

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

Only Believe

**Roy E.
Roberson**

*Memoirs of
a battle scarred
veteran*

Thanks for writing

Out of the Fire

We recently received a testimony that I believe will encourage you both. A lady, who is a prisoner in a women's prison in Wellington, New Zealand, wrote to us. She and other prison inmates were burning rubbish, and she actually found in the rubbish that they were putting into the fire, an Only Believe magazine.

I do not know how it got into the prison, for we had not sent it there, but she got in contact with us and we sent her the prophet's message. She is now rejoicing in the Lord and really praising God for the work He has already done in her life. In a recent letter she has said that she is not bitter about being there, in prison, for she knows that she has done wrong, but she is thanking the Lord that through being there she has been able to come to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, through finding that Only Believe book as she was burning the rubbish.

Gisborne, New Zealand

The above letter is from a pastor who re-mails Only Believe within his country.

Hearing, Believing, Seeing

Be informed that the long awaited, golden nuggeted magazine Only Believe, Volume 3, Number 1, Issue #7 has at last reached the hands of the Bride in this area.

We praise the Lord for all your efforts to publish this magazine. Undoubtedly, it's the Lord's leadership! Today we are not just hearing in the messages, but we are enabled to see what we have been hearing. I have heard with the hearing of my ear, but now I see The Den Room, The Caribou from British Columbia, and many other wonderful things. Our hearts are glorifying the Lord more and more!

Zambia, Central Africa

Did you know that the same year Brother Branham was born was the same year they made the 'wheat penny'? To me, the wheat represents the Word, and the one-cent value represent the One God that your father preached. Hamilton, Ohio

We were very happy to receive Issue #7 of Only Believe and the response was such that we had to cast lots to see who would be first to borrow the magazine from the library.

We also thank you for increasing the number of issues we receive. The saints in our mission areas will greatly appreciate their arrival.

Trinidad, West Indies

I was despised by my own brethren for being an illegitimate son. In their eyes I couldn't even preach, but I thought, "There has to be a way for me. God is not unjust!"

Then the Only Believe magazine brought the answer. Oh my Brother, how our God works things out.

Managua, Nicaragua

What did the prophet say?

We appreciate how the Lord is quickening our spirit through the printing of Only Believe. It has already answered many questions that we've had as pastors, (especially concerning the preparation of the elements of communion). Now we are wondering if you could help us even further by telling us whether or not it is correct to eat after you have taken communion. What did the prophet teach on this matter?

Ghana, West Africa

I can find no place on tape where Brother Branham gives specific instructions concerning our behavior after the taking of communion, and it may be that this is a matter of individual, personal preference.

As a matter of practice, I can tell you that after taking communion, Brother Branham did not eat or drink until the following morning. Even as children, he encouraged us to do likewise. We were permitted to take communion after we were baptized.

Editor

Postscripts Mailbag

In Postscripts I read that Sister Branham was the only person that Brother Branham took to his cave. But I heard recently that Brother Billy Paul was in the cave when he was a small child, and that just before the accident, Brother Branham took Brother Joseph there. Is this true?

West Virginia

I received many letters asking this same question, and the answer is 'no.' Our mother was the only person Dad ever took to the cave.

Editor

Thank you for sending me Postscripts. I loved reading about the cave. What a story! For excitement, it was better than 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.'

Rotterdam, Netherlands

I have often tried to imagine what Brother Branham's secret cave was really like, down inside, but my mental picture was far from what your photos show. For me, Postscripts was like discovering a gold mine and finding that it was loaded with diamonds also. I immediately thought of the first verse in Psalms 91, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty!"

God bless you as you continue to share with us places and stories from the life and times of Brother Branham, our beloved prophet. Just keep digging for more, and continue sending us those nuggets.

Flagstaff, Arizona

As I read the opening statements of the cave, Sister Rebekah, you said, "I turned it to the right; still, nothing but rocks."

After I had read the article, I also turned the photo to the right. I saw rocks, but I also saw that the pyramid rock has the shape of an eagle in flight. (Remember, we couldn't see Jesus' face until we turned the picture of the cloud to the right!)

Meridian, Idaho

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left: Brother Branham at Sunset Mountain, Arizona. This photo, which was taken by Roy Roberson, shows the detail of the cliff where the whirlwind came down and tore out rocks as big as a man's fist, as God spoke to His prophet.

back cover:
Quote by William Branham taken from An Exposition Of The Seven Church Ages, page 117.

photo, back cover:
US military campaign ribbons and Purple Heart.

There is no way of knowing how many times Dad and I rode past Wathen's big house together. Hundreds of times, for sure, because it was only a few miles from our own house, and the scenic drive along the Utica Pike was a favorite one.

Many, many times as we drove by he would tell me the story of how his father was a chauffeur, and he would wave his hand vaguely towards a field to the east of the house and say, "We lived over in that direction." But I can't recall that he ever pulled over to the side of the road to allow a closer look, or to give a more specific direction to the places he was telling about.

I really never thought much about it either, until I began to edit the story 'I Heard A Voice In The Tree' for publication in this issue, and then one phrase seemed to jump out at me: "...from that day to this, I never, ever, passed by that tree again." What a frightening experience that must have been for a little seven-year-old boy!

In the movie 'The Ten Commandments,' which Dad often mentioned as being an inspired production, when Moses came down the mountain after meeting God in the burning bush, his physical appearance had been changed dramatically. His hair had turned white from the experience. When he saw that dramatization on screen, Dad said to us, "I know the feeling. I don't care how brave you are, when a human being meets God it is with fear and trembling, and no matter how many times it happens, it is always the same." As you can read in the story, which begins on page four, Dad never was the same after that terrifying experience under the poplar tree.

Throughout his life, the very nature of his ministry was filled with such physical and emotional demands it was no wonder that on occasion he had to stop, as he related to Brother Cleveland in the story on page 20, to ask, "God is this You, or am I loosing my mind?"

That an individual was able to endure and fulfill his calling under such a taxing of the mind, body, and spirit, was a testament to the character of the human being who heard the Voice of God, and was made the Voice of God to this generation of people.

by Rebekah Smith

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The Wathen Residence

When we moved to Indiana from Kentucky, my father went to work as a private chauffeur for a rich man named Wathen. Mr. Wathen was a multimillionaire, and he lived in a fine, big house facing the river, a ways out of Jeffersonville. We lived at the edge of his property.

Dad was a poor man, yet he could not do without his drinking. So, he went to making whiskey in a still. Then he started selling it, and he got two or three of those stills. And all this had to be mum, of course, for it was during the time of prohibition. I was just a little lad of seven years old, and all of this worked a hardship on me because I was the oldest of the children. I had to pack water to this still, to keep those coils cool while they were making the whiskey. Now, that's the part I don't like to tell, but it's the truth.

I remember one day when I was packing water from the pump out behind the barn, which was about a city block from the house. I was crying to who wouldn't have it, because I had just come home from school and the rest of the boys had gone out to the pond behind Wathen's place to fish. I just loved to fish, and they all got to go fishing but me, and I had to pack water for Dad's still.

I remember coming along there with a stumped toe, and I had a corncob wrapped under my toe to keep it out of the dust. Did you ever do that? Just put a corncob under your toe and wrap a string around it. It holds your toe right straight up, and it looks like a turtle's head sticking up. You could track me everywhere I went, with this corncob under my stumped toe. I didn't have any shoes to wear. Sometimes we didn't wear shoes half the winter, and then it was just what someone, or some charity, would give us.

I heard a *Voice in the Tree*

by William Branham

It was September, and I had stopped under a big tree, sitting there just crying because I wanted to go fishing. I had to pack several tubs of water with little molasses buckets, just about a half-gallon size. That was about all I could handle, because I was so small. I'd pour them in a big tub and then go back and pump another two buckets. Dad and some men were going to run off a batch of corn whiskey that night, up at the house.

All at once, I heard something making a noise like a whirlwind, going "Whoooosssh, whoooossh." You know what a whirlwind is, sometimes you call them a little cyclone, and they pick up the leaves and you can see them as they move across the fields. I was under a great white poplar tree that stood about halfway between the barn and the house, and I heard that noise. I looked around, but the air was still. Not a leaf was blowing anywhere. I thought, "Where's that noise coming from?" I could hear it going "Whoooossh, whoooossh."

Still crying, I picked up my little buckets and started up the lane. I got just a few feet out from under the branches of that big tree and, oh my, that whirling sound began to get louder and louder. I turned to look, and about halfway up in the tree was a whirlwind, going around and around, moving the leaves. Well, I thought nothing strange about that, because in the autumn those little whirlwinds happen real often.

I watched, but it didn't leave off. Usually, it's just a puff for a moment, and then it goes away. But this time, it had already been there two minutes or more.

I started up the lane again, and then turned once more to look up at the tree. When I did, a human Voice, just as audible as my own, said, "Don't drink, smoke, or defile your body in any way. There'll be a work for you to do when you get older."

