knee, the underneath garment, under the robe. And the man, when he's walking, or—or someone, when they're walking like that, that robe moving along, sweeps up the dust. And the dust settles on the knees, from the knees down, and they become very dirty. They're... That's how Jesus talked of washing feet. See? They... It was a custom, 'cause they were—their feet were dirty.

202 And there was many caravans went out in that day through Palestine. And the roads wasn't like ours, concreted or oiled. It was a old dusty, rugged, rough, rocky road, like an old country path somewhere. And in there, the animals carrying, going through there, the—the animal droppings would fall on the ground, and the birds would come pecking in it and scattering it, to go back to dust. And then, when you're walking along with that robe like that, over the rough, rugged road, why, the dirt would fly up and get on your—your leg, and it smelt, had an awful smell, like around a stable or something. And when a person come to the—to the house, the custom was, first, to wash his feet.

203 Now, I will show you how that was done. And come here, Brother Neville, I—I—I want to illustrate this and show you how it was done. The . . . Come right here, if you will, now, and just be seated there a minute.

Now, the first thing, come in... And the lowest paid flunky of the whole group, was the foot washer. The man who washed the feet was the worst of all of them, the lowest paid.

Now, I want to say something to you. Jesus took the lowest place, a flunky. Hallelujah. That proves to me, He was God. He took the lowest place, to wash feet. Had all kinds of

flunkies, but the lowest one was a foot washer, washing that manure, and everything off their feet. The lowest flunky there was, and Jesus took the lowest flunky. Then you're so stiff, you can't do nothing for Him. But He took the lowest place for you. He was a foot washer. Think of it. The King of glory became a foot washer to show humility and to give you an example of what to do and how to do it.

206 And you call yourself a Christian, and so starchy, you couldn't reach down to shake hands with a beggar on the street and talk to him about the Lord. Oh, you're so good.

Find out, there ain't much good about us, when you think of Him becoming a foot wash flunky, the lowest there was. He really, in heart, was the highest there was. He was the heart of God, and become the lowest paid foot wash flunky. Hmm. He Who was great, become to naught, that He might redeem you back and make you great.

208 You know what? I've noticed this in my travels. You usually find, great men are little men. I go around where there's great men, really great men, and I know they're great men. But when I start to leave them, they make you think you're the great man; they ain't nothing. But you take a little two-by-four, don't know nothing; he thinks he's all of it. He ain't nothing to begin with. It's great men are little men. They never brag or take honor. They make you feel that you're great. That's great men.

And here, the greatest of men, the greatest of all men, God manifested in flesh, become a foot wash flunky, with humility. The King of all eternity, all glory, the Creator of heavens and earth, washed the dung off of men's feet.

210 Then, we think we're something. We get on a fifty-dollar suit and. . . Oh God, have mercy on us. We think we're somebody, walk along with our head up in the air, "Oh, I belong the certain church. I'm as good as anybody there is." Oh, you poor, wretched, miserable, hyp—Pharisee. You're only an actor. You ain't got no salvation. You'd prove it if you did. That's right. "Oh, I sent a check in for fifty dollars to charity, last year." Who cares for that? God don't look at that. He looks at your heart. You're trying to act like you're something. He never rebuked you for it. But why don't you go out and do something? Just acting.

211 Here, the first thing they done when a man come in, he got. . . Walked to the house, if he wanted to be really welcome, the host welcomed him. Now, the flunky met him at the door; the first thing he done, was reach down, take off his shoe. And he took his foot like this, like this here, and set it up over his foot, and got down and washed his feet like that. After he washed it off real good, took a towel and wiped it, he washed the other feet. He took his sandals and set them up on a mantle, like this, up there. Then he reaches over, in return, and get a nice set of satin sandals, silk or satin, and he takes his foot, and after they're dry, and fresh, and everything, all the dung washed off of them, then he takes and sticks this on. If it don't fit, he get him another one, until he gets it fit on real good.

212 Then, he's all washed down. He feels pretty comfortable. Then he goes into a little chamber. This man meets him at the door. Then he goes into a little chamber, there stands another servant, and he has a—a cruse of oil. And, oh, it's called spikenard, and what a famous stuff that is. And he puts it in, a little in his hand, a little in the other hand, and he rubs it together, rubs it over his face and over his neck. Because the direct rays of the Palestinian sun, both men and women, has to keep themselves oiled. It'll just tear the hide off of you, nearly, and their neck, and around on their cheeks. And this. . .

Now, oil will contaminate. That olive oil, if it sets here very long, get an awful smell to it. But they put, oh, a spikenard perfume in it. And that's a very costly thing. Now, they get it down in—in Arabia.

