

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

# Only Believe



Testimonies  
Of When  
**A  
PROPHET  
PASSED  
THEIR  
WAY**

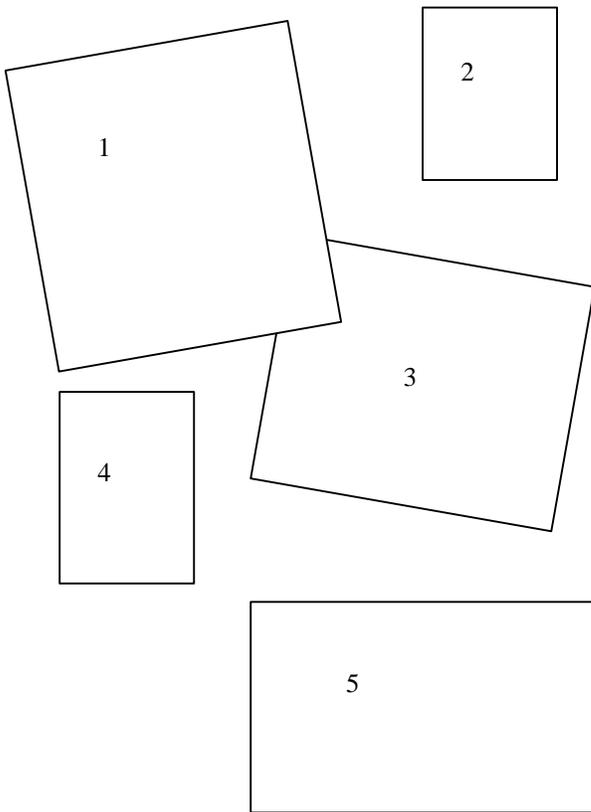


*Plus*

SIXTY YEARS AGO ON  
THE BANKS OF THE  
OHIO RIVER  
A STAR APPEARED...

Page 15

On the front cover:



1. A 1940 photo of Donnie Branham, the youngest of Brother Branham's eight brothers, and Billy Paul Branham, Brother Branham's oldest son. Story on page 3.
2. Rosella Griffith Martin, shortly after she was saved and healed of alcoholism. Story on page 5.
3. Fourteen-year-old Lillie Quails. Story on page 8
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5. Brother Branham baptizing Nanny Lou Simms in the Ohio River, June 11, 1933. Story on page 15.

# Only Believe

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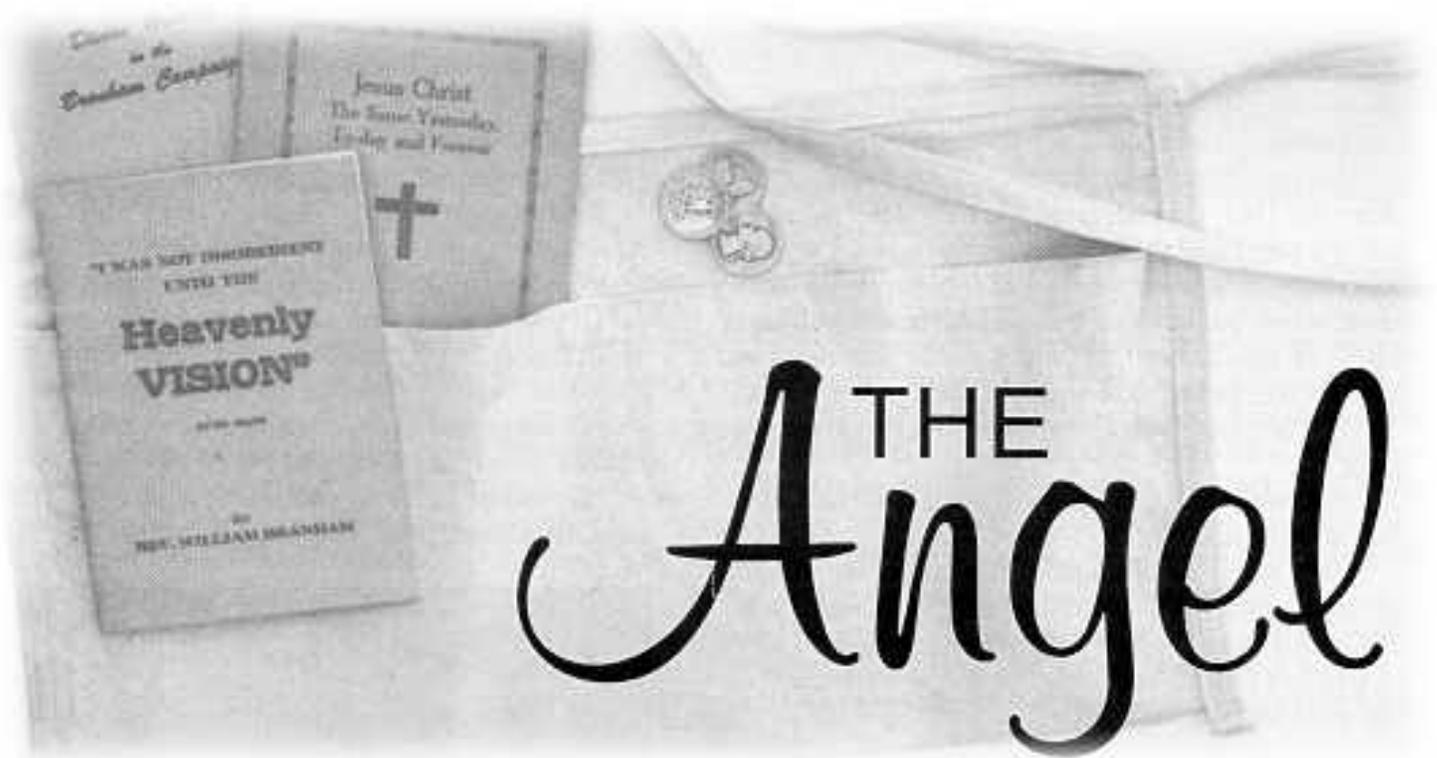
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**O**n the back cover:

