Trusting God's Promise



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From the sermons of
William Branham
– Retold for children –

Brother Branham tells about the whale that swallowed Jonah. He says, it's like when you feed your little goldfish. He prowls through the water until he finds something to eat. And when he gets his little belly full, he goes right down to the bottom of the little jar you got him in. He puts his little swimmers down and rests, because he's fed.

Now this big fish, that God prepared, had his tummy full with the prophet. So he went down to the bottom of the sea to rest. Maybe it was about forty fathoms down there.

And when you say, „I was prayed for last night. But look at my hands, they are still crippled. Or my stomach hurts just the same", you look at the symptoms. But don't look at symptoms, look at God's Word.

So, if anybody had a right to have symptoms, it was Jonah. He had his hands tied behind him and his feet were tied. He was in the belly of the whale, probably forty fathoms under the water, with a storm on top. And he laid there in that vomit.

If he looked this way, it was whale's belly; that way, it was whale's belly. Everywhere he looked, it was whale's belly. Jonah knew that he was at the bottom of the sea. And there was a storm on the ocean, where he wasn't even safe in the ship up there.

Now, he had a good case of symptoms. But you know what he said? He said, „They are lying vanities. I will not believe them."

You cannot hide a saint from his prayer. David said, „If I make my bed in hell, He will be there.“

And here some time ago there was a precious old patriarch, a lovely old brother. He had one son, and that son was dying. He had black diphtheria.

The father kept trying day and night to get me to go and pray for that boy and I was just so busy, that I couldn‘t do it. Finally I had a chance to run over to the hospital.

The doctor wouldn‘t let me go in and said, „You‘re a father; you got children. Now, you just can‘t go in there.“

I thought he was Catholic and I said, „I want to ask you something. If I was a priest and I had to go in to give him the last rites, would you let me?“

He said, „That‘s different.“

I said, „Not to these people, it isn‘t. I am just as much to those people as your priest is to you.“ And I said, „I‘m going in to anoint him for life, not for death.“

And he said, „Well, he is dying.“

I said, „Well, if he is, then won‘t you respect the faith of these people?“

Then he dressed me up like a Ku Klux Klan and finally sent me in there.

And so we went in there, and the little nurse came around and watched. She was kind of upset about me coming in, anyhow. The cardiogram, some kind of a machine we looked at, had gone way down. The heartbeat was only going so many times.

And so I prayed for the boy just a few words of prayer and then laid my hands on the little fellow. He was about twelve or fourteen years old.

And I said, „Heavenly Father, upon the basis of the faith of this old father and mother, calling me to pray for this child and upon Your Word, I come to you. You said these signs shall follow them that believe. Now if they lay their hands on the sick they shall recover."

I said, „I have just come from the meeting, where I have seen You do great signs and wonders. I believe to be a believer, if I am not, help my unbelief, O God."

I said, „For the sake of this child, I lay my hands upon the child and bless it in the Name of Jesus Christ for its healing, that it will be well. Thank You Lord for giving us the promise. I believe it."

I committed it to God and walked away.

The old father rose up and put his arms around the mother, and they hugged each another.

He said, „Mother, isn't it wonderful? Isn't it wonderful?"

Not one change in the child. It was still laying there, they were pumping artificial respiration into him with a pulmotor on him.

He said, „Isn't it wonderful? Oh, thank God for healing our son."

And that little nurse just stood there and looked. She was just a kid, maybe about eighteen or twenty years old, a little Snickle-Fritz, as I would call it. She stood there popping that gum, looking around like that.

She said, „Did you understand what the physician said?"

And the old daddy turned around and said,
„I understood very well, child, what he said. He said..."

She said, „How can you stand there and laugh and pat one another like that, when your child is laying here dying?"

The father cleared the tears out of his eyes. He threw that bald head back and looked her in the face. He said, „My child, my son is not dying; He is going to live.“

She said, „Sir, of all medical history, when that chart went down in such a way, it has never been known in all medical history, that one ever came back again. The boy is dying. He has been in a coma for two days. He is dying.“

He put his hand over on her shoulder and said, „Honey, look, I don't blame you, you study to watch that chart. That's all what you know."

Said, "You are looking at that chart, but **I am looking at a promise.**"

The boy didn't change for three or four days afterwards. But then he got well, because that father and mother would not have anything else on their mind.

Their faith was not in an instrument, it was in **God's promise**. They stayed right with it and they held it.

And the boy lives. He is a missionary in Africa tonight with two children, preaching the gospel.

It depends on what you are looking at. You **look at God, look at His promise**.

Would you like to know who that was? That was Bob Bosworth, old Dr. Bosworth's boy.

Brother Bosworth and Brother William Branham



Bible Verses

They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

Mark 16.18

Comforting Bible Promise:

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have:

for He hath said,
I will never leave thee,
nor forsake thee.

Hebrews 13.5