215 You notice, a rose, when a rose blooms, and after the bloom is gone, it leaves a little apple where it was at. You've seen that many times, a little—a little bud.

Now, there's a bush, a famous bush, it grows high into the mountains, way down in Arabia, and they take that little bud after the—the rose is gone, they take that little bud out of there, and unshell it, and it's got the most wonderful smell. I seen one one time, and you could rub it on your hands like that, and one of them little buds like that, and you'd smell for two weeks, of that perfume. Oh, it's very costly.

The Queen of Sheba, when she came to meet Solomon, that was some of her treasures that she brought, some of this famous perfume from down there in—in Egypt.

218 Now, watch. Then they put that in that, and, oh, it's very costly. And they would put that in there, and they would rub their face and their neck. And then, instead of the smell of the odor, the feet was washed, all the dung and stuff was washed from his feet, and there he sets then with his face all bathed over, and his neck all bathed over. And they give him a towel and he pats it off, like that, and he feels fresh then. Then he goes to the host, then.

Now, right here, Brother Neville, if you'll stand up. Now, now, say, he was my guest. Now, the first thing he does, when he meets him, he reaches out a hand like this, and lays it on his shoulder. And he lays his hand on this shoulder, like this. Well, then, when he does, he reaches up and kisses him on the neck. Then he takes that hand down, lays this hand up, and this one here, and he kisses him on the neck there. Now. . . (Thank you.)

220 Now, when he does that, he's kissed, and he's a brother. He's welcomed. Hallelujah. He can go in the ice box, set down, make hisself at home. He's a brother. Hallelujah. His feet is washed. He's—he's refreshed. He's anointed. And he's kissed "welcome." Amen. Then he's a brother. He could go right in, feel just as welcome as if he was in his own house.

Now, he goes in and he sets down, and he could do anything he wants to. He's welcomed. He's washed; he's cleaned. He's anointed. And he's kissed "welcome." That means, the host, when he kisses him, he recognizes him as a brother, and he's welcome to anything there is in the house. He don't have to use any more etiquette. He's at home. He goes right in, goes to the ice box, or whatever he wants to do, just making hisself at home. He's all right then.

222 Now, how did it happen? How could it be? How did that flunky ever let Jesus get by? Here He is, setting at the supper, at the dinner, with unwashed feet. He's sitting over in the corner. Oooh, I wish I could've been that flunky. I wish I could've took his place. Here's Jesus, somehow. . .

Oh, he got Dr. Jones' feet, certainly. He got all the rest of them. He washed them and anointed them. Simon kissed him welcome. And there they are, standing over there, so

entertained. "Oh, Dr. Jones, you know what? Over at the so-and-so, the other day, Pharisee So-and-so...Do you remember Pharisee So-and-so? You remember?" Oh, so busy talking about the affairs, till they failed to see Jesus come in.

And I wonder, today, if we're not so interested whether we are Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, we failed to see Jesus come in. O God, have mercy.

225 How I would like to took that flunky's place. How I'd have liked to have got up at His feet.

How did he miss it? Oh, he was too interested in what the big church was a doing. Jesus somehow come in.

I can hear Him say to His disciples before leaving, "Well, we better go." They had hundreds, about a hundred miles, of hot Palestinian roads to travel.

But let me give you a point here. Jesus always keeps His promise. When He said He'd be there, He was there. Hallelujah. When I was laying here in the hospital, dying, He give me a promise He'd be there. He promised He would heal me. He kept His promise. He said...When life's over, when my last battle is fought and my age is gone from me, I'm getting old, and I'm down to the river of Jordan, He promised He'd be there. He will be there. He keeps every promise. "I will walk through the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil. Thou art with me." Won't have to worry; He will be there. We used to sing a little old song here:

I won't have to cross Jordan alone,
 Jesus died all my sins to atone;
 When the darkness I see,
 He will be waiting for me,
 I won't have to cross Jordan alone.

229 I've went through a many a river here alone. I been often forsaken by friends, made fun of by friends and relatives. But there's one thing sure, He will be there. When the time comes, He will be there. He always keeps His promise. Glory. I know you think I'm crazy; maybe I am. But He will be there; yes, maybe a little early, so He'd be sure to be there. He always keeps His promise.

He's right there on time, just as He promised He would be, and they fail to recognize Him. They had time for everything else, but they didn't have time for Jesus.

231 Look, when our President comes to the city, look how they welcome him. Why, the President would come to this city, they—from the train to the hotel where he stays, is strewed with flowers; the flags are all out; bouquets are thrown in the streets; flower girls go before; the band beats; the music plays; the singers sing; everything to make the President feel welcome.