Why, it liked to have scared me to death! You can just imagine how a little fellow would feel. I dropped those buckets, and home I ran, just as hard as I could go, screaming to the top of my voice.

There were copperhead snakes in that part of the country, and they are very poisonous. When Mother heard me screaming, she thought that I had, perhaps, got my foot on a copperhead, and she ran to meet me. I jumped up in her arms, screaming, hugging her and kissing her. She said, "What's the matter, did you get snake bit?" She was looking me all over.

I said, "No, Mama! There's a man in that tree down there."

She said, "Oh, Billy, did you stop and go to sleep?"

I said, "No, ma'am! There's a man in that tree, and He told me not to drink and not to smoke."

Well, when I told that to Mama, she just thought I was hysterical, and she called the doctor. When the doctor arrived, he told her, "Well, he's just nervous, that's all." So she put me to bed.

And, from that day to this, I never, ever, passed by that tree again. I was so scared, I'd go down the other side of the garden, because I thought there was a man up in that tree, and He was talking to me. It was a great, deep Voice that spoke.

"Don't drink, smoke, or defile your body in any way," is what the Voice said to me, (and I was packing water to a moonshine still, right then). But today, I am thankful that I can say that never one time have I ever been guilty of those things. The Lord helped me to stay away from immoral things.

But they thought I was just nervous. Which, I am a nervous person, that is true. But, if you've ever noticed, people who are inclined to be spiritual are nervous.

Look at Elijah, when he stood on the mountain and called fire and rain out of the heavens. Then, when the Spirit left him, he ran from the threat of a woman, and God found him hiding back in a cave, forty days later.

Look at Jonah. When the Lord anointed him to preach there in Nineveh, he was so inspired that a city the size of St. Louis repented in sackcloth. Then, when the Spirit left him, what happened to him? We find him up on the mountain, praying for God to take his life.

You see, it's inspiration, and when these things happen, it does something to you. And because of

God's strange dealing with me, I could never drink or smoke.

When I got to be a young man, I had ideas like all young men. I found a girlfriend when I was about fifteen years old, and oh, she was so pretty. One day one of my buddies borrowed his dad's old model-T Ford, and we got a date with our girlfriends to take them out riding. I had a few nickels in my pocket, enough for two gallons of gasoline, so we thought things were going pretty good.

We stopped at a little place where you could buy ham sandwiches for a nickel, and I bought one for each of us (I felt so rich!). We sat in the car to eat our sandwiches and drink cokes, and when we were finished, I went to take the bottles back. But when I came back to the car, to my surprise, I saw that my girlfriend was smoking a cigarette.

Well, I've always had my opinion of a woman that would smoke a cigarette, and I haven't changed it one bit from that time on. That's right. It's the lowest thing she can do. So, when I saw this little girl that I thought I loved smoking this cigarette, my heart just bled.

She said, "Oh, do you want a cigarette, Billy?"

I said, "No ma'am. I don't smoke."

She said, "Now, you've already said you didn't dance." They'd wanted to go to a dance at a place called Sycamore Garden, and I wouldn't do it.

And I said to her, "No, I don't dance."

She said, "Now, you don't dance, you don't smoke, you don't drink. How do you have any fun?"

I said, "Well, I like to fish and hunt." That didn't interest her.

continued on page 23

A large poplar tree, and the remains of another poplar that was struck by lightning, still stand close to Wathen's barn on the Utica Pike near Jeffersonville.



When Satan tempted Jesus, Jesus withstood him with the Word.
And thus will we overcome in this day-by the Word of the hour.

The Weapons Of Our Warfare

by George Martin

“For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh; for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.”

II CORINTHIANS 10:35



A shepherd's sling was an extremely effective weapon which allowed him to hurl a stone over 90 miles per hour and strike a target with pinpoint accuracy

Are You Ready For A Challenge?

Here is an opportunity for you to test your ability to recognize the titles of messages that were preached by God's prophet, William Branham. The well-known account of David's victory over the giant, Goliath, provides the setting for this allegory, and interspersed in the text are 135 titles for you to identify.

As you read the stirring drama which Brother Martin presents on the following pages, we suggest that you lightly underline all the sermon titles you find, then turn to page 22 and see how well you've done!

In this drama that we are about to relate, Goliath is not going to be a specific man, but for the purpose of our story he will be a symbol of the enemy, Satan. And David will represent Jesus Christ. We are all members of the great army of God, and if you will keep this in your mind, you will enjoy this account even more, Amen. Let us go now to the scene of the battle.

The scene opens on the side of a mountain, and the scripture takes the pains to depict how the area was: There was a mountain on one side and a mountain on the other, and there was a valley in between. The scripture also says that the battle was stalled, because for forty days a giant had tyrannized the whole place. He pushed his chest out and said, "Give me a man!"

Also present were two trained armies, spears sharpened, swords glistening in the sun, ready for the battle. But there they sat for forty days and nights, while one man stood there and made the great boast. Can you imagine, my friends? (The prophet said that when Satan gives you a little headache or tummy ache, or gives you a disease or a sickness and he thinks he has you in a corner, then he will make a great boast.)

David had been in the army for some time, but duty called him home for a time. It was while he was away that this giant came around, you see. It was a type of Christ and the enemy. When Christ is around, things can be pretty quiet. But as soon as you leave Him, or something happens that displeases the Holy Ghost, then the enemy comes up and makes a great boast. Then we begin to see God in His great economy.

God looked down at the battle and He saw the challenge. There was no man there to meet the challenge, but God knew where the right man was. So God moved upon the heart of Jesse, David's father, and he began to long for his three boys that were still in the army. God is hidden and revealed in simplicity, and sometimes when God moves, He moves in ways that we don't expect.

Those soldiers were trembling in their boots, and wondering, "Lord, where is salvation going to come from?"

And Jesse, who was way back across the mountains and unaware of what was happening, suddenly had a longing for his sons. So he said to his young son, "David, leave those sheep for a while and take corn and ten loaves and ten cheeses to the army. Go find how your brothers are doing and greet them for me. Then come back and tell me how everything is." And David obeyed. (Hallelujah, here comes deliverance!)

The scripture tells us that David rose early in the morning, and I can see him as he looked to the east and said, "It is the rising of the sun!"

Then he saddled his donkey and rode until he came to the place where the armies had pitched their tents, between Socoh and Azekah. And when David saw the place he nodded his head and said, "God's chosen place for the greatest battle ever fought." (Don't forget that David is typing Christ.)

David came amongst his brethren, and he saluted them with "Shalom," (good morning, Bride). He saw Israel and the Philistines, one on this mountain and one on the other, and he asked, "What is the attraction on the mountain?"

They said, "Look! Goliath of Gath, a man eleven and one-half feet tall."

At that time Goliath came out to make his every day boast, and David sized him up. "Indeed he is eleven and one-half feet tall," he remarked, "but to me he is nothing but a tower of Babel. What is that he has on him?"

They said, "A helmet of brass and coat of brass mail, with armor of brass on his shoulders and legs."

David smiled and said, "Do you people understand Revelation, book of symbols? Brass means judgment, and it's on him. You should be quickened in your faith. With all that brass on him, God is telling you that he's judged from head to toe!"

David began to pick at the man, and he said, "Look at him! Poor soul, making a great boast and knoweth it not that divine judgment is upon him. How much do all those things weigh?"

They said, "Well, five thousand shekels of brass in his armor, and the head of his spear is six hundred shekels."

And David said, "So that makes it five thousand six hundred shekels . . . with all that weight, he's weighed in the balance of God and he is found wanting."

The great warrior David began to study his man, and he started at his toes and studied him all the way up to his head. And as David looked just above his head, he said, "Poor guy, he can't see the handwriting on the wall. He doesn't see what I see! I see oncoming storms of judgment. He has indictment written on him and he doesn't even know it."

Just about that time, Goliath sounded forth his challenge. "Give me a man that will come and fight with me," he said. Oh, he was so confident! "If he kills me, we will serve you. But if I kill him, then you will serve us."

David said, "Serve them? Serve men? It wasn't so from the beginning!"

He said, "Brothers, can't you see that that's why I am against organized religion? Listen to him. His is nothing but a hybrid religion, a part of the Jezebel religion of today! Serve a man? That is why we are not a denomination!"

David was getting in the Spirit, and he said, "Did you know that this man is an unbeliever, an idolater? This is Christianity versus idolatry."

David said, "Aren't you Hebrews; aren't you God's servants? Let me tell you about this Goliath. The trouble with him is that he has shown a wrong attitude to God's anointed and has brought himself and all the Philistines to a trial of wisdom versus faith. He calls out his challenge of 'give me a man,' but I know that there is a man here that can turn on the light (that man was Christ in David), and reveal to us that this Goliath is nothing but an impostor, an impersonation of Christianity."

But with one mountain on one side, and another mountain on the other, the Hebrews were in a valley of decision.

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In 1944, World War II raged through the French countryside. The Allied armies that landed in Normandy on June 6th had hoped that the liberation would be swift and decisive, but it was August 25th before our troops rolled into Paris. It was a day that some thought of as "the day the war should have ended," but three months later, we were still pressing towards the Siegfried line.

