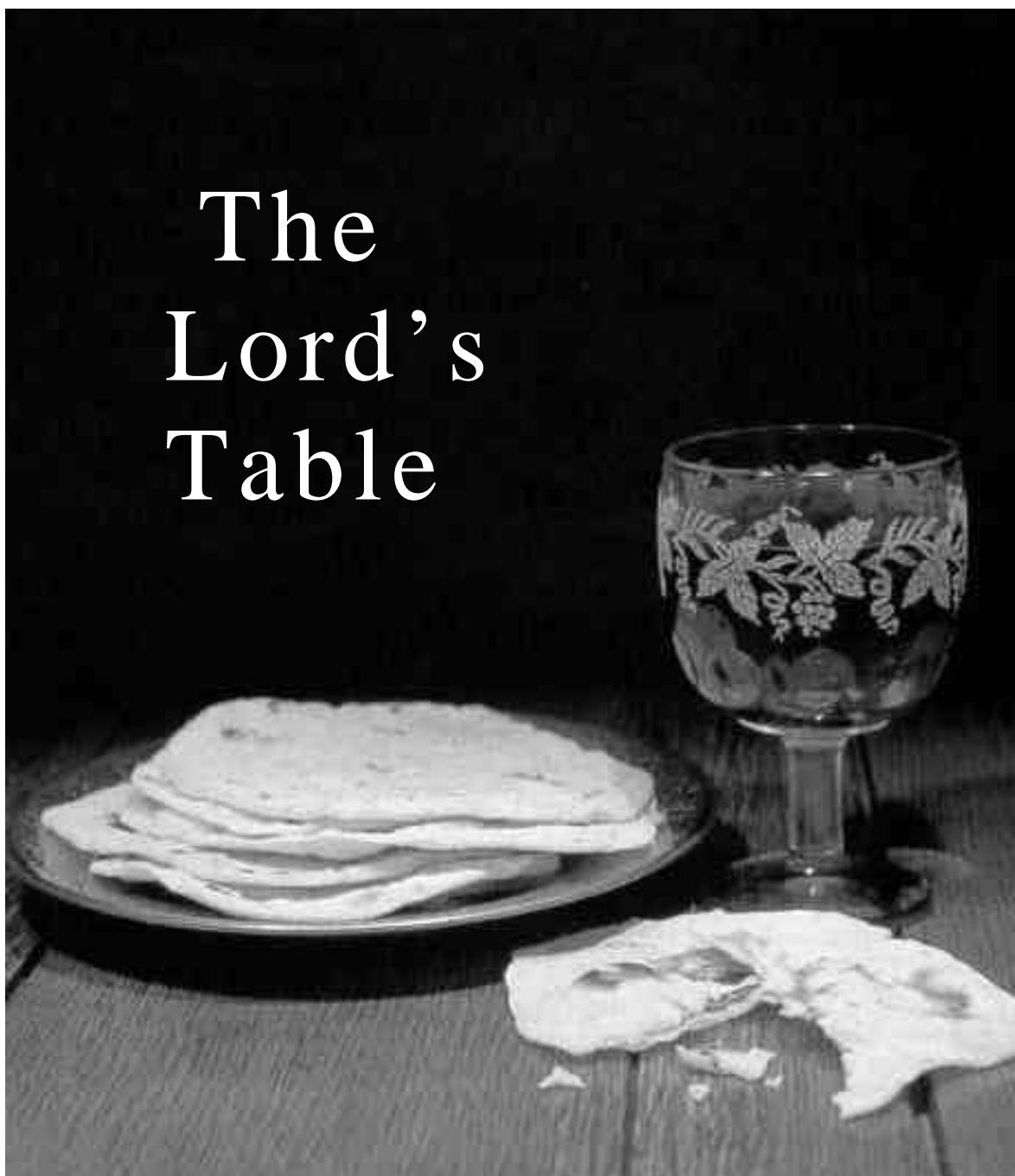


ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

Only Believe

The
Lord's
Table



“This do in remembrance of me”

(1 Corinthians 11:24)

Thanks for writing

The message *Indictment* in the Telegu language



NEW ZEALAND PRAYER BAND

I am writing to tell you how much we appreciate the Only Believe magazine. We read each issue very, very sparingly, for we want it to last for a long time.

We have prayer cards for all the believers we know, some as individuals and some as families and church groups. We love our prayer times in the mornings when we each pick randomly a total of 12 cards and present the persons or needs on the card to the Lord Now, Brother Isidro Rosa is on one of our prayer cards. Yes, the mission fever is proving to be highly contagious!

New Zealand

HAVE I MISSED SOMETHING?

I could find no date on the last issue of Only Believe, and I'm afraid that I may be missing an issue.

We eagerly await each issue of the magazine, but thus far we have only received four. They are such a blessing to us. Could you send us all that we have missed, and then continue to send them to us at a rate of one each month?

Trinidad, West Indies

Since Only Believe is only published quarterly, you have not missed a single issue. It sometimes takes the mail several months to reach the people overseas; therefore, we have decided that we will no longer print a date on the magazine. Instead, there will only be a Volume and Number assigned to each issue. Postscripts (a monthly newsletter sent to our contributors) is our only monthly publication.

HOT CAKES IN INDIA

I have just received the copies of the beautiful magazine called Only Believe and on behalf of the saints here I wish to say thank you. It is well designed with a very good paper. But the real things are the inside pages. Each article is a gem. For the first time we are seeing the faces of our Bride Brothers and Sisters in other countries, and also we are able to hear what they are doing. On seeing them and reading about them and their testimonies, we were just filled with divine love and joy. In fact, I was weeping with joy. Oh, I thank God Almighty, as He is gathering His Bride from the four corners of the world. Praise the Lord!

The magazines just went out like hot cakes, and our Brothers and Sisters are eagerly sharing them. Please continue to send them, and in good numbers.

New Delhi, India

AFRICA RESPONDS TO ONLY BELIEVE

Praise the Lord! In fact, my sister, I don't know how to express my heart to you on how I felt when these magazines were handed over to me. Truly, it has been a continuous desire of my heart to know more about our Prophet, Brother Branham, and these magazines are supplying me with just that. Therefore I would like for you to be mailing them to me every month.

Nigeria, West Africa

WE ARE ONE

One thing that really touched my heart when I read it was in the letter section, the one at the bottom right, from Australia. To think that we have brothers and sisters over there all alone, with no way for us to know them or them to know us – till now. Through the pages of Only Believe I feel that we have all been joined together.

Port Orange, Florida

ONLY BELIEVE IN TELEGU

I am a translator of the messages of Brother Branham into the Telegu language. When I received the magazine Only Believe, I translated several portions of it and have printed it into a small magazine which I sent to the saints here in our country. The enclosed copy is the outcome of our humble efforts and a thirst for the message of the hour. Sister, please permit me to use the articles and photos of your magazine, translated into Telegu, as a blessing to the saints of India.