But Christians, Jesus comes, and you won't welcome Him. Oh, you'll give Him a little place in the closet once in a while, a little closet over to one side. You're ashamed of Him, before your company though. Wouldn't call Him to prayer. Oh, He'd take a little place in the clos. . . Maybe up in the attic, he might take Him up in the attic, once in a while. When He comes, take. . . "Oh, I know he's here. I will slip up in the attic, so nobody will hear me pray." Uh-huh. But what's the good part, He comes anyhow?

"Jesus, will You take second place?"

"Yeah."

"Will You take third place, Jesus?"

"Yeah."

"Frankly, I will just take any place you give Me."

233 But you'll welcome the President with everything. You'll welcome your neighbors and cook a big dinner. You'll clean the house. You'll do everything. But when Jesus comes, He takes what He can get. You take Him in the old dusty attic, down in the basement somewhere.

Remember when you went to church one time, 'fore you was a real Christian? About once a year. Oh, you put on your most gorgeous dress; it was Easter, the little bonnet on the side of your head. You complained because the preacher preached twenty minutes. But He didn't rebuke you for it. He accepted it. You went home, put up your new dress, and said, "Boy, that's enough religion for a year." But He didn't fuss at you about that. He just accepted it. That's all He could get from you. Sometimes He ain't getting that from you. You give Him any place.

235 What part has He got in your life today, Christian? Has He got the best part, are you just giving Him the attic, or just a little prayer now and then? What about it? What kind of place you giving Him?

There set Jesus, sitting over by him. His disciples couldn't come in; they wasn't invited. All of them standing around, looking on. And there set Jesus over there, very uncomfortable, smell of the road on Him, dirty feet, unanointed face, not kissed welcome, just setting over to one side in the corner head down. The old Pharisee, why'd you invite Him for, you hypocrite?

237 That's the way it is with your church. You'll pray for a revival; when the Holy Ghost comes, you'll push It off; you'll never make It welcome. Somebody gets healed, or something another, or filled with the Holy Ghost, you'll go around talk about it, push Him off. You don't want the Holy Ghost no more. You don't want a preacher that preaches the Holy Ghost and sanctification. You don't want it no more. You want some classical little half-wit, all polished up with a lot of mental theology, with real good grammar and stuff like that. Give me the old fashion, God-sent, Holy Ghost, God sent Bible preaching, where Jesus is welcome.

239 He will bless your heart. And you'll set and choke it down. You won't make Him welcome. He wants to be praised, but you won't praise Him. But you'll holler, "Hello, Mr. President, how do you? I ain't seen you for a long time." And Jesus comes, you push Him over in the corner, unwelcomed.

You pray, and pray, and pray for a revival, and when the revival begins to break out somewhere, you say, "Huh, not in my church. Have nothing to do with that over there." Oh, you actor: pride, head up in the air, hypocrite. Shame on you.

241 My Jesus has come to this city many times, and you pushed Him in the corner. You've talked about It, said, "It was the devil." Said, "It was mental telepathy." Said, "There wasn't nothing to it." Shame on you, hypocrite. Jesus will make you pay for that some of these days, at the day of judgment. He comes to the city, He knocks at the door. [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] He performs things, and people look and say, "Oh, It's nonsense," push It away. And every night, in your church, is praying for a revival? Pharisee, actor, you want it the way you want it. Christ comes in the way that He wants to come. He might embarrass your theology. But there He sets, after He's been invited, and He's come.

How many times has these old cold formal morgues around here prayed for a revival? The other day, they're praying all over the country for revival. Billy Graham and Jack Shuler, and a bunch of them, going across the . . . praying for revivals. And then here come the Holy Ghost down, and you mark It as apostasy. Hallelujah. He comes down with the same signs and wonders, and everything, and proves that He's there, and you call It the devil. Hypocrites, you'll die in your television one of these days, and go to hell in the same thing.

243 Acting like, going on with a lot of a bunch of theology from some seminary: actors, hypocrites, never darken the door. Say, "I ain't going over there to church. You remember what . . ." Oh, you hypocrite.

Jesus, setting, Jesus with dirty feet. They call Him "Jesus," in Germany: Jesus with dirty feet. It does something to me to say it. God, Jesus, the invited Guest, the Prince of glory, the fountain of Life, and unwelcome, with dirty feet, setting there with dung on His feet from the road, amongst all the rest of them, all polished and smelling good. And there He set with droop, weary face, the sweat stains on His beard, eyes drooped down, unknissed.

245 Jesus wants to be kissed. There's a Scripture in the Bible, said, "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry." That's right. Jesus wants to be kissed. Did you ever kiss Him? Sure, you can.

