

Jesus Christ

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the Same Yesterday,



Today,

and Forever.

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Historic Currently: - **The Early Day's Of The FGBMFI**

Dear Brother in Sister! Wonderful Greetings in the Name of our precious King, Jesus Christ!
Here comes another Juwel up, who was hidden in the Sand of Time! We hope you'll be blessed!

Full Gospel Men's Voice Story:

The Angel of the Lord Visits William Branham!

As Told To Thomas R. Nickel

In the beginning, when The Angel of The Lord first appeared to me and told me how I was to minister-that I would see a light, would hear a voice speak, and would have visions-my minister brethren of my own denomination said it was of the Devil. My church brethren said my theology was wrong, because the days of visions and miracles were over. They did not know that God had promised in the Bible that He would visit the Earth with angels, prophets, miracles, signs and wonders, as He does at the junction of every age. There are seven different junctions and we are at the last junction before the Millennium!

I decided to do as the Lord had told me, and I began to minister as He lead. I realized that there are three dangers a minister must watch: popularity, women and money. I did not fear the first two, but I was afraid of money. So, in 1946, I made a promise to the Lord that if the time ever came that I had to put a stress on money I would leave the field. I promised to serve Him as long as the meetings paid their way, but if they ever began to go behind I would quit and go home.

For nine years, the Lord met every need without my having to pull for money. Then, in 1955, in each of three of my greatest meetings, the income fell far short of expenses and others stepped in to make up the large deficits.

Following the last of these, my wife son and little girl arrived at the cabin where I was staying. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and I told them to go to bed, and I went out of the mountain side, knelt down, and cried out to God. I had to leave the field! Three times in succession meetings had been underwritten others. This was not my promise to God. I promised God when the meetings began to go behind I would quit and go home. I had to keep my promise.

When I returned to the cabin, my wife saw I had been crying and asked "Billy, what is the matter with you?" I couldn't bring myself to tell her I was leaving the field of Divine healing services, so I said, "Oh, it's all right!"

As we drove from California Eastward, I tried to tell the family in Arizona, again in Texas, and across the country, finally telling them as we were nearing home at Jeffersonville Indiana.

Billy Paul said: "Daddy, I'm sure you won't live!
There is something in the Bible that Paul said,



The Editor of Full Gospel Men's Voice took this photo as FGBMFI Vice-President Miner Arganbright, right, presented the keys and this Cadillac to William Branham, left, at the latter's home in Jeffersonville, Indiana, through Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. The International, as such, makes no gifts, carries on no projects, and sponsors no evangelists nor meetings. Chapters, Officers, Directors and Members, in their sovereignty, may make gifts through the International and may carry on any work for the Kingdom as the Lord directs them.

Woe unto me if I don't preach the Gospel!"

I said: "Son, I never said I'd quit preaching the Gospel-that I intent to do as long as I live if God will keep me so I can-I mean to quit the field of healing evangelism!"

Billy Paul asked: "You intend give up these great meetings oversea and elsewhere because of money? God didn't tell you to do that-that's your promise" I answered: "But a man of honor will keep his word! I made a promise to God and I must keep it!" The next morning, my wife and I arose early, and I was sitting on the side of the bed, holding my head with both hands. I said to my wife: "well, Honey, today I'll go see Jess Mitchler and ask him if he'll give me back my old job with the Indiana Light and Power Company, patrolling the lines."

Suddenly, I looked across the room and saw two little children coming towards me, pulling a little cart having two old wooden wheels. The children were dark-complexioned, with black hair and eyes, almost naked. They looked like little Mexican children I could hear my wife walking in the room, and I said: "Honey, don't you see them? That's what I mean by poor little children!"

As I went deeper into the vision dimension, I walked away from my wife and went to where I met Miner Arganbright. He said: "Brother Branham, the prayer cards are all given out, and we have made a way to get you in and out of the meeting." Someone was with Brother Arganbright, and as I went past them I came into an outdoor arena filled with a vast audience of people. They were dark-complexioned like the little children. Speaking to them in my place was someone else. I asked a man standing by me, "Who is that man speaking?" He answered, "They put him up there." I asked, "Who are they?" Just then, the man speaking in my place dismissed the audience and everyone started leaving. I cried, "Oh, that's not right-where is the altar call?" A man came up to me and said, "That's all right, Brother Branham-we've taken up the offering." I asked: "Since when did the offering become more important than the altar call? There are thousands of souls that could be won for Christ, and he is dismissing



Editor Thomas R. Nickel, right, congratulates William Branham, left, upon his new Cadillac. The night before The Angel of The Lord visited him, he planned to leave the evangelistic field because of a promise he had made God regarding finances. Apparently, God is taking care of his finances pretty faithfully!

them!" Rain began to fall, and I said: "Now look, it's beginning to rain and all those souls are going out and may not come back!" The man replied, "Oh, you are to speak to them this afternoon." I asked, "What time did he announce for me to speak?" He answered, "Just any time." "Just any time?" I cried, "There won't be a dozen people here!" And then, to my right side, behind me, a kind, tender voice, though stern, asked: "Was **not Our Lord left** with twelve-when thousands left Him, after He began to tell them the truth?" I saw a hand move out in front of me, from my right side, and as it did, I -seemed to go into still another higher dimension. I could no longer hear' Meda, my wife, in the room. I was standing by the side of e beautiful lake, and I have never seen such clear water in my life. When I first went into the ministry nine years ago, I had seen a vision and I was catching fish, but the fish had big white and black spots on them they didn't look right. But now, in' this vision, I saw in the clear water great, beautiful Rainbow Trout, and the lake was extremely large. All around stood hundreds and hundreds of ministers catching little fish. I said in my heart, "I am as good a fisher as they are, or even better than they are." I wanted to catch the large, beautiful fish, and began to prepare my line and lure.