Guntur, India

We have been so pleased to hear that portions of Only Believe have been translated not only into Telegu (as reported above by Brother Rao), but also into Norwegian and French. The first foreign language edition of Only Believe will be printed in December. It will be in Spanish and will contain a selection of articles that have appeared in previous English editions.

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We appreciate your active
concern which enables us to
continue.

Rebekah Smith,
Editor

Only Believe

Vol.2 No.2

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On the cover: The stemmed glass on our cover was presented to the editor by Brother & Sister Willard Collins of Jeffersonville, Indiana. On several occasions when Brother Branham dined in the Collins' home and drank from this glass, he remarked to them that he considered this style cup to be appropriate for the serving of communion.

THE TESTIMONY OF HATTIE WRIGHT MOSIER



Hattie

She said the right thing

We took Edith, my little sister, up to a meeting that a man called ‘Brother Roy’ was having nearby here, but she didn’t seem to get none better. She was in a lot of pain, and she cried a lot. Then one day me and Shelby was peddlin’ some vegetables, and this woman named Shutters told us to go to the Branham Tabernacle and take Edith. She said they was having special meetings, and a certain night would be the last meeting. So we went that last night.

We took little Edith, and my, was that place full of people, singing and

clapping their hands. And the music! There was a short, thin fellow that played the bass drum, and he could really hit it just right. And then that Brother Hornback and the sisters up there sung so beautiful. I remember that there was a dirt floor, and a big wood stove to one side. I don’t rightly know whether to say it was something to see or to hear, because you could just do both, you see. When Brother Bill prayed for Edith, she took a few steps that night, the only ones she ever did take. He said to us, “I want you to come back, at least three more times.”

Well, our 3 more times has been

about forty-three years. Of course it wasn’t all the time, ‘cause we had to miss a few times. There was a time or two, when Shelby got sick and couldn’t drive us, that we couldn’t get to church, but we always tried to be there. When Brother Bill went on the evangelistic field, there was hardly anybody that went, unless Brother Bill was in town. Mom told him that we would try to always be there, to help hold it up, so to speak.

That was in the fall of 1935. Shelby thinks it was around about October, the last night of the meeting. My, but there was a lot of people there!



Edith was just a little bitty thing, she only weighed 4 pounds when she was born. Mom and Pop took her to church down here at Blue River, and you know how it is in a wagon, when horses go down a hill. It was joltin' and rough, and Edith was laying on a pillow in the back. Mom always felt that maybe her neck got off the pillow some, because it was after that when she started quivering. She'd stretch and groan, and then she took the jaundice.

Once when she was 6 months old, and Mom had gone to the barn to milk, I was left holding Edith in the house. When Mom came in, I said, "Mom, you're just going to have to come and

get her." She had drawn up double till I couldn't hold her anymore. She was in a lot of misery. That was on New Year's day of 1922. I was fourteen years old.

When Edith got a little older, she'd hit out at things. Just anything that got near her, she'd hit it. She just couldn't help herself that away. See, she couldn't even feed herself, and somebody had to lift and carry her. I carried her till I just couldn't do it no more.

She never got over her affliction, not to walk and take care of herself. But after Brother Bill prayed for her, she was changed a lot, and she didn't have that terrible pain ever again. And how that girl loved to go to church! Edith could feel bad through the week, but she would say, "I'll be alright to go to church on Sunday," and sure enough, she was. She was just proud to go to church, and sometimes we'd go a whole week at a time, if the revival was on.

With her one limb she learned to do lots of things. She'd pull herself in her wheelchair, around the kitchen and sweep the floor for Mom. The other leg was always drawn up towards her chest, she couldn't get it down to use, none at all.

We'd give her a button and a length of thread in her mouth, and just using her tongue, she would thread the button, and then tie the two ends of the thread together into a knot. Why, a lot of times a person can hardly do that

with their fingers! Once, she showed Brother Bill how she could do that, and he took that button and thread and hung it over the mirror in his little roadster for a long time.

Now, Edith couldn't pick up a newspaper and read it for nothing, but she could read her Bible. Brother Bill always said that she could ask him the most hardest questions of anybody he knew. She asked him a question once, something about why Jesus never baptized people. Brother Bill said, "Well, I'd better read up on that one."

And he came back later and told her the answer. It would really tickle her if she thought she had stumped him.

Brother Bill always sent postcards to Edith when he traveled. She had so many of those foldin' kind, with lots of pictures from way yonder across the ocean. She'd show all her postcards to everybody that came to the house.



I got married in 1940 to Walter Mosier. Brother Bill was preaching at Milltown then, but he married us right here in Mom and Pop's house. But he never did call me nothing but Hattie Wright—he never did call me Mosier. After he married us, they had a shower down by Totten's Ford!, kind of a picnic thing. But Brother Bill couldn't stay, because he had to go pray for somebody.



Once, when Brother Bill was patrolling the lines for the power company, he stopped down here at Depaw and called Pop. He was plum soaking wet from the rain. He borrowed some clothes from Pop and went to Milltown and preached that night.

Brother Bill liked to go out in the woods and pray before supper, and he'd tell us, "Now when it's ready, ring the bell for me, and I'll come."

Continued on page 7...



Murle & George (Mom and Pop) Wright

Brother Branham relates the story of the squirrels

For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.

St Mark 11:23

I had been in the woods for three days, squirrel hunting, but there were no squirrels there. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and the wind was blowing real hard, and I had sat down in a sycamore thicket, a place where squirrels don't even come. I was thinking on that Scripture (Mark 11:23, it had stumped me all my life) and I thought, "Well, how could it be? Not 'if I say,' but 'if you say.' Not if Jesus says it, but if you say it yourself."

Then I heard that Voice speak to me and He said, "That scripture is like all Scriptures, It's true. Speak, and it will be that way. Don't doubt it. You're hunting and you need squirrels, just the same as Abraham needed a ram."

I got up from where I was sitting and looked all around. "Where is that Person that was talking to me?"

There was nothing, just blowing wind. I thought, "Could I have fallen asleep and dreamed that? No, I wasn't asleep, I was sitting up against the tree there. There are farmers over there, working, gathering their corn."

And I heard the Voice again say, "You are hunting and you need game. How many do you need?"

I thought, "That Voice has always told me the truth, but this sounds funny. I don't want to overdo this, so I'm just going to ask for three squirrels. I want three, young red squirrels. I want them."

He said, "Then speak about it."

I said, "I am going to get three, young red squirrels."

The Voice said, "Which way will they come?"

I picked out a ridiculous place, an old dry limb that was hanging about fifty yards away, and I said, "The first one will be right there."

And there he was. I rubbed my eyes and turned my head and thought, "I don't want to shoot a vision." I looked around again and there sat the squirrel. I threw a shell up into my gun, aimed, and shot the squirrel. It dropped off the limb, and I walked over to where it lay. I picked it up and blood ran out of it. Visions don't bleed, you know. It was a squirrel.

I looked around again, and I said "God, thank you! Thank you for this. Now I'll go out and..."