I was 33 years old, a 1st Sergeant, and had been in France since the beginning of the liberation. I was with the 4th Armored Division, Company A, 704th Tank Destroyer Battalion, which was a part of General Patton's Third Army. On November 17th, the vehicle in which I was riding took a direct hit from a German tank, and my driver and myself were severely injured.

I never completely lost consciousness, but they didn't know whether or not I would live, because I was bleeding so badly. They put me on a stretcher, and I could see that my right arm was barely attached to my body. I was also wounded in both legs, but I didn't learn until later that nerves in both of my legs had been severed.

While I was lying there, waiting to be taken to a hospital, a jeep drove up and I could see that it had a flag and a white cross on it. It was a chaplain. He was a small man with

captain's bars on, and he knelt down next to me and said, "Soldier, are you a Protestant?"

continued on page 10



A Third Army tank rolls past wrecked German armor as it makes it's way through the smoke of battle on the road to Paris.



SOLDIER

by Roy E Roberson

I said, "Yes sir," but in fact, I wasn't anything. The chaplain took hold of my hand and said the Lord's Prayer over me, and then he went to my buddy who was on a cot next to mine and said a prayer for him.

I hadn't been saved and didn't know the Lord yet, but I was praying, real hard, right then. I promised the Lord that if He would spare my life, I'd live for Him, and I never forgot that promise.

I was twenty-six years old when I enlisted in the Army at Fort Knox, Kentucky. I was just a farm boy, born in English, Indiana, the youngest of three boys. My mother died when I was eight years old, and I moved for a while to New Albany, Indiana, and lived with my aunt and uncle. Until I joined the service in 1937, I lived and worked in the cities of Jeffersonville, Clarksville, and New Albany. Looking back, it seems almost impossible that I never heard the name of William Branham mentioned during that time. There was no way for me to ever know then what an impact the life and ministry of this little man from Jeffersonville was to have on my life.

After being injured in Mortagne, France, I spent the next two years in military hospitals in France, England, and finally in Memphis, Tennessee. After I was discharged from the service, my wife and I returned to New Albany and made our home there. We had grown away from the Methodist doctrine, which was how we had been raised as children, and we never gave much thought to attending church. But always in the back of my mind was that promise I'd made to the Lord when I was lying on that stretcher and I thought my life was over.

One Sunday night I told my wife, "We have to get out and find us a church to go to and serve the Lord." We got in our car and drove around to several churches, but we didn't get out and go in. It just didn't seem right. It was getting late when we finally pulled into the parking lot at the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville, and we got out of the car, walked in, and sat down in the very back seats. Neither one of us had been to church in years, but from that time on our lives were forever changed. Right away, we accepted the Lord Jesus as our personal Savior and were baptized in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ at the Tabernacle on Palm Sunday, 1949.

Even though we attended the Tabernacle regularly after that, we still did not see Brother Branham for quite some time, because he was having services throughout the United States, Canada, and overseas. We were told that sometimes he would be on the field preaching for months at a time.

I'll never forget the first time we did get to hear him speak at the Tabernacle-it was Sunday morning and he was home for a rest. He stayed for six weeks that time, and while he 'rested' he had a three-week revival there at the Tabernacle. He led the song service himself, and preached three nights a week. What great fellowship we had. We had never heard anything like that before, the preaching that Brother Branham brought to us. He would preach till 10:30

or 11:00 o'clock at night sometimes, and then sing for about thirty minutes. There was just a small group coming to the Tabernacle in those days, possibly 75 to 100 people.

We had not seen Brother Branham pray for the sick like he did in his healing campaigns. The first time we got to see a healing line was on January 10, 1950, in Houston, Texas. That was the site of the great campaign where the photo was taken of the Angel of the Lord; the one we call the 'halo picture.'

My wife and I had managed to save a little money for the trip, and we arrived at our motel room in Houston at about noon on January 10th and began to get ready to go to the auditorium where the service was to be held. My wife, who was anxious to be in the prayer line that night, was standing looking out the window, waiting for me to finish getting ready, and she said to me, "I wish you'd hurry up. I want to get there in time to get a prayer card."

That first night's service was held at the Houston Music Hall, a small place which seated about 3,000 people, and when we arrived there we saw that Brother Howard, Brother Branham's brother, was giving out the prayer cards. My wife and I both got prayer cards, but my number was never called. I had brought my wire recorder to record the service, so I set it up about 50 feet or so from the platform.

That night, my wife was the third person called in the prayer line, and I'll never forget when she came up before Brother Branham. He looked at her and he said, "Why, Sister, I see that you've come from New Albany. You live within seven miles of where I do."

He even told her what she had said to me about hurrying to get ready when we were in the motel room that afternoon. And he said, "I can see many things back through your life that I could tell you, but people might think it was because you came from near my home. But you've come all this way just to be in this meeting, and this is the first time you've been in one of the healing services."

I marveled when I heard this. I looked at him and thought, "What kind of man is this, that knows the secrets of the heart?" I knew that he did not know my wife or myself, personally. He was different than the other evangelists that were helping in the meetings, like Brother Bosworth and Brother Raymond Ritchie.

Each night the crowd grew, and after the first week we had to move to the Sam Houston Coliseum, which held about 10,000 people. Brother Branham repeatedly said that he felt like something outstanding was going to happen during this meeting.

Before dismissing each evening, Brother Branham would have a group-prayer for everyone, and people would be healed throughout the building. I remember one evening there was a Spanish brother standing close to us, and he had a little blind child about three years old with him. During the prayer, I heard a commotion and when I looked up I saw that the baby had been healed and its eyes were open. That was the greatest thing I had ever seen.

The services lasted through the 24th of January, but we had to return home before the close of the meetings because we ran short of funds.

Shortly afterwards, I was at the Tabernacle one Sunday morning, sitting in the prayer room before service with Brother Graham Snelling and some of the deacons, and Brother Branham walked into the room. I had never really talked to Brother Branham before, but he walked over to me and he said, "Brother Roberson, you were at my meetings in Houston."

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Why didn't you tell me that you needed some money in order to stay at the meetings? I would have let you have some money."

I didn't know what to say. I didn't think that anyone knew that we had run short of money and had to leave the meetings early. I knew that I hadn't told anyone. This was something that I just couldn't understand at first, that he knew the secrets of your heart.

The Tabernacle was still real small at this time, and I started helping out a bit around the church as an usher. At that time Brother Branham did not have a board with a full amount of deacons and trustees, like he set it up later on. We just volunteered our help, and I enjoyed very much working with Brother Doc Branham, Brother Seward, and others.

My wife and I soon became good friends with Brother and Sister Branham. They would come to our house for dinner, and he and I would go deer and elk hunting in Colorado. To be with him was an enjoyable thing, for at all times you could feel a wonderful Spirit, the Holy Spirit, around him.

I started recording Brother Branham's sermons on my wire recorder in December of 1949. The first message I recorded was entitled The Deity of Jesus Christ. Brother Branham did not have a tape recorder, but he had a record player in his home, so after I got to know him a little better and we had visited together a few times, I took one of my wire recordings to a broadcasting company and they made a record of it for me. One evening, my wife and I took it up to Brother Branham's house and gave it to him.

It was the first time he had listened to his own voice, and at first he was embarrassed and said, "Do I really sound like that?" But he was also excited about it, and I told him that many people had been asking me about the recordings I was making, wanting copies of their own.

I wasn't the only person making recordings. As a matter of fact, there were so many people recording that sometimes it was hard to find a place to set your equipment. It was not until 1953 or 1954 that Brother Branham had to place the selling of taped messages under the direction of the church board, in order to straighten out the confusion that was caused when a few people misused the recording privileges we had.

I built a home up the road a bit from Jeffersonville, on Highway 62. It was about five miles out of town, and at that time there was no city water out that far so I had to have a well drilled. It wasn't until after the plumber had hooked the pump up to the pipes in the house and we turned the water on that we discovered we had salt water. It was no good for anything, and so strong with salt that it damaged the copper pipes. I was real upset about this, because it had taken everything we had to build the home.

The next time Brother Branham was at church I told him about the water, and he said, "Brother Roberson, we'll just have to ask the Lord to change the water." That was on a Sunday morning, and he said, "I'll be up at your place this afternoon to visit with you."

That afternoon, he and Sister Branham came to the house and he went into the kitchen, turned the water on and said, "Let me taste this water."

He took a mouth full of it and he said, "Oh my, that is salty." He had to spit it out, it was just so strong.

They visited with us for a while, and he said, "We'll pray about this Brother Roberson," and then he left. That's all he said, and I didn't know what to think about the water.

About three weeks later, Brother Branham had a healing service in Connersville, Indiana. My wife and I, and Brother Branham's mother and youngest brother, Donny, drove up to the meeting together. It was May, warm weather, and the meeting was held outdoors in a big ballpark. We were sitting back in the bleachers, about a hundred yards from the platform, and during the service Brother Branham pointed his hand towards where we were sitting and he said, "Sister Roberson, I see a Light hanging over your head, and It's the Angel of the Lord. You're worrying about that water down there in Jeffersonville, but you just quit worrying. It'll be all right."



