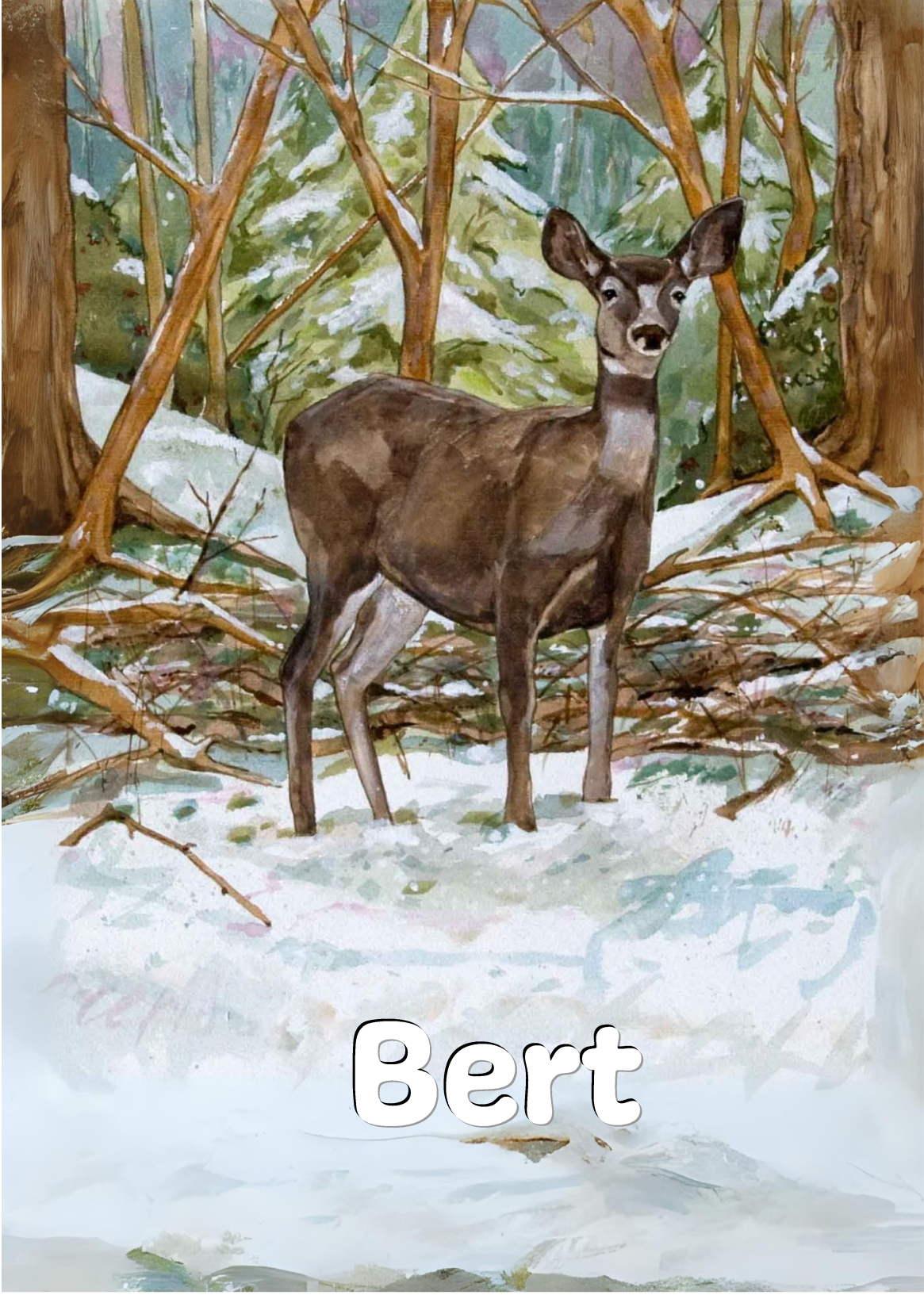

Bert

# Bert

## saw something real and it changed his life

From the sermons of
**William Branham**
– Retold for children –

As you all know - I love to go hunting in the mountains. Not so much for the animals, but to be alone with God.

I've also led many rugged cowboys and woodsmen to Christ simply by going into the woods with them.

