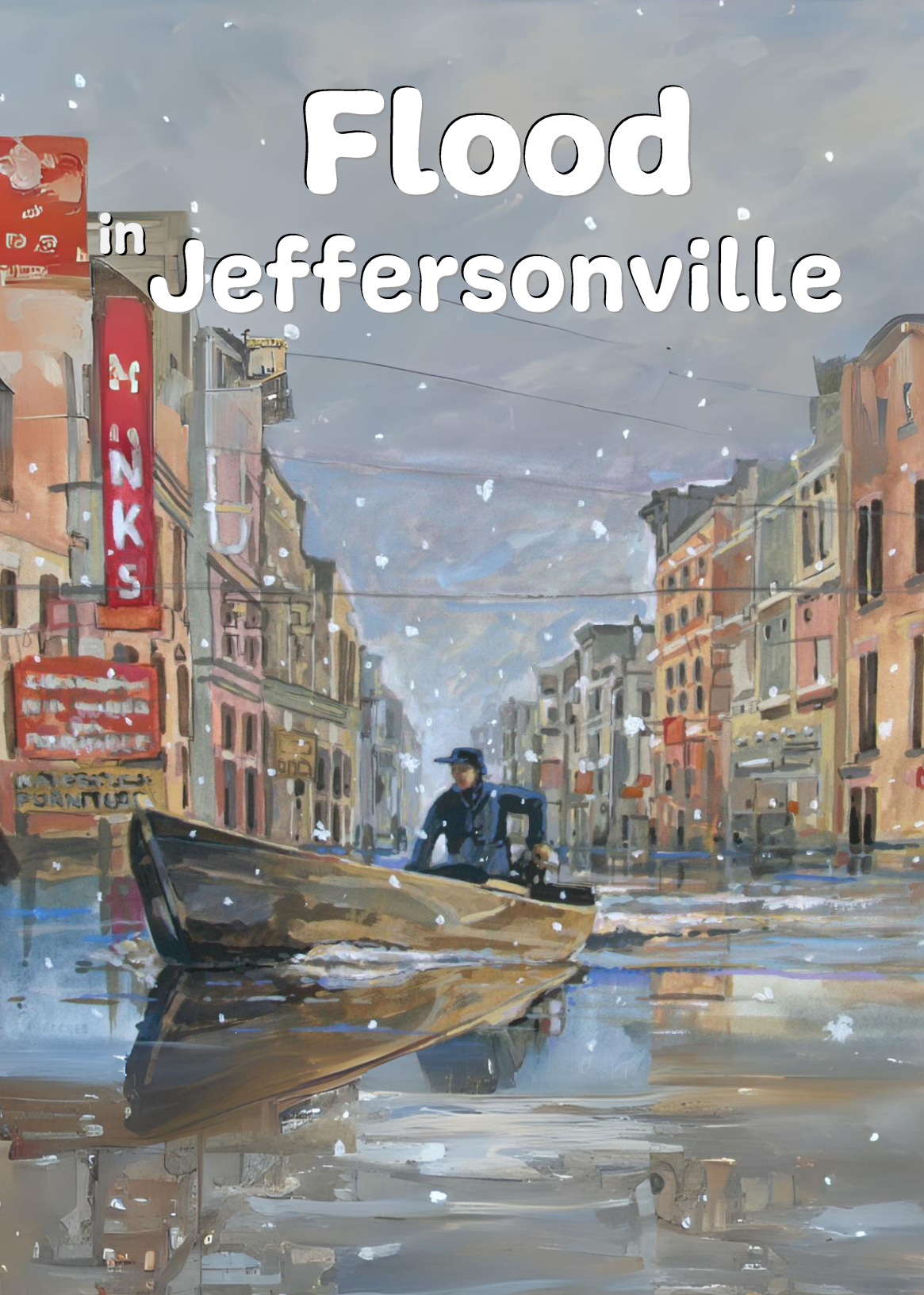

Flood
in
Jeffersonville

Flood in Jeffersonville

From the sermons of
William Branham
– Retold for children –

Brother Branham speaks in different sermons about the time in 1937 when the Ohio River spread out through the country.