He's setting there, unwelcome, dirty feet: Jesus with dirty feet. Oh, don't that make you feel funny? Jesus, dirty feet, unwelcome . . .

Look what you do with Him, today. Instead of bringing Him into your big fine church, you push Him off in some little mission down on the corner, where the grocery man really didn't even have a grocery. It's so contaminated. It's down there, a little old mucky place, down in a basement somewhere. And you pray for Him to come, and put Him in the dirtiest hole you can find. God, be merciful.

248 But blessed be His Name, He comes anyhow. Say, "What's that up there on the corner, a little old holy-roller tabernacle?" He come anyhow. "There ain't nothing goes up there but the poorest." Well, that's all right, He comes anyhow. Make Him welcome.

Yeah. He tries to get to your big church, but you won't let Him. You know too much. You're too busy with the affairs of the church. You hypocrite, standing there. You invited Him. What did you pray for? He said what would take place when the Holy Ghost come. On the day of Pentecost It proved what He would do when He come. And He will come to your church, and you'll throw It out. You Pharisee, you actor, you're only trying to act what they've drummed into you up there at the seminary somewhere.

250 Won't you welcome Jesus? Jesus with dirty feet. . . O God. Jesus with dirty feet. . . The loving Saviour, them feet that are soon to be spiked, them hands, unwashed, with. . . Feet with dirt and dung on them, from the road, and blistered, and dirty feet, precious hands. Crowned, was soon to be thorn-crowned, a neck that'll catch the creases of the Blood as it pours off His face. And was setting amongst those religious people, unwelcomed. My Jesus, with dirty feet. . . O God. Oh, if I could be that flunky. Oh, if I could only come and wash His feet. There He is setting there; dirty feet, unwelcome. Nobody wants us to have anything to do with Him, His feet is so dirty.

252 So what did He do? What did He do? He come anyhow. He come anyhow, said, "Yeah, I will be there." So He set there He kept His appointment. He will keep His appointment with you, every time. There He set. And the Pharisee setting up there, rubbing his hands, saying, "Now, look. Now, Jones, you see Him?" Here they are, didn't know Jesus was setting there.

You think He was uncomfortable? Sure, He was uncomfortable. He didn't know. . . All the people around, He felt uncomfortable. Nobody was making Him welcome. So then, the first thing you know, what did they—He do then? What did He say? He set there like that. Now, listen. Watch what He does.

Now, look on the outside. Let's look outside. There's everybody looking. Nobody knowed who He was. One say, "Well, where is He at?"

256 Now, look, let's get another scene here. Look, coming down the street yonder, I see a—a little old woman. Oh, what a name she had in the city. She was a sinner. We won't go in details about it. She was a prostitute, a woman of ill fame, the

one that did wrong. But remember, brother, she's somebody's daughter. That's right.

How do you know what caused that life? Maybe some sweetheart introduced her to such a life, put her in his arms and promised her everything. And then when he ruined her character, run away and left her to spoil another one. And that introduced her to this kind of life. Who knows the story behind her? But now she's marked. No one had anything to do with her. She's roaming the streets, making the money the best she can.

258 I hear her say, "Look over there at Pharisee's house. Wonder what's going on?" 'Course, she can't come into a crowd like that. That's all out of order for a prostitute to ever come to a place like that.

But she gets on the outside. Oh God, I see her stand on her tip-toes, over this big old fellow's shoulders. She's trying to look. She said, "Well, look at all that good stuff to eat. Oh, my. Isn't the rich having. . . Oh, isn't it wonderful." And her eyes falls over there in the corner. "Well, look. That's Him. That's Him. Oh," she says, "it can't be like that. His feet's dirty. His face is dirty. Why, He isn't—He isn't welcome." He's seldom welcomed amongst the rich. She said, "I. . . Oh, that can't be. Is it really Him?" She looks again. "Yes, that's Him."

261 She turns around, runs away from the crowd real quick; down the steps, to a street she goes. Up a little pair of creaking steps, as it wobbles as she goes up in her little old attic. She runs over into her—her chest that she has there. She opens it up and pulls out a little bag. It's got all the money she has. She looks at it. She sets it down; it clinks.

She says, "I can't. I can't do that. I must be dreaming. There must be something wrong with me. I couldn't go to that feast. I just can't do this." Perhaps she takes and puts it back. "Oh, but, if. . . I can't do it; He will know how I got that money. He's a Prophet. He's a Seer. He will know how I got that money. But oh, look, they invited Him, and He's setting there like that. How did they do it? Oh, somebody ought to attend to that."

And somebody ought to attend to it today, but they won't do it. You're too well entertained, have to stay home, look at television; you have to go to the drive-in at night; it's too hot to go to church. Oh, you actors. . .