The Voice said, "But you said you'd get three. Now, where will the next one come from?"

I picked out an old post of a tree that was all wrapped in poison ivy. You would never get a squirrel to go into that, so I said, "The next one will come right out of that poison ivy..." and there say that young red squirrel, looking right at me.

I set down my gun and rubbed my eyes. Then I picked it up again, shot the squirrel and started to go home. Again the voice said, "You said 'three'! Do you doubt what you said?"

I said, "No, Lord, I don't doubt what I said, for You're confirming."

And I thought, "Somehow I've broken into that channel, and I know He's here because I'm almost beside myself. I'll make this one ridiculous, sure enough."

I said, "There will be a red squirrel come down off that hill, come down this a-way, right beside me, and go out on that limb and look down there at that farmer."

Here came the squirrel, down the hill, and sat on the limb and looked at the farmer. I shot him.

Satan said to me, "You know the woods are just full of squirrels right now."

I sat there till twelve o'clock, and not another thing happened.

It goes to show that He's the very Creator of Heavens and earth! Just when Abraham needed a ram, God provided that ram. And He provided the squirrels. He could speak a squirrel into existence because He is the creator, just the same as He could speak the ram. Abraham never asked for it, but it just showed that Jehova-jireh was there.

The first time this ever happened (the third pull) upon a human being was to a little humble woman named Hattie Wright. She made about two hundred dollars a year for a living, all she got out of her little farm, and she had come and donated twenty dollars of that to the building fund of the Tabernacle in Jeffersonville. Brother Banks Wood and I went down to her farm one day to give it back to her, but she wouldn't take it.

That day, while Brother Banks and I went out to get the family a rabbit, they cooked a big cherry cobbler and when we came in from hunting, they made us set down and eat.

We were all sitting around the table, talking about the

creation of the squirrels that had happened just a few days before. I said, "What could have happened? Brother Wright, you're an old man, you've hunted squirrels all your life. Brother Shelby, you're an expert squirrel hunter. Brother Woods, so are you. I've hunted them since I was a kid. Did you ever see a squirrel in a sycamore and locust thicket?"

"No sir," they all said.

I said, "They just weren't there. The only thing I know, it's just the same God. When Abraham needed a ram, He was Jehova-jireh, He could 'provide for Himself.' I believe it's the same thing."

And little Hattie setting back there said, "Brother Branham, that's nothing but the truth!"

She said the right thing! When she said that, the Holy Spirit dropped over into that channel again, every one of them felt It. I raised up, and I said, 'Sister Hattie, THUS SAITH THE LORD, you said the right word, just like the Syrophenician woman. The Holy Spirit's speaking to me now, and said for me to give you the desire of your heart. Now, if I be God's servant, it'll happen. If I ain't God's servant, then I am a liar, and it won't happen. Now try, and see if It's the Spirit of God or not.'

She said, "Brother Branham," (everybody was crying) "what shall I ask for?"

I said, "You've got a crippled sister sitting there. You've got a father and mother sitting here that are old. You haven't got any money. Ask for the money, and see if it comes in your lap. Ask for your sister, and see if she don't get up and walk."

She looked around, and all at once she said, "Brother Branham, the greatest desire in my heart is the salvation of my two boys."

I said, "I give you your boys, in the Name of Jesus Christ."

And those two boys, who had been snickering and laughing at what was going on, fell across their mother's lap and surrendered their lives to God and was filled with the Holy Ghost right then!

Think of all the people I'm aquatinted with, and God bypassed the celebrities and went to a poor, little humble woman who could hardly sign her own name. He knew what she'd ask for! And that was the greatest thing. Her sister is now dead; her mother and father have to die; the money would have perished; but the souls of her boys are Eternal.

The full account of these occurrences can be found in the following sermons by William Branham: *Look Away To Jesus*, December 29, 1963; *I Have Heard, But Now I See*, November 27, 1965.

One evening, the bell was rung and Brother Bill didn't come and didn't come. I was out milking when Pop came to get me, and Shelby and another feller that was visitin', and me and Pop set out to look for him. Pop had just started across the fence over on Bently-Stevens Hill there, when he come up on Brother Bill, and he was just as white as a sheet. He said, "We've got to go by way of Carter's. She's going to be healed."

Pop said, "Can I go with you?" That was just Pop's way, you know.

So they took along the feller that was here for supper, and they headed over to Carter's house. They said something about someone else going along, but it ended up being just the three of them. We found out later that Sister Carter had seen in a vision that there would be three men come to her door.

Sister Georgie got up out of that bed, after being in there all them years, and played that piano. Later, she even baked a cake. She just got

stronger and stronger, and today you'd never know nothing about her ever being sick.

This was just either right before or right after Walt and me were married, I can't remember which.



We kept little Billy Paul a few times. Mom made him a little shirt out of these white sugar sacks, you know. He had the cutest pair of blue long pants that he wore for church.

Once they were down here and Brother Bill was going to preach somewhere that evening. He wanted to go out in the woods to pray for a while, and Billy Paul wanted to go with him, but Brother Bill told him to stay at the house. Billy Paul told Mom, "I'm just going out here and get all dirty," (you know he couldn't talk real plain).

He went out in the mud (underneath where the eaves dripped) and took handfuls of mud and rubbed all over his little face. Mom had a

time getting him cleaned up, and Brother Bill talked to him for quite a bit when he came in.

Sometimes Billy Paul would help me milk. He'd sit the bucket down and say, "Give, cow, give," We'd have quite a time.



Brother Bill, Shelby Wright, and Billy Paul.



Orville and Coy with their mother, Hattie, in front of the altar at the Branham Tabernacle.

My oldest boy, Orville Lee, was on the school bus when they came up on the tractor that had overturned, and their daddy was killed underneath it. Coy, the littlest, was on the bus too, but he never saw his daddy. Not long after that, Orville Lee got sick, and he was just really pitiful. He'd sometimes bark like a dog, and if he got hold of you, you couldn't get loose. I couldn't leave him. They finally put him in a hospital in Corydon, but they couldn't help him none. He was 11 years old.

One day Brother Bill came here to the house and talked to us and prayed. He said, "You take that shirt off of him and throw it in the fire, and don't let him see it."

But Orville did see it, 'cause he was just to the age when he would find things out. He was in the hospital for one month after that, before he finally came to himself again. Whatever caused it, we just don't rightly know, but they always thought it was the shock over his daddy getting killed.



Mom made real big biscuits, and folks got to calling them 'cowboy biscuits.' Brother Bill would say that 7 of them made a dozen, as big as they was.

Brother Doc would come out and

hunt sometimes with Brother Bill, and they would 'devil' one another a lot at the table. Brother Doc would eat a lot and there'd be a big pile of bones and such beside his plate. Brother Bill would say, "It looks like a pig died there beside your plate!" Brother Bill didn't eat much, 'cause he was always busy talking to us.

It bothers me that people don't want to visit anymore, even after church. Why, there's people that will get up and leave before church is even over. They used to be more friendly and such.