Sure enough, from that time to this, the water has been just as pure as can be. Today that well is still there as a testimony to anybody that would like to check on it. Although there is now city water to the house, the well was in use until just a few years ago, and there was always plenty of water and the water was good. The neighbors that lived next door to us are still there and can remember when that water was bad.

continued on page 13

Away from the pressures of meetings and private interviews, Brother Branham was able to relax when he went into the wilderness hunting. At a campsite in Montana, Brother Branham shows Brother Roberson how to drink coffee directly from the pot, thereby avoiding the need to wash a cup!



Brother Roberson, Brother Sothman, and Brother Branham proudly display their hunting trophies from British Columbia that just arrived from the taxidermist.



Soldier, con't.

We lost our youngest son, Eddie, in 1951, in the Korean War. He was just twenty-one years old, and had been married about a year, and had a six-week-old baby. That was so hard for us to understand. We wondered why the Lord couldn't have taken one of us instead. And I was worried about whether or not he was truly saved.

The military funeral for Eddie was held in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and Brother Branham was there, along with several very high-ranking Army officers. The Army chaplain had the service, and Brother Branham prayed at the funeral home and at the gravesite. Then he made himself acquainted with all the military men, talked to them and shook hands with them. He had such a way of talking to people, no matter who they were, that was like no one I ever met before. He was the greatest man, even amongst great men.

A few weeks after the funeral, Brother Branham and I were on our way to Brother George Wright's farm, which was about 35 miles out in the country. Brother Branham really loved the Wright family, and we would go out there quite often, to fellowship with them and to go rabbit or squirrel hunting.

On this particular day, we were riding in my station wagon and I was driving when all of a sudden I began to feel real light-headed, and a strange feeling came over me. I thought that I was going to be sick, or even faint, so I started to tell Brother Branham I was going to have to pull off the road and stop. But as I started to say this, he spoke up and said to me, "Brother Roy, I've got something I want to tell



At Sunset Mountain, Arizona, Brother Roberson poses with the javelina (wild pig) that was his after a successful day of hunting.

you. The Holy Spirit has wanted me to tell you this. You've been worried about your son, Eddie, that got killed. You're worried whether or not he's saved. You're causing yourself to have an ulcer, Brother Roy. Just quit worrying about him because he's all right and he will be there on that day."

And then he said, "I see you when you were lying on a stretcher over there in France in 1944, when you were wounded. I see the wounds in your right arm and both legs. The nerves were severed in your legs and your right arm was just barely attached to your body. They lay you out on a stretcher there with another soldier, and they thought you were dying. But the Lord had something for you to do later."

I had never said anything about this to him, but Brother Branham saw it all in a vision and told me every detail.

In 1953, Brother Branham came to me and asked if I would accept a position on the Branham Tabernacle's board of trustees. I accepted and was voted in by the congregation, and I have continued in that position to the

present time.

There was a lady that came down here to the church all the time. She had a smoking habit, and she had tried to quit smoking cigarettes, but it was just real hard for her to quit. Then she got sick, and when the doctors at the hospital in New Albany examined her they found that she had cancer in both lungs. It was so far advanced that there was nothing they could do for her, so they sent her home to die.

She had called our house and asked if we could get Brother Branham to come by and pray for her, and as much as I hated to bother him when he was trying to relax for a day or so, one morning I did ask him if he would mind going by and praying for a sister who was sick. Brother Banks Wood, Brother Branham and I were on our way to the shooting range, and he said, "I tell you what, Brother Roberson, we'll just stop by there on our way home."

We'd started out real early, so it was only about ten o'clock in the morning when we stopped to see her. The sister was sitting up in a chair in the living room, and her

Brother Branham, Brother Wood, and Brother Roberson arrange their gear before loading it onto the pack horses in preparation for two weeks of hunting in the wilderness of British Columbia.



husband was sitting with her and she said, "Brother Branham, I had a dream that you would come to my home and that you would pray for me."

He said, "Yes, sister, I know you had that dream. That's the reason we're here, and we're going to pray for you."

Brother Branham walked over to her and took her by the hand. At that time, when he'd pray for the sick, there was a spot that would appear on his hand and he could tell from that what disease the person had. I had never seen it on his hand, but this time he said, "Come here Brother Roberson, Brother Wood, I want to show you this."

So we looked on his hand, and there was a round, red area with spots on it; but only he could tell the meaning of it.

He said, "Sister, you've got cancer of the lungs and you're shadowed by death. If the Lord doesn't take this away when I pray for you, you will die."

He prayed, and when he finished he took her hand again and he said, "It's still there. Sister, there's something wrong. You and your husband were talking about something before we came this morning. You know what it was and you must ask the Lord to forgive you of that. You repent and say that you're not going to do that anymore, because this is serious. I'm going to pray for you again, and if this doesn't leave you, you will die."

She said yes, she understood, and together she and her husband asked the Lord to forgive them. Then, Brother Branham asked Brother Wood to change seats with me. I had been sitting in a chair and Brother Wood was on the sofa. So we exchanged seats.

He prayed for the sister again, and this time the spot left and he told her that she was healed. She is living today in Florida.

Some people may not understand it, but every detail must be according to the vision. Everything had to be in place when he prayed for you.

One time Brother Branham, Brother Wood, and I were on our way to Wyoming to go antelope hunting. We were driving Brother Branham's little Chevrolet truck, and on one side of the truck were painted the words 'William Branham Campaigns,' and on the other side was a picture of Jesus and the words, 'I will come again.'

In those days service stations were fairly far apart, and we were somewhere deep in Kansas when Brother Branham said, "I think we'd better stop at this next filling station. The Lord wants me to stop."

We pulled in at this little station that was quite a ways off the road. There were two gas pumps out front, and the people lived in the back of the station. A fellow came out of the station and began to fill the tank, and behind him came a lady. She walked up to Brother Branham, who was dressed in his old hunting clothes, and asked, "Are you Brother Branham?"

He said, "Yes, ma'am, I'm Brother Branham."

She said, "I was in one of your meetings a while back, and I had a dream that you would come. We've got a little daughter back here that's real sick. Would you come in and pray for her?"

He said, "Sister, I sure will."

He told Brother Wood and I to stay at the truck, which was unusual, because normally we would have gone in with him. He was gone about 15 minutes, and then he came back out. He said, "The Lord is good. He showed me a vision and the little child was healed."

The year 1955 marked the beginning of the Internal Revenue investigation that would drag on for five years. It was the most stressing thing that I ever saw Brother Branham have to go through, and it hurt him more than anything I know

of. Even though he ended the affair by paying a portion of money to the IRS, it was simply because he was tired of fighting with them, and it had dragged on so long that it was affecting his ministry. They could find no wrongdoing, and even after all those years of investigation, they couldn't find any charge on which to indict him.

I was called on to testify before the investigating committee many times, and was present on other occasions when Brother Branham was questioned. I am a soldier, and at times when they would accuse him and try to shame and discredit him, I would want to fight the whole bunch of lawyers that sat across the table from us. But never once did I hear Brother Branham raise his voice, and very seldom did he even speak on his own behalf. But when he did speak, it was with such sincerity and simplicity that it almost seemed to frighten his accusers. They knew they would never stand a chance if his case was ever brought before a jury, so they simply kept up their harassment until they exhausted him.

They knew they would never stand a chance if his case was ever brought before a jury, so they simply kept up their harassment until they exhausted him.

I think that one of the closest friends that Brother Branham ever had was Brother Banks Wood. He was also his neighbor, and a carpenter by trade. Something that not many people knew was that sometimes Brother Branham would go with Brother Wood and help him on whatever job he happened to be working on.

I remember one time when I went to sell a house that I was living in, I found that a brick garage I had built behind the house was three feet too close to the property line. Before I could sell the house, the garage either had to be moved or torn down.

I contacted a company that specialized in moving houses, and when they looked at the garage they said that because of the way it was built, there was no way to move it without it falling apart. So I called Brother Wood to see what he thought about the situation. He said, "Brother Roberson, I'll try to move it. I'll get Brother Billy to help me, and if it falls down, we'll just build it back for you."

It took Brother Wood and Brother Branham three days to move the garage, by themselves, on rollers. Not one brick was cracked. Brother Branham was so pleased and excited that he was jumping all over the place and shouting, "We did it, Woodbutcher!" (which was the name he teasingly called Brother Wood).

Towards the end of February, 1964, Brother Wood and I went to Tucson to hunt javelina with Brother Branham at Sunset Mountain. Brother Branham just loved to go there, and many great things happened at that place.

Usually there would be ten or more men that would go together on a hunt, Brother Evans, Brother Sothmann, Brother Borders, Brother McHughes, and many others. We didn't go just for the hunting. I really enjoyed the fellowship the most.