In his live-story he said "I want to try to put it to your hearts, to let you know of what had taken place at that time".

It was when Brother Branham returned from a trip, where he met as he said, "the greatest church in the world. A bunch of people, that's not ashamed of their religion, they scream and shout and everything else." They gave him invitations to come to their churches all over, to preach the Gospel. His wife Hope loved to go with him. She enjoyed hearing the report and said, "I go with you."

Brother Branham tells us with his own words:

I told Hope "We'll tell our parents".

So I went and told my mom. I said, "Mama, look here.." And I told her about the people.

She said, "You know what? Billy, a long time ago down in Kentucky, we had what they call the Old Lone Star Baptists. And they used to shout and scream and carry on like that. That's real heartfelt religion."

I said, "That's what I've believed in all my life. Mama, you ought to see them."

She said, "Well, I trust that God will bless you, Bill."

So we went to tell Hope's mother then. And when we got over there, there it was where the trouble started, right there.

I said, "Mrs. Brumbach, I have found wonderful people" and I told her about it.

She was sitting on the porch, fanning her face.

She said, “William, I will give you to understand, I will never give my daughter permission to go out with a bunch of holy-rollers like that.”

Oh my, she said, “That bunch of trash…”.

Hope started crying and said, “But mother, I want to go with him.”

And when we started off her mother said, “Well Hope, you can go, of course, that’s said. But I’m telling you, if you do, your mother will fill a grave with a broken heart.”

There it was. And here’s where I made my mistake friends. I listened to my mother-in-law instead of listening to God.

Hope said, “I’ll go anyhow.”

Mrs. Brumbach said, “My daughter be drugged around such as that…”

I couldn’t stand it, so I said, “Well, we’ll wait and go later.”

Later I found out, that what she had called the trash, was the cream of the crop. That’s exactly the truth. That’s right.

And if I would have gone with them, this gift that I have would have been in operation way before that, because I would have been among people who recognize it. But I said, “Well, we won’t go.”

And by my mistakes we had to bury my wife a little after that. There’s where I made the worst step I ever made in my life, right there. We put it off.

It was a day before Christmas when Hope went over the river to get the kids Christmas presents. Then she became very sick and also the children. They all had taken pneumonia and I had to take them to the hospital.

And that night I knelt down and began to pray to God to help her. And when I was in

prayer, I saw a black sheet come down before me. I saw the 1937 flood rise and twenty-two feet coming over Spring Street. I began to prophesy and told it to the people in church.

Bible Verse to remember:

Surely the Lord God will do nothing, except he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets.

Amos 3:7

I warned the people before it happened, that there will come a flood. But less than six weeks from then, twenty-two feet of water was measured over Spring Street. Just exactly the way I said. There's a mark on Spring Street today at Schimpff's Confectionery, of twenty-two feet of water.

I told them, "I will ride over the top of this tabernacle in a boat", and I did.







Sandy Davis, Old Brother Jim Wisehart and them laughed at me.

He said, “Oh Billy, in 1884 it was about six inches on Spring Street. I said, “I saw a man come down from the skies and take a measure stick and stick it there on Spring Street, said twenty-two feet.”

Mr. Wisehart said, “You’re just excited.”

I said, “I’m not excited. It’s **THUS SAITH THE LORD**.”

Ask them now how many feet was over Spring Street: Twenty-two feet to the inch.

Exactly.

What happened after that, I will never forget. The flood came that night, that terrible night.

I remember they called me to help. I came up and had my car and had a boat on it. I was raised on the river and I could operate a boat pretty well. The people were running on the street and screaming desperately and everybody was just pulling people out of the flood.

People were drowning and everything. I was working on a wall and someone came and shouted: “Get down here preacher, right quick and get your boat in down here.” The dike broke over on Chestnut Street and the houses were washed away.

