



The Rich And Poor Friend

*But store up
for yourselves
treasures in hea-
ven, where moth and
rust do not destroy, and
where thieves do not break
in and steal.*

Matthew 6:20

*A christmas story told by
Brother William Branham.
Retold for children.*

Message
for children

The Rich And The Poor Friend

A Christmas Story

by William M. Branham
retold for children

Sometime ago, up here in Indiana there was two boys that was raised out on a farm. They were just as poor as poor could be, farmer boys.

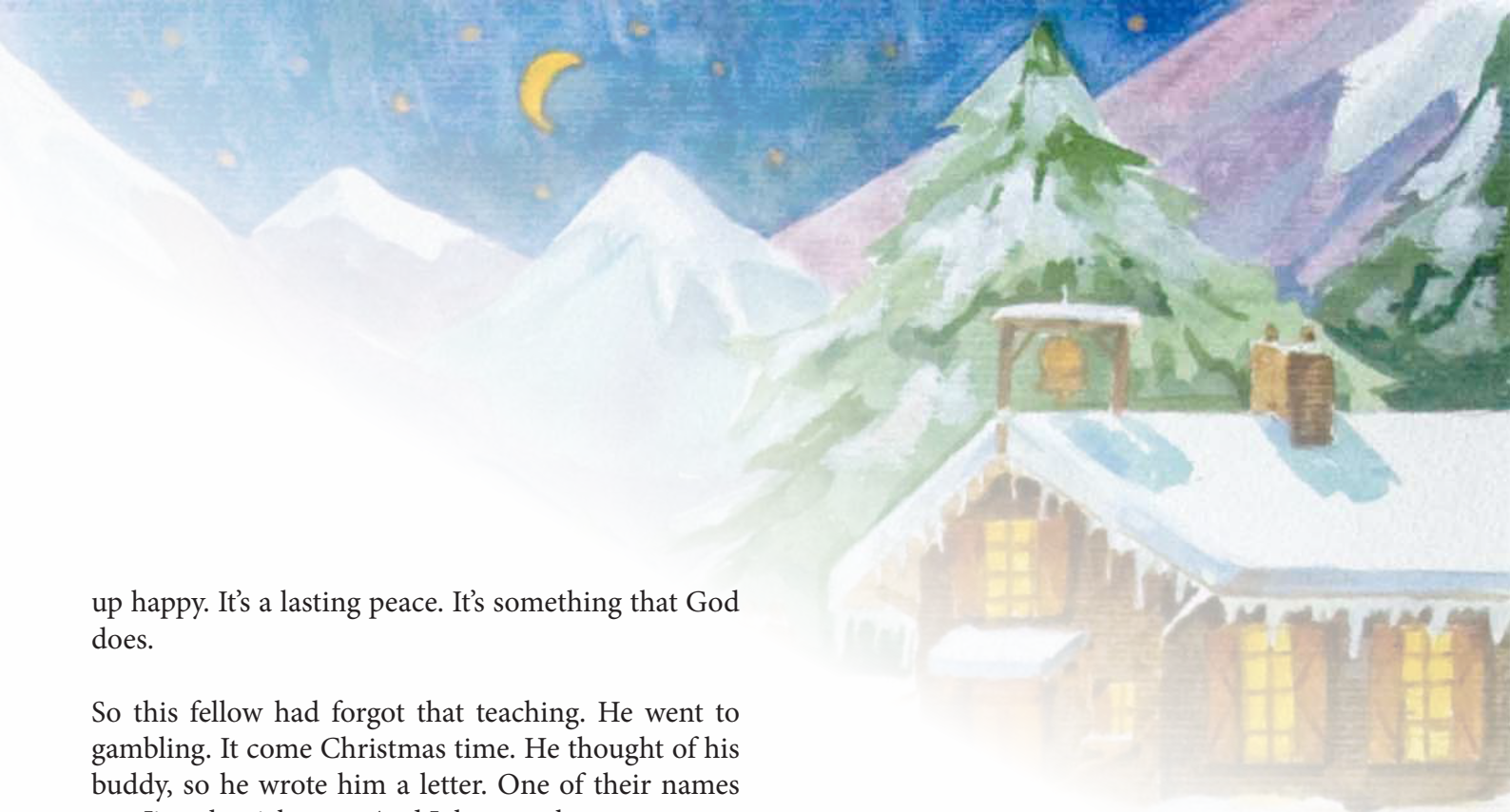
They grew up together. And one day, one of them got married. And a few days afterwards, the other one got married.