Now, how is it that Brother Bill used to say that about the 11th day and the 11th hour and so forth? Haven't you heard him say that? That one time he came out hunting was on the 11th day of November—that was when the war was stopped, you know.

Brother Bill came out early that morning to hunt, and he asked Edith, "Do you want me to get you a squirrel or a rabbit today?"

Me and the boys was cleaning the stables out that day, but the kids always liked to go over to Pops when Brother Bill was there. I told the kids that as long as Mom was cooking, I'd help her to take it up and to wash dishes, on account of Edith taking up so much of her time and all. So when it come on to lunch time, Coy drove us

over to Pops on the tractor. When we was about there we saw Brother Bill and Brother Wood coming up along the road. It was beginning to rain, so the kids went and met them on the tractor.

While Brother Bill cleaned the rabbit that he got, we talked. He told me how he sometimes had a hard time getting Billy Paul up out of bed, and I told him how that I had a hard time getting the boys up in the morning to help me milk before they went to school.

They all sat down to the table to eat. There was Brother Wood and his boy, David, and Mom and Pop and Edith, and Shelby and the two boys, and Brother Bill. They was all at the table eating, but me, I was sitting off to one side of the kitchen on a little cane chair we had there.

Brother Bill liked his cherry pie, and Mom had fixed him one. He sat there from about half past one till five o'clock. I don't see how he got enough to eat, talkin' as he did. He was supposed to go and meet these business men, and here he hadn't gone. Instead he began to tell us how the Lord had showed him about these squirrels, and how they was to come. He told about a man picking corn across the field, and how they was in a sycamore, no leaves on now, at this time of year.

Then he said that the only thing he knowed was that it was just like happened to Abraham, when the Lord gave him that ram.

And I said, "It's nothing but the Truth," because I knew it was.

Then he turned to me and said it was THUS SAITH THE LORD, that I could ask whatever I wanted. I didn't know just what it was about, but he said I could ask for money, or for Mom and Pop, or Edith. But I knew what I wanted, so I just said that I wanted my boys to be saved.

Afterward, Shelby wanted to take us home in the car, because of the rain and all, but I said that we'd be OK. I just felt like I was walking way off the ground, and I felt it all week. It just felt so good.

Mom said, "That's better than going to church."

My boys was baptized, and I've got a picture of them being baptized. Coy had such a cold, and that water was so cold, I thought it might make him sick and such, but it never bothered him one bit.



**Brother Collins, Baptizing
Hattie's sons.**

That was on an Armistice Day when he come to hunt that time. The 11th hour and the 11th day and so forth... You know how Brother Bill could talk about such things.



Well, that's about all there is to it. I'm not one for fancy talking and such, so this all may sound kinda mixed up, but it's the truth.

I should have swept and cleaned up a little bit today, but instead I went out and picked me a saucer of raspberries for my lunch. Folks are always coming out here to see me and to talk. I really like the visits, but when you got cows to milk, sometimes the visitin' has to be cut kinda short, you know. Of course, you're welcome to come on out to

the barn while I milk. You might even lend a hand, if you've a mind to.

Editors note: Sister Hattie Wright Mosier went to be with the Lord on July 4, 1980. She was 72 years old.

Orville and Coy Mosier presently live in Milltown, Indiana.

Women's Work, continued...

"When Bill and I were married and I began to travel with him to a few of the meetings, I was introduced for the first time to what it seemed that the world expected of the ideal minister's wife. I felt that there was just no way that I could ever measure up to those expectations. The wives and family members of the other ministers who traveled with Bill the Lindseys, the Baxters, the Moores, the Bosworths, and others—were all educated, and (in my eyes) they appeared to be so accomplished. The only thing I knew how to do was housework—keeping the house, the kids, and the clothes. I knew that Bill didn't expect me to be a social butterfly, but I felt so ignorant, and I was constantly afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing and bringing a disgrace to his ministry. Finally, satan had me to the place where I even thought that Bill would be better off without me.

"One day I was at the ironing board, rushing to finish up the clothes that I was needing to get packed for Bill. I was feeling sorry for myself, and wishing that I could be more like the other wives that I knew would be attending the meetings he was preparing to leave for.

" 'Lord,' I cried, 'Why does it seem that this is the only thing I am able to do for my husband and my family? Why can't I do something that is important?'

"Then something spoke to my heart and said, 'You can pray for them.'

"Of course, I always prayed for every member of my

family, but somehow as I continued to iron Bill's shirt, I began to pray specifically for him, asking the Lord to strengthen him for the meetings which lay just ahead.

"Then I ironed Sarah's skirt, and I began to pray for her, and for the difficulties and decisions she faced at school each day.

"And so it went. As each article was taken from the basket, I would pray for the one who would wear that garment. All too soon, the ironing was finished, and I knew that I had found my important job.

"I really don't like to iron, but from then on it ceased to be just 'ironing' to me and became an 'opportunity' instead."

Scattered throughout the Scriptures are stories of heroic women whose lives influenced their families, and, at times, even helped to shape the histories of their communities. They were just ordinary women, but they each had learned a valuable secret, and that secret is this: There is a tendency in us all to pass by the small opportunities which come our way, thinking there is a bigger and better one just ahead. But faithfulness in doing whatever duty is at hand, and an ability to recognize an opportunity to serve God, even in humble tasks that is the stuff of which true heroes, and heroines, of the faith are made.

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Micah 6:8



The queen of the south shall rise up in judgement with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here. St. Matthew 12:42

The Queen of Sheba

by William Marrion Branham

This message was preached in Los Angeles,
California on the evening of April 4, 1959.



Our Lord had been rebuking many of the people who had been following Him and had seen His great miracles, and still they had not repented. In the previous part of this chapter, He was upbraiding the cities that He had been in, because in these cities He had performed a sign, that all believers should know that that was the sign of the Messiah. Those who seemingly God had ordained to Eternal Life, by His foreknowledge, had believed. He had drawn His disciples to Him by this thing. He had performed this sign, and they who were looking for the God Prophet to come, they knew that was He.

But many of them had disbelieved. In the previous part of this chapter He was saying to them that after He had performed these works, they had said that He was an evil spirit, that on Him was a spirit of Bezelezebub, which was an evil spirit. To make it in words so we could understand: They believed that the spirit that He had that could tell Peter who he was, and what his father's name was (not seeing him before), and could tell Phillip where he was before he came to the meeting, and discern the thoughts of their hearts – they classed it as an evil spirit, a fortuneteller or some evil devil. And Jesus had told them, “If you speak that against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven you, but when the Holy Ghost is come, to speak against That, it will never be forgiven.”

And we find out that it was just as He said. He was speaking there and said, “And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.”

St. Matthew 11:23

A degraded and polluted city, as Sodom was, and yet Jesus said if those signs would have been done in Sodom, it would have remained. We find that the sign that He was doing was done by an Angel that was later called ‘God,’ just outside of Sodom, to Abraham and to Sarah and their hosts. But He never did that down in Sodom.