And over there was a mother on the top of the house, with a bunch of little children, about eleven o’clock at night. I rushed down there really quickly, threw my boat in the water and started it up. And I had to buck those waves, almost as high as this tent, and they were dashing against the side of those buildings. And I heard the mother screaming “Mercy. Help me, help me.”

I looked over and she was standing on the top porch, out over her house, and the waves

were just shaking that house, and she with four or five little children standing around her. I cried, “See where the lights haven’t gone out yet, down through there.”

And I went up through the alley with the boat and it was just washing things from under it. I went through that way. Then I finally caught a post, threw the rope around it and ran in. The mother fainted. So I picked her up and pulled all the children, packed them and put them in the boat and drove back.

Just as we got to the bank, she got conscious again and screamed: “Oh, my baby. My baby - don’t leave my baby behind.” I thought she had left a little baby in there, because the child she was holding was about three years old. Oh my, a little baby laying in that house…the poor little thing.

So I went back again and I knew there was the poor little baby there, and you know how I love children. And the waves were horrible then. I just got to the house and threw the rope around the post again, went in the house and looked all around. And I couldn’t find no baby.

Just then I heard the house giving away below.

I ran out real quick just in time to jump into the water and hold on to the end of my boat. It was below zero, sleeting and snowing. And I pulled the rope like that and got in my boat. Then the waves caught it and swept me through the Market Street, out into the middle of the current, out into the river.

So I got out there and I couldn’t get my outboard started. The string just froze. It was snowing hard like a blizzard and I was trying to get it started, but it wouldn’t start. I tried and tried but I couldn’t get the thing started.

And there was the Ohio Falls, roaring just below me. I knew I was going. And there I was sitting in that boat out there,

rocking back and forth, and the waves twisting like this, and I was pulling on that string, and it wouldn't start. And I would pull again, it wouldn't start.

I thought, "Oh my, a half a mile further and down through that chute I'll go, and they will never find a piece of me when I go down through there. Oh God, the waves…"

The way of a transgressor is hard, friends. What was I going to do? And all the time I could hear that ringing in my ears, **"I called you and gave you the opportunity and you wouldn't go"** like that.

You reap what you sow, every time.

And I pulled the string again. It wouldn't start. And I got down, I thought, "There's Billy Paul. I'll never see him again. There's little Sharon Rose. I'll never see her again. There's my wife laying there in the hospital, right at the point of death. I'll never see them when they break the news to her that I'm gone and find my truck setting there. Some of them might have seen the house move away. What will happen?"

I pulled that string again and it wouldn't start. And I turned around and the boat was almost half full of water then, going on towards the falls. I knew just ten minutes longer and it would be too much.

I cried out to God, "Oh **God, forgive me.** I did wrong Lord. Have mercy on me, God. I am sorry for what I did. God, I don't want to die, not here.

> **And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.**
>
> Psalm 50.15

Help me to start. Please, dear God, start this motor."

And I pulled on that and it kept roaring in my ears. Seemed like I could hear somebody

say, “Now where’s that bunch of trash at?”

I pulled again and… it started.

So I pulled the boat right back upstream and gave it all the gas that I could. I whirled around in the boat, got back and finally came out way down around by Cane Run Creek, down towards New Albany.

Wet and cold, I went up to Jeffersonville again.

I said, “I’ll go out and see my wife.”

Somebody said, “Your wife, where is she at?”

I said “In the government hospital out there.”

He answered, “That whole thing was washed away.”

Then I met Major Weekly, a friend of mine. I said “Major, is the hospital washed away?”

He said, “Yes, it’s all under water down there, reverent. But I think all the patients got out.”

“Do you know if my wife did or not?” I asked.

”I don’t know” he replied.

So I went to see someone else who said, “Yes, your wife and all the rest of them got in a cattle car, they’ve gone towards Charlestown.” In Charlestown they told me, that she and the children are in Columbus.

And in Columbus, in a Baptist church, down on the gymnasium on a cot, there I found her.