And one of them went into the city to live. And he had begun to play the stock markets, got away from his childhood teachings, went into the wrong thing. And he played them, and he got richer and richer, till finally he become a multimillionaire. And he moved up into Chicago, and got on one of the great streets and built himself a palace. Him and his wife run to nightclubs, they drank cocktails, and they laid out all night. They had butlers and everything to furnish them anything that they wanted. And they thought they were really living.

But a man that lives like that has no peace. There is no peace to a troubled heart. To a sinful heart, there cannot be peace. If a man longs to drink, and he calls that life, he thinks he is having a big time, it shows his emptiness. Take a man, make a million dollars, he wants two. Take a man that goes to a party and drinks one drink tonight, he wants another. Take a man, lives untrue to his wife once, he'll live it again; vice versa. See, it's something, and he's never satisfied. He might have a million dollars in his hands or ten million in his hand; he lays down at night with a drunken stew on him; he wakes up the next morning, haunted, nightmares, troubled mind. And you call that peace? That's no peace.

But a man might not even have a pillow to press his head to; he might not even own a decent pair of shoes, or able to have a decent meal in his house; but if God reigns in his heart, he goes to bed happy and wakes





up happy. It's a lasting peace. It's something that God does.

So this fellow had forgot that teaching. He went to gambling. It come Christmas time. He thought of his buddy, so he wrote him a letter. One of their names was Jim, the rich man. And John was the poor one.

And he wrote him a letter, and said, "John, I wish you'd come up to see me through the holidays. I'd like to meet you, talk with you again. I haven't seen you for many years." And John wrote him back, and said, "I'd like to come, Jim. But I can't come; I haven't got the money to come.

A cheque came in the mail after a few days, said; "Come on. I want you to come anyhow." So John, the country boy, got ready. He put on a good clean pair of overalls, his hat, and his little coat of a different colour. Then he boarded the train to Chicago. And when he arrived, a chauffeur was sitting there to meet him with a big limousine. He didn't know how to act. He got in this limousine, holding the hat in his hand, looking around, drove up to a great palace in Chicago.

Got out, went up to the door, and rang the bell. Out came a butler and said "your card please, sir." He didn't know what he was talking about. He handed him his hat. He was... He didn't know nothing about no reception card. He didn't have much of this world's goods. The butler said again, "I want your card." John said "I don't know what you're talking about, Sir." Said, "Jim sent for me to come; that's all I know." So he went back and told his partner, who hadn't got out of bed yet. He said, "There is a funny-looking man standing at the door." He's dressed... I've never seen a man

dressed like him. And he said Jim sent him." Jim said, "Tell him to come on in."

And he slipped on his bathrobe, went down the hall and met this old country friend of his. He shook his hand and said, "John, you don't know how glad I am to see you."

And the old country fellow standing, looking around in the room, said, "Jim, you sure have got plenty."

He said, "I want to show you around."

He took him upstairs, and out on the sun porch, opened up the window.

John said, "Where is Martha?"

"Oh," said "She hasn't come in yet; she was out last night."

"How -how you all getting along?" John asked.

"Oh, not much.

John, how are you and Katie getting along?"