Brother Branham had a friend named McAnally who was a prospector, and he had hunted and prospected all through that area with Brother Branham. He was also with us on this hunt, and he and Brother Sothman were the camp cooks. We had campers and tents that we slept in.

We'd usually hunt during the day, each one going his own way. Brother Branham liked to hunt by himself, but sometimes he might say to one of us, "Brother, I think you may find some good game today over in such and such an area." We'd find the game all right, but we were not always good enough shots to bring meat back to the camp.

Then, around the campfire in the evenings, Brother Branham would talk to us, and we would discuss different things. Those were really great times, and I

regret that we did not record those wonderful talks that we enjoyed.

We had been hunting about three days or so, and we were starting to load up our hunting gear into the trucks one morning to start back to Tucson. Brother Branham had told us to be sure and clean up real good around the camp, picking up all the trash. Brother Wood had parked his truck next to a large rock that was near where we'd had the campfire, and Brother Branham picked up a shovel and was throwing dirt over the coals of the fire. He had just been talking to Brother McHughes a few minutes before, and had seen a vision concerning his eyes and also about his mother.

When he finished speaking with Brother McHughes, he came to me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Brother Roy, something is fixing to happen. Don't get excited or scared."

Just a few moments later, as he shoveled dirt on the coals, a strong wind came down from the top of the rocky ledge that was behind our campsite. It started blowing harder and harder, and rocks began to fly out of the mountainside. Above our heads, the limbs were being torn out of the trees and whirled around. Then there was a loud noise that sounded like a bomb exploding over our heads. And it exploded again, and again.

Even though Brother Branham had warned me, it did scare me real bad at first. I looked towards where he was standing, which was not too far from me, and I saw that he had his head bowed and his hat in his hand. I knew it was something of the Lord, but it was still a frightening moment.

The wind disappeared just as quickly as it had appeared, and several of the brothers ran up to Brother Branham and asked him, "What was that?"

He said, "The Lord was speaking to me, but at this time I cannot tell you. You'll know in a few days what it was all about."

Just a couple of days later we heard that an earthquake had struck in Alaska, and we knew that it was a part of what had been foretold in the whirlwind at Sunset Mountain.

In May of 1964, I moved to Tucson, Arizona, from Jeffersonville at Brother Branham's request. He wanted me to help him establish a new association in Arizona, which he called The William Branham Evangelistic Association. He wanted to be able to run his business from Arizona, just as he did from Jeffersonville, and he wanted to have offices in both places, because he was living part-time in each state.

It was the first of June, just before Brother Branham left to spend the summer months in Jeffersonville, that he asked Brother Billy Paul, Brother Fred Sothman, and myself (who were to be the board members of the new

association), to go to the attorney's office to start the lengthy paper work that was required to establish a new association. Brother Branham said, "I want this done just as quick as it can be."

June of 1964 is when the paper work was started for the new association. But even though we tried to rush each step of the process, it still took nearly two years for it to be completed, several months after Brother Branham was called to be with the Lord. But I know that the William Branham Evangelistic Association was important to him, so important that he had even asked me to move my home to Tucson in order to devote my time to getting it started.

That summer, after Brother Branham left for Jeffersonville, I got real homesick. And it was during this time that I had a dream, or I should say 'vision,' because that is what Brother Branham called it.

In my vision, I was standing near Brother Branham's home in Tucson, which he had not moved into yet, in the Catalina Mountains. Just in front of me was a deep canyon in the mountain, and I saw Brother Branham standing in the center of that canyon. It seems that I was about three or four hundred yards down the mountain, and there were two brothers with me, Brother Welch Evans and Brother Fred Sothman. There was an amber cloud going up and down over Brother Branham.

Then I heard a Voice that sounded like it was coming from a loudspeaker in the cloud, and it said, "This is My prophet, and as Moses led the children of Israel, so will this My prophet lead this generation."

And when the Voice stopped, the brothers that were with me started rejoicing and jumping, saying, "I told you so, I told you so."

Well, I called Brother Branham and told him what I had seen, and he said that it was a vision sent from the Lord and that He would reveal it when the time came.

The following February, seven months later, Brother Branham preached Marriage And Divorce on Sunday morning, the twenty-first. We were listening to the services in Tucson, via a telephone hook-up, and that evening, just before he preached Who Is This Melchisedec?, he was commenting on the morning service. I heard him say, "If it happens to be that my good friend Brother Roy Roberson is listening in at Tucson, Roy, you remember the other day the vision you seen when we were out standing upon the mountain? You come up to me, and that cloud was over the top? Come walking down, you know what He told you, I told you at the house the other day? That's it, Roy. Don't worry no more, son; it's over. You just don't know what that means! It's grace! He loves you! You love Him! Humbly serve Him and worship Him the rest of your days. Be happy, go ahead and live as you are. If you're happy, continue that way. Don't never do anything wrong again like that. Just go ahead; it's God's grace!"

May 19, 1965, was Joseph's tenth birthday (Brother Branham's son), and Brother Branham took him, along with several other brothers and myself, out to Sunset Mountain for the day. I had taken along a little camera, a Browning, but when we got there and I saw that some of the other brothers had newer, better cameras, I let them do the picture taking. Brother Branham began to relate some of the things that had happened in that place, telling Joseph where the different things had happened, and as he did so, the brothers were taking photos. Then he turned to me and said, "Brother Roy, would you like to take my picture standing on this rock here?"

I said, "Sure, Brother Branham," and I got out my little camera and began to snap pictures.

I took one of him standing alone on the rock, then he asked Joseph to get up on the rock with him, and I took one of the two of them together. Altogether, I took twelve pictures that day, and Brother Branham said to me, "As soon as you get those developed, I want to see them."

Several days later, when I got the film back from the developers, I showed them to my wife, and with some disappointment said, "There must be something wrong with my camera, because some of these photos are all streaked with color."

Our apartment was just down the street from where Brother Branham lived, and I walked up to his house to show him the pictures. When I told him what I had in my hand, he called to Sister Branham and began showing her the photos and he said, "See, here is what I told to about. This is the Angel of the Lord that you see on the rock."

In the months that followed, I was able to go hunting with Brother Branham and some of the other brothers a few times. We hunted turkey and squirrel, and in the fall we went deer hunting in the Kaibab Forest of Northern Arizona. We had great fellowship on those hunting trips, and Brother Branham told us about many of the things the Lord had showed him. He told us about the experiences in Sabino Canyon, with the white eagle and the little squirrel. He often would say, "Now, don't let these things become common to you, brothers, because these things that have happened are far more serious than you realize."

And then came the time in December when Brother Branham was leaving to go back to Jeffersonville for Christmas. On Friday night, before he was to leave on Saturday morning, he called me and asked me to cancel some appointments that he had for the following week in Tucson.

The family left early Saturday morning, and all that day I couldn't keep my mind on what I was doing. The weather was beginning to get bad, and Brother Branham had been undecided when he left as to which route he would take. Then, at 7:30 that night, I got a call from

Brother Billy Paul and he told me that there had been an accident, a bad accident. He asked me to call all the brothers and have them pray, and that he would call me back as soon as he knew more.

I called as many of the brothers as I could and we all began praying. About forty-five minutes later, Brother Billy Paul called me back and told me just how seriously injured everyone was, and that they had just taken Sister Branham and Sarah to the hospital in Amarillo and as soon as they could they would take Brother Branham also.

Several of the brothers left right away for Amarillo, but I stayed in Tucson in case there was something that needed to be done from there. I was just in a bad state. I felt that I couldn't pray, and I sat in our trailer alone most of the time. I couldn't understand anything that was happening.

One night, I was lying on my bed and all at once the room lit up and I saw Brother Branham walk up beside my bed. He had on his hat and his Bible was under his arm. He reached down and got hold of my hand, and he said, "Don't worry about it, Brother Roberson. I'll meet you at Mount Zion."

When I came to myself, somehow in my heart I could understand that it was all the Lord's purpose, and not something for me to reason about.