264 This old harlot, she picks it up again; she said, "But I must. Oh, I must be crazy." The tears are flowing down her cheeks. She said, "Oh, and to look at Him, to see the way He looked, just sad look, everybody passing by, and nobody making Him welcome. He's setting there as a—as a wallflower, everybody passing by."

That's the way He is today, everybody passing by Him. Oh, you got your churches. You got your religion. You got your doctrines, and so forth. But what about Jesus? You just pass by Him, let Him set there like that.

She said, "I've got to do something about it. I've got to it. I don't. . ."

You know, there's something about women, I wish to God they would use more of it. There's something about them; they don't stand and wonder like men. We stand and wonder, and figure it all out, but women usually go do what's on their heart.

268 She said, "I—I've just got to do it." So I see her gather her robes together, pick up this little sock-full of just every penny she had. Leaving the old shack, she goes down the street, real hurry. And look over there, and she starts into this great perfume shop.

And I see this old, long hook-nose Jew standing back there, counting his money, the things had been bought that day. He said, "Oh, my, I haven't even made expenses. Haven't even made expenses," all sour, and broke up.

And the first thing you know, she walks in the door. Now, he don't treat her like a lady. He looks out, said, "Well, look what's out there." He don't walk out and say, "Could I help you do something?"

Said, "Well, what do you want?"

She said, "I want the best alabaster box you've got in this place. I want the best you got." clicks the money. Oh, when he sees the money, it's different now. Uh-huh. Yeah. "I want the best you got."

272 He's worthy of the best. What do you do for Him? Give Him the leftover. Oh, yes, you run around all day, and give Him three minutes at night before you go to bed. He deserves your best, friend. He deserves everything you got. But what do

you do about it? You give Him just anything. He takes it. He takes it, anyhow. He—He takes it.

But she said, “I want the best.” And it cost her everything she had to get the best. That’s what you ought to do. Give your best, to give Him your best. Give Him the best of your life. Give Him the best of your songs. Give Him all your talent. Give Him everything you got. Give Him your feet. Give Him your hands. Give Him your eyes. Give Him your mouth. Give Him your ears. Give Him your soul. Give Him your heart. Give Him your praise. Give Him everything you got. Hallelujah. He’s deserving of the best.

She said, “I want the best you got.”

“Why,” he said, “let’s see how much money you got, first.” So he pours the sock out, counts it out. Yep, two hundred and eighty pieces of Roman denarii, that’s just exactly what it cost. Then he goes over and gets the box, sets it out to her.

276 I hear him say, “I wonder what she’s going to do with that?” Here she goes out the door. She has to hurry. She’s late. It’s better late than never, isn’t it? You’ve waited a long time too, but it’s better to come. Don’t stay the way you are. A long time, you been wanting to really be a Christian. Waited a long time. It’s getting pretty late. That’s right. But go anyhow. Let this be the time. Let this morning be the morning. “I’m going all the way for Christ now. I got to get there.”

Here she come. I can see two men nudging each other, “Look, going there. Look, going there. Look. I guess she’s going to the feast, the Pharisee. Wonder if Pharisee invited her?” Oh, you’re . . .

279 We Americans are too good. We just don’t realize how low-down we are. That’s right. We’re too good. We’re always better than somebody else. You poor, naked, wretched, miserable hypocrite. Don’t you know you are lost? Oh, America, how oft God would’ve took you, but you would not. How He has sent you righteous men who preached, and lived on soda crackers and branch water, bread and water. And you made fun of them and called them holy-roller, and pitched them in jail, and tore up their places, and despised them. Oh, you’re too good. You don’t—you don’t need anything.

The Bible said in Revelations, “Know ye not that you’re blind, miserable, wretched, poor, and naked, and don’t know it?” Oh, yes.

281 Yes, ladies, you can take and go out here, and just fix all up, and wear the best of clothes. You can go to the best of churches. You get all fixed up, and have your hair manicured, or ever what you call it, and wear the big high-heeled shoes, and paint all up like a circus, and go down to the church, and say, "I'm just as good as they are." Oh, you miserable, blind wretch. You don't know that you're lost. Yeah. You think 'cause you got a change of clothes. . . And, mister, 'cause you can ride in a good car today, and got a good job, and the boss pats you on the back, you think you've got everything made. You shun church. You wouldn't go to a place where they went to the altar and prayed. You're ashamed that your neighbors would see you. You poor hypocrite, don't you know you're lost? You don't want Jesus. You ain't got no room for Him.

283 Nudged one another, said, "Look, going there." Yeah.

"They pass me by unnoticed, where they once passed with a smile." You've heard the old song.