"Just fine." said John

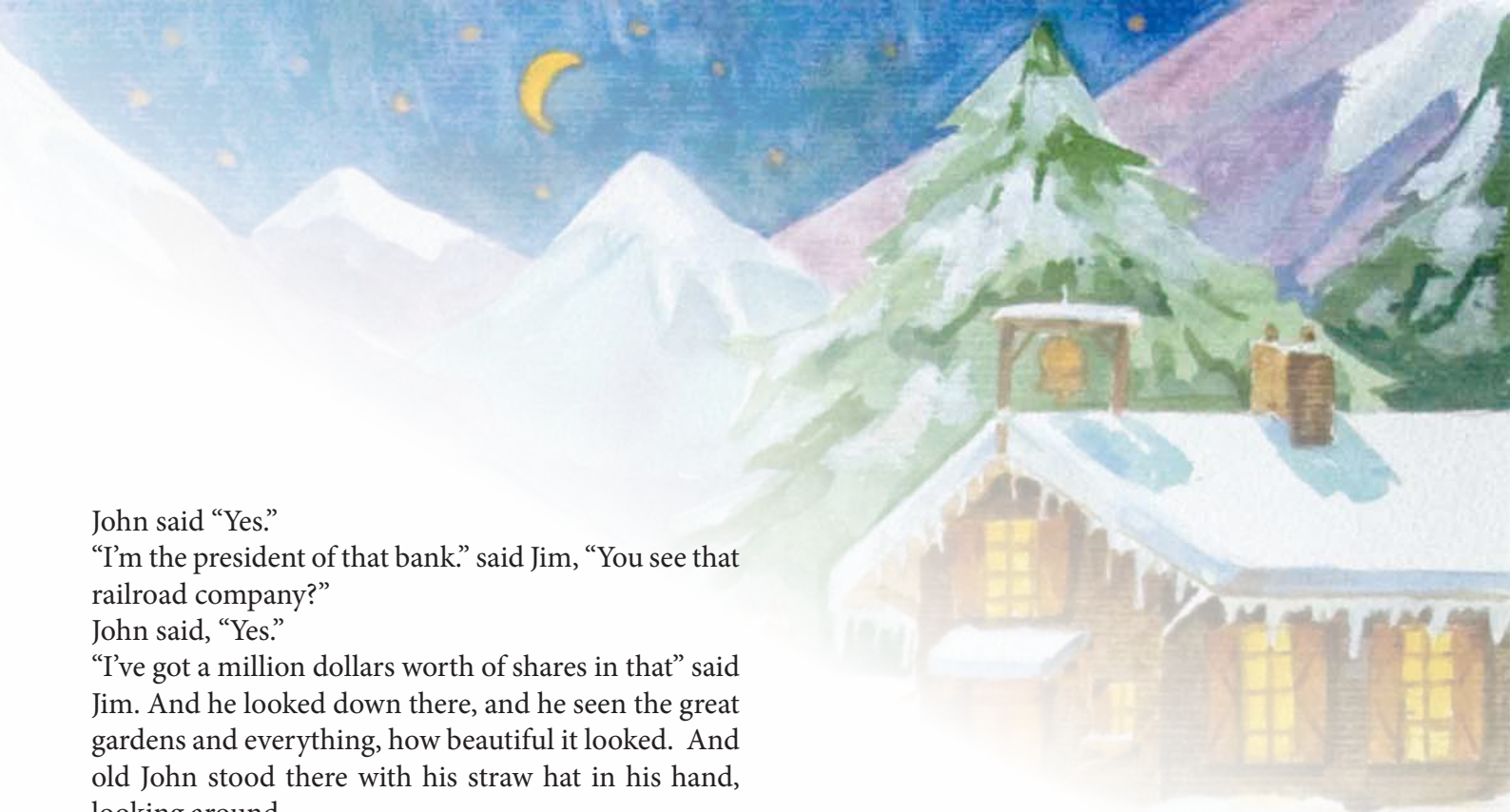
Jim asked, "Oh, is she home?"

"Yes, we got seven kids." said John. "You all got any children?"

And Jim said, "No, Martha wouldn't have any. She thought we'd better not have any children; it interferes with the social life, you know."

He raised back the curtains, and said "Look here. You see that bank over yonder?





John said “Yes.”

“I’m the president of that bank.” said Jim, “You see that railroad company?”

John said, “Yes.”

“I’ve got a million dollars worth of shares in that” said Jim. And he looked down there, and he seen the great gardens and everything, how beautiful it looked. And old John stood there with his straw hat in his hand, looking around.

He said, “That’s fine, Jim. I’m sure thankful that you’ve got it.” Said, “Me and Katie ain’t got much.” Said, “We still live in that little old split-shingled house down there.” And said, “We don’t have very much, but we’re awful happy.” Just then a bunch of carol singers, their voices began to come in.

*Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, and all is bright
Around young virgin mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild.*

Jim turned and looked at John; John looked up to Jim and said, “John, I want to ask you something. You remember when we were boys, and we used to go to that little old red church down there on the side of the road, and we’d hear them old country choirs sing them songs?”

John said “yes.”

“You still go down there?”

“Yes, I still belong there.”

Said, “I’m a deacon down there now.”

“What about you, Jim? You were talking about how much you own down here. But how much do you own up this way?”

“John, I’m sorry.”