This quote is taken from a collection of Brother Branham's handwritten sermon notes which is on display in the William Branham Memorial Library in Tucson, Arizona. He titled this set of notes "The Glory Of The Lord," but Brother Branham went to be with the Lord before he could preach this message.

**Published by  
Believers International, PO Box 1000  
Elizabethton, TN 37644-1000**

The Angel said, “You can wake up your son, Billy.”



by **Billy Paul Branham**



This photo of our family was taken in 1946. I was 11 years old.

**A**s a little boy, I used to sell books for my dad in the healing campaigns. I wore a carpenter’s nail apron around my waist, and I would walk up and down the aisles before the service, offering for sale the three booklets we had at that time, which were *I Was Not Disobedient To The Heavenly Vision*, *Jesus Christ, The Same Yesterday, Today, and Forever*, and *Divine Healing In The Branham Campaigns*. The price was three for 25 cents, and I remember how I concentrated on making the correct change for people, and then balancing my little record book every night. I thought I had the most important job in the world and I was proud to think that Dad trusted me to do it. Usually, one of my uncles would travel with us also, to give out the prayer cards each night and to help Dad in and out of the service. I especially liked it when Donnie, Dad’s youngest brother, who was only eight years older than me, came along. We were both just kids, and we had a lot in common and shared some great times together.

*continued...*

## Angel, *continued*

It was never Dad's way to stay in high-priced accommodations when we traveled, but that was especially the case in those early years of ministry when our choice of lodging would best be described as being adequate, but humble. Dad and I spent many, many nights together in the cramped quarters of run-of-the-mill hotels, where the bathroom was not in your room, but at the end of the hall. They were uneventful times, for the most part, with one remarkable exception.

We were in Vandalia, Illinois, and I was about 11 years old. Dad, Donnie, and I were all sleeping on one bed in a tiny room, and, being the youngest, I was in the middle. It was very early in the morning, before dawn, when Dad nudged me awake. He was holding a pillow up next to my face, and when he was sure I was fully awake, he began to speak to me in a low voice. "Billy," he said, "you know the Angel that Daddy talks about?"

I had heard him tell, many times, about the Angel that stood beside him, so I said, "Yes, sir."

"He's here," he continued, "he visited me tonight and told me things about the coming meetings. He is still in this room, right now, and I asked him if I could let you and Donnie see him. The Angel told me, 'You can wake up your son, Billy.'"

He nodded his head towards a corner of the room where I knew there was a wash basin and mirror, but that spot was now being blocked from my view by the pillow. Dad said, "He's right over there by the wash basin. Would you like to see him?"

Again I said, "Yes, sir."

From the first time I'd heard Dad speak about the Angel that came and spoke with him and stood beside him, I had wondered what an angel looked like. I don't know what I expected to see in our room that night – an airborne being with wings, I suppose. But that is not the way it was.

Dad lowered the pillow so that I could see, and I turned my head towards the corner of the room. There stood a man dressed in white. Every detail of his face and clothing was visible to me, and in my mind's eye I can see those details as clearly today as I did then. He was a large man, weighing perhaps 200 pounds (much larger than my dad). His hair was very dark and hung to his shoulders, touching the

robe-like garment he wore, but he had no beard. His complexion was smooth and unlined, and the color of his skin was somewhat dark, nearly olive-toned. Later in my life, I recognized his features and coloring as being characteristic of the Armenian people. His arms were folded across his chest, and he was looking directly at us there on the bed. There was a kind and gentle look in his eyes that I cannot describe, and although he did not say a word to me, I sensed a communication between the Angel and Dad. I began to tremble. Dad put his arm around me and said, "Don't be afraid of him, son. He has been sent from the Presence of God Almighty."

With my dad's arm around me, I continued to look directly at the Angel, and after a few minutes the man's form began to blend into a pillar of light. The light became a mist which then vanished from the room. In its place hung a rainbow.

When Donnie awoke a short time later, the rainbow was still visible in the room, and together we watched the colorful beam of light as it hung there in our room for more than two hours.

