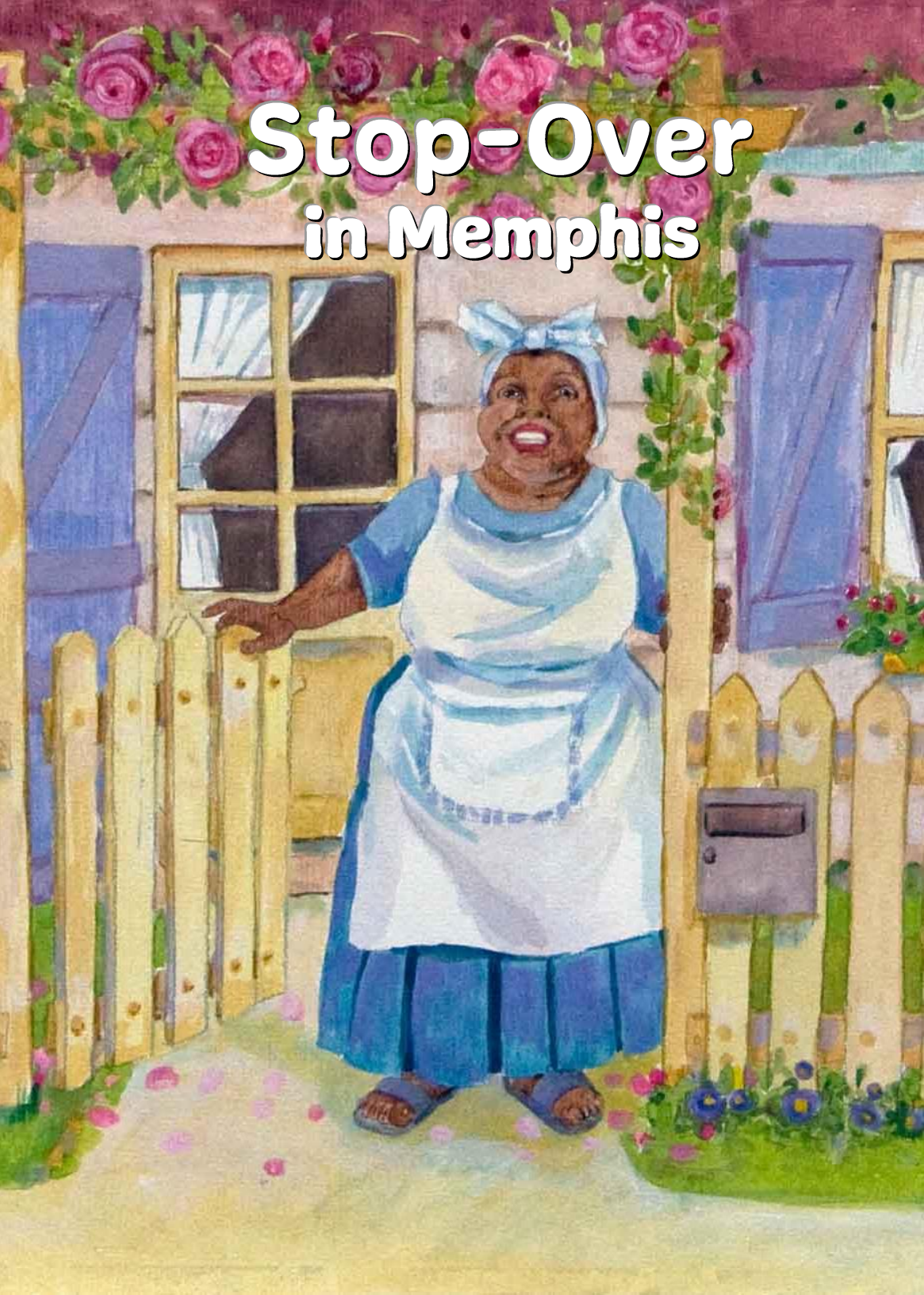

Stop-Over
in Memphis

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The Faith of a simple wash woman

From the sermons of
William Branham
– Retold for children –

An arising storm forced our plane from Dallas to Louisville to ground in Memphis. Memphis at the Mississippi river. The airline brought us to the famous Peadbody Hotel. I could have never afforded a stay at such a beautiful hotel, but PanAm paid it all. I had to answer some letters, that I carried with me, and also some handkerchiefs I wanted to pray over.

The next morning I got up at 6.30 am. I had a little breakfast and took the letters that I had written, to put them in the post box, before they would pick us up with the limousine and drive us back to the airport.

I started walking down the street, when I felt something strange. At the traffic light there, was a big Irish cop, a police man, standing there and looking right at me.

Then a Voice said to me, **“Stop here!”**

At the corner there was a fishing tackle store. So I just walked up to the window, that I would not attract the attention of the cop.

”Lord, what do you want me to do?”

Perhaps I was standing there for ten minutes.

Then I heard very clearly, “Turn and go the other way.”