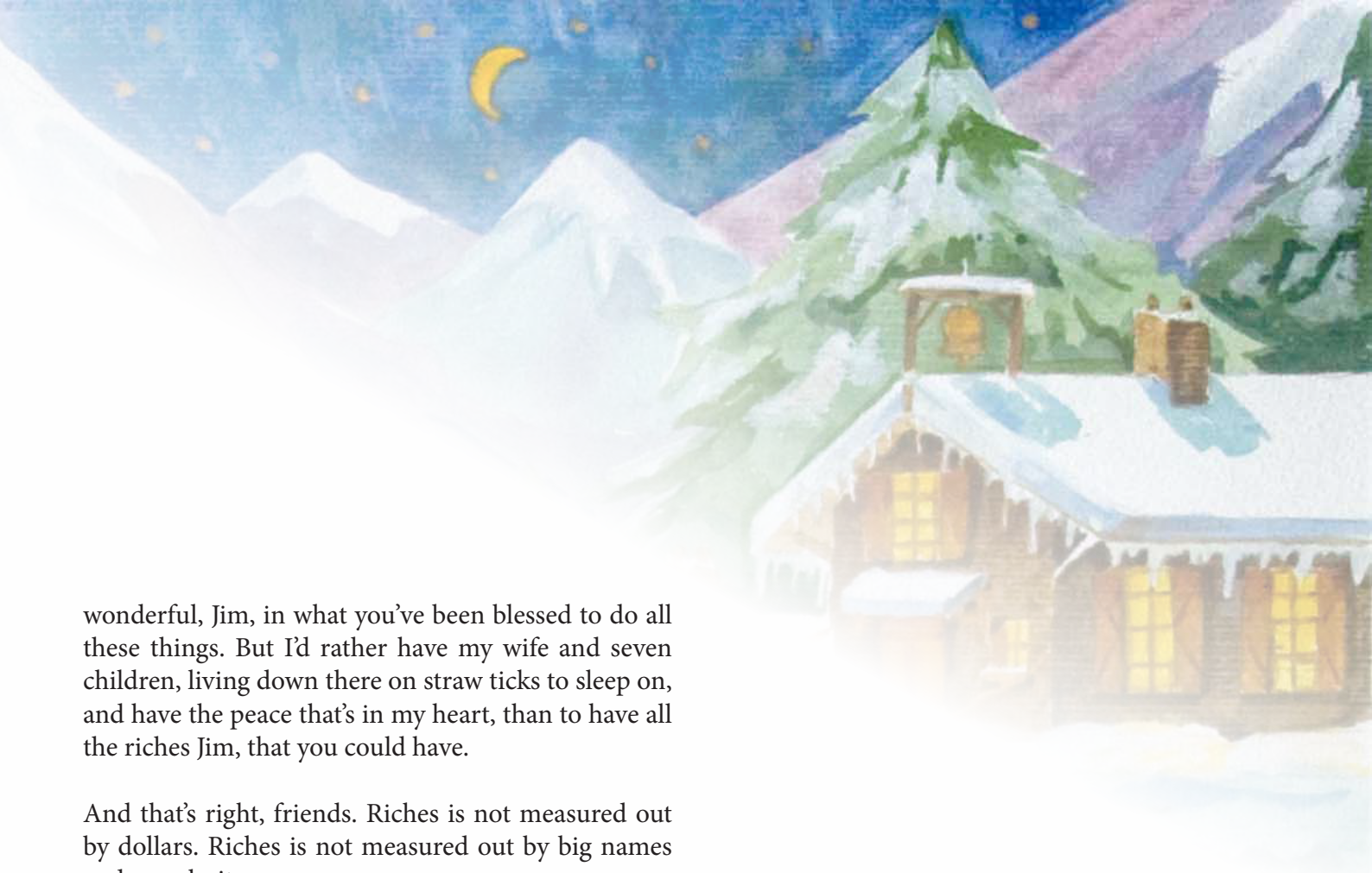
Said, “I don’t own nothing up that way.”

He said, “You remember just before Christmas one year, we didn’t have any shoes?” And said, “We was more interested in getting some firecrackers for Christmas.” And said, “We went out and set some box trap to catch some rabbits to get some firecrackers for Christmas.” Said, “You remember that morning that big old wood’s rabbit was in that box trap of yours?” John said, “Yes, I remember it.” “You’d get some firecrackers, and you went and got some, divided them with me” said Jim. “Yes.”

Jim said, “John, I’ll divide anything I got with you. But one thing I wish you could divide with me.” Said, “I’d give everything I own, if I could walk that little old dusty road, bare-footed, up to that little old church again, and feel that Presence of the living God, when that choir was singing, the old fashioned country preacher was preaching I’d give anything. I’d give all that I own, every share in the railroad, and all the parts of the bank, and this home, and all, if I could turn back again and have that blessed peace that I had when I went up that old road.”

Old John put his arms around him; he said, “There was three wise men, rich men, who came and laid it all at the feet of Jesus one time, as a baby,” and said “they received pardoning of their sins. I think that you are





wonderful, Jim, in what you've been blessed to do all these things. But I'd rather have my wife and seven children, living down there on straw ticks to sleep on, and have the peace that's in my heart, than to have all the riches Jim, that you could have.

And that's right, friends. Riches is not measured out by dollars. Riches is not measured out by big names and popularity.

Riches is when the Kingdom of God has come into the human heart, changed his emotions, and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus, and give him Eternal Life. That's the richest thing on earth.

Let us pray.