When I grew older, I asked my dad, "How come the Angel of the Lord let me see him that night?"

I'll never forget his reply. He said, "Because God called you to work with me, son, and He wanted to make Himself manifested to you." And I know that from that night in Vandalia on, no matter where we were, I never had to wait to hear Dad say, "He's here." I could always tell when that Presence was near.



And today, I believe that same Angel of the Lord is encamped about those that fear His Name. □

Billy Paul  
Branham

# YE SHALL BE

## *Free Indeed*

By ROSELLA GRIFFITH MARTIN

I was born September 22, 1924, in mid-state Illinois. I was an only child, and although they did not profess to be Christians themselves at that time, my parents believed in applying the instructions of Proverbs 22:

**“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”**

Accordingly, I was sent to the Free Methodist Church, and when I was six years old I gave my heart to Jesus.

All through my teen-age years I continued to be active in our church, and even sang in the choir. My friends were all well-behaved young people and we spent our time having good, clean fun. But I recognized that there was still something missing in my life, a void that I didn't understand. As far back as I can remember, I was always looking for joy, and for something that would make me happy. In Sunday school I had been taught stories about Jesus, but I was always left wondering, “Where is Jesus?” I knew the Scriptures, but I didn't know Him.

After graduating from high school, we moved to Joliet, and I started working in an office. On my evenings off, I began to meet with a number of the girls from work and we would go into near-by Chicago for dinner and dancing. We thought we were really having fun, and before long we were ordering an alcoholic beverage before our meal.

This never seemed to present a problem for the other girls; at least it appeared that they all could stop drinking when they wanted to. But that was not the case with me. I soon figured out that if I arrived at the table first, I could get a head start on the others by having several drinks before they got there. In that way, I was always way ahead of them in the amount of alcohol consumed, but they never knew. The Scriptures tell us that **“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”** (Proverbs 20:1) Oh, how true!

I don't know why alcohol became such an obsession with me. Neither my mother or my father ever drank. Daddy used to say, “I wouldn't have a drink with the President!” I knew he was right and I was wrong, but I put on my rose-colored glasses and started down the path to my own personal hell.

I never lived immorally, even when I was drinking to excess, but I did recognize that something had taken possession of my life. I resented the fact that I was compelled to do something beyond my own will, and although I did not understand what it was all about, I did know that it was real . . . and it was terrible.

In the year 1949, at the age of 25, I knew I was a confirmed alcoholic. I did not want to admit it, even to myself, but my life had been reduced to unending hours of despair and an ever-present, demanding thirst from which I was unable to free myself.

I began losing weight, because I had very little appetite for food. The doctors gave me shots of vitamins to keep me alive during those days, but even so, I was in the hospital so many times that I'm sure they grew tired of seeing me. In my heart I wanted to be free, and I tried everything to get my mind off drinking, but it did not take the craving away. . . the terrible craving.

My mother had become a Christian and was attending the Nazarene church. She and my father tried to help me in every way they knew. They sacrificed financially for me to go to a special hospital for alcoholics, but five doctors there gave me up completely saying that within six months time they believed I'd be in a mental institution. One minister came to my home and tried to reason with me over the Scriptures, but what I needed was someone who could do like the disciples did and command the demon of alcohol to leave in the Name of Jesus Christ.

Still, my mother would not give up on me. Every day she would spend her lunch hour from work in a nearby church, fasting and praying, asking God to make me well. My dad finally told her to give up, because I'd never change. “Maybe she can't change herself,” she told him, “but I know a God that is able to change her.”

Mother bought me a fur coat to keep me warm, thinking that if I fell down drunk on the street somewhere, at least I wouldn't freeze to death during the cold Chicago winters. I recall that I slit the pockets in the coat and put bottles of alcohol inside the lining to hide them from her and my father.

I worked until I got so weak I couldn't work any more, and lost my job. One day I stepped in front of a car going about 80 miles per hour, hoping to end it all, and in my mind today I can still hear the squealing of the tires as the car skidded around me. The neighbors made fun of me, because the shaking and the tremors that accompany alcoholism are both uncontrollable and ludicrous to behold. I shook so badly that I was unable to lift a glass to my lips to drink, and I had to lap from the glass, like a little dog.

I decided I would try Alcoholics Anonymous, hoping they might help me, and I was able to stay sober for nine months on their program. But every morning of those nine long months I would kneel at the foot of my bed and pray, "God, would You please keep me sober today."

He did keep me sober, but I was not happy and I definitely was not free. *The craving was still there.* I'm not against Alcoholics Anonymous, for they are a good group of people trying to help themselves and help others, but one thing they do admit is that they will have the craving for the rest of their lives. It is a battle for them and they have to be on guard at all times against the craving. They will remain alcoholics even though they do not drink, because that craving is always there. Only Christ can heal an alcoholic.

I'm so glad my mother stood by me and clung to God's Word even though I disgraced her. She did not understand why I did as I did, but still she stood by me. When I was at my worst, my mother saw me in a vision, and in her vision I was saved and had a Bible in my hands. She clung to that and believed.

