

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

Only Believe



*Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born
—A Christmas hymn—*



A portion of the crowd gathered for Brother Branham's meeting in Mexico City, April, 1956.

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Only Believe

DEDICATED TO THE CONTINUING WORLDWIDE MINISTRY OF WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM

front cover: "The trail was wide and downhill as we left the town, but I could see up ahead that it quickly narrowed to meet a ribbon of roughly placed rock steps which continued straight up the mountainside and disappeared into the jungle beyond." STORY BEGINS ON PAGE 4

back cover: Quote by William Branham is from the message entitled The Deity of Jesus Christ, December 25, 1949. Jeffersonville, Indiana.

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The printing and distribution of ONLY BELIEVE, both in the United States and abroad, is a work of faith, made possible by the tax-deductible gifts of its readers. We deeply appreciate your active concern which enables us to continue.

Editor: Rebekah Branham Smith

EDITORIAL

A milestone has been reached! After Just 3 issues, Only Believe is now, officially, a quarterly publication.

Seven months ago, as we placed our first issue in the mail, we never envisioned that we would be publishing on a regular basis so quickly. We didn't know for certain that there would even be a next issue!

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to all our readers whose financial support has made it possible for Only Believe to be distributed worldwide without a subscription charge.

Thus far in our publication we have presented personal testimonies, explored landmarks, reviewed stories from travel diaries, shared old and new pictures, and, in this issue, we've even added a musical score to our list of subject matter. And this is just the beginning! Our decor has changed a bit, but our intentions have remained the same, to cover in as thorough a manner as possible the events and testimonies, both past and present, which relate to the ministry of William Branham.

Looking towards the future, we have several ambitious projects which we would like to see completed within the coming year:

The most anxiously awaited project presently on our schedule is the publication of a pictorial account of Brother Branham's life and ministry. We have selected over 250 photographs, and are now adding the captions and text. It will then be printed and attractively bound in a volume entitled MESSENGER.

In February we will begin filming a video documentary which we expect to complete by the end of the year. IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A PROPHET will be a narrated tour of the sites in Indiana, Kentucky, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, and British Columbia, which Brother Branham refers to throughout his sermons.

Our progress in these and other projects will be reported in POSTSCRIPTS, our new, 8-times-yearly newsletter. We will be sending it to each of our contributors, beginning in January, as a way of saying "thank you" for your continued support of this work of faith.

I'm looking forward to an exciting and productive year ahead, but meanwhile, we have some excitement to share with you in this issue also. I must warn you ahead of time, however, that reading our Journal report is likely to induce a serious case of 'mission fever', and we hope that it proves to be highly contagious.



Also in this issue we are trying out two new features which have been suggested to us by our readers: Focus and Only Believe Interviews.

You will find a third new feature in Only Believe at the bottom of this page, Thank you for writing. . . We thought that it was about time for us to start sharing some of the wonderful letters we receive from our readers.

Wishing you the Lord's blessing in this holiday season, and throughout the coming year.

"I think it is a wonderful idea how you send the publication out in a clear wrapper with those 'nuggets of gold' printed on the outside of it. We did not receive the first issue you sent out. We were on vacation at the time and had the post office hold our mail I just wondered if someone at the post office didn't get too curious when they could read what the Prophet said on the back side of the issue and just decided to look into it. How many hands do these issues go through before they get to their destination, and yet they can read those precious words that we, the Bride of Jesus Christ, feast upon."
OHIO

"I am interested in knowing what else William Branham said. I read the quotation on the back of your publication and would like to have the complete article that it was taken from."
GEORGIA

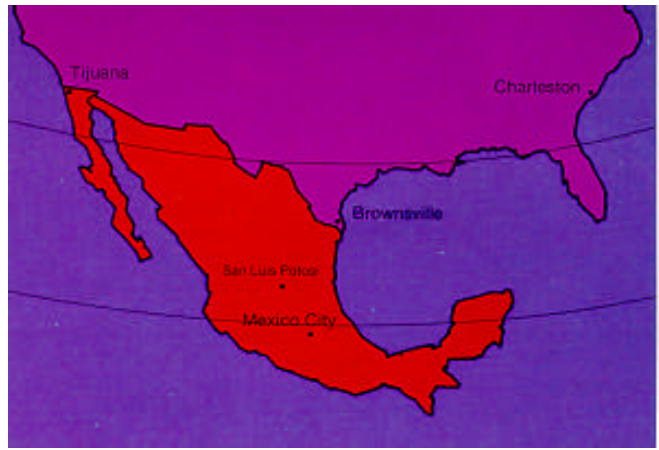
"There are so many things related in those articles pertaining to the personal side of Brother Branham that we never knew, even though we've listened to tapes since 1964. The Only Believe paper has helped to fill in a lot of the gaps for us..."
PENNSYLVANIA

"Thank you for the 5 copies you sent. We pass them around in our church before services begin, but after much handling they are becoming difficult to read. Could you send us a few more next time?"
TRINIDAD

"I just heard that there is a magazine for the people who follow the Message of Brother Branham. Please send me everything that I have missed so far!"
ONTARIO

By Rebekah Smith

Go Tell It On The Mountain



Mexico is a rich cornucopia, both in shape and in substance. Take a look at the map at the top of the page. Have you ever noticed how far south Mexico isn't? Nearly half its area is north of the U.S. border at Brownsville, Texas. The most northern Mexican town, Tijuana, is at the same latitude as Charleston, South Carolina. Yet, even though we live so near, not many Americans know much about their neighbors to the south.

During the past 20 years, I have spent a great deal of time in Mexico, learning its ways and enjoying its uniqueness. Its jumble of ancient languages and customs present a lure I just can't resist.

In many areas of Mexico's 760,000 square miles, time seems to stand still. There are thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands, of hidden people whose changeless lifestyles reflect bygone centuries. The distribution of translated books and tapes into these out-of-the-way places is a constant challenge, but what joy there is in knowing that this End time Message has penetrated into these areas, even though civilization has passed them by.

Throughout the years of my husband's translation ministry, we've had many opportunities to travel into the unfamiliar and remote areas, carrying the Message to the predestinated Seed. In September, we were able to visit 2 groups of Believers in eastern Mexico, and for me, no other trip has ever been so exciting and rewarding.



A



D



B



E



F



C



G

- A. Brother Felipe washed the men's feet, and Sister Agustina washed the ladies' feet.
- B. The church at Octojub.
- C. The new butane lamp was placed near the pulpit.
- D. Tortillas and hot coffee are the basis for every meal.
- E. A sister at her stove.
- F. Preparing the Molin.
- G. Pastor Isidro & his family.



The sisters were surprised to learn that I was no novice at preparing Mexican food.

Through the pages of this JOURNAL, I would like to introduce you to some new-found members of our universal family.

It was past noon when George and I left San Luis Potosi. We had packed, and repacked our luggage, eliminating everything which we did not consider to be essential. Extra film was purchased for the cameras, a just-in-case precaution. We knew that after we left the city, many of the amenities we take for granted would not be found in the places we planned to visit. Four hours to the east, Brother Murillo waited to direct us to the village of La Colonia Piloto.

We had just spent an incredible 3 days in San Luis at a convention sponsored by the local assembly of Believers. The pastor, Brother John Bibiano, had invited George and I, along with Brother Donny Reagan of Kentucky and Brother Douglas McHughes and Brother Earl Williams of Arizona to join with the nearly 350 people who had assembled for the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday services. An empty building across the street from the church had been rented and turned into a kitchen/dining room where 3 meals a day were prepared and served by the local sisters.