So I turned and started to walk back. I passed the hotel, went on down, on down, on down... down the hill.

I kept walking and sang a little song I had learned from the Pentecostal people:

They were gathered in the Upper Room, all praying in His Name.

They were baptized with the Holy Ghost, and power for service came.

What He did for them that day, He'll do for you the same.

I'm so glad that I can say, "I'm one of them."

I kept on singing, *"One of them, one of them."*

"Lord, what do you want me to do? ... *I'm so glad that I can say I'm one of them."*

And the Holy Spirit just kept saying, **"Move on, move on."**

I kept on going down along the river, and came to the colored section of the city.

It was a beautiful morning, and it was early spring here in the south of Memphis.

The night before there was a storm and it had rained, but now the sun had just peeped up over the hill on a cloudless sky. There was roses everywhere and the honeysuckle were blooming. The sweet smell of flowers filled the air and the birds were singing.

I said, "Lord, You said: **Go on!** And here I'm going now more than one hour and surely my plane has already gone."

But I kept on walking. I saw flowers blooming and thought "How beautiful." I kept on walking along the river to the other side of Memphis, where the colored people were living.

"What am I doing here?" I thought and He said, **"Go on."**

"One of them, one of them..." I hummed to myself.

When I looked up, I noticed an old colored lady leaning over an old fence.

Maybe she was 60 years old, a typical Aunt Jemima. She had a man's shirt tied around her head and a big fat face.

She was leaning over there and looked at me. I just went on down the street. When I passed by she started smiling, looking at me, with great big tears running off her face.

“Good morning, Parson”, she said.

“Good morning, Auntie”.

That’s usually the way we greet the colored in the South.

I thought “Parson?” That’s what they call a preacher in the south.

“How do you do? Do you know me?”

She said “Yes, sir” and I said “Do you know my name?” She said “No, sir. But I knew you were coming.”

I stopped and thought, “Father, is this it? Have You sent me down to this colored woman?”

She stood there and I said, “How did you know I was a parson and that I would come?”

She said, “did you ever hear about the Shunammite woman?”

I said “Oh Yes.”

“I am that kind of woman. I did not have any children and I told the Lord that, if He would give me a baby, I would raise it up to serve Him. The Lord gave my husband and I a lovely boy. I washed over washboards and did everything to make a living for him.

He had been such a fine boy, then he took a road that was wrong. He got out with the wrong company and got a horrible social disease.”

“We are a Christian family and did not know about such things, we did not expect something like that. And now he is laying in there dying. It went into his heart and inside it has holes. The doctor man says, that he cannot live. They

tried everything, but now he is unconscious."

She said "He's lying in here a dying. I didn't want to see my baby die like that."

If I could just hear him say that he was saved, that I can meet him over there again.

I prayed to the Lord all night and the night before: You gave me this baby just as you did the Shunammite woman. But where's Your Elijah?"

You can imagine how I felt and thought, "Lord, here it is!"

I never said a word to her about being led over there. But this had to be it.

She continued saying "While I was praying, it was about 3 o'clock, I fell asleep on my knees and had a dream. I saw a man coming, wearing a light suit with a little Western hat sticking over on one side of his head. He had some letters in his hands. That was you, Parson."

"The Lord told me: Go out, stand at the gate and wait for him. I have been standing here since before daylight this morning, waiting for you to come down the street. When the sun came up I have just kept waiting.

Then I looked down the street and saw the light suit and that little hat, and the spirit said to me: "There he is". God answers on both ends of the line.

I patted her on the back, and her back was wet with dew. She had told the whole truth.

I said, "My name is Branham. Did you ever hear of me?"

She said "No sir, Parson Branham. I do not think so. I never heard of you."

"Aunty, I pray for the sick", I said.

She told me what her name was. I said, "Did you ever hear of my services?"

“No, sir, parson.”

I told her about it, and the tears began to run down her cheeks. She said, “I knew the Lord would not fail me.”

She asked me, “Will you not come in?”

I said “Yes, ma’am” and thought: This must be it!

I told her that I have been send forth to pray for the sick. But she was not interested in praying for the sick. She did not want her boy to die in that shape.

So I walked into that old hut at the river bank. A chain hung at the gate with a plow point for a weight to pull it back together. It was a nice little old whitewashed cabin, stripped down on the sides and with clapboard shingles on the sides. Roses grew around the gate and some vine over the roof from tarpaper on the top. I remember seeing them big bubbles hanging on top of it, like of the dew

I had been in King’s palaces, in some of the finest homes in America and the world, but I never felt any more welcome than I did in that little colored haunt that morning.

I knew I was in the presence of a Christian home. The Bible laid open on the little old marble top and I felt God was in that home. They had no rug on the floor, only plain wood and two little bitty places. A room here, and that was the living-room, bedroom and all together, and the kitchen back there with a wash tub setting on the floor and a chunk a stove in the corner.