In July of 1952, I was on my way home one day on the city bus when the bus driver, a friend of my mother, said to me, "Rosella, there are meetings taking place in Hammond, Indiana, where a man named William Branham is praying for the sick. The crippled are walking, the blind are seeing, and even cancers are healed."

Even though I had never heard of such things happening, I clung to his words for I thought, "If these people could be healed, then surely I can be healed, too." It was a ray of light in the darkest hour of my life.

*This is the part I love to tell. Just like Paul who kept telling about his Damascus Road experience, I like to tell what Jesus did for me.*

Three days after I first heard of William Branham, my mother, a lady friend of hers and I, drove to the Civic Center in Hammond, Indiana (just across the state line, about 40 miles from Joliet), to attend an afternoon service. The date was July 11, 1952.

The meeting was already in progress when I entered the door and the people were singing and praising God. I thought, "They certainly are a noisy bunch," but I determined that if this was what it took, then I'd go along with them. During the preaching, I kept sneaking glances at the people around me to see

how they were acting, and I had to admit that they were the happiest bunch of people I had ever seen. To me, their faces appeared to be glowing.

During the service, it was stressed over and over, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever." I did not know one Scripture for healing, but I thought that if God made the universe and all its wonders, and He made me, then it would be a small thing for Him to heal my body. I bowed my head and asked God that if healing was His will, then please find a way for me. (I did not know that the Bible says, "By His stripes we are healed.")

After the service was dismissed, Billy Paul Branham, Brother William Branham's son, came by with prayer cards for that evening's prayer line. He asked if I wanted one, and I answered, "Yes."

Then he asked what was wrong and I said, "I'm an alcoholic."

He wrote it on the card and handed it to me. The number on the card was J-27. The thought came to my mind, "You don't want to stand before this whole congregation and have them know what's wrong with you. You'll be embarrassed and ridiculed publicly." I quickly dismissed it, for I was ready to be free and I believed that God could heal me.

That night Brother Branham's sermon was titled "Come See A Man," and never before in my life had I heard anyone speak so personally about Jesus. As he was preaching, I knew that if I could stand before this man of God, I'd be healed.

***I'm not against Alcoholics Anonymous, for they are a good group of people trying to help themselves and help others, but one thing they do admit is that they will have the craving for the rest of their lives. It is a battle for them and they have to be on guard at all times against the craving. They will remain alcoholics even though they do not drink, because that craving is always there. Only Christ can heal an alcoholic.***



*Helene Proctor was healed the night following my healing and deliverance.*

After the preaching, Brother Branham began to call the prayer cards. He began with J-25, which meant that I was third in line. When I came before him, he immediately said that he saw me in darkness. He asked, "Do you believe me to be God's prophet?"

I replied, "Yes, sir."

Then he questioned me, "If God reveals to me what is the matter with you, and if Jesus heals you, will you serve Jesus the rest of

your life?"

Again, I said "Yes, sir."

He looked at me a moment, then said, "You're an alcoholic."

I acknowledged that it was the truth, and Brother Branham asked the audience to bow their heads. He placed his hand on my head and rebuked the devil of alcohol from my life in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

To all the medical doctors, I was a problem. To all the ministers of our church, I was a problem. But just one minute in front of a man of God who knew where he stood, and I was instantly healed and I knew it. I was *free* for the first time in my whole life; my bondage was over. **"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."** (John 8:36) Praise His Holy Name!

I was having a meeting all my own as I left that platform. My, how happy I was, for I had something I longed for all my life in Christ.

A lady walked up to me, and I could tell that she had been crying. She began to tell me how sorry she felt for me, but I quickly told her she did not have to feel sorry any longer, for Jesus had just healed my body and I was fine. Then she asked me if I'd call her daughter and speak with her on the telephone. I asked her if there was a problem, and she finally admitted to me that her daughter was a drug addict and was, at that time, working as a dancer in a night club. The mother was desperate, and she gave me her daughter's name and phone number and asked me to call her the next day.

On our way home from the meeting, I told my mother about the phone number I had been given, and the request the woman had made. Mother was worried about me making that call, afraid that I might get mixed up again in a situation that I wasn't yet strong enough to handle. I decided to wait until morning to make a decision on the matter.

That night, lying on my bed, I came to God, asking Him to forgive every sin I had ever committed against Him, for I was sorry. I knew I was healed, but I also wanted to be saved and the Lord wonderfully revealed His saving grace to me that night.

The next morning, I was able to eat a normal breakfast, and it was the first time I'd felt like eating in a long time. The whole world looked different to me, even the grass looked greener. I told Mother I felt a strong urge to call Helene Proctor, the girl whose phone number I had been given. I went to the phone and talked 45 minutes to this girl, and invited her to attend the services in Hammond. She found every excuse not to go to the meeting, and she asked me, "How do you know you were healed?"

That was something I couldn't explain, but I told her, "Helene, we've tried everything else, so let's try the Lord Jesus."