After Brother Donny, Brother Doug, and Brother Earl each had an opportunity to speak (with George translating for them), they agreed that the people's enthusiastic response to the Word certainly was an inspiration to a speaker. The audience couldn't seem to hear enough, and, as Brother Donny found out, they have a way of just not letting you go. After Brother Donny finished speaking Sunday morning, which was supposed to be the final service of the convention, Brother John rose to dismiss the congregation. But no one would go! So he turned to Brother Donny and said soberly, "We'll go across the street and have lunch, then you can preach 'Part II'." Brother Donny accepted the inevitable with much grace.

The sisters in the kitchen worked from 5 in the morning till late every night. One evening, after service, I

went into the kitchen area and asked if I could help. "Do you know how to fry tortillas?" they ask skeptically.

I assured them that I could, and a real riot ensued. After I proved that I could fry tortillas, next I had to show the sisters that I could grind chiles, mash beans, and even wash dishes! "But you're so white!" (meaning 'so American'), they told me. "We didn't think you could do these things."

Evidently, Americans aren't the only ones to have preconceived ideas concerning their neighbors.

George and I were anxious to show the brothers from the States a bit of the local color and customs before they left for home, so early Monday morning we headed for the Catholic church.

Nowhere else in the western world is religious dedication so manifested as it is in Mexico. A common sight is to see people of all ages drop to their knees and crawl laboriously (sometimes for blocks) towards the gold encrusted altar of the church. They have been taught to do this as a penance for sins committed, or as a gesture of thanksgiving for an answered prayer.

Inside the enormous churches, the people stop to pray before the many statues of bloodied and suffering saints. The statue of Mary is always given a predominant position and is often dressed, doll-like, in elaborate and expensive costumes which are changed for different occasions and for traveling to the outlying communities. In front of each statue stands a box to receive the offerings of those who wish to pray there. Portrayed everywhere is the pain, suffering and death that the people believe they must become a part of before they can partake of the Life of Christ, which, according to Catholic dogma, only comes in the hereafter. The people are crippled with guilt, and the church offers them no joy in this life.

Within the sanctuary of one church, we were shocked to see a store where rosaries, medals, and candles were being sold. Sister Bibiano pointed out to us how that the candles were first sold, then collected from the altar when the buyer left the church, and re-sold again and again. She also told us that another very common practice is for young brides to sacrifice their long hair to the Virgin Mary for what the priest promises will be a happy marriage. She herself had crudely hacked off her waist-length hair on her wedding day and placed it on the altar. This abundance of cut hair is then sold by the church to wigmakers, and the money is sent to Rome.

Needless to say, this is not the picture of Catholicism we normally see portrayed in the U.S., but in Mexico some of the mask has been removed and the true evil exposed. I wish that every Believer could have an opportunity to see this very real face of the Catholic church, for I believe it would help us all to recognize these sly spirits as they try to slip in amongst us.



George translated for Brother Donny Reagan for the Sunday services.

George decided that after the San Luis meetings would be a good time for us to visit some of the Believers living near the east coast. We had heard that there were remote villages in this area where there was a need for the Message to be translated from Spanish into Indian dialects, and George felt there might be some way he could assist in this endeavor.

Brother Roberto Murillo, an evangelist from Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, suggested that we visit two isolated villages which he knew of. They were both in very remote areas, and were desiring fellowship and translated materials. Concerning our planned 2nd stop, the village of Octojub, Brother Murillo warned us, "It is a bit difficult to get to, and conditions there are somewhat primitive." But even though George and I are not the rough-and-ready types, we felt that if there was a chance of us helping these people then the end would more than justify the means. By Tuesday morning we were on the highway heading east to meet Brother Murillo for the trip to La Colonia Piloto, our first stop.

In a land filled with extremes, Mexican roadways are not an exception. The fine divided road near San Luis quickly turned to a narrow, winding 2-lane as we headed through the mountains. Even if you are only a passenger, it is nearly impossible to sleep when traveling by car in Mexico. You might miss something exciting, like rounding a curve at 60 mph and suddenly there is a herd of sheep on the road, or a donkey cart, or even a slow-moving, overloaded vehicle. Decorated roadside crosses, which have been placed by bereaved families, mark the scene of frequent highway tragedies.

Brother Murillo and Brother Arturo were waiting for us at the point where we left the paved road for the 1 hour drive to La Colonia. Brother Arturo was the proprietor of a small community grocery store in La Colonia, and it was in his home that the local Believers held church services. We would be spending 2 nights with him and his family, and, we were told, there would be a fiesta in our honor. They planned to 'kill the fatted calf'.

Back in San Luis, Brother Doug had joked about a few of the pot-holes that he called 'Volkswagen size', and from then on all rough roads were judged accordingly. Our car did make it over the mud and rock road to La Colonia Piloto, but a large percentage of the way was scattered with holes which we deemed to be '2 Volkswagen size'.

By the time we reached Brother Arturo's home, the people had already started to gather for the evening service. The living room furniture was quickly rearranged to accommodate benches, and the pulpit was placed in front of photographs of Hoffman's 'Christ at 33' and the Halo picture, which hung on the wall. About 25 people were present, and they all enjoyed the personal testimony which George shared with them.

Afterwards, we scooped up chicken and rice with tortillas - no silverware needed. If you've never tried it, you can't imagine what fun you've missed!

I already knew about the planned fiesta, but was a bit taken aback when Brother Arturo ask if I would please go pick out a calf to be slaughtered. When I declined, they

somehow took that to mean that I didn't eat meat. Everyone was looking very worried, until George explained that I just wasn't accustomed to watching the slaughtering process. Since we were very tired, he told them, maybe we would just go on to bed.

We slept in a curtained-off area of the living room, which did nothing to mask the sounds which continued until 2:30 AM as the calf was killed and cut up less than 10 feet from where we lay. It was a memorable night.

Early the next morning, the sisters began preparing the special tank in which the beef was cooked with chiles and garlic. The fire under it was kept going all day, and by 6 PM when the people gathered for the evening service, the events of the night before were completely erased from my mind by the delicious smells that filled the air.

George spoke to the people about the work being done by Voice of God Recordings, and afterwards Brother Murillo preached a wonderful message.

After the service, the chairs and tables were carried outside as we prepared to eat the fatted calf. It was a joyous occasion. One of the brothers went to a neighbor and borrowed a small electronic keyboard for me to play (not very skillfully, I'm afraid).

Before leaving home, I had assembled a small photo album of pictures relating to my father's life and ministry, and George had typed Spanish captions for each photo. At the fiesta, the album was passed around, but even with the captions, everyone wanted to know more details about each picture. When told that we had no copies of the pictures to leave with them, one brother sat down with a pencil and paper and meticulously sketched each photo.

For several months, we have been working on a photo album in English which will contain over 250 captioned photos of Brother Branham and the places which are well known through his ministry. After seeing how very much this small album was appreciated by the people in Mexico, we have decided to print a multi-language edition of the larger album-Spanish/ German/ French - for the Believers overseas.

Later in the evening, as I sat talking with the sisters, they began to comment on how brave I was to be going to Octojub.

"Brave?" I asked.

"Oh yes, it is a very difficult climb. The last time any



Front row: Doug McHughes, Earl Williams & Roberto Murillo. Back row: Walter Walls, John Bibiano, Donny Reagan & George Smith.

Believer went there to visit was 3 years ago.

It was too late for me to back out of the trip, and I felt there was nothing I could do but reassure the sisters that I could make it, no problem. I must have sounded much more sure of myself than I really felt, because immediately Brother Arturo's wife said, "I think I'll go too!"

Although they were not able to leave with us the following morning, we agreed that Brother Arturo and his wife would meet us in Temapaz, and we would all walk together to Octojub. Meanwhile, we went to pick up our Huasteco translator, Brother Liborio.

As we traveled toward the small town of Aquismon, where Brother Liborio and his family live, we were moving into territory familiar to George. Thirty years ago, when he was living in Mexico, he and his parents were the frequent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Larson, Wycliffe Bible Translators who lived and worked near Aquismon. The Larsons had spent many years translating the New Testament for the very people we were now on our way to visit, the Huasteco Indians.