In all ages, God has had man that he could put His hand on to do His work. God chooses man, not machines. He chooses man to work through. He chose the prophets of the Old Testament; He chose His own Son of the New Testament, and the apostles, and on down through the age. He's always had people who would believe Him. God has never been without a witness. Sometimes, it has gotten down to just a few, but always there is a remnant.

Jesus also referred to Jonah the prophet. Jonah was taken out into the sea, on his road to Tarsus, and a great storm came up and they bound his feet and hands and threw him out, and a big fish swallowed him. It went down to the bottom of the sea, many fathoms deep, and Jonah was kept alive for three days and three nights. I believe that to be the truth, for the Word of God said it's the truth.

I have read that the people of Nineveh were worshippers of idols, and their sins had gotten great. One of their gods, the god of the sea, was a whale. It was the god of the sea because it was the largest species in the sea, and the occupation of the people was fishing.

All of them were at their tasks that morning, drawing in the nets of fishes, when all of a sudden, up comes the god of the sea. He opens his mouth, and the prophet walks out. Sure they repented, it was all in order.

God knows how to do things; we just have to follow. No matter if it seems ridiculous, go do it anyhow, if the Spirit of God is leading.

And they repented in sackcloth and ashes because a miracle like that had taken place.

And here was Jesus standing there performing the sign of the Messiah, and that generation called it the working of a devil. Jesus said that they'll raise up (for they repented with the preaching of Jonah), and they'll rise in the day of the judgement with this generation, and condemn it.

Then He goes to the little queen of the south, in the days of Solomon. Now, God had given a great gift to Solomon, and anyone who reads the

Scriptures knows that when God sends a gift to the earth and the people reject that gift, it's always chaos to that generation. They never prosper. They end up in judgement upon the nations. If they accept the gift that God sends, it's usually a millennium for those people; they are blessed.

We know as Bible readers that the days of Solomon was a golden age for Israel. Why? Because all the people, with one accord, rallied around that great gift that Solomon had from God.

I wonder what would take place tonight, if all the churches in the United States would rally around the gift that God has given us? That is the Holy Ghost God's gift. What if all the churches would break down their barriers and would rally around that great gift of Godly, Brotherly Love and the baptism of the Holy Spirit? It would be the greatest defense this nation could have. It would be better than all those scientists and atomic bombs and so forth that they could invent. For that's what God wants us to do—all of us in our different denominations—to recognize one another as brothers and sisters. Rally around this great gift of God, which is the Holy Ghost, that comes with power and manifestation and demonstrations of His Presence. Then there would not be one cruel word spoken against any move of God. We'd all be one great big bundle of Godly love. That's what it's going to take for the church to go in the rapture.

Paul said "Though I might speak with tongues like man and angels, and have not love, it profits me nothing. I could discern or have all the wisdom of the Scriptures and know them all and have faith to move mountains, I am still nothing."

What a disappointment it's going to be at the judgement for man who thought that they were all right because they had faith to heal the sick, they had faith to operate a gift, and had great meetings and great evangelistic services, and won souls. Jesus has forewarned us of these things: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful

works."

Then He said He would confess to them, "I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." St. Matthew 7:22-23

It takes more than the power of gifts. It takes more than joining church. It takes the birth of the Holy Spirit to break down our walls and to unite us together as one great Christian body, moving for one objective and one goal.

They did that in the days of Solomon. Why, everybody that came by, they would speak of it as something great. Solomon had a gift of discernment, wisdom; and people coming by would say, "Oh, don't you leave," they would say to the passerby, "until you come and see what the Lord our God has done for us.

Would not that be wonderful to hear again tonight? "Come and see. Our God is a living God!"

The news made headlines. The only way they had back then to send news was from lip to ear, and that news swept out all over the known world, that there was a great God up in Israel who was manifesting Himself through His servant, Solomon. All the people, with one accord, was rallying around it. Unity, there is power in unity.

Then the news finally came to the little queen, all the way across the Sahara Desert, way down into the utmost parts of the known world of that day, down into Sheba. Why, every traveler that would come by, that had passed through Israel, would say, "Oh, you should go up there and see those people. Why, they're just as bold as they can be. They know there's not a flaw about their religion."

That's the way we want to believe it.

There's nothing wrong with the Holy Spirit. It's the perfect Gift of God to the church!

They would keep speaking about the great things that Solomon would do. Now faith cometh by what? Hearing! Hearing the Word of God. And, you know, when this word kept coming to this little queen, she began to believe that it was the Truth, and she began to thirst to go find out about it.

Jesus said, “Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor (or its strength), ...it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden underfoot of men (made roads out of).” St. Matthew 5:13

Well, I do not wish to be critical, but to a certain degree, we are letting this great blessing go to that. The strength of the Holy Spirit should be in every member of the church! “What do you mean, strength?” The power of the resurrection! The Life that Jesus gave for the Church should be operating in every member of the Body. It is the strength.

Salt will only save if it contacts, but it must make contact. And if the Church gets that burden on their heart to contact someone, get someone saved, then the strength is coming back into the Church again, and into the people.

This little woman, she had a lot of difficulties. The odds (as we would call it in the world) was against her. In the first place, she was a woman. Then, she was a pagan, a worshipper of idols. And being in her position—the queen—she would have to ask for a release from her own church before she could go up and attend that revival.

Well, you can imagine what the pagan priest would say to her: “Now look, my dear, do not be carried away with such little fantastic things. If there was any god to be made manifest, we would have it right here in Sheba. Our church would have it. We’d be the ones that was doing it.”

If that isn’t the attitude of many people today. I trust that you don’t think I’m criticizing, I’m just making a declaration of facts.

Now notice: She longed to go, and they would get out the scrolls and say, “Now look here, this great god of ours is so and so.”

She’d say, “I heard my grandmother talk about that, and she said she’d heard her grandmother talk about it, but all we have is some written words of a god that once existed. Where is he today. They tell me that those people up there in Israel

“And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon.”

I Kings 10:10



have a Living God, who is living among them, operating through them. I want to see it!”

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” St. Matthew 5:6

She made ready. She was a sensible woman. She laden some animals down with gold and silver and frankincense and many great stones of great price. Let’s think that she said this in her heart: “I’m not going to sit down here in Sheba and just be a wet rag. If they’ve got a revival going on that manifests the presence of a Living God, I’m going up to find out about it. For if they’ve got that among them, we haven’t got it among us, and I want to stop these creeds, and find where there is something that can talk back.”

Bless that woman’s heart. She was hungering and thirsting for God.

So she laden these animals with these gifts, and perhaps she said this: “I’m going up. I ain’t going to take nobody else’s word. I’m going to find

out for myself. If it’s the Truth, I’ll support it. If it isn’t the Truth, I’ll bring my gifts back.”

That’s a good idea. If God’s in it, put everything behind it that you’ve got! Your soul, your heart, your mind, your talent, all that you’ve got, give it to the glory of God. If he isn’t God, then let it alone and find out where there is a God. If it isn’t the Truth, let it alone and find out what is Truth.