I went to the meeting that night and met Helene for the first time. She got a prayer card, and just like it happened to me the night before, her number was called. She asked me if I would go with her to the line because she was scared, and she asked me what she should do. I told her, "Forget everything else, and just believe Jesus."

Imagine, I was just saved and healed the night before myself and I was already acting like I knew what it was all about!

She was last in line, and Brother Branham prayed for her. Jesus healed her too, and how happy we both were, tears running down our cheeks, knowing it was the power of God that set us free. How wonderful to serve Christ! The Lord is wonderful!

Helene later married an evangelist, and she and her husband have traveled across the country testifying and bringing souls to Jesus Christ.

There is nothing too hard for God. I have a brand new life in Christ.



**"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, behold old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." (2 Corinthians 5:17)**

*continued on page 10*

# *Beholding Believing Receiving!*

## The Testimony Of Lillie Qualls

I grew up in the farm region around Visalia, California, one of nine children in a family that knew what it was like to work hard for a living. Daddy farmed some land himself, and we also picked cotton, fruit, and vegetables for other farmers in the area. We were poor, but too happy to notice.

My grandfather was an old-time Pentecostal who believed in the power of prayer. When his family was in need, he would pray and the Lord would provide, and it was from him that I first learned that God answers prayer.

My daddy was saved in 1944 when I was 12 years old, and it was two years later when he heard that a minister that prayed for the sick was going to be in Fresno. I had been born with a goiter, and even though it wasn't bothering me much at the time, he decided to take me up to the meeting to be prayed for. I was just getting over a bad case of the flu and was still pretty weak, but I went anyway.

The church where the meeting was being held was very small, and when we arrived it was already packed to capacity and the overflow crowd was standing around the outside of the building. The minister's name was William Branham, and speakers had been placed outside so we would hear what was taking place inside. I remember that as I listened to that voice for the first time, there was a uniqueness to it that made me want to hear every word. At one point I began to feel very weak, and I prayed, "Lord, don't let me faint. I want to hear what this man has to say.

After the preaching, a prayer line was formed and I was able to get in it. There were so many people that I hardly had to move my feet to be carried forward. There were no prayer cards, and at that time Brother Branham was demonstrating the Sign in his hand.

At one point, when I was near enough to see what was happening at the pulpit, a lady came before Brother Branham and she had a huge goiter on her throat. He asked us to bow our heads as he prayed, and when the prayer was finished and we raised our heads, the goiter was gone. He asked the woman to bend forward, and the skin hung down loose from her neck, where just a moment before it had been stretched tight by the enlarged gland.

I had never seen anything like that before, and I felt completely awed by everything that was happening. It finally came my turn and Brother Branham prayed for me, but I don't know why I couldn't believe enough for my own healing after seeing that other woman healed. I guess it wasn't my time yet, but I never forgot the things that I saw and heard that day.

My husband, Gene, and I were married in 1951, and a year later we had a baby girl. My pregnancy aggravated my goiter, and the condition grew worse and worse. By 1955, a cyst had formed between the goiter and my windpipe, I was choking so badly that I could hardly breath, and I was unable to work any longer at my job of packing oranges. Finally, the doctors decided to operate.



I was dismissed from the hospital very quickly after my surgery, almost as though the doctors were anxious to get rid of me. They told me it was all right to go back to work, and I did, even though I was barely able to get around. And I didn't get any better.

By 1957, I could hardly raise my arms. My entire body was swollen, and I was in constant pain. I prayed, and the church prayed, and the pastor prayed. But every night when I would go to bed, I would lie there and think, "I believe that if I could ever stand before the man of God again, I would be healed."

One day in March I received a phone call from a friend of mine, Sister Wanda Ayers. She said, "Do you know that Brother Branham is going to be in Oakland?" That was about 200 miles away, and we hardly had two nickels to rub together. I was wondering how I was going to get there, and that evening my aunt stopped by on her way to church. When I told her about the meeting she said, "I'll take you, and we can stay with my sister while we're there."

We attended the entire week of meetings. On Friday, my dad's cousin was prayed for and was healed of a cancer on his shoulder. On Saturday, Gene and my brothers arrived, and that night there were many of our friends and family members in the auditorium, and I was one of the several that had a prayer card for that service.

The first woman prayed for that evening, Sister McCarty, was from our church and she had cancer real bad. Her husband and her brother-in-law had to help her to the platform because she could hardly walk. The Lord healed her and she lived for years afterwards

Sister Jesse Phillips, a friend, was next in line, and then there was a gentleman after her, the only person in the line that I didn't know. Another friend, Sister Evelyn Ayers was next, and when we got in the line she said, "Oh, I wanted my daughter, Jeanette, to have her prayer card called, and I started to change cards with her, but I didn't know if that would be right."

I said, "Just keep her on your heart when you go up there."

When she stood before Brother Branham he told her about the knot in her side. Then he said, "Say, I see a little girl appear, too. Your little girl. And that child has something wrong with its stomach, and it has kidney trouble.