In the quaint town of Aquismon, we had dinner at Brother Liborio's home -3 rooms which were shared by he and his wife, 6 children and grandmother. As we ate, Brother Murillo and Brother Liborio mentioned to us how that day they each had eaten 10 cloves of garlic and 5 limes in order to ward off bug bites during our trip to the mountain. I decided that I would just make-do with the 2 bottles of insect repellent which were packed in our duffel bag.

By the time we were ready to leave for Temapaz the next morning, Sister Liborio, Grandmother, and 3 of the children had decided that they also wanted to go along with us. Grandmother (a Huasteco) could remember walking to Octojub many years ago, and she was such a spry little thing that I felt she probably had a better chance of making it to the top of the mountain than I did!

We left our car parked in Brother Liborio's front yard, and all 9 of us crowded into a rickety cab for the 30 minute ride to where we could get a truck which would take us the 2 hour drive up the mountain to Temapaz.

George made a deal with the driver of the sturdiest looking pick-up truck we could find, and we loaded our gear on board and climbed in for what turned out to be one of the most incredible rides of my life.

I stood in the back of the truck, against the cab, so that I could operate the video camera. From my vantage point, the narrow rutted road looked to be not much more than a path through the jungle.

We were constantly climbing, and the dense vegetation on either side of the road was only broken by occasional dwellings or small cultivated plots of corn.

We stopped several times to pick up and let off passengers, who would then quickly disappear down one of the almost invisible paths which we saw leading into the jungle. After more than an hour of traveling, we were joined by Brother Isidro, the pastor from Octojub, who had been sitting beside the road for hours, waiting for us. Although it is estimated that Indian blood flows in the veins of at least 90 percent of Mexico's people, it was obvious that none save Indians were ancestors of this slight man with the dark, angular face.

After 2 hours of jolts and bumps, suddenly we were out of the jungle and it was a shock to feel smooth pavement under our wheels. A short stretch of concrete roadway extended in front of us for about 150 feet, then ended at a park in the center of a small town square. It looked like we had reached the top of the world.

Temepaz (3 general stores and 1 Catholic church) appeared to be perched on the top of a rough sea of green waves. There was a 360 degree picture postcard view, and the Huasteco women with their brightly wrapped head coverings, who were sitting on the church

steps, appeared to have walked right out of the pages of National Geographic. Three men came forward to greet us as we climbed down from the truck, brothers from Octojub who were to help us carry our baggage up the mountain.

George and I had congratulated ourselves on doing a good job of packing light. We had 2 sleeping bags, 2 changes of clothing, insect repellent, flashlight, and our photo album in a duffel bag, plus 2 camera cases. In contrast, the local people traveling with us had packed canned milk, cooking oil, wool blankets, straw sleeping mats and matches.

When Brother Arturo and his wife arrived, to this assortment of goods he also added a butane tank, weighing approximately 150 pounds, as a gift for the church. The Huasteco brothers appeared undaunted, and quickly gathered up most of the gear and started down a path



Felipe & Agustina in front of their home in Octojub

leading away from the town. They would return later for the tank and other items they couldn't carry on this trip. Single file, we fell in line behind the brothers. There were 14 of us, including the children.

The trail was wide and downhill as we left the town, but I could see up ahead that it quickly narrowed to meet a ribbon of roughly placed rock steps which continued straight up the mountainside and disappeared into the jungle beyond.

We climbed through the dense vegetation, being careful where we placed our feet on the smooth, slick stones, and,

Isidro's thatch and bamboo home. From that moment, the entire trip became worthwhile.

We were introduced to Brother Isidro's family and several other Believers who live nearby. Benches were brought from the church for us to sit on, and they gave us freshly cut sugar cane to chew. The Huasteco women were very shy, but very curious. When we dared to look directly at them, they would quickly turn away, or even try to move out of our sight.

While we were still munching on the sweet sugar cane, Brother Murillo came to George and I to say that the

Even though it was written in a language not his own, how Felipe treasured that little New Testament.

at times, using our hands to help pull ourselves over a particularly difficult stretch. Several times our party had to step off the trail in order to allow local people to pass us. They would always stop for a moment of conversation - mainly, I believe, in order to have a better look at my tennis shoes.

The majority of the Huastecos were barefooted, and they maneuvered amongst the rocks with obvious ease. When they saw my shoes, it was plain that they wondered how in the world I walked at all with such awkward things covering my feet.

I deliberately started on the trail ahead of Grandmother, and several times I found a good resting place and sat down to catch my breath for a few minutes. But when Grandmother would catch up with me, I knew it was time to get going again. After all, I didn't want a lady of 72 years beating me to the top of the mountain.

The air was warm, and very, very humid. We passed through dense groves of coffee plants, taller than our heads and heavy with green and red berries. Sister Liborio became excited when she spotted a plant she called soyo, and she stopped to pick as many of the leaves from the dark green vine as her apron would hold. "They're delicious when you cook them in beans," she told me, "and they give you strength."

I quickly picked and ate all I could find.

After a particularly difficult climb, we had all stopped for a 'breather' when from behind us on the trail I saw a man approaching at a steady gait. Strapped to his back was the 150 pound butane tank. It was Brother Isidro, the pastor, and he had already been to the top of the mountain with our duffel bag, returned to Temapaz, and was now making his second trip up the mountain! "Not much further", he called out cheerfully as he went by.

More than an hour later we found ourselves in a clearing surrounded by banana trees. There was a little whitewashed church building, and next to it, Brother

Huastecos now would like to wash our feet. This was not a part of a communion service, but a traditional form of welcome.

Brother Felipe washed the men's feet, and his wife, Sister Agustina, washed the ladies' feet. As they knelt in front of us with the big wooden bowls of water, I couldn't help but notice their feet. Thickly callused, you could tell that they had never worn shoes in their lives. I don't believe I've ever been welcomed anywhere more warmly or more Scripturally.

Next, tables were brought and a meal was served to us - black beans cooked with soyo, scrambled eggs, chayote (squash), tortillas, and a black bucket of coffee. After we started to eat, Brother Isidro brought out a gunney sack which held a bottle of soda pop for each of the visitors. It was warm, but to me soda had never tasted better than this. The children were fascinated by the bottle caps.

By the time dinner was finished, several more people had arrived for the evening service. The lamp, newly fitted atop the butane tank, was lit, and the benches were returned to the church. There were 30 people (plus children) gathered in the small building, and many of them had walked for miles over the mountain paths to be there.

George spoke in Spanish, and Brother Liborio translated into the Huastecan language. The people sat very quietly as they heard the story of Isaac, Rebekah, and Eliezer. Very few of the people are familiar with the Old Testament stories, as only the New Testament has been translated into their own language.

After the service, the church was converted into sleeping quarters for the 14 visitors. Wide boards were placed across the low, backless benches so that we wouldn't have to sleep directly on the concrete floor. Without a tent, sleeping outside was out of the question because of the heavy dew which fell every night.

On our first evening in Octojub, there hadn't been enough time before dark to see the inside of the pastor's home, but early the next morning I was awakened by the crowing of the rooster and the rhythmic slapping sound of tortillas being shaped between palms. Inside the one room

home, which was both kitchen and sleeping quarters for the family of 8, I found several of the sisters busy grinding the corn and preparing the breakfast of chilaquiles and coffee. I watched the smoke from the kitchen fires filter out through the bamboo walls and made a mental note to ask later just how the family managed to stay warm when cold winter weather came to the mountain.

While we were eating, several people came to visit and to drink coffee from the black bucket which boiled continuously on the fire. I was surprised upon tasting it to find that it was a weak brew, tasting almost like tea. Perhaps this is because they do not grind the coffee beans, but roast them on the griddle and then crush them only slightly before boiling them. Everyone drinks coffee, even the small children.