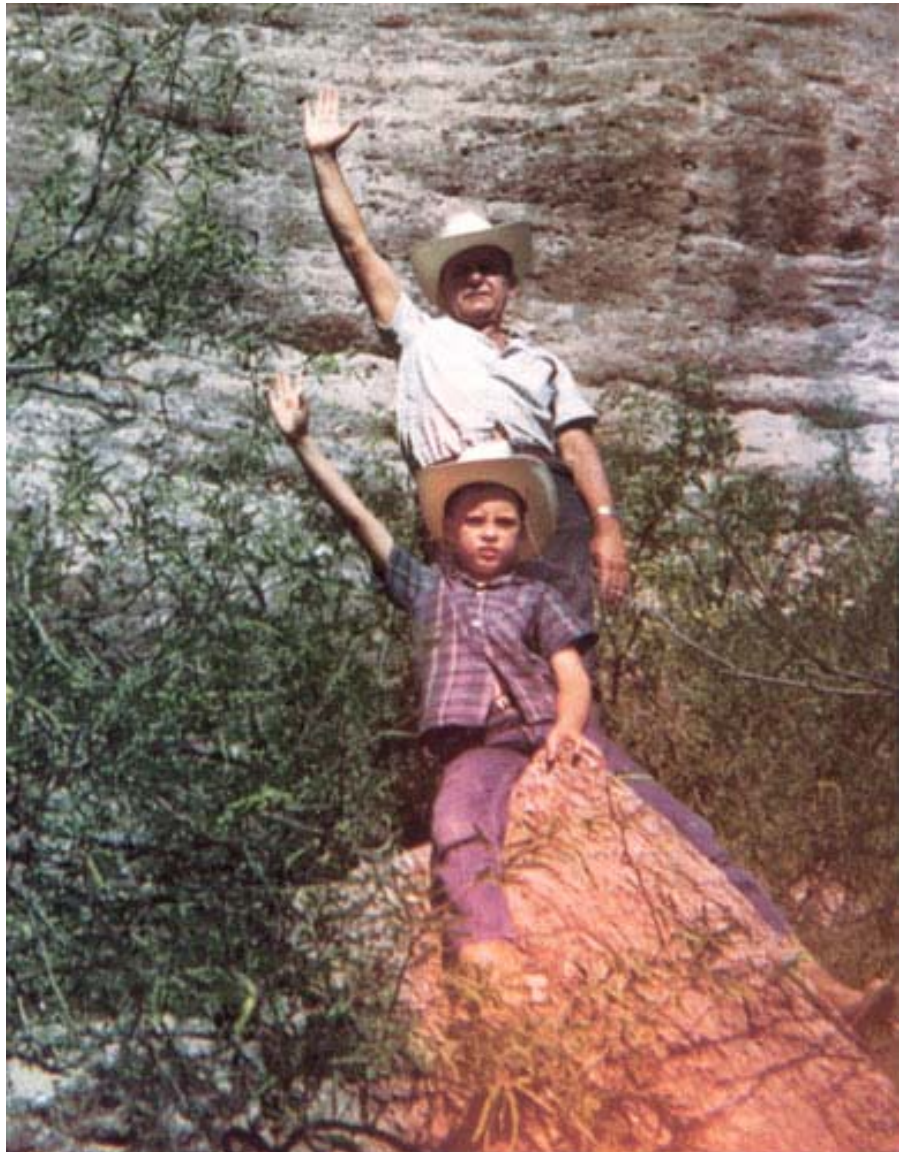
Once Brother Branham asked me, "Brother Roberson, do you really know who Moses was?"

When he put it like that, I had to say, "No, I don't know."

He said, "He was God to those children of Israel, and he could speak into existence fleas and all kinds of things like squirrels."

And when he said 'squirrels,' then I knew that he was our Moses. He was God to the people of this generation, the same as Moses was to those children of Israel.

I trust that the things that we have seen take place, and the things that we have heard spoken by the prophet to this generation, will never become common to any of us. I truly believe that each word and event is far more serious than we could ever realize. ·



Weapons, cont.

Who is going to fight the giant? Who is going to take the challenge? To whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? They were trying to do God a service, but they were having difficulty believing from the heart.

We can see now that there were three kinds of believers taking part in this drama: David was a true believer; Saul and his men were make believers; and Goliath and the Philistines were unbelievers. David knew that it was decision time, and he admonished the Hebrews, "What is wrong? Can't you discern to what portion you belong? Don't you know where God has placed you in this day by the revealed Word? God's presence is here. Each man running from the presence of God, come back and stand still."

Oh my, we can begin to see God manifesting His gifts.

David said to his brethren, "How long has this man been boasting?"

They said, "Forty days and nights."

"Hallelujah," David shouted, "don't you understand God's mathematics? The time is at hand! Forty days is judgement. God has judged him!"

David was ruddy and simple you know, but such is the image of Christ. It was God identifying Himself by His characteristics, hiding Himself in simplicity. There He was in their midst, the stature of a perfect man.

Christ was identifying Himself through David, and David knew that he had been elected, called, anointed, and placed in position. He was one in a million, and there he stood. He knew that God's gifts always find their place, and he looked around and said, "I know that today will be a victory day!"

David had brought cheese to his brethren in the army, and as you know, cheese is nothing more than milk in a certain stage (milk of the Word). He also brought loaves (bread symbolizes Christ, the bread of life), and parched corn ("I am that kernel of wheat"). So what was it that David brought to his brethren? Spiritual food in due season.

David inquired of the men, "Can you tell me of the things that are to be for the man that will take away this reproach from Israel and stand the reproach for the Word?"

"The king will give great riches and his own daughter to the man who will kill Goliath," they told him. "And also, your father's house will be rent free!"

"Oh brothers," David cried, "that will be my future home."

Even though the brethren could see God manifesting His gifts in their midst, David still had a lot of opposition to overcome. And do you know where the unbelief came from? His own brother, Eliab, said, "David, why did you even come here? I know what a proud person you are, and what your real motives are in coming. Why don't you just go back home."

But David just shook his head and said, "Stand aside, Eliab. Don't you know what you are doing here? Must I repeat church order to you in a time like this? Read your Conduct, Order, and Doctrine book and learn about the church and its condition! God's children in the wilderness are under expectation, and you get what you expect."

Even when his very brother spoke against him, the closest person to him, it didn't shake David's faith one bit! He became even more perseverant. "Does God change His mind?" he asked them. "Can't you see, Eliab, that I am standing in the gap and contending for the faith? Your problem is that you aren't recognizing your day and its message, so just stand aside. Let us see God!"

"By the authority of God's Word," David said, "I will go and fight the Philistine."

"But David," they said, "you are just a little fellow. How are you going to do it?"

"Through perfect faith," he replied. "Only believe, my brothers, for the battle is the Lord's."

The brothers just couldn't understand this oddball David, so they brought him before Saul and said, "King, this boy claims to be the one that God has sent to slay the giant. We were wondering if this could be a true sign that's overlooked? Who do you say this is?"

Saul looked down at little David and said, "I can't send this insignificant fellow out to face the giant before the army of the Philistines. I have my pride. A shepherd is not able to face the greatest warrior in the land. I'd be ashamed of him."

David spoke up and said, "Hold it, oh King, you surprise me. Look at that beautiful crown on your head. Look at how satisfied and contented you are on your throne, while doing nothing. And you want to tell me to do the same! I'm beginning to wonder. Is your life worthy of the gospel?"

David knew it was time for a testimony, time for him to tell of his exploits of faith. He said, "One day, oh King, I was herding sheep and a lion came and took one of the lambs. I went after him and I smote him. And then a bear came, and I killed him also. It was a total deliverance, for I fought with perfect strength by perfect weakness."

Saul turned around and said to his army officers, "I believe this is the testimony of a true witness."

Turning to David, he continued, "Are you sure you are not just presuming? How do you know that you get what you expect?"

"Be of good cheer," David said, "these are events made clear by prophesy, and now God is confirming the commission. This is God's provided way."

What made David so sure? Didn't he entertain the thought that he could be killed? Not David! Let me give you a little secret. He had already been anointed king by the prophet, Samuel. Saul didn't know about it, and neither did the rest of the soldiers. Only his family knew. And David knew that if God had chosen him to be king, even if Goliath killed him, God would be obligated to raise him up and make him king. God keeps His Word! David knew who was the absolute for this situation, and if God said he would be king, he didn't question how that was going to be. He knew that God is His own interpreter, and all he had to do was to stand on His unfailing words of promise.

David could sense that he was now in His presence, and he said, "All of you, be certain of God. I am, and I know that this is the present stage of my ministry."

Now, let's watch what happened.

Saul called David to his side, and he took off his coat of mail and put it on him. Then he took his brass helmet and put it on David.

David said, "Take it off! Judgement is not on my head, it's on Goliath's. Satan is judged, not the Bride. I am putting on the whole armor of God and taking sides with Jesus, for I know that God keeps His Word."

"Oh," Saul said, "this is quite a young man. It appears that he is both convinced and concerned. I believe that we should give him an opportunity to prove all things."

So what did David do? Going beyond the camp, the scripture says that he ran down to the brook, to the ever-present water from the rock, and there he chose five smooth stones. Someone said, "David, what is that in your hand?"

He said, "Five identifications of the true church of the living God. These are the weapons of our warfare!"

The stage is set now. Goliath looked around and began his great boast again. "Bring me a man!" he called out to the Hebrews.

I'm sure he was expecting to see a giant of a man, probably of his own size, and when little David appeared before him, Goliath felt insulted. "What is wrong with you Hebrews?" he shouted. "Bring me a man that I might fight him!"

And the Hebrews replied, "This is the man for us, for he is led by the Spirit. He is our kinsman redeemer."

And the scripture says that Goliath cursed David using the blasphemous names of his gods. Through the giant, the god of this evil age was cursing the armies of the living God.

David said to himself, "That is the meanest man I know."

David called out to the giant, saying, "Goliath, I'm identified with Jesus and the seal of God is upon me. You come to me with a sword, a spear and a shield, but I come to you in the name of Jesus, the mighty conqueror, and I am calling Jesus on the scene."