Then, she had to cross the Sahara Desert. She had a few guards, eunuchs from the temple, and a few maids to wait on her. Do you know how long it would take to cross the desert, from Sheba to Jerusalem, by camel? It takes 3 months. No wonder Jesus said that shell stand in the Day of Judgement and condemn this generation! Why, some people in Los Angeles won’t drive a Cadillac up here to hear about it.

Look at what she had to do—come across the Sahara Desert on the back of a camel. But there was something in

her heart, thirsting to find out if there was a God, and if He lived, and if He lived in His people.

When you get to thirsting like that, there's nothing going to hold you away from it. I don't care what they call the people. They've been called all kinds of names, just as Jesus was called 'Beelzebub.' It doesn't make any difference what the people say, it's what God is saying!

So she took off, and there was something else she had to confront. The children of Ishmael were on the desert, fleet-footed riders, robbers, murderers. What a prey that would be for them. That great band of man could ride in on that little company and mop it out in a few moments' time, and look at the thousands of dollars of money and wealth she had on these camels. Why, it was a setup for them. But do you know what? Because of her faith and her desire to see the Kingdom of God, God stopped them for her. He made a way for her!

And I'll say to each of you, if your heart is so hungering and thirsting to come to God, God will make a way for you to get to Him. He has always done it, and He always will.

She never took the second thought. If you take the second thought, and say, "Now wait a minute. If the Holy Spirit would come upon me the way it does some of those people, and my boss tomorrow would let out a few curse words while standing in my

presence, you mean that I might walk up to him and have to tell him, 'Now here, that's not right for you to do that. You're cursing my Lord. I don't appreciate that.' He might fire me!"

You just let the Holy Spirit come on you once. God will take care of the rest of it; He'll have everything prepared. Don't take no thought for tomorrow, for tomorrow will take thought for the things of tomorrow. Today is the day.

She was determined. She got on those camels, and perhaps they had to travel at night, because the desert was so hot in the day time. Pressing on. Satan on every little mirage out in the desert saying, "You can't make it. It's false. There's no need of going. Why, you're laughed at, you're excommunicated from your church. What if you get up there and start acting like those people? Why then you'd be thrown out, sure enough. And think of your prestige. You're a great person here in Sheba; you have a great name. You must remember you've come from a great, high standard of people, and here you're going with a bunch of polluted ones up there in Israel. Why, you shouldn't do that."

But she was determined. There was something inside of her, moving her. The deep was calling to the deep! Something was calling, and she was thirsting and hungering for a taste of the righteousness of Almighty God. She'd pull through anything to get to it.

Finally, she arrived at the gate. Now she didn't come to stay just for one night, or sit in and wait 'till the pastor preached a little bit and said something that was against her theology and then she'd pick up her

hat and go home.

That's the modern trend of it: "I'll go over there, but just let him say one thing that's against our creed. I'll get right up and (that shows poor raising to begin with.)

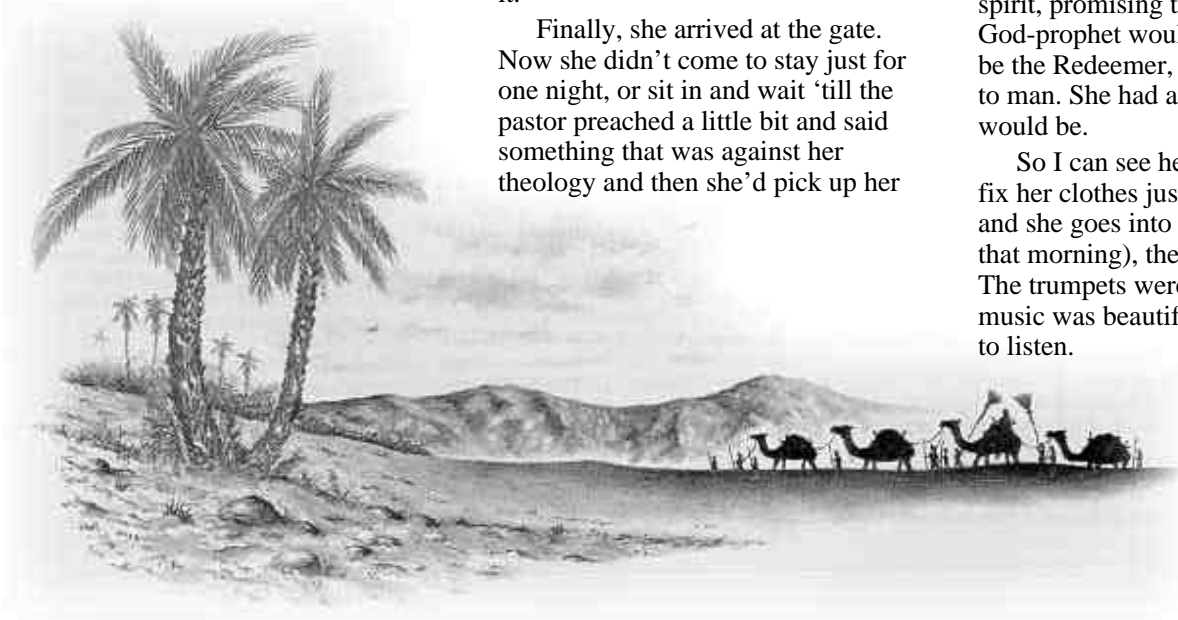
Then, if she'd have said, "I'll just go in, and if I don't like the way they conduct the services, I'll take my camels and turn back," Jesus never would have said about her what He did, if she'd had that attitude.

If you come to criticize, the devil's going to show you plenty to criticize. If you come to find fault, the devil's going to show you plenty of fault. But if you come hungering and thirsting for God, the angels of God will direct you to the spot to find It.

She unloaded her camels out in the parking lot, and she went in with this determination: "I'm going to stay till I am satisfied and convinced whether It's right or wrong. I've heard about these things, now I'm going in to find out."

No doubt but what she brought many scrolls, readings in the Hebrew language and so forth, of the promises of this Hebrew God, to see if what Solomon was talking about was corresponding to the Scriptures where this God had made promises of these things. So she had a general conception of what it was going to be. She had read and found out what Jehovah was, what His Word was: Searcher of the heart, Discerner of the spirit, promising that someday a great God-prophet would come that would be the Redeemer, and He'd give gifts to man. She had an idea of what it would be.

So I can see her comb her hair and fix her clothes just right, to look nice, and she goes into the church (as it was that morning), the courts of Solomon. The trumpets were playing and the music was beautiful, and she sat down to listen.



After a while, out came Pastor Solomon, and they had some cases lined up for him. When one came before him, what a knowledge of discernment he had. He knew, somehow, what to tell these people.

I can imagine that she kind of scratched her head and said something like this, "Say, there must be something to this."

Another case came, and another case. The days passed. Finally her prayer card was called, or she got into the line. (She was going to wait till her number was called, she was just going to stay there and look it over).