The people wanted to have a morning service, so we all gathered in the church and Brother Murillo spoke as Brother Liborio translated. I couldn't help but watch Brother Felipe as we stood together for the Scripture reading. I was remembering the barefooted man that my father prayed for at the meeting in Mexico City 32 years earlier.

Brother Felipe had a small, Spanish New Testament, and when the first Scripture was read from Luke, I watched as he opened his Bible and followed along. The second Scripture reading was in Genesis, but once again I noticed that he opened his New Testament and appeared to follow along. Then I realized that he couldn't read. Even though it was written in a language not his own, how he treasured that little New Testament. I don't believe that I will ever be able to open my own Bible again without thinking of Brother Felipe and his New Testament.

Of the 28 Believers in Octojub, only Brother Isidro has a copy of the New Testament in the Huastecan language. Of the adults, only he and one other man can read. The children are learning to read and to speak Spanish at the school they attend, which is a 30 minute walk further around the mountain. It will be many years, though, before they become fluent enough to read the Message books or the Bible in that language. However, we were pleased to find that several of the adult men can understand Spanish when it is spoken, even though they cannot converse in the language.

The Huastecos have a traditional meal which they call molin. It is comprised of corn meal mush (masa) which is spread on a layer of banana leaves. Meat, which has been dipped in chile paste, is added, and the leaves are folded up and tied tightly into a bundle which is then steamed for hours. In a manner of speaking, it is an enlarged version of the traditional Mexican tamale.

For several hours after the morning service, the sisters were busy killing a turkey and a chicken and grinding the several buckets of soaked corn into masa. Sister Agustina and I walked into the jungle to pick the tiny peppers that were to be ground for the hot chile paste. The sisters were far more relaxed on the second day, and Sister Agustina was very talkative as we worked together. So far, I had only picked up a couple of words in Huastecan (Tata meaning 'Lord', and Dios ti labli meaning 'God bless you'), but by using sign language, I ask her about all the

banana trees which were laying on the ground, full of green bananas. "It was a hurricane," she told me 'just a few days ago.'

I tried to imagine what it must have been like to experience the force of Hurricane Gilbert in one of the thatch and bamboo huts. The only source of income for the people on the mountain is from the sale of the coffee, bananas, beans, and corn which they grow, providing them with an average of \$600 per year per family. It looked to me like a large portion of that income was destroyed by Gilbert's winds and rain.

While the tamales were being steamed in the big, black pot, Sister Agustina motioned to me that she would like to have a look in our duffel bag and camera cases. Smiling and talking the whole while, she thoroughly examined each and every piece. Her favorite item was a small, plastic, drawstring bag containing the solution and storage case for my contact lenses. Every woman loves a purse, I guess! I gave it to her, and Felipe seemed equally thrilled when George gave him our flashlight.

It was hard to count the number of people who came for the Saturday evening service. The only light in the building came from the butane lamp next to the pulpit, but the people were crowded onto the benches and even standing in the back. I couldn't get over how quietly they sat on the low, backless benches, their eyes never leaving the speaker as George talked to them about the prophet.

After each service, the people filed out of the building quietly and orderly. Beginning with the first person out of the church, a receiving line was formed, and in that manner each person was able to shake hands with everyone present.

Saturday night, when the handshaking was completed, once again the tables were set up in front of the church and the 3 large 'tamales' were removed from the cooking pot and unwrapped. Then came an exciting free-for-all. The accepted way to serve yourself was to tear off a piece of banana leaf to use as a plate, and reach for a handful of tamale. It was perfectly cooked and very, very tasty. The cans of evaporated milk were opened and a little bit was poured into everyone's mug of coffee - a rich, rare treat.

After a final service on Sunday morning, we packed our things to begin the return trip to Temapaz. Sister Agustina refused to leave our side, and insisted on going with us and carrying one of our bags. A younger sister and brother wanted to stay with us all the way to Aquismon before saying goodbye, and she carried with her a pair of sandals which she put on when we reached the town. We also took with us gifts of freshly picked soyo and chiles, a live turkey, and even a tiny puppy for Brother Liborio's children.

I only knew them for a few days, but already I miss that part of my family that lives in Octojub, and I can't wait to see them again. I know that someday I'll go back to the mountain.

This trip was a short, but very productive one for us. The long hours which the brothers spent on the mountain talking together about the Message and the work amongst the Huastecos showed to George and Brother Murillo several key areas where they

Continued on page 16

That Ye Miah Believe



Arriving in Finland, April 14, 1950. Brother William Branham (top of

The following article is reprinted from a special overseas edition of The Voice of Healing magazine, published in June, 1950.

Visions

By William Branham

It was in Kuopio, Finland, when the Lord Jesus fulfilled the vision that He had shown me some two years before. It was that of a little boy with light brown hair which was raised from the dead. I was with a group of ministers, who were coming down from a mountain where we had been praying and singing hymns. Among the ministers were Brother Gordon Lindsay and Brother Jack Moore, whom I am associated with. A motor car some 300 yards ahead of us struck a little boy, throwing him to the ground, and then ran over him with such force that it threw him back near the sidewalk.

Brother Jack Moore picked him up and brought him back into the car with us. We saw that he was dead. I looked at the little boy and thought I recognized him. Then I remembered that he was the little boy I had seen in the vision, who was eight or ten years old, with light brown hair and who was poorly dressed. I held him to my body and began to pray. Suddenly his life came back to him.

Arriving at the hospital, we were surprised to learn that the car had struck

another little boy, and had knocked him to the other side of the road. We had not seen him because he was hidden from our view, and another car had picked him up and rushed him to the hospital. After two days he was still unconscious. The parents of both children came to the hotel to see me. The father and mother of the first boy were so happy because the Lord had given life back to their son according to the vision that He had showed me. But with sadness the other parents looked at me and said, "What about our boy? Is he going to live?" I replied that I could not say. But they answered, "You have told the other parents that their boy would live; can't you say something for our boy?" But I said that I could say nothing until the Lord showed me. Then they began to weep.

I then asked the parents if they were Christians. They replied that they belonged to the church but were not saved. I then asked them if God saved their boy, would they serve the Lord all their days and teach the

The Vision

One morning at about 3 A.M., I was awakened out of my sleep to find that the angel of the Lord was in the room to show me a vision. By the spirit I was transported in the vision to a scene where an accident had just happened. I saw that a little boy of about eight or ten years of age had been killed. He had light brown hair and his clothes looked very ragged and torn. Some men were taking the child to a hospital or funeral home.

It was at that moment that the angel of the Lord told me to kneel and pray that the child's life would return to him. That I did, and life was restored and he lived. Now this vision is to come to pass in the future. I have told it to hundreds of people all the way from Canada to Florida. Many have written it on the fly-leaf of their Bible.

About two weeks after the vision appeared to me, I was telling it to a crowd of people at a tent meeting in Miami, Florida. The next evening when I was coming to the service, I was taken to a crowd of people waiting just behind the tent. They had a little boy about five years old that had been drowned that morning in a canal. But when I saw the child I said it was not the boy I had seen in the vision. So I offered a prayer of sympathy for the family.

child to do so.] With tears they answered that they would. Then we all knelt and prayed. I said in my prayer, "Father, please have mercy on us and save their son." Then I returned to my room.

The news was brought to me about that time that unbelievers standing by at the scene of the accident, when the boy was killed, had said, "There is the 'divine healer' from America whom they are all talking about. Now let us see what he will do." When they heard that the dead boy was raised, then they said, "Why doesn't he do something for the other boy who has been unconscious for two days?" That is what my interpreter, Sister Isaacson, reported that the people were telling the parents of the child that was dying in the hospital.

A part of the group which had just left the mountain tower when tragedy struck. Brother Branham is kneeling in the front, third from the right. Sister May Isaacson, Brother Branham's interpreter in Finland, is at the far left.