Now, I'm marked, marked, marked,
 I am marked now wherever I go;
 I am marked, marked, marked,
 What I am everyone seems to know. (That's
 right.)
 But I been sealed, sealed, sealed,
 I been sealed by God's Spirit Divine;
 O glory to God. Hallelujah. Amen.
 I am His, and I know He is mine.

284 Go ahead and nudge if you want to. I'm on my road. Hallelujah. I will get there by and by. That's right. On his road. . .

There she goes. She pulls her veil up over her face. Down the street she goes, and all them hypocrites nudging one another. She gets right to where it's at. She raises up, the tears has scalded her cheeks. They see she's been crying. "Wonder why she is crying?"

She stops, outside the edge of line; she looks up. She said, "Oh, I can't. I can't. Oh, I just can't do this. I can't. But look, what will He say when He knows what I am?"

That's a good thing, sinner. He knows what you are. Amen. Come, anyhow; come, anyhow.

288 Oh, you Pharisees, been going to church all these times, and supposed to be a Christian, He knows what you are. Don't you worry. He knows who you are. He knows what's on the inside of you. You're ashamed to come to the altar after belonging to church so long, but He knows you. He knows what's on the inside of you.

She stopped. She said, "Oh, I just can't do it. I just can't do it. What would He say about a woman like me? What would He say? But here, they've invited Him, and it's my opportunity."

Oh, you don't realize what an opportunity you got. You got an opportunity today, friends, to be filled with the Holy Ghost. You got an opportunity today, to be a saint of God. You don't have to be a—a stinking sinner. You can be a saint. You don't have to be a hypocrite. You don't have to be a church attender, and not a Christian. You don't have to go along there and act like you're a Christian, and go to church to hide your meanness. You can really be a Christian. You've got an opportunity.

291 And here she is; she says, "Oh, look. But what would He say if I come? What will He do?" But I hear her say, "Well, one time I heard Him preaching." That's it. If you ever hear His Word, something is different from then on. Oh, glory. "I heard Him down there on the banks of Galilee one day." Said, "All those other kind of people were standing around Him. He raised up His precious hands and said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; I will give you rest.'" She said, "Oh, You know that's what I need, is rest. My poor, wretched soul is burning. And He said, 'Whosoever will.' That meant me. That was me. Sure. But look what's standing between me and there."

That's what's standing between you and Him. There's a whole lot of impostors standing between you and Him. There's a whole lot would keep you away from Him. There's a whole lot would tell you it was crazy. They're still standing between you and Jesus, but He said, "Come." Hallelujah. "Come." Surely. . .

293 Brother, you know what she done? She tucked that alabaster box under her arm, and she started knocking one one way, and one the other. She just elbowed her way through the crowd till she got to Jesus.

Could you do that? Elbow your way up, away from unbelief, “Them days of miracles is passed. There’s no such a thing as the Holy Ghost.” Just keep moving them away, making a way till she got to Him.

295 Now, here she stands. She’s standing before Jesus, the only place that she can ever find rest to her soul. She’s helpless. She falls down. She falls on the ground. She starts boo-hooing and crying. The tears are running down her cheeks. Oh, she’s so guilty. And she’s so sad, to see that Him setting there in dirty feet, at the banquet, and dirty feet. And, she, crying. And the first thing you know, she gets beside herself. She don’t know what she is doing.

God help us to get beside ourself, once in a while, in order to get to Jesus, to get saved. Brother, I remember when I come to Him, I got beside myself. I didn’t care who was around. I cried. I shouted. I praised the Lord. I didn’t care who said anything. I was beside myself. God help us to push aside these old dry creeds and denominations, so we can get to Jesus and get saved.

297 She was beside herself. The tears was rolling down her cheeks. The first thing you know, she was so beside herself. She was standing by the fountain of love. And she was so beside herself, till, she found out, she was washing His feet with the tears that run down off of her face.

Oh, what beautiful water. What beautiful water: tears from the penitent sinner, washing Jesus’ dirty feet. Tears from a penitent sinner, washing Jesus’ dirty feet. She’s beside herself. She’s rubbing His feet. She just didn’t know what to do. Her heart was so happy that she had the opportunity to stand in His Presence. She was washing His feet with her tears, just a rubbing them.

And the first thing you know, she got so excited, and so beside herself, until she—her hair fell down. She had all of her curls done up, you know, on top of her head, and her hair fell down. And she begin to wipe His feet with her hairs. Oh, what a drying towel.

300 Listen. If some of the women these days would try to wash His feet, and wipe them with her hair, they’d have to stand on their head to do so. They cut their hair off. That’s right. Remember, wait a minute, I didn’t say that for a joke. This is no joking time. Let me tell you something. That’s the

Bible. The Bible said a woman's hair is her glory. That's right. And look. What happened?