When she got up before Solomon, she looked at him. He was just a man, but the Bible said that there was nothing hid from Solomon about the woman! The spirit of discernment was on Solomon, and he told her all the things that she desired.

What did she say? Did she want to class him Beelzebub? Certainly not! Even though she was a pagan, heathen, she stood right out amongst all the people and she said, "All that I have heard has been the Truth, and more than I have heard."

For she'd seen it with her own eyes, and the miracle had been performed on her. She said, "Blessed is the man that stands here by you, day by day, to see these things happen. Blessed is your cupbearer. Blessed are those which are associated with you, to stand in your presence and to see the great works of the living God."

Jesus said that because she did that, she'll stand in the judgement with that generation of theologians, and condemn them, for she came from the utmost parts of the world to hear the wisdom of Solomon.

.....and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here." Solomon just had a gift. Jesus was the GIVER of the gift. And the same Jesus, when He was on earth, said, "... the works that I do shall he do also. "St. John 14:12. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me. . . St. John 14:19

... lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. "Matthew 28:20

Not till the 'age of the apostles', but 'the end of the world. "'The world won't see me no more, but ye shall see me.'" How long? Till the end of the world. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

After two thousand years of Bible teaching, and of scholars and schools teaching it, how are we going to escape the damnation of the wrath of God when this generation is called into view? This nation is ripe for judgement! We'll never escape it, and remember I speak in the Name of the Lord. WE ARE DOOMED. She's past repentance; she's gone. The only thing that the Holy Spirit is trying to do is call out those children, "Come out from among them!"

We've had Billy Grahams and Oral Roberts and great man who have crossed this nation and done everything in the book, nearly, and the people still sit paralyzed.

In Louisville, Kentucky, a few months ago, there was a little lady that came through one of the ten-cents stores. She was taking things and showing them to a little baby that she had in her arms, about three or four years old. The little fellow just sat and stared. After a while, she picked up a little thing that jingled, and she shook it. The little fellow just stared.

She'd caused such a commotion until the people in the store had noticed her odd actions. Then she just collapsed, and she began to scream, Oh no, no, he's no better!"

Some lovely people walked up and said, "What is wrong?"

She said, "My little boy, a few months ago he just sat staring. It just come on him all at once, and he doesn't seem to pay any attention to the things that he should listen to, things that little boys of his age should be interested in. I took him to the doctor, and the doctor said he's better, but he isn't better!" And she began to weep.

I just wonder if that isn't something like the Pentecostal church today. God has shook every spiritual gift before them that He can, trying to attract their attention, to come together, love one another. He prayed that we might be one, that we would love one another. Shaking His gifts, and we sit and look

as if we were paralyzed.

She'll rise in the Day of the Judgement and condemn this generation, for she came from the utmost parts of the world to hear the wisdom of Solomon, a gift. And yet I say unto you that a greater than Solomon is here. Let us pray.

Precious Lord, we are now standing at a crossroads. We've been brought to a place to where we must accept it or discard it. I pray, God that You'll make Yourself known to these people, that You are not dead, but You are alive. The God that they worship, the Jesus that they love, is walking side by side with them and knows the very thoughts of their heart.

May all unbelievers give their hearts to Thee, and as we go on our road, may we say like those who came from Emmaus on that first resurrection morning. After Jesus had gotten them together and closed the door, He did something, just the way He did it before His crucifixion. They knew that no man did it that way but Him, and they understood, and their eyes opened, and He vanished out of their sight. And they said, as they hurried back to tell the others, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked to us along the way?"

Once more Lord! I pray, God, that You will once more come into our midst so real and so tangible, that every person in here may see You do the works that You did before Your crucifixion, and they might know that their God lives. We ask it in Jesus Name, Amen.

PEOPLE WHO DESIRE TO BE PRAYED FOR BY BROTHER BRANHAM ARE CALLED TO THE PLATFORM.

Now, I want you to know clearly that I am not a divine healer, and I don't believe there is one in the world. I believe that divine healing is on the same basis as salvation: Jesus Christ paid the price of sin at Calvary, and you cannot touch sin unless you touch sickness, because sickness is an attribute of sin. Maybe not what you did, but what somebody did before you. We never had sickness until we

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A Prayer at the Lord's Table

I hold kosher bread, wrinkled and broken, representing the body of Jesus Christ. Through the riven veil, we have access to the Holiest of Holies.

Our heavenly Father, this bread has been prepared to represent that broken and torn body. As each of us receive it, may it be as though we literally had done this act. May we have the forgiveness of our sins, and the access to the Holiest of Holies, to live in your presence in our future life, as well as all the days we shall live here on earth, and be with You in eternity forever. Grant it Father. Bless this bread for that intended purpose. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

The Bible said, "After He had taken and broke the bread, in like manner He took the cup, and when He had supped, saying, "This is the cup of the New Testament in My Blood, which is shed for you." May the Lord grant His blessings upon this as we pray.

Lord Jesus, I hold here the blood of the vine, the juice from the grape. And Father, it's to represent that precious Blood that cleanses us, that from there came the Token. I thank Thee for It, Father, and for this Symbol. You said, "He that eats and drinks this has Everlasting Life, and I'll raise him up again at the end time." We thank Thee for this promise.

Father, we pray that you cleanse our hearts together, and that we will be worthy by our faith, knowing that in ourselves we are not worthy but our faith will not fail, and that we'll accept perfectly the Blood of Jesus Christ. Grant it, Father

And sanctify the wine for it's intended purpose. May whosoever drinks this wine, and takes of this bread, have strength for the journey that lays ahead. Grant it, Lord. May they be healthy, and strong, and filled with Your Spirit till Jesus comes. Amen.



KOSHER BREAD

At the time of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, Scriptures tell us that they had to take “their dough before it was leavened.” Exodus 12:34 Since that day, this event has been commemorated during the Jewish festival of Passover by the eating of Matza, unleavened bread.

The word kosher refers to food which has been prepared according to traditional Jewish recipes.



1. Flour and water are mixed to form a soft dough.
2. The dough is kneaded slightly, then rolled very thin on a floured surface.

3. Place the rolled dough in a heavy skillet that has been pre-heated. No oil is necessary. Pierce dough three or four times with a fork, so that it will remain flat as it cooks. Turn the dough once to allow both sides to cook.

COMMUNION WINE

1 bushel of Concord grapes
 large stone jar
 cheese cloth
 sugar
 bottles to hold the finished wine



2. Add water to the jar, just until the grapes are covered. Cover the jar with several layers of cheese cloth and leave for 2 days.

3. After 2 days, strain the grapes and juice through a sieve. Save the pulp in a separate container.
4. Strain the juice from step #3 through cheese cloth, and return it to the stone jar.



5. Cover the reserved pulp from step #3 with water and stir. Then squeeze pulp through the cheese cloth and add this juice to the juice in the stone jar.