I then said to Sister Isaacson, "I can do nothing until God shows me what to do. That is what Jesus said in John 5:19. I can only pray." That night I prayed again for the boy. The report came from the hospital the next day that he was just barely alive, and life seemed to be going fast. The following evening, after returning from the service, I was in my hotel room. The angel of the Lord came into my room. Before me were placed two Easter flowers, one leaning to the south and another to the north. That is just the way the boys' bodies fell when the car struck them. The one toward the north was the one they took up dead, and the Lord healed. The other one to the south was the smaller lad, who was still unconscious these three days. Then the flower toward the north sprang up at once, strong and alive, but the other one toward the south



was fading away and dying fast. The angel made me to understand that the vision represented the two boys. Then he showed me two pieces of candy which had just been given me before I came into the room. The angel said, "Take one piece and eat it." I did, and it tasted good. Then he said to me, "Take the other piece." But the second piece did not taste just right, and I started to take it from my mouth. But the angel seemed to say, "If you do that the other boy will die." So I quickly ate the other piece. Then the flower was alive again in the other vision. When the vision was over, I hastened to the room of Brother Lindsay and



The Lord showed Brother Branham that this boy would live also.

Brother Moore. I said to my brethren, "Thus saith the Lord concerning the boy." Then I repeated the vision to the others of the party. I said, "God showed me another vision three weeks before in London, and it came to pass perfectly. So this vision also shall come to pass. The boy shall live." Sister May Isaacson, the interpreter, tried to call the parents of the boy and tell them what I had said, but they had gone to the hospital, for it had been told them that the boy was dying. But when they arrived at the hospital, they discovered that something had happened. The lad had awakened out of his unconscious condition. When they reported this to Sister May, she asked, "What time did this happen?" They said, "While we were watching for him to take his last breath, he suddenly became conscious. It was 10 o'clock at the time." When the doctors examined the boy, they reported that he would be all right. After checking the time of the vision, I found that it was just 10 o'clock when the angel of the Lord had come into my room. All praise to the power of Jesus' Name. Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal adiem, and crown Him Lord of all! □

Editor's note: Today Kari Holma lives in Kuopio, Finland, where he works for the Highway Patrol. Although he readily acknowledges the miracle which took place in April of 1950, he has no personal memories of the events of that day.

In a further note, a believer who was touring the Soviet Union in 1977 had an opportunity to visit one of the illegal, Charismatic churches of that country. When the pastor of the group heard the name William Branham, he immediately sent word and an older man who lived nearby was brought to see the believer. Speaking through an interpreter, it was learned that he was one of the Russian soldiers guarding the Finnish border on the day the boy was raised from the dead, and had heard what had taken place.

He reported that when he and the other soldiers returned to their hometowns, they testified to their own people of what they had heard. As a result, the name William Branham became known, even in the outer regions of the nation. □

The YOUTH QUAKE News

Since 1983, the youth group of the Restored Word Tabernacle in Wallace-burg, Ontario have worked together on a unique project which they have named THE YOUTH QUAKE NEWS. This newspaper-sized publication was designed by the young people and for the young people who are following the Message of the Hour today.

In each of the 8 issues which have been printed to date, the prime objective has been to reach out to the young people with words of encouragement from Spiritually strong Christians of all ages. Personal testimonies, poems, letters, and special reports are featured, along with a question and answer column that focuses on issues relating to Christian young people.

For the past year, the editor of THE YOUTH QUAKE NEWS has been 23 year-old Mark Steinke. He and the staff mail over 1000 copies

of each issue to 15 countries, more than double their initial mailing roster. Mark reports that the response from overseas is very eager, and he is encouraged by the willingness of the young Believers in foreign lands to share their testimonies.

The 9th issue of THE YOUTH QUAKE NEWS is now being printed. If you would like to have your name placed on the mailing list to receive this very helpful publication, please write to:

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When the word 'church' is mentioned, it is unlikely that the first picture that comes to mind is 'log cabin.' However, that is exactly the kind of building in which the Believers of Cloverdale, British Columbia, Canada, have happily gathered for worship since 1975.

What is now an assembly of approximately 350 people, had a small beginning in the home of Brother and Sister Ed Byskal. It was born of a desire to guide their three daughters in the ways of the Lord, and reach out to their school friends. Young people gathered for simple Bible studies which became four regular services a week.

They soon outgrew their meeting place and construction began on a new church. The trees that were donated for a log building were still standing on six acres of ground! Everyone helped in the falling, hauling, de-barking and preparing of the logs. A contractor was found to put it all together. "We will make it big enough to accommodate a huge crowd of 175 people", they said.

At that time, the entire

congregation was under 25 years of age. They came from the schools, universities, the streets and even from prison. Their lives had been transformed by the power of God, and all possessed a deep hunger and desire to hear about the prophet that God had sent in their generation. Most of all, they wanted to know what God had spoken through that prophet!

Brother Byskal relates, "The first thing to be established was a very substantial Tape Library of Brother Branham's Messages. The young Believers fed on the Word daily and were grounded in the faith."

A strong characteristic of the Cloverdale assembly has always been 'witness'. Every year for several years the Endtime Message was represented by these fervent young people at the Pacific National Exhibition in downtown Vancouver, an annual event attended by over 1 million people. Here, in a special booth, the films of Brother Branham were shown non-stop, and Message books were displayed and handed out to the crowds passing by.

One of the people to stop and receive a book was Brother Mike Waldner, a young man who had been raised in a Hutterite Colony, an order similar to the Mennonites. He accepted the Message which was introduced to him that day, and since then Brother Mike has been instrumental in bringing many of his own family members and others out of the Colony and into the Light of the Revealed Word.

It was in this manner that Cloverdale Bible Way grew, one convert bringing in two more. God led them from these small beginnings right into a radio ministry which was heard on 24 radio stations every week for 9½ years.

Through the Bible Believers' Broadcast, multitudes of people heard the prophet's voice, in their homes, hospitals, places of business, vehicles, and even in jungle villages. Two of the stations carrying the broadcast were the powerful 100,000 watt "Swazi Radio" in South Africa, which covered an area inhabited by 87 million people, and the 50,000 watt WWL in New Orleans.



By Ruth Byskal

The Log Cabin Church

Tens of thousands of Message tapes were mailed out, in conjunction with the radio ministry outreach. In Africa, many of them were hand delivered so that personal contact could be established with the people who listened to the broadcast.

Brother Byskal recalls: "I have witnessed a large group of people in Africa gathered around a car, on the top of which was a transistor radio, broadcasting the prophet's voice from the Bible Believers' Broadcast. The result of this radio ministry has been to see Believers established in churches all over South Africa and North America, and I have had the joy of meeting many of them personally."

It was from this radio ministry that BIBLE BELIEVERS INC. was born, and the vision of the Cloverdale Bible Way church turned to overseas missions. America had received an abundant witness of the Message which God had sent, and now peoples of other lands and languages must have the same opportunity.

It was also during these years, as the Message to call out the Bride was being spread around the world, that Bible Believers began to receive requests for good quality, clear tapes. As a result, an ambitious program was set up to professionally clean those Message tapes which were not clear. They felt that the brethren who would be translating would especially need the cleaned tapes in order to understand clearly the words spoken by Brother Branham.

Expensive equipment was purchased and over a period of 4½ years, 530 Message tapes were cleaned. At the height of this program, 288 tape libraries, each containing 153 Messages, were sent out worldwide. In one year alone, approximately 100,000 cassettes were manufactured in the Cloverdale offices and sent out free of charge to these libraries.

Today, these 'Seed Libraries' are still being made available to ministers and workers on a regular basis.