Here comes the battle now. Remember, the two armies are on the two mountains but there is a valley between them, and they must come down and fight in that valley. That is the type of our Lord, when He came from Mount Calvary and He went down into the pits of hell. There He fought the enemy and overcame him.

David was a type of Christ. He said, "This day will I smite thee and take your head!"

Why did he aim for the head? Because David had a revelation that he was of Abraham's seed, and he knew that these giants could only be in the line of Cain, of the serpent's seed. The scriptural promise to the serpent was "he shall bruise thy head" (GEN 3:15), so David said, "Don't you know that the spoken word is the original seed? I'll take your head, you seed of discrepancy."

It was a warning, then judgment was on its way!

The scripture says that David ran, he didn't walk casually, he ran toward his target with his sling in his hand. A sling is made of two strings and a skin in the middle. And he took one rock and covered it in skin (when the rock of ages becomes flesh), and he began to swing.

The contest was on and the countdown had begun. As David continued to swing his sling, he was gaining momentum. Around, and around, and around went the sling, and Goliath was trying to understand that circle, it was a wheel in a wheel. Goliath was accustomed to spears and the clinking sound they make, but this weapon was making an uncertain sound to him. (Goliath didn't understand that shepherds are given a secret weapon with which to protect their sheep.)

The more David swung, the more suction it caused. The suction became a whirlwind, and God stepped down into it, and David realized the Lord was there.

David remembered the bear and the lion, and he cried out, "O Lord! Just once more!"

He was waiting for a nod, and he said, "At Thy word, Lord." The more he swung, the more the power of transformation took over. It was no longer David, it was the power of God. And when he let go of that rock, a guide took over. Hallelujah.

Goliath saw the flashing red light of His coming, but there was no way to get away from that stone that was coming towards him. That stone was Christ, and it came smack down on his forehead. Never before had anything sunk so deeply into his mind.

He experienced a total spiritual amnesia. He thought, "Who am I? What am I doing here?" And as he began to tumble to the ground, he said, "The world is falling apart."

For a moment, the two armies didn't know which one had fallen, so they all waited for the dust to settle. It was a time of desperation, and there was tension in both camps. As the dust began to settle, Saul rose from his throne and saw Goliath on the ground. He said, "I have heard but now I see why it had to be shepherds. David has shown us that works is faith expressed. We couldn't understand it at first. Why? Because for an untrained man to challenge a giant is nothing but a paradox, but it was God proving His Word."

David ran and took up the giant's sword, and he said, "God's Word calls for a total separation from unbelief! This day this scripture is fulfilled." And he chopped off the head of the enemy.

For the Hebrews, it was a time of jubilee, a sign of the uniting time, and they began letting off the pressure. "We are witnesses," they shouted. "It was one man's influence on another."

Oh, they chased the Philistines until the enemy just didn't know which way to run. They were at last doing the whole will of God, and it was a great victory day for those servants of the Lord.

How about the Bride of Jesus Christ today? What are the weapons of our warfare? God has proved this Message to be so true, and in this little drama that we have just presented, you can see that even the titles which the prophet used for his messages are powerful in themselves. How much more is it when we can delve into the full contents of the messages? These are the weapons of our warfare, and with the Word we can each experience a victory day in our own lives. ·

Brother George Martin is a pastor in Pretoria, South Africa.

MESSAGE TITLES IN THE ORDER
THEY APPEAR IN THE STORY

God Hidden and Revealed in
Simplicity
It Is The Rising Of The Sun
God's Chosen Place of Worship
The Greatest Battle Ever Fought
Shalom
What Is The Attraction On The
Mountain?
Look
Tower of Babel
Revelation, Book Of Symbols
And Knoweth It Not
The Great Warrior David
Handwriting On The Wall
The Oncoming Storms Of
Judgment
Indictment
It Wasn't So From The
Beginning
Why I Am Against Organized
Religion
Hybrid Religion
Jezebel Religion
Why We Are Not A
Denomination
Getting In The Spirit
Paganism Versus Christianity
Hebrews**
Attitude To God's Anointed
A Trial
Wisdom Versus Faith
I Know
There Is A Man Here That Can
Turn On
The Light
Impersonation Of Christianity
To Whom Is The Arm Of The
Lord
Revealed
Trying To Do God A Service
Believing From The Heart
Three Kinds Of Believers
Decision Time
God's Presence
A Man Running From The
Presence Of
God
Stand Still
The Time Is At Hand
The Image Of Christ
God Identifying Himself By His
Characteristics
Stature Of A Perfect Man
Elected, Called, Anointed And
Placed*
One In A Million

God's Gifts Always Find Their
Place
Victory Day**
Spiritual Food In Due Season
Things That Are To Be
Reproach For The Word
Future Home
God Manifesting His Gifts
Church Order
The Church And Its Condition
Children In The Wilderness
Expectation
You Get What You Expect**
Perseverant
Does God Change His Mind?
Standing In The Gap
Contending For The Faith
Recognizing Your Day And Its
Message
Let Us See God
The Authority Of God's Word
Perfect Faith
Only Believe
Oddball
A True Sign That's Overlooked
Who Do You Say This Is?
Pride
Ashamed Of Him
Is Your Life Worthy Of The
Gospel?
Testimony
Exploits Of Faith
Total Deliverance
Testimony Of A True Witness
Presuming
You Get What You Expect**
Be Of Good Cheer
Events Made Clear By Prophecy
Confirming The Commission
God's Provided Way
God Keeps His Word
The Absolute
God Is His Own Interpreter
Unfailing Words Of Promise
In His Presence
Be Certain Of God
Present Stage Of My Ministry
Putting On The Whole Armor Of
God
Taking Sides With Jesus
Convinced And Concerned
Prove All Things
Going Beyond The Camp
Ever-present Water From The
Rock
What Is That In Your Hand?

Five Identifications Of The True
Church
Of The Living God
Led By The Spirit
Kinsman Redeemer
Blasphemous Names
God Of This Evil Age
The Meanest Man I Know
Identified With Jesus
Seal Of God
The Name Of Jesus
The Mighty Conqueror
Calling Jesus On The Scene
Abraham's Seed
Serpent Seed
The Spoken Word Is The
Original Seed
Seed Of Discrepancy
Warning, Then Judgment
The Contest
The Countdown
An Uncertain Sound
O Lord, Just Once More
At Thy Word
Power Of Transformation
A Guide
The Flashing Red Light Of His
Coming
Spiritual Amnesia
World Falling Apart
Desperation
I Have Heard But Now I See
Why It Had To Be Shepherds
Works Is Faith Expressed
Why?
Paradox
God Proving His Word
God's Word Calls For Total
Separation
This Day This Scripture Is
Fulfilled
Jubilee
Sign Of The Uniting Time
Letting Off The Pressure
Witnesses
One Man's Influence On
Another
The Whole Will Of God
Victory Day**

* re-titled as The Great Warrior
David by Voice of God
Recordings

** title appears more than once
in story

The Healing of Sister Smith *And The Miracle of the Studebaker*

by Gerald Cleveland

I would like to give my testimony for the benefit of the Saints of God throughout the world, of how I believe God ordained a meeting I had with Brother Branham, back in 1964.

During those days, it was very hard to get to talk with Brother Branham, as his time was being pressed upon so heavily by the people. But in August of 1964, I had a burning desire in my heart to go to Jeffersonville, Indiana. I tried to get a friend of mine to go with me, because he had a good car, and at most any other time he would have been ready to go. But this time he just didn't feel like he wanted to go. And he asked me, "Do you know that Brother Branham is going to be there?"

I said, "No, I don't, but I have a desire to go so I'm just going."

It was a 465 mile trip, and the only car I had was an old 1950 Studebaker Champion. With this car being fourteen years old and the trip being so long, I don't know why I still wanted to go so badly. But I just felt like my car

could make that trip.

I began to call to see who else might want to go with me. I had my daughter, she was small at the time, and I was going to take her. I called Brother and Sister Smith and they said yes, they would like to go too. So early the next day, we got in the car and made our trip to Jeffersonville, Indiana, arriving on the first day of August. We got a room at the River View Hotel, which was right on the banks of the Ohio River.

I knew about a place called Beck's Grill, an eating establishment that was not too far from our hotel. I had eaten there before and I liked their food, so we decided that we would go over there and get something to eat.

It was late in the afternoon, on a Saturday, and just as we were finishing our meal there at Beck's, Brother Smith punched me and said, "Look, there comes Brother Branham in the door."

He had on a hat, and I had to look twice to recognize him. Brother Smith

said to me, "I had a dream two weeks ago about Brother Branham, and I saw him in that hat!"

Well, needless to say, we were all pretty excited. I had seen Brother Branham in the pulpit, but I never had the privilege of meeting him or shaking his hand. I grabbed all of our bills, and I said, "I'm going to get close enough this time to shake his hand."

He had called in an order, and had only stopped by to pick it up. I made my way up to the front counter where he was, and I said, "Brother Branham, I want you to know I consider it a privilege to be able to shake your hand."