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A Word Concerning the Taking of Communion

There are three things that we must do, as symbols: the Lord's supper, foot-washing, and water baptism. and water baptism

You don't take the Lord's supper as a tradition. You take it because it is the love of God in your heart, keeping the commandments of God. That's what you take it for.

"Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of man and drink His Blood, you have no Life in you." You see, that's what the Bible said. Except you do it, there's no Life. You are then, more or less, showing that you are ashamed to identify yourself as a Christian, because of the life that you live. Then this is really the showdown. If you don't do it, you have no Life. If you do it unworthily, you are guilty of the body of the Lord.

When we take this, it shows to the church that "I believe every

Word of God. I believe that He is the Bread of Life that comes from God out of Heaven. I believe every Word that He says is the Truth, and I live by It to the best of my knowledge, God being my Judge. I do not swear, I do not curse, I do not do these things, because I love the Lord, and the Lord knows it and bears me record. Therefore, before you, my brothers and my sisters, I take the parcel of His body, to know that I am not condemned with the world."

It's a blessing! I could give many testimonies on this-where I've taken that and explained it in a sickroom, and I've seen them healed.

Remember, when Israel took the type of this, they journeyed forty years in the wilderness and their clothes never even wore out, and they came out without one feeble one among them (in two million people). If the body of a sacrificial animal did that for them, what will the Body of Jesus Christ, Emmanuel, do for us? Let's just be reverent when we come to the communion table. Let us be just as reverent as we know how.

Communion, by William Branham, December 12, 1965.

These were the last public comments made by Brother Branham prior to his passing on December 24, 1965.

Wine, continued...

6. Add 1 pound of sugar per gallon of juice. Replace the cheese cloth cover on the jar, and place the jar on a tray. Unless the jar is very deep, there is a chance of an overflow once the juice begins to 'work'.
7. Each day, for the next 3 days, skim off the foam and grape residue which will come to the top of the juice, then sprinkle in 1 cup of sugar and replace the cheese cloth cover.
8. After the third day, do not add more sugar, but continue to skim the juice each day. After several days, the juice will quit 'working' and there will be nothing to skim from the top.
9. Strain the finished juice (wine) once again through cheese cloth and bottle it. The yield should be 1½ to 2 gallons.

This recipe was used by Brother Doc Branham for many years at the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville. It produces the deep red wine that Brother Branham preferred to use for communion.

Queen, continued...

had sin. When sin came, sickness followed it. How you can preach the Gospel of Salvation and then deny divine healing has been more than I could ever understand.

If Jesus stood here tonight, in this suit that He gave me, He could do not one thing towards your healing unless you believed it. He proved it in the Scripture: "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief" St. Matthew 13:58

It's the same tonight. He's the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Now the main thing is this, if He will come in our midst, and prove that He's in our midst, then that gives every person an opportunity to 'look and live.'

The coming of the Lord is near.

The last sign that is ever shown to any generation, before the destructions happen, the messianic sign is given to that people. It was given to Abraham, before the destruction of Sodom. It was given to the Jews, before God turned from them. It was given to the Samaritans, before God turned from them. Now, there is one people left (from Ham, Shem, and Japheth's people) and that's the gentiles. We've had two thousand years of theology. We've had healings. We've had miracles all down through there, but now we're at the endtime. The Messiah is drawing closer. The hour is at hand.

Now comes the showdown. Is Christ alive? If He is, He'll make Himself known.

Remember, it's not me. I don't

know these people who are in the prayer line;

these people don't know me. My hand is before God, I don't know one of them, and they have raised their hands, witnessing the same. So something has got to take place if these Scriptures are to be made true.

Do you believe that the Son of God has risen from the dead and is here tonight in the form of the Holy Ghost? Believe Him. Have faith.

The gift of discernment was manifested throughout the 30-year ministry of Brother William Branham, and every declaration made was proven to be 100% accurate. Just as He promised He would do in the last days, God vindicated Himself to His people, proving that He is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Women's Work



**The Branhams, the Lindsays, and the Moores
(with their daughter, Anna Jean). This photo was
taken in 1952 for *The Voice of Healing* magazine.**

My mother was a housewife. Even though there were many opportunities for her to have appropriated a share of the spotlight that was upon her husband's ministry, and perhaps even achieved a measure of personal fame, she chose to remain at home, in the background, and take care of her children.

Among her contemporaries, her very shy demeanor and private lifestyle was a bit unusual. The wives of the other Branham Campaign staff members were very actively involved in their husbands' ministries, and they often took charge of such tasks as organizing the ushers and volunteer workers, book sales, the music program, and on occasion, they even spoke at the afternoon services.

In contrast, Mother was usually the last person to arrive before the service began, and the first person to leave when it was over. She would always ask Dad to tell whoever would be conducting the preliminaries to please not call on her, but still she worried that maybe they would forget and do the dreaded deed - have her stand up so that everyone could see her.

Mother often said that the only thing she knew how to do was wash and iron clothes. In fact, even when she traveled she took along a small washboard so that she could scrub the collars and cuffs of Dad's white shirts, which she then ironed on the top of a suitcase padded with towels. We would tease her, saying that she couldn't stay away from home any longer than it took for the washing machine to cool down.

The people that came to know Mother were always impressed by her very gentle nature, as well as by the wisdom of her counsel. But she also possessed a surprising inner strength, which was vital, as there were times when she was virtually alone as she dealt with the problems of raising her family.

It was only after I had a family of my own that I began to recognize what a strong and stable anchor she had provided for our family through the years. I would look at Mother and think, "If only I could be as resolute, and as sure of my role as what she is." That is why I was so surprised one day when she told me that for many years she had harbored feelings of inadequacy and humiliation.

I had gotten behind in my ironing, a task which I truly detest, and Mother came to my rescue, as usual. She gathered up a big bundle of clothes to take to her house and do for me. I felt guilty, sort of, and to ease my conscience I said to her, "Well, at least you'll be doing something you really enjoy!"

She looked at me for a second, and then said, "Whatever made you think that I enjoy ironing clothes?"

"Well you're always doing it," I reminded her, "even on vacations. Remember the time we were up in the mountains of Colorado, staying in that cabin with no electricity, and you found an old flatiron at the bottom of the woodbox? You scrubbed it up, and the next thing we knew you were washing clothes in the creek, drying them on the hitching rail, and ironing with that old flatiron. You must love to iron!"

She smiled at me with a little side-ways grin. "No," she said as she shook her head, "it's not the ironing that I love."

I could hardly believe my ears. This was the woman that often ironed socks, shoestrings and even washcloths! She must have noted the bewildered look on my face, and she began to relate to me this story:

"I began ironing for the public when I was about ten years old. I ironed twelve stiffly starched men's white shirts every day, and I had to stand right next to the wood stove, summer and winter, in order keep the two flatirons hot. Right then I learned to hate ironing, but I had to help pay our way, and it was what I could do best.

By Rebekah Smith

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“What is the body of Christ? It’s the body of believers that are associated with Him in the Holy Spirit. Not an idol; not a piece of bread; but a spirit that is in the heart of the Believer.”

William Branham

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