In much the same way as the local assembly has grown through the years, so has the witness of the Message in the foreign lands. Assistance was given to ministers and brethren in Norway and Finland, and they in turn, reached out to adjoining countries. There was also an opportunity to reach into Yugoslavia and other Eastern Block nations. Through the years, Bible Believers has been a channel through which concerned and burdened brothers and sisters from many countries have supported the translating, printing and distribution of the Message books and tapes.

In 1980, God opened the door for Bible Believers in the vast country of India. A fully equipped print shop has been purchased in the city of Madras, and it is managed by faithful Indian brethren. To date, well over one million Message books have been translated, printed, and distributed in five of the major languages of that country.



Brother Ed Byskal, pastor of Bible Way Church in Cloverdale, British Columbia, Canada.





A service at Bible Way is sure to include an abundance of inspiring songs of praise. The Byskal's daughters, Lynda Ardiel (seated), Joann Rae and Marilyn Hunt, have recorded several albums, and they compose many of the songs which they sing.

Currently, in Cloverdale, a new church building is under construction which will be home for the Believers of Bible Way. They will be saying 'farewell' to the log church that has been the spiritual birthplace for many of the Elect. It will be hard for them to leave behind the place of so many wonderful memories, but through the years, as their numbers have increased, so has the scope of their ministry. As they move, it will be with the anticipation of even greater opportunities to witness, which are yet to come.

The high regard which Brother

Byskal holds for all missionary endeavors, both the accomplishments of the past and the expected triumphs of the future, is reflected in these words of encouragement which he offers to Believers everywhere:

"We salute the efforts and ministry of every brother and sister who is dedicated to spreading this precious Message worldwide. Let us all be faithful to our post of duty! The eternal works of God will not be fully realized until we have crossed 'beyond the curtain of time' and bid this world a final farewell. God bless you!"

"There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

EPHESIANS 4:4-6. □

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By David M Linhart
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Mountain, continued...



Brother Isidro & Brother Murillo

knew they could be of assistance.

The first task at hand is to help Brother Isidro as he studies the Message and then translates it into the Huastecan language for his people. Although he understands a large percentage of what he hears being spoken in Spanish, Brother Isidro has some difficulty reading the language. Since first being introduced to the Message in 1977, he has acquired a meager supply of translated books, but there are words and terms which he does not recognize, and therefore cannot translate.

Brother Isidro traveled with Brother Murillo back to his home in Ciudad Juarez, where they spent a few weeks studying the Message books and tapes together. During this time, Brother Isidro actually compiled a 'dictionary' of unfamiliar words and expressions. When he returned to his home, he took as many of Brother Branham's translated Message tapes as he could carry, and George will continue to send him tapes on a monthly basis. A tape recorder and solar, rechargeable battery packs have already been provided. There are many on the mountain who will be able to understand the recorded Messages, and the solar batteries will assure them the power to operate the recorders.

We visited Brother Isidro in Ciudad Juarez, just 1 day before he was to return to his home in Octojub. He had accumulated many pages of notes, and he testified of what a joy and blessing the tapes have become to him. He was like a newly lit spark! We think that the people of Octojub and the surrounding area will soon be experiencing a real revival around the Word, now that there is a fire on the mountain. □

I'll admit that it was not for spiritual reasons that I stopped at Park Avenue to meet Brother Branham for the first time in April of 1963. The only thing I knew was that he had a daughter named Rebekah. I wanted to ask her out on a date, and in order to do that I first had to ask for her father's permission.

The word 'prophet' was strictly an Old Testament term to me, and 'divine healing' was a taboo subject in our strict Baptist household.

My parents were missionaries to Mexico, and I was born in that country, the oldest of 10 children. My father was associated with Wycliffe Bible Translators, and to assure my fluency in both English and Spanish, from my first words he insisted that each language be spoken precisely. I spoke Spanish in school and at play, but only English was spoken in our home.

Midway through high school, my parents moved the family to Tucson, Arizona. I continued to study Spanish in school, and living so near the Mexican border presented me with many opportunities to maintain the language which I considered to be my native tongue.

In early 1963, during my junior year, the school choir began rehearsals for a production of the opera 'Carmen'. That is when I saw Rebekah for the first time. She was the new girl in school, and a member of the Girls' Chorale. I noticed that even though most of the girls changed into pants or shorts before attending the evening rehearsals, she always wore dresses. Our church did not teach against women wearing pants, but I personally never liked the idea. One day I stopped Rebekah in the school hallway and told her how much I admired the way she dressed, but it took me awhile to get up enough nerve to ask her out. When I finally did, she said I would first have to talk to her father.

We only lived about 3 blocks from one another, and I had driven by her house so many times that I felt I already knew her entire family. On a couple of occasions I had seen her



William, George, Stephen, Rebekah & Angela Smith

From The Eagle's Nest

By George Smith

father in the front yard, washing his car, and had even honked the horn and waved to him. He had waved back enthusiastically, and I thought that maybe Rebekah had already mentioned my name to him. She hadn't, and he had no idea who the friendly guy in the green pick-up truck was.

On the day I finally met him, Brother Branham was trimming the grass in the back yard, and he had his shirt off. We stood and talked a few minutes, then we sat down on the glider and he began to tell me about one of his recent hunting trips. Hunting was a subject that I knew absolutely nothing about, and I thought that this was the most interesting person I had ever met. When I finally left, over an hour later, I had his permission to take Rebekah out to dinner, but he had never mentioned to me that he was a minister.

I had never known anything of religion outside the Baptist church, and as I began to hear a few things from Rebekah concerning her father's ministry, it all sounded very strange to me. Before she left to spend the summer in Jeffersonville, she gave me the book 'A Man Sent From God'.

By the time the family returned to Tucson that fall in time for school, I had a long list of questions. Very patiently, Brother Branham sat down with me and answered every one. I had known from the first that this was no ordinary man, but after this, I knew that he was a prophet of God.

There was no Message church in Tucson at that time, and I asked Brother Branham whether or not I should continue to attend the Baptist church with my family. He told me that I should, and said that he would really appreciate it if I would take Rebekah with me. He even went with us a few times himself.

Being the oldest boy, it was my responsibility to take my 4 younger brothers (ages 3-13) to church on Sunday mornings. I didn't much like the idea, and would make the boys sit in the back of the pick-up, while Rebekah and I rode in the front. One morning we were waiting in front of the apartment for Rebekah, and the 4 boys, with their hair freshly slicked down, were sitting with their backs against the cab, holding their Bibles. Brother Branham, who was in the front yard, walked over and began to talk to them about Sunday school. He asked them a few Bible questions and praised them highly for knowing the right answers.

When Rebekah came out and we prepared to leave, Brother Branham came over to me and, with a smile, said, "George, that's 4 fine-looking little preachers you have sitting back there!"

Today, each of those boys is an ordained minister in the Baptist church. Three are serving on the mission fields of Latin America, and the youngest is pastoring in Phoenix, Arizona.

In May, 1965, I went to Brother Branham to ask for Rebekah's hand. To this day, I firmly believe that of the two of us, he was by far the more nervous. He talked without stopping for 2 hours, but I, on the other hand, was too nervous to remember what he said. Finally, I just blurted out, "I'm

really enjoying this, but I need to know if I can marry your daughter!"

"Sure George," he told me, "you can become engaged now, but don't even think of getting married until after you've received the Holy Ghost."

Two months after that, I went to Jeffersonville with the family to attend the services in the Tabernacle. One morning Brother Branham asked me to go for a drive with him. He said he was nervous and just wanted to get out for a little bit. We rode all over the countryside, and he showed me some of the places where he had lived as he talked about how he had been brought up. We drove to Green's Mill, and he told me about the cave where he would go to pray. He talked to me about my background, and what I planned on doing with my life. I wouldn't take anything for those few, very private, hours we had together. When we got back to the house, I asked him if he would baptize me.