It was a home and everything was clean. There were no vulgar pictures hanging on the wall, and over the door was a sign **“God bless our home”**

Right here in the corner was an old iron-poster bed with a straw tick on it for a mattress,

and another bed over there. There laid a great big husky looking boy, around nineteen or twenty, a hundred and seventy pound heavy and some six foot tall.

She patted him on his head.

I looked at her and she said to the boy, “The parson came to pray for you, honey.”

He had the blanket in his hand and said, “Humm… humm… Oh, it is dark.”

And I said, “What is he saying and what is the matter with him?”

She said, “Look Parson, he is unconscious since two days now. He thinks he is in a boat out on a big dark sea. He does not know where he is going and he is lost”.

And in that moment he said, “Mommy, it is so dark and I do not know where I am going”.

She said, “Oh Parson, do you hear that?! That is what I cannot stand. To know that he is lost and dies. I know you have come to help me Parson, because the Lord has told me so.”

She reached over and kissed him on the head and said “God bless momma’s baby.”

It was hurting my heart. No matter how much disgrace he has brought into this little hut, no matter how big, he was still momma’s baby.

Sometimes I think a mother could forget her suckling baby, but God said, **”I cannot forget you. Your name is engraved in the palms of My hand”.**

I thought, if the love of a mother will reach down to there, the love of God will go beyond it. That’s right, and that’s true.

She said, “Honey, child, do you know mommy?” “Honey child”… No matter what he had done, he was still mother’s honey child.

She was patting him and loving him and said, “Do you know mommy?

He did not seem to recognize her, so I said: “Aunty, will you kneel with me for prayer?”

“Yes, Parson”

“Aunty, would you pray first?”

She knelt down by the side of his head, and I got down at his feet.

She may have been a wash woman, but let me tell you, when that old woman started praying, you could feel the power of God moving in the room.

As that old saint began… My, as she spoke to him you knew, she had talked to Him before. She knew who she was talking to.

Oh, that saint crying out to God to spare her boy. She did not say anything about healing.

She said, “Lord, You know I have always respected You. I have loved You. I have worked. I have done everything for you. Not that I deserve it, Lord, but if I could just hear my boy say that He is saved…

Thank you dear Lord.”

She got up and said nothing.

I cried like a baby.

She pulled the blanket over him again, kissed his forehead and said, “God bless momma’s baby.” Then she took the apron, wiped the tears out of her eyes and said to me,

“Will you pray now, parson?”

“Yes, ma’am, will you kneel with me?”, I said

She got down again, folded her hands and laid her head down across the boy.

I put my hands on his cold feet and prayed:

“Heavenly father. My plane has gone as far as I know, and here is this mother crying for her baby. And surely I believe this is the place you have lead me to. Now Lord, I ask you to be merciful. And Father, if this is Your Will, grant the woman the request, save this boy and heal his body.

Now in obedience to the leading of the spirit, I lay my hands upon him…”

And just about that time I heard him say, “Mommy. Oh mommy…”

She got up, wiped the tears out of her eyes and said, “Honey, is mommy’s baby feeling better?” Then she patted him on the head.

He said, “Momma, it is getting light in the room. It is getting…”

A few minutes later he sat up on the side of the bed and talked with us. He put them big black arms around his mother, and we praised God.

I hurried out of the house real quick, ran down the street and caught a cab. Then I picked up my suitcase from the hotel and drove to the airport. I thought perhaps I can catch a plane sometime tonight or tomorrow.

But just as I entered in the hall, I heard the speaker saying: “Last call for flight number 192 for Louisville Kentucky”

Do you know what happened? The plane never left. Something happened to the engine, and it was about two hours late. So I got on the plane and got home in time anyhow. God held the plane for me.

The simple faith of a poor woman grounded that plane and held it there. Her prayers sent me down there to pray for her boy.

About two years later I travelled to Phoenix, Arizona by train. In Memphis the train stopped for half an hour, and I got out to get me a hamburger.

On my way I heard somebody holler, “Hello there, Parson!”

I looked around and a young red cub ran and grabbed a hold of my hand.

“Do you not remember me?” he asked.

“No, I do not think I know you, son.”

He said “I know you. You are Parson Branham.”

I said, “Yeah, that is right. Have you been in one of my meetings?”

He said, “No, Sir. I was the boy you came to that morning. The Lord led you down there, when my mommy was praying.”

“Oh” I said, “You are not that boy…”

“Yes, I am. I am. I am healed and sound, and well and not only that: I am a Christian now, parson. Praise the Lord!”

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. His power is omnipotent. He cannot fail, He is the same God. That boy lives in Memphis, Tennessee now. He is healthy and strong, because his dear old mother followed the leading of the Holy Spirit. They that are sons and daughters of God are led by the Spirit of God.

One of them. One of them.
I’m so glad that I can say
I’m one of them.
One of them. One of them.
I’m so glad that I can say
I’m one of the

If ye shall ask
any thing in my name,
I will do it.

John 14,1