Isn't that right? Go home, and put that handkerchief on it and may it be made well, in the Name of Jesus Christ."

Then it was my turn, but as I walked up to him, he turned to the audience and called out people from our church.

I was weeping as I stood there. The message that night was "God In His Word," and I can say from the bottom of my heart that the Bible came alive to me as he was preaching. I believed that the message that night was just for me. I could see God in everything, and it didn't even matter if I was prayed for, I was still so caught up in that message.

A moment later, he turned and looked at me, and I knew, at that moment, that my life was an open book; nothing was hidden. "Here's a lady," he said, "this will settle it. There's a whole group of you, if you can believe." (I do not know if he was talking about others in the audience who had my same problem, or all my friends and relatives who were in the audience that night.)

His eyes shifted and then he was looking past me, and I knew he was seeing something about my life. He said, "I've just watched something take place. You've had an operation. That's right. And it was a throat... goiter, and it never did do right. That's right. You live in a rural district, don't you? You want me to tell you what your number is? You live on Route 1, don't you? And your box is 480. That's right. Your name is Lillie Qualls. Isn't that right? Return home and be made well in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Every word was true, and as I took a step forward to continue across the platform, I have never felt such a Presence. The Spirit of the Lord was from my head to my feet, and I had to be helped down the steps. It was so marvelous.

That night, we were staying at my aunt's and Gene asked me how I felt. I said, "Gene, I have just as much pain as ever, but there is something in me that knows I'm healed. I know I am."

We stayed for the service on Sunday, then drove home. By Sunday night when I lay down, there was not one bit of pain. I could only cry and thank the Lord for healing me.

There were times afterwards when the pain threatened to return, but I'd just stop what I was doing and recall that meeting, and I'd be well again instantly.

*Continued*

*Beholding, continued*

In February of 1964, Brother Branham come to Tulare, California, and I was asked to play the piano for the meetings.

The last service was on Sunday, the 16<sup>th</sup>, and on that day he was going to pray for everybody that had a prayer card. I had been suffering from two persistent conditions for some time, female trouble and sinus headaches, Brother Billy Paul Branham offered me a prayer card but I told him, "I have to play the piano, but if you would just bring Brother Branham by the piano when you walk him off the platform, that will be enough."

But that evening when the prayer line was called, Brother Branham left the platform and stood down front with the other ministers that were present, praying for people as they passed by.

I thought to myself, "Brother Billy Paul will take him out the lower side door, and he won't be back up here."

Towards the end of the prayer line, he suddenly returned to the platform and began to thank the ministers for their help. I thought that the prayer for the sick was over, when unexpectedly he turned to a Spanish brother who was on the platform and said, "Don't worry about your mom, she'll be all right."

Then he turned to me. "And you sitting there, that sinus and female trouble - I knew it all along. You're going to be over it, don't worry.

It was behind us, the same as it was here in front," he told the audience. "He knows all about it."

In a short time, both the female trouble and the sinus problems were a thing of the past.

When I look back, I can see the Grace of the Lord all through our lives. I believe that we are the most privileged people in the world. My mother and dad, and all their children believe the Message of the Hour. We were poor, uneducated people, but His Grace to us has brought spiritual riches far more than we could ever dream. □



Gene and Lillie Quails

*Free, continued from page 7*

**Let me say one thing; I have never craved alcohol since that night, July 11, 1952. A short time after I was saved and healed, I was at the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville, Indiana, during a communion service. I had made up my mind that that I would take the bread, and by-pass the wine. But as I approached the altar where Brother Branham and Brother Neville were serving the communion, I looked at Brother Branham and he said, "It will be all right, Sister Rosella." So I took the bread and the wine and have taken wine every communion since. That proves that I'm healed, to be able to drink the wine and not crave.**

**Jesus said, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witness unto me... unto the uttermost part of the earth." I could not give a testimony like this if I were in my old self. But I am not in myself I am in Christ Jesus, and I love to witness to the grace of God that was shown to me during my dark days of discouragement and despair while in the grip of alcoholism. For 40-plus years, I have witnessed in jail services, skid row missions, churches, hospitals, to my neighbors and people I meet on the street of what Christ has done for me. Often I think of the Civic Center in Hammond, Indiana, where my life in Christ began, and in my heart a memorial is raised there, where I passed from death unto life. I will never forget that place, and I'll never forget Brother Branham for bringing Jesus to me.**



In the Bejar family, there was no father to help discipline the six active youngsters. But, as Jonathan was to learn, our Heavenly Father has many ways to keep His children in line.

Jonathan's story begins on the next page.

# A WARNING

## By Jonathan Bejar

I was a child of seven years old and had just entered the first grade when I experienced the first of many episodes of a pain that was so debilitating I can hardly find words to describe it. It would usually begin when I was at play, a stabbing pain on the side of my neck, down near my shoulder. Then, agonizing tentacles would press their way up into the back of my head. The unconsciousness that often followed was welcomed.