On August 2nd, Brother Branham and I went to the Tabernacle. Without my knowing, he had invited 4 couples to join us as witnesses. I had been waiting for a time when Brother Branham could baptize me, and as it turned out, it was the last baptismal service that he ever performed.

In late September of 1965, Brother Pearry Green was in Tucson and he invited me to his home in Beaumont, Texas. Unbeknownst to me at that time, Brother Branham had told Brother Green that I was seeking the Holy Ghost, and that he thought it would be good if Brother Green took me to his home and prayed with me for a few days.

I stayed in Beaumont nearly a week, and one evening after dinner, I went to my room to read and to pray. Brother Green and Brother Richard Blair, who was visiting from Louisiana, were in the church office (adjacent to the house) awaiting a phone call from Brother Branham. They had placed the call earlier in the day, and were told that Brother Branham was out at the time, but that

*I had been waiting
for a time when
brother Branham
could baptize me,
and as it turned out,
it was the last
baptismal service
that he ever
performed.*

he would return their call later in the evening.

As I prayed, I began to feel such a longing and a desperation in my heart, and I went over to the office and ask Brother Green and Brother Blair if they would please pray with me. We knelt together in the church for a few moments, and when I prayed I felt the Presence of the Lord in a way I never had before.

Shortly after that, Brother Branham called, and Brother Blair and Brother Green went into the office to talk to him. I remained in the church, but soon Brother Green called out that Brother Branham wanted to speak to me on the phone.

When I took the receiver, he said to me, "George, I wanted to be the very first to congratulate you. You've just received the Holy Ghost."

It was only a short time ago that I learned that neither Brother Green nor Brother Blair had mentioned to Brother Branham any of the events that had preceded his phone call, or even that I was in the church when he called.

The very next day, my mother called from Tucson to say that a letter had arrived in the mail from the US Army. I had been drafted, and by October 4, I was on my way to a basic training camp at Fort Polk, Louisiana.

By November of 1965, I had known Brother Branham for 3½ years, and I still didn't know just how to act around him. He always made me feel at ease, calling me "Roadrunner" after the long-legged state bird of Arizona,

would tell me. "If you do something wrong, he'll let you know."

I remember one occasion, in 1963, when I stopped by their apartment on my way home from a lawn-mowing job. I was wearing a pair of cut-off blue jeans. Rebekah and I were planning on going out later in the evening, and after talking to her for a few minutes I started for the door telling her "I'll pick you up in an hour."

Brother Branham was sitting on the

in high gear, and I knew my chances of being sent to the front lines were extremely high.

One afternoon we sat down together in his motel room, and I poured out to him all my questions and fears. He did more than listen to me. I knew that he felt what I was feeling, but all he said was, "The footsteps of the righteous are ordered of the Lord. Don't be afraid to go."

After that, I didn't care if they sent



Left to right: George, Rebekah, Brother Branham, Sarah, Sister Branham, and Joseph. This photo was taken on July 14, 1965 in Jeffersonville, Indiana.

and he laughed saying that I had worn out the road between my house and theirs.

I strove to present, at least outwardly, the same easy manner that Rebekah and the other children had around their father, and I frequently questioned myself as to whether anything I did or said was taking advantage of Brother Branham's friendship. I was afraid of doing or saying anything that may put unnecessary pressure on him, but it was very tempting to always be asking questions! "Just relax," Rebekah

far side of the room, reading, and as I approached the door I heard him say, as though talking to himself, "Good! That'll give him time to go home and find some longer pants."

Then he looked up at me over the top of his glasses and smiled. You can bet that I never wore short pants again, ever.

My basic training at Fort Polk was nearly over when Brother Branham came to Shreveport for Thanksgiving meetings. I got a pass so that I could attend the services, and also I wanted desperately to talk to him about my future. The conflict in Viet Nam was

me to the moon!

I got a leave at Christmas and went home to Tucson. Brother Branham, Sister Branham, Sarah, Joe, and Billy Paul's family were all preparing to go to Jeffersonville for the holidays. I was so glad that Rebekah was staying in Tucson. While they were away, she was going to supervise the moving of the family's belongings from the apartment on Park Avenue to the new home in the Catalina foothills, north of town.

The night before they left, I stopped to say goodbye to the rest of the family.

Brother Branham was in his bedroom and I went in and talked for a minute. I noticed an old pair of hunting boots and a flannel shirt, setting on a chair, and jokingly I asked if he was taking along his hunting clothes just in case he decided to stay awhile. But he answered me very seriously, saying “No, I thought I might travel in that tomorrow. You never know when you might have some car trouble.”

It didn’t sound right to me, knowing as I did that Brother Branham had the finest tuned car of anyone around. However, nothing else was said about it at the time, and I said goodbye and left. I later learned that he hadn’t worn the flannel shirt and hunting boots after all.

There is no possible way to describe how our lives changed following Brother Branham’s passing. Like many other people, our hopes and dreams for the future had been concentrated around him and his ministry. Now, we no longer had Brother Branham to lean on, and we had to learn to do our own praying and seeking the Lord. God’s grace proved to be sufficient, and He was a very present help, just as the Scriptures promised He would be.

Rebekah and I were married on March 30, 1966, in a very private ceremony at the home in the foothills, which the family had not moved into yet. Two weeks later, I was shipped out to Viet Nam, while Rebekah stayed in Tucson to take care of Sister Branham and Sarah (both still suffering physically from the automobile accident), and 10 year old Joseph.

In 1966, Brother Roy Borders founded Spoken Word Publications and began the work of printing the Messages of Brother Branham in English. By the time I returned from

Viet Nam and was released from the Army in October of 1967, it was already apparent that translations of the Spoken Word booklets were needed for the non-English speaking Believers.

Even before I was out of high school, I had translated Brother Branham’s tract “He Ascended Up On High And Gave Gifts Unto Men”, so when Brother Borders approached me with the suggestion that I devote myself full-time to the translation work, I felt that this was the job that the Lord had prepared me for from the very beginning.

I have always regretted not having had an opportunity to translate from the platform for Brother Branham when he was here. I am able to recall only one occasion where he called on me to use my knowledge of Spanish. The den room he was building here in Tucson was near completion. Brother Branham had designed the carved door for the entry, and for the center panel he had chosen a large eagle. Under it, he planned to place the words ‘Eagle’s Nest’.

I was surprised one day when Brother Branham asked me how to say ‘Eagle’s Nest’ in Spanish. “Nido de Aguila”, I told him.

“I like that,” he said. “Those are the words I want carved in the door. Please write it down for me.”

Brother Branham once said. “The Mexican people are humble, they know how to approach God. If I could ever get down there with this little gift God has given me, they would believe.”

Through the translated tapes and books, he has been there for many years now, and the people are believing, not just in Mexico, but around the world.

I really don’t know why Brother Branham wanted the words on the door to his den to be in Spanish instead of English, but to me it has come to represent these millions of translated books and tapes that are being sent worldwide. For me, that’s where it all started – from the Eagle’s Nest.

There has always been a need for the Word of God to be translated. Jesus spoke in Aramaic, but His words were given to us in Greek. By 400 A.D., Jerome had translated the Scriptures into Latin, the western world’s most common language at that time.

During the Renaissance, daring men like John Wycliffe and Martin Luther translated the Bible into

Europe’s vernacular languages, English and German. There were storms of criticism, but when he was asked to repent of his translation, Luther exclaimed, “Would this one book were in every language, in every land, before the eyes and in the hearts of all men!”

In our own violent and darkened age, only this Message brings hope and Life, as it reveals the written Word. My goal, as a translator, is to continue and provide the Spanish-speaking Believers with translations which accurately echo the voice of God to our generation. □





Fred & Gloria Barker

Only Believe Interviews:

e B e

"I had just come back from a trip, and they called me that Fred was dying. And then, before I could get in the house, another message came: 'He may be dead right now.' 'They said he had a hemorrhage in the brain, and he was paralyzed and he was dying. His wife wanted me to pray for him.