Then, from my right side, behind me, came the same voice of The Angel of The Lord, who had spoken to me since I was a child, saying: "I will teach you how to fish; but you must keep quiet-don't say anything about it!" I answered, "I will." He said, "Fasten on your lure." This I did. Then he said, "Now, to catch those big fish you have to go way out in the deep water." I swung and cast with all my might, and the line went out its full length. He said, "That was good!"

As the lure sank almost to the bottom of the clear water, he said:

"Now, first pull easy and get the attention of the little fish. Then pull faster and pull the lure away from them, and the big fish will take after it when they see the little fish chasing it. Remember, keep still and don't say any thing about this to any one! For the third pull, set your line tight-you are

ready for the catch!" I said, "I understand." All the ministers began coming around me, saying, "Brother Branham, know you can catch fish." I replied, "Oh, yes, I know how to do it." Then I began to explain to them the exact method told me by The Angel of The Lord.

I got so excited trying to show the ministers how to fish that I jerked the lure completely out of the water, catching a fish about the size of the lure, seemed as though the skin of the fish was stretched tight over the the lure.

I wondered how I would ever get it off!"

The Angel of The Lord walked from behind me, on my right side, and came directly in front of me-the same one I have always seen- a tall man, strong, the size of a 200-pound man, large arms, dressed in a white robe, barefooted, dark hair. He looked me straight in the face and said, "Just what I told you not to do you did!" I thought, "This is the end of me, now!"

He said: "The first time I told you to pull slowly, and to keep quiet about it, was when I made known to you the diseases of the people when they would put their hands on yours. Your second pull, when I told you to pull faster and to keep quiet about it, was when I gave you visions to know the secrets of people's hearts, and as you predicted what I told you, I did just what I said to you. Instead of keeping quiet about these things, you got on the platform and made a public show of these Divine gifts. Look what you have caused: a lot of carnal impersonations!"

I started weeping real loud. I said, "I'm sorry, Sir, that I did that!" My line was piled up all around my feet. I had the lure in my hand, and as I was crying, I began pulling the line through my teeth, trying to straighten it out. Then He looked at me real sternly and said, "Don't get your line tangled up in these kind of times!" I said, "I will try not to get it tangled up any more, Kind Sir!"

Then I seemed to go into still another higher dimension. The fishing line I had in my hand turned into a shoestring, about one-half an inch in diameter. I was holding a baby's shoe, with eyelets about an eighth of an inch in diameter. I was trying to put this half-inch shoestring through one of the eighth-inch eyelets, and I had broken many threads in the shoestring. The Angel of The Lord was still standing in front of me, and he asked sternly, yet kindly, "What are you trying to do?" I answered, "I am trying to lace this shoe." He said, "You are using the wrong end of the string."

I looked down at the other end of the string and noticed it was reduced and bound with a metal tip that would easily go through the eyelet. I said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Sir, I hadn't noticed that I was using the wrong end." He said, "You can't teach babies supernatural things without causing carnal comparisons!"

Then I felt myself go into another still higher dimension. I was standing in the air in the largest tent I have ever seen in my life. I was above the people with the platform down below me. I had just finished preaching and had made the altar call. There were hundreds times hundreds of people standing with their hands up in the air, weeping. I was trying to make my feet go down to where they were, but I remained up in the air.

A real kind-hearted, pleasant-looking man stepped out before the people and said, "Dear Friends, while our Brother Branham is taking a moment's rest from this marvelous altar call, we will form the prayer line to the right." A prayer line formed completely around the inside of the tent, out into the street and down the street as far as I could see.

Inside the tent, I saw a canvas stretched about four feet high, with a gate in this canvas fence. Inside this fence sat a little, square wooden room. A lady was standing at the gate of the canvas fence, taking the name and prayer card of a lady lying, on a wheeled stretcher. Behind the stretcher was a man on crutches, and, the lady took his name and card also. A strong man came out and pushed the lady on the stretcher through the gate of the canvas fence and through a door into this little wooden room.

I heard the familiar swishing sound made by the light that accompanies my ministry, and I saw it go from me to the little room. The Angel of The Lord was still standing by me in the air. He said to me, "I'll meet you in there!" I saw his hand point to the little room. He added, "This is the third pull!" I said, "I do not understand this." He replied, "In there, I will meet you!"

I watched and saw the sick lady coming out a door on the opposite side of the little room. She was off the stretcher, pushing it. A lady was there to get her testimony on a tape recorder and asked what happened in the little room. She answered, "I don't know!", then came the man out, carrying his, crutches. The lady asked him what happened in the little room, and he answered, "I don't know!"

The Angel of The Lord said: "This will not be a public show! Is not it written in the Scripture of Our Lord's words, When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou has shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly? Be not as the hypocrite that make their public show of things but go into your secret closet!"

Then 'The Angel of The Lord and I descended into the little room. What he said to me there I will have to keep a secret the rest of my life!

- May GOD Bless You!