As we shook hands, he asked me, "Have you people come up for the meeting tomorrow?"

And I said, "Yes sir, we have."

I had our bills in my left hand, and before I knew it, he had reached over and just plucked those things right out of my hand, and he said, "I'll take care of these bills."

I said, "Brother Branham, we're able to take care of it."

He said, "No. You're my children."

Just about then, Mr. Beck gave him his order. He had his son, Joseph, with him, and so he and Joseph walked over to the table where Brother and Sister Smith were seated. Brother Branham took off his hat and bowed to Sister Smith, like a real southern gentleman. And later on Sister Smith said, "Well, I



can say one thing. I've met one real gentleman in my life."

Bro. Branham stood there at our table and began to tell us about the Message God revealed concerning the future home of the earthly Bride and heavenly Bridegroom. And he began to tell things that God had showed him about it.

As he stood there before us, he put both hands to his head, and he said, "I asked the Lord, 'God is this you, or am I losing my mind?' And the Lord assured me it was Him."

And as he began to talk about the glories of that place, I filled up inside and I began to weep, the tears running down my face. I said, "Brother Branham, you're making me awfully homesick."

He turned and put his arm around my shoulder, and he looked me in the eye and he said, "It won't be long now, Brother. We're headed down the homestretch."

The next day we went to church, and he preached the message *The Future Home Of The Earthly Bride And The Heavenly Bridegroom*.

When we left the church that day, we got into the car and I pressed on the brake pedal. I didn't have any brakes. I pumped the pedal several times and seemed to get just a little bit of brakes, so I cranked the car and drove it down to the nearest service station. I pulled in and stopped, and I told the attendant that something was wrong with my brakes. He checked the master cylinder, and it was dry. He filled it up, and then he looked at the right back wheel, and there was the fluid running out of the wheel cylinder. He said, "You have a busted wheel cylinder."

I asked him, "Can you fix it? We've got a long trip to make, and Sister Smith is sick. I need to get her home as soon as I can." She had been suffering from a kidney condition, and she was awfully pale. I was worried about her.

The attendant told me that since it was Sunday, he wouldn't be able to fix the car until the next day, but I might be able to get several cans of brake fluid and keep replacing it as it ran out.

So I remember buying four cans of Inland brake fluid from that man, and we started out. We had picked up another passenger, old Brother Coggins, who was a minister of the gospel. He had been at the meeting and needed a ride home.

We crossed the Ohio River and I told everybody that the first eating place we came to, we would stop and have a big meal. I told them to eat all they could, because I didn't want to stop again until we got home.

We stopped at this place, and went in and ordered our dinner. When we had finished eating, I took the bills and went up front to pay before we left. And from a back room of the restaurant, out walked Brother Branham.

He came right up to us and he said, "Well, fancy meeting you people again."

And I told him, "Brother Branham we are in trouble."

He said, "Is that right?"

I said, "Yes, sir. I've got a busted wheel cylinder on my car and I can't get it fixed until tomorrow. Sister Smith is sick and we want to get home. It's a long ways to go, and we've got a lot of mountains to go over."

He did not stop and pray. He only hesitated for a moment, and then he looked at me and said, "Now you be careful, and go on home. Everything will be alright."

And I remember him touching Sister Smith on the shoulder and saying, "Go on home Sister. You will be alright."

We got in our car and started down the road, and I asked Sister Smith, "How are you feeling?"

She said, "I have never felt better in my life!" I looked at her, and all of the color had come back into her face. Just a few minutes before she had been pale and was sweating across the bridge of her nose and had been hurting and sick.

Now, people can say what they want about that, but here is what I believe. You've read about the squirrels being created; you've read about life being given back to the little fish; you've read about Hattie Wright, and the incident that took place there in her home. That was the Spoken Word, and many referred to it as being the Third Pull. But I would like to say right here that I believe we too were made recipients of that Spoken Word. Brother Branham did not pray and ask God on our behalf. He simply told us what to do, and as we obeyed what he said to do, things began to happen in our lives.

We kept driving on down the highway, rejoicing over Sister Smith's healing. Soon it was dark, and we were crossing the Smokey Mountains, coming out of Tennessee and over into North Carolina, there at the Cherokee Indian Reservation. Right along that stretch of the road there is a long sloping hill, and for some reason or the other I hadn't even been noticing my brakes, and I had not even stopped once to put any fluid in the master cylinder. I hadn't even thought about it, but coming down this long hill I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to be putting brake fluid in every little bit. I had been across that hill before, and I knew it was long and steep. I kept touching my brakes, and they were good-real good. And as we got near the bottom of the hill, I said to the others, "Do you know that we have not put one drop of brake fluid in this car since we left the restaurant, and my brakes are just as good now as they were when they were brand new!"

Then we realized that God had healed the automobile too, that He had stopped the fluid from leaking out of that wheel cylinder. And we rejoiced all the way home. We were so happy that we just got carried away, knowing that God had performed a wonderful miracle.

I kept that little automobile for sometime, and for the whole length of time I kept that car, I never did have to repair that wheel cylinder. I never did have to add another drop of brake fluid. God is a wonderful God.

Now I hope and pray that this testimony will be a blessing to somebody, somewhere, to let them know that Jesus Christ is still the same yesterday, today and forever. And I think a lot about what Brother Branham said as he stood there in Beck's Grill when he had his hands to his head, and he asked God to show him if that was Him, or was he losing his mind. Then I listen to that message *The Future Home Of The Earthly Bride And The Heavenly Bridegroom*, and I know that it is a revelation from God Almighty. God came down, and for the benefit of His Bride, He let us get a little glimpse of what it's like over on the other side. May the Lord bless you.

Brother Gerald Cleveland resides in Anderson, South Carolina.

Voice, con't.

I was standing on the running board of the old Ford, and she was sitting in the back seat, and she said to me, "We girls have more nerve than you have. Why, you big sissy!"

Oh my, I wanted to be known as Big Bad Bill. I wanted to be a prize fighter! So I said, "Sissy? Give it to me! I'll show you whether I'm a sissy or not!"

I took that cigarette in my hand and started to strike the match. I was determined that I was going to smoke it, but all of a sudden I heard something going, "Whoosssh!"

I tried again, but I couldn't get the cigarette to my mouth. I started crying, and I threw the thing down. The others got to laughing at me, so I left them and walked alone towards home, up through the field. I sat down out there and cried, with the laughter of my friends ringing in my ears. It was a terrible life, because I didn't understand the things that happened to me.

I remember another time when Dad went down to the river with us boys. My brother and I would take a boat and go up and down the river, hunting bottles to put the whiskey in. We got a

nickel a dozen for them. This day, Dad had his friend, a Mr. Dornbush, with him. Mr. Dornbush was a welder, he made the whiskey stills for Dad, and he owned a real nice boat. It had a good rudder, and mine didn't have a rudder at all. I was using old boards to paddle with, and I thought that if I could find favor with Mr. Dornbush that he would let me use his boat.

There was a tree that had blown down, and Dad and Mr. Dornbush threw their legs across it and sat down. Then, Dad reached in his back pocket and pulled out a little flat bottle of whiskey, handed it to him and he took a drink. Then he handed it back to Dad and he took a drink and set it down against a little limb on the tree. Mr. Dornbush picked it up, handed it to me and said, "Here you are, Billy."

I said, "Thank you, I don't drink."

He said, "A Branham, and you don't drink?" He could hardly believe it, because the Branhams were well known for their rough lifestyle.

I said, "No, sir."

"No," Dad said, "I raised one sissy."

My Daddy was calling me a sissy! I said, "Hand me that bottle!"

I pulled that stopper out of the top of it, determined to drink it, and when I started to turn it up, "Whoosssh!"

I handed the bottle back and took off down through the field, running just as fast as I could, crying.

Something wouldn't let me do it! I could not say that I was any good, because in myself, I was determined to do it. But it was God's grace, amazing grace, that kept me from doing those things. I wanted to do them, myself, but He just wouldn't let me do it.

There was always that peculiar feeling, like someone was standing near me, trying to say something to me. My family and my friends never seemed to understand me. All through my life, I was just a black sheep, knowing no one who understood me, and not even able to understand myself.



Currently...

- Work is underway at Believers International on Part Two and Part Three of the video documentary series *In The Footsteps Of A Prophet*.



Part Two will focus on the locations in and around Jeffersonville, Indiana that are related to Brother Branham's ministry. In the photo at the left, Angela and William Smith, who will host this segment, approach Schimpff's Candy Store during a walking tour of downtown Jeffersonville.

Part Three features Kentucky locations including Burksville, Wisdom's Dock, and squirrel hunting at Sportsman's Hollow. Both productions are scheduled to be completed in the spring of 1991.

- Brother Billy Andrews of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, announces the Annual Thanksgiving Revival, which will be held November 22 through 25. The special guest speaker will be Brother Ed Byskal of British Columbia. For more information call (615) 890-6184.



Character
is a
victory,
not a gift.

William Branham



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