"So I called quickly and got the little lady on the phone, and we got the phone hooked up into Fred's ear. He couldn't swallow, and they were giving him artificial swallowing. And when we prayed for him, he motioned to take it out of his throat! He could swallow. The doctors didn't believe it, and they took it out and he could swallow. He was sitting up the other day."

CHOOSING OF A BRIDE
by William Branham

When Brother Branham spoke these words in April of 1965, Brother Fred Barker was a young man who had already made a mark for himself in Christian circles. For 5 years, he had been associated with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, and had within his reach what promised to be an important political position in the denominational world. As a songwriter and evangelist, he was frequently called upon both as a soloist and songleader for the FGBMFI's area conventions, in addition to the speaking which he did at chapter meetings. At 33 years of age, he was at the peak of his career, and had over 190 copyrighted songs and several recorded albums to his credit.

In October of this year, I spoke with Brother Barker and his wife at their home in Tucson, Arizona. Here I would like to share 'the story behind the story' with our readers.

Brother Barker, what were the events which led up to your wife placing the phone call to Brother Branham in 1965?

On March 25, 1965 I lay in a hospital bed in Upland, California. The largest blood vessel in my brain had virtually exploded. My throat was paralyzed and, according to the doctors, I was near death. I was the father of two daughters, and my wife, Gloria, was expecting our third child.

Throughout my ministry, I had preached faith, and believed with certainty in faith healing through the laying on of hands. I had witnessed the miraculous, and my family had experienced God's healing power.

Now, as I lay dying in the hospital, my wife sought desperately to reach men who we knew possessed great healing ministries – Brother Oral Roberts and Brother William Branham.

Had you had any previous contact with Brother Branham?

I had led the singing at several of the conventions where he spoke for the

FGBMFI, but my personal contact with him was limited to one brief encounter in 1961.

Would you describe that encounter for us?

I was leading the song service at the yearly convention in Phoenix, Arizona. I had been traveling and ministering for months, without rest, and my wife and children were staying in Washington State with relatives. I was worried about my family, and was hoping for an opportunity to speak to Brother Branham.

One evening, Brother Branham had just finished speaking and had left the platform. He had to pass through the vestibule where I was standing, along with several other people. Suddenly, Brother Branham stopped and, directing his gaze at me, he said, "Your wife and your daughters are fine," then he continued on his way. I was overwhelmed, and I can remember thinking that it was as though he had read my mind and answered the question on my heart. I never forgot that meeting.

Can you recall for us the conversation you had on the phone with Brother Branham from your hospital bed?

Gloria was in the room and answered the phone, and then she told me it was Brother Branham and put the phone to my ear. Brother Branham said to me, "Is everything alright between you and the Lord, Freddie?" He was the only person ever to call me 'Freddie'.

I answered him as best I could, with the tubes down my throat, and said, "As far as I know."

Then Brother Branham asked me, "What in particular do you want me to pray for?"

I know I could have said, "Pray for my paralysis." But what I said to him was, "Pray for my swallow." It was so hard, not being able to swallow, that it was the biggest thing on my mind at the time.

After he prayed, how long was it before you were able to swallow?

After Brother Branham prayed for me, I asked the doctors to please take the tube out of my nose. I told them, "I can swallow, I know I can!" But the doctors wouldn't take it out that night. They made me wait until the next morning, and even then they only took it out because I insisted. But I could swallow.

Almost a month later, Brother Branham came to visit you in the hospital. Tell us about that visit.

Brother Branham was in Los Angeles preaching, and one day Richard Shakarian and Gene Scalf (Demos Shakarian's son and son-in-law) brought Brother Branham out to see me at the hospital. As he walked through the door, he took off his hat and he said to me, "I don't have a word from the Lord for you, Freddie."

He sat down beside my bed, and we started talking about the birds that were on the windowsill, but after a few minutes, he began to tell me about the 5 instances of the Spoken Word.

I had never heard anything like that before, and at that time I had no idea of what he was talking about.

Scripturally, we really didn't know the significance of Brother Branham's ministry, and we just looked at him then as a healing evangelist.

And then what happened?

Brother Branham prayed for me. Then, as he started for the door, he stopped and turned towards me and placed his hat, which was in his hand, over his chest. "Freddie," he said to me, "it's important what you say to the Lord. Some day, like the Syrophenician woman and Sister Hattie Wright, you'll say the right thing and it'll all be over."

Did these words of Brother Branham's have any effect on you that day? Knowing nothing of his

ministry, it all must have seemed very strange.

Rebekah, Gloria and I knew nothing at that time, and we had no idea what Brother Branham was saying to us that day.

What happened when you finally were able to leave the hospital?

After 39 days in the hospital, I was finally permitted to go home. I was still partially paralyzed, and my speech was greatly affected. I could no longer sing or play the trumpet, but I was far from being the vegetable the doctors had predicted I would be. When I was dismissed, across my medical chart they had written, CASE NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Today, Believers around the world are singing praises written by Brother Fred Barker.

It's The Life Behind The Name
Fred Barker

CHORUS:
F# C A E m C Em G7

IT'S THE LIFE BE - HIND THE NAME, That makes the de - dream turn - ble,

IT'S THE LIFE BE - HIND THE NAME, That makes the proud heart hum - ble,

It was God who de - vied the plan, That in all things is a TRAIL,
(Hebrews 2:17, Romans 8:29)

He would live, So He could give, Give us THE LIFE BE - HIND THE NAME.

Copyrighted in 1973 by Fred Barker in NEW LIFE SONGS

Even though my faith in God's healing power had not been shaken, I couldn't understand why the Lord didn't heal me completely. I was a graduate of Lee College and had been an evangelist of the Church of God for many years, but now I found myself praying, "Lord, there is something I must not understand about You and Your Word for You not to come on the scene and heal me. Lord, please brainwash me of all my theological teachings, and let me know only You."

It was over a year before I was able to take any speaking engagements, and in that year the Lord really dealt with me. When I started speaking again, people would come up to me after service and say, "Are you a Branhamite?"

Had you ever heard that identification before?

No, and we still didn't know anything concerning Brother Branham, but when people started saying this, we knew we had to find out what Brother Branham was saying.

What did the FGBMFI think about your being called a Branhamite?

One day the vice-president of the Los Angeles chapter came to see us. He was an avid Bible teacher, and in the past we had frequently held Bible studies together in our home. Now he had heard that we were following Brother Branham's ministry, when, in fact, we were still ignorant of his teachings. We asked him what he knew of Brother Branham.

"I attended that meeting when Brother Branham preached Choosing of a Bride," he told us, "and I was so embarrassed and so humiliated over what he was saying that I went to the basement and asked the Lord to take that spirit off of him. I was embarrassed for my own wife to sit there and hear that sermon."

That must have given you something to think about, seeing as how you were already being recognized as a Branhamite?

Can you image! I just had to hear that sermon, Choosing of a Bride, that Brother Branham preached while I was

in the hospital. I couldn't find a tape, but I did get hold of a book and sat down and read it straight through. Without making any comment, I then gave it to my wife to read. When she got through, I asked her, "What do you think?"

Her answer to me was, "If they can't read that, how can they read the Bible?"

How do you feel today about what Brother Branham told you so many years ago in that Upland hospital room?

The Lord has richly blessed us in so many ways, but physically I am still confined to a wheelchair. I have never completely regained my health. I realize now that Brother Branham must have seen a vision as he was leaving my room, in order to have said to me what he did. I am standing on that, and am believing that in God's time, and by inspiration, that I will 'say the right thing', and what was spoken on that day will be fulfilled. □

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- JOSEPH or MY SON or MY BOY or JOE
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Life. God Himself,
dwelling in the human
being.”

William Marrion Branham

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