My father was a pastor, and later an evangelist, with the Apostolic Church amongst the Spanish-speaking people. I was born in 1941 when he was pastoring in Phoenix, Arizona, and from there we moved to New Mexico for a short time, then on to Texas. In 1948, at the onset of my illness, we were living in Weslaco, Texas, near the border town of Brownsville. We were a large family, I was the second of six children, and my parents were not financially able to afford the medical costs of testing (let alone treating) my condition. We never knew what caused the attacks that I experienced, but they persisted for some time and grew progressively worse.

In early 1948, my father heard from our friends and family in Phoenix that the revival fires in the Apostolic community had been stirred and they were eager to share with him their testimonies. An out-of-state preacher by the name of William Branham had visited the area, they told him. He had even ministered at the Apostolic Church in the Spanish-speaking community, and his meetings were like nothing they had ever seen before. They had even seen the dead raised. Right away, Dad decided that this ministry was something he wanted to see for himself.

A short time after Dad heard the testimonies from Phoenix, he learned that Brother Branham would be ministering in Houston, Texas, which was about 350 miles from where we lived. He knew of others in our church who were sick also, so he invited them to make the trip to Houston with us, filling two cars with members of his flock.



In the early 1950's, many of Brother Branham's Phoenix meetings took place in this boxing and wrestling arena called Madison Square Garden

It was the first time I had ever been away from my mother, and it seemed like such a long ride. Even after we got there, I didn't get prayed for right away. The meetings were held in a huge auditorium, and we sat in the balcony each night so we could see everything that happened on the platform.

On the third night, it was my turn to go through the prayer line, and my father went with me. I remember Brother Branham prayed for me, then he shook hands with Dad.

I never had another seizure after being prayed for, and my rough-and-tumble days of childhood quickly returned to normal. In addition, there was one unexpected result of the trip that occurred, and that was the healing of my father's hands. After shaking hands with Brother Branham, the warts that were covering my father's hands at that time began to disappear, and by the time we returned home, they had completely vanished. And they never returned. Dad had not been concerned with himself when he took me to stand before the prophet of God, but the Lord had allowed him to partake of the physical blessing also.

My father became ill in 1950 and we moved back to Phoenix that year. In February of 1951, Dad went to be with the Lord at the age of 37, leaving my mother a widow at age 33, with six children to raise.

Brother Branham came to Phoenix fairly frequently, and in 1954 he held a campaign in a local wrestling and boxing arena called Madison Square Garden. Our church would cancel scheduled services so that everyone could attend. We'd meet at the church to sing a few songs, then we'd drive together to the auditorium, which was three miles or so from where we lived.

One evening I was sitting up in the balcony with some of my friends, and I was wearing a bright red shirt. It had been six years since I was healed in Houston, and I was now entering my teenage years. At the platform, which had been set up in the center of the arena, Brother Branham had finished preaching and was having a discernment line. Abruptly, he turned and pointed in my direction. "That boy up there in the red shirt," he said, "I prayed for him in Houston and the Lord healed him."

Then, he spoke directly to me, "Be obedient to your mother." After a momentary pause, he continued with the prayer line.

I have never forgotten the sound of his voice as he spoke those words to me.

As a matter of fact, I often thought not only about what he said, but also about what he *didn't* say. He didn't say, "Be obedient to your parents," which means he also knew that my dad was no longer with us.

I know it was a struggle for my mother to raise the six of us children. But somehow she managed to keep us off the streets and in church; she prayed with us each night, and set high standards for us to follow. I'm sure I caused her a fair share of heartaches, especially in those hard, teenage years.

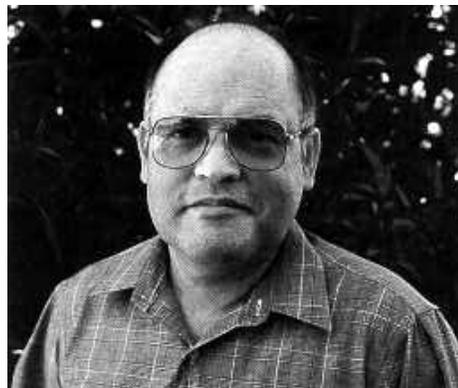
I was the oldest boy, and therefore felt that I was also the man in the family and should have a little more freedom than Mother wanted to give me. There was a certain group of roughnecks in our neighborhood that she didn't want me spending time with, and I knew they were a bad influence, but, on occasion, I would slip out to be with them. Other times I would sass my mother, and talk back to her, even though in my heart I knew better than to be so disrespectful; and there were occasions when I would do other things that I knew would break Mother's heart if she found out.

But something unusual began to happen whenever I would step out of line and do something I knew better than to do. That old pain would start up again in my neck, and I would feel its claw-like grasp reaching into my head. And then, as clear as a bell, I would hear Brother Branham's voice saying, "Be obedient to your mother." Believe me, that would bring me back in line in a hurry! The pain never lasted long, just long enough to get my attention.

For several years the Holy Spirit placed this physical warning sign upon me, and the voice of Brother Branham to direct me and keep me on the right track until I finally learned my lesson and gave my heart to Jesus Christ.