The only decent thing she had about her was her long hair. And it fell down at her feet—at His feet. She laid her glory at His feet. She was wiping His feet with her glory. Hallelujah. God, help us to do the same thing. Wiping His feet, bathing them with the tears of water from the fountain of a penitent heart, from her heart, pouring out tears, "O God, I'm so wretched. I'm so miserable, Lord. O God." And her glory laying right at His feet. She was wiping the feet off with her glory. What a picture. What a picture of salvation: tears from her eyes, washing His feet. The glory, the only decent thing she had, she was wiping them with it. Oh, my.

302 She raises up; she couldn't get up. She was halfway up, the tears were streaking down her cheeks. It was like fountains running off of her face. And she's washing His feet. And she picks up this alabaster box; she breaks the top of the—the end off of it. And she pours it all of it, not just sprinkle His feet; she pours it all on. All of her living, all of her glory, all of her money, all of her everything, and even all of her heart, pouring the tears, she lays it at the feet of Jesus.

Oh, you poor church member, miserable hypocrite, standing there, all about, so starchy and indifferent. Don't you see what this poor prostitute was doing? She was laying everything at Jesus' feet. She wanted Him to be welcome.

304 What's happened to the party? Who cares what's happened to the party. I'm not interested in the party. I'm interested in a sinner coming to Christ. No matter how she gets there, just so she arrives. The old party, that's the trouble of it today: So busy with the parties and things, soup suppers, entertainments, and baseball games, and bunco in the church, and everything, till you—you let Jesus go out. Oh, what a pity.

Here it is. The party's all broke up. Look at them all standing around, gaping, looking. Now, look. The Pharisee punched the other one, "So you see, if He was a prophet, He would know what kind of a woman that was standing by Him. See, I told you He wasn't a Prophet. See, now I know what it is."

306 That poor woman, she couldn't even hear it. She was so happy. She happened to think, "What if He would move His foot?" Would He move His foot? If she'd have—if He'd moved

one foot, she'd have been gone. But you know, He never. He was enjoying it. He was enjoying the service to Him. He was enjoying somebody loving Him that much. He just kept real still. And she'd take one foot and then the other. And she would [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.] a kissing His feet. Oh, my, She was beside herself. Oh, God, I wish we could get like that, just set at His feet.

307 Well, then, the first thing you know, old Pharisee said, "See, I told you He wasn't a prophet. He would've known." Said, "Look, that woman will even ruin His reputation." Oh, how blind. Oh, my. Oh, pride is such an evil thing. Listen. She. . . He thought that woman would ruin His reputation.

Why, brother, Jesus' reputation was made in the presence of sinners. That's where His reputation is made, not amongst the starch and stiff, but amongst sinners who's willing to repent. That's where Jesus' reputation was made, when sinners will come to Him.

309 And there she is, she has got His feet washed. And she is just kissing His precious feet, saying, "Oh, God. Think, where I'm kissing right now; after while, a big old spike's going to be drove through there for the shedding of Blood for my sins," and kissing His feet and going on.

And Simon stood back there, "Uh-hum." Oh, I can see him turn red in the face, and then white with rage. Oooh, my.

Jesus turned around to him. He said, "Simon, I got something to say to you." You see? "I got something to say to you. I've come to your house at your bidding. You bid Me to come. And you never give Me any water to wash My feet." Said, "I've come to your chamber, and you never give me any oil to anoint Myself with." And said, "You didn't even kiss Me. You didn't make Me welcome." Oh God. . . Branham Tabernacle, wake up.

312 "You didn't wash My feet. You told Me to come, and you didn't wash My feet. You let Me set here, embarrassed. I wanted to be something of value, but you wouldn't let Me. You didn't wash My feet. You never give Me any oil to anoint My face with. They're burning; my cheeks is burning. I've traveled two days through the hot sun. You never give Me any anointing oil to help My poor parched face. My feet's dirty and stinking, and you didn't get Me any water to wash with. And you didn't even kiss Me, to make Me welcome. But," He said,

“this poor woman, ever since she’s come into this building, she hasn’t ceased kissing My feet.” Hallelujah. “Oh, I won’t do that to you.”

Said, “And I say unto you,” to the woman, “your sins, which are many, are all forgiven you.”

314 What good is your old starchy church going to do? What good is the old paper you got your name wrote on, going to do you? You’ve got to make Jesus welcome; may get a little of that starch out of you.