By His Grace, I intend to stay on that right track until Jesus comes to take us Home. ☐

Jonathan Bejar



In Port Elizabeth, South Africa, more than 4,000 people placed handkerchiefs on the platform to be prayed over according to

## ACTS 19:12

The Feather Market Hall was filled to capacity for every service when Brother William Branham visited Port Elizabeth, South Africa. For five days, November 7 through 11, 1951, the crowds that gathered were the largest our city had ever seen.

Although we didn't realize at that time that he was a prophet, my parents, George and Martha Craill, did recognize that Brother Branham was a man of God and they encouraged us children to attend as many of the meetings as we could. My sister, Elizabeth, would take off work to be there, and another sister, Edna, would go straight from school to stand in the line so she could get into the hall for the evening service. My mother was anxious to be in the prayer line. She was a real Christian lady and she had need of healing. The problem she had with her hands was an arthritic condition that made it very painful for her to put her hands in water. For a mother with eight children and seven boarders to care for, it



Sisters, Iris & Elizabeth.



At the platform during the 1951 South African campaign, Brother Branham prays over thousands of handkerchiefs.

By Iris Reynolds

created a really tremendous hardship on her.

I can recall seeing the ambulances bringing people from the hospitals to be prayed for. Inside the building there were row upon row of stretchers bearing the sick and lame. There were so many sick that Mother never had an opportunity to be in the healing line. But the sponsors of the meeting asked that everyone who would like to have Brother Branham pray over their handkerchief to place it in an envelope with their address on it and put it in one of the large baskets on the platform.

Several days after the meeting had ended, Mother received the envelope containing her handkerchief in the post. She testified that when she opened it,

she felt as though electricity went through her body, from her head to the tips of her toes. She was healed immediately and she never, ever had a problem with her hands again. It was a wonderful victory for a person who had to begin her work at four o'clock each morning and work steady through the day.

For many, many years, we did not hear anything of Brother Branham.

Then, after I was married, my husband picked up a tract at a church he was attending, and it was about Brother Branham. We were excited when we read his name, and saw that tapes of his sermons were available. We could hardly wait to find these people that had tapes we could hear.

We contacted Brother Willie Retief, whose name was on the tract, and the first tape he gave us was "The Proof Of The Resurrection." And that set the ball rolling for us. There was no turning back.

Today, my husband is assistant pastor in a Message church pastored by Brother Theo Erasmus in Capetown, South Africa. □

June 11, 1933

Jeffersonville, Indiana



At the conclusion of the tent revival, there were several hundred converts that desired to be baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ by the young preacher, Billy Branham.

He was a local boy, just twenty-four years of age, and the two-week Jeffersonville campaign (his first) had attracted a great deal of attention. Capacity crowds had jammed the service every night.

Most of those who had attended the meetings now gathered for the baptism on the north bank of the Ohio River, right where Spring Street dipped to meet the water's edge. Hope Brumback, the girl that would one day marry Brother Billy, was snapping pictures of friends as they were baptized. A small flat-bottomed houseboat was partially aground nearby, and a plank joined its deck to the land. It was being used as a changing room by some of the baptismal candidates.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Brother Billy was standing waist deep in the water with the 17<sup>th</sup> person. On the shore, heads were bowed in prayer. His voice could be heard clearly as he raised his hand and began to pray, "Father, as I baptize this boy with water, may You baptize him with the Holy Spirit."

There was a pause. It continued long enough that people began to raise their heads, curious to see what was causing the delay.

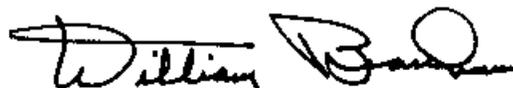
In the water, the eyes of the young preacher were focused on the sky to the West and what appeared to be a star, approaching rapidly. The sky was churning in its wake, and as it grew nearer to where the people stood, they could see a greenish tinge to the swirling mass of light. It finally stopped, hovering over the two in the water and churning the smooth surface of the river into choppy waves.

A few women watching from the shore fainted. Some screamed. Others ran away.

Those nearest the shore heard a Voice saying, "As John the Baptist was sent to forerun the first coming of Christ, your message will forerun His second coming"

The phenomena lasted one minute, then disappeared into the heavens the same way it came, leaving the waters calm once again. Brother Billy continued to baptize the people. □

**Notice him [Elijah] in the cave**  
**The Oneness Storm**  
**Billy Graham - Earth Shaking Campaigns**  
**Oral Roberts - The Pentecostal Rushing Wind**  
**Never moved the prophet**  
**They were only “effects” of His passing by.**  
**But what attracted the prophet Elijah?**  
**It was the Glory of His “Voice” Word**  
**Revealing His Glory plans.**  
**The prophet waited on his office.**  
**Notice as a type - not long then to the rapture.**  
**He was only near in wind, earthquake, fire, etc.**  
**The man of God waited for Manifested Reality**  
**Vindicated Word**  
**Abiding Glory**



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