He said, “Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.” I just can’t preach no more. I think. . . O God. “Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee. Go in peace now.” Her standing over looking, Her cheeks stained. Her eyes blurred. The oil all over her mouth and her face, from kissing His feet when she anointed Him. The tears running down her cheeks. Her hair hanging down, soaking with the manure and dust and dung off from the road, hanging in her hair, where she had wiped His feet. And to hear that Word, “You’ve embarrassed yourself, but,” then to hear Him, “now your sins are all forgiven you.” Oh, oh, oh. “Thy sins are all forgiven thee. Go in peace.” Oh, God. . .

316 I want to stand there. I want to do that, too, some glorious day when it’s all over, I’ve preached my last sermon. I’m getting old now, I realize. I said to the boys this morning, I said, “I’m already forty-six years old. Oh, I’ve got to do something for God.” I can’t be here too much longer; nature shows that. If I stay another twenty, or twenty years, look where I would be. Life is a fading; it’s going away. I can tell it.

But one day, when it’s all over, I don’t want no mansion. I don’t want no big something in heaven. I want to crawl up in them same feet. [Brother Branham weeps—Ed.] Look down at them, and pat them a little bit with my hand, kiss Him right on the foot, say, “O Jesus, O. . .” Say, “You loved me when my path was so dim. When I was so in need, Lord, and so indifferent, You loved me then. You’re the One Who brought me through, Jesus. Oh, I love You. I love You.” Oh-oh. “Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus. Them feet was scarred for me, Jesus. I love You. I love You.” [Brother Branham weeps.] Oh-oh-oh-oh.

319 I long to touch Him like that, say, “Now, Master, You know all about it. I feel like then I could go away. That—that would—that would pay me for every toil of the road. The toils

of life may be many, and they may be cold; how little it will seem in that morning when we walk up the streets of gold. There is so many hills to climb upward. I'm often weary. But someday when I get there, and cross my last force. If I can just see Him then, pat His feet, and make Him welcome. . . If I can say, "Lord Jesus, oh, I'm so glad that You loved me, when I was so sinful. I'm so glad You kept me when I couldn't do nothing else, Lord. Jesus helped me. When I was sick, You healed me, Lord. When I was a sinner, You forgive me. Oh, blessed Jesus, let me pat Your dear feet again." Oh-oh. Oh, my.

320 I just can't preach no more Let's bow our head just a moment, while the pianist come up, if she will.

Dear Jesus, oh, Jesus with dirty feet. Oh-oh-oh-oh. [Brother Branham continues weeping—Ed.] This cold world is indifferent, making You so unwelcome. Jesus, what can I do? Dear God, what can I do? I want to meet You someday, Lord. I want to pat Your precious feet, and say, "Lord, You loved me. You was scarred for me. You were wounded for my transgressions, and with Your stripes I was healed. I love You, so, Lord, because You loved me." Won't You, Lord, let us all do that? Grant it, Father.

322 While we have our heads bowed. [Brother Branham pauses—Ed.] I wonder if you will think now. Would you raise your hand, just a minute, ever who say, "Brother Branham, I've been a sinner. I want to accept Jesus now. I've invited Him to my house, Brother Branham. I've kinda been ashamed of Him before my people." God bless you, mother. "I've invited Him to my house; I haven't entertained Him. I been just a little bit ashamed of it. I'd see my neighbors come in; it's time for me to go pray; I just let it go by, wouldn't say nothing. I'm ashamed, Brother Branham, I did that. Jesus, I'm ashamed. I'm going to raise my hand up to You, Jesus, and ask You forgive me. I've not entertained You like should." God bless you, young man. Someone else raise your hand, say, "God, be merciful to me." God bless you, fellow. God bless you, lady.

324 Jesus is here. He's here just as much as He ever was. He's here just the same as He was at the banquet of the Pharisee. We invited Him to come in this morning. Here He is. Ain't you kinda ashamed of yourself? Don't you want them tears running down your cheeks, to say this to Him, "Lord, I'm

ashamed. I—I—I don't want to be indifferent. I—I—I want to love You. I want to do everything"? Will you slip up your hand to Him, say, "By this, Lord. . ." God bless you, brother. God bless you, brother. God bless you, you, you, you, sister. Look at Jesus' nail-scarred feet. God bless you, brother. Someone else, you just raise your hand. God bless you, sister. God bless you, brother. God bless you, sister. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

. . . cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the . . .

325 God bless you, Doe. Well, come right on up now. Come right on up. Won't you come down with Him here? Somebody here that's a sinner, wants to come and kneel down?

. . . double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes will close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Your attitude now may change the whole picture. Will you come to the altar, kneel down? You who feel guilty, will you come, kneel around the altar? Someday you'll have to meet Him, the Rock of Ages. What are you doing for Him now? This is your opportunity.