Well, up there in the north in the woods I liked to hunt with a half-Indian. His name was Bert. I had nothing to worry about with him. Wherever we were, Bert found his way out and we both loved to hunt together.

But Bert was the meanest and most brutal person I've ever seen. He had eyes like a lizard and a cruel heart.

He always laughed at me because I was a preacher. He was a fine guy otherwise, but his attitude about hunting was just mean. Bert had fun shooting little fawns, that's the little baby deer, just to make me feel bad.

It's okay to shoot a fawn, I've done it too and the law allows it. Abraham slaughtered a calf and fed it to God. But to shoot it just to leave it lying around and laugh about it, that's mean.

Bert often said, "Ah, Parson, you're like the rest of them - cowardly. You'd be a good hunter if you weren't so timid."

"Bert..." I said.

"Oh, I thought you were a hunter," laughed Bert.

"I'm a hunter, but I'm not a killer."

See, that's a big difference.

"Well Bill, you're a little late this year," Bert said when I

joined him in late fall, but I had been working and couldn't get a vacation earlier. There were already small snow drifts about 10 to 12 inches and that was just fine for finding tracks.

We had been walking all morning without seeing a single track. Red deer were very scarce at this time of year and most of them had already been hunted away.
The animals were hiding now and you wouldn't see them again until next spring.

We came to a clearing where the wind had driven a snowbank. Bert simply dropped onto it and reached into his jacket. We always carried a small thermos bottle of hot chocolate with us, which warmed us up and gave us new energy, and we ate a sandwich with it. It was 11 o’clock and I thought, Bert is hungry and we'll eat here.

But when he pulled his hand out, he held on to his little pipe. He looked at me with his lizard eyes and laughed to himself.

"Bert, you're not going to do this," I said.

"Ah, you preacher."

He wanted to show me that he would do it anyway and blew and it sounded like a fawn screaming.

To my surprise, a large mother stood up on the other side of the clearing. She was hidden under the bushes, but now she stood up. This is very unusual for an animal at this time of day, as it was still morning.

She was a beautiful animal and I was so close to her that I could see her big long ears and soft brown eyes. What was going on? Why did she come out of hiding? She was a mother and she heard her baby cry. She looked around and searched for her baby.

Bert looked at me, then blew again and the mother walked

out into the clearing. She was a mother and her baby was in distress. She heard Bert loading his rifle, and he was a sure shot.

She didn't move, but she looked at the hunter full on. Normally, animals are off like a flash. But not her, she was a mother and her baby was in distress. Even if it meant death for her, she heard her child's cry.

She looked at Bert calmly as he held the gun pointed at her. I thought - oh my Bert, how can you do this. This loyal heart of a mother beating for her child. One more minute - and when you pull the trigger, you shoot the heart out of her. That's how close we were to her.

"How can you do this, Bert?"

I couldn't watch it any longer and I turned my head away.

"Heavenly Father" I prayed quietly "don't let him do it...how can he do such a thing when he sees this mother. There's something in her, she can't help it, she's a mother."

I waited and the gun didn't go off. I waited a few seconds longer and the gun stayed still.

Then I turned around and looked.

The deer came even closer and heard the cry of her child, and
I watched the hunter. I saw his hand shake, then I saw his shoulders shake. Bert could no longer hold the rifle. He turned and looked at me, big tears streaming down his cheeks from his slit eyes.



He threw the gun on the ground, grabbed me by the pant legs and said, "Billy I've had enough of this, I can't take it anymore. Lead

me to the Jesus you always talk about."

What had happened?
He saw something real.

Brother - this world looks for a sign of brave soldiers of the cross who stand for God and the truth.

As he knelt there, shaking and trembling, he said, "Did you see the animal look me straight in the face, Brother Branham?"

"Yes Bert, I saw it too."

"She had no fear of death."

I said, "Love forced her to go into the face of death to protect her baby.

Bert, one day, a man came from heaven. He heard the cry of dying people and he wasn't afraid to go into the face of death, and he did it, Bert - for you and me."

And there on his knees, with his hands raised, Bert wept his way through until he found the Lord Jesus so precious in his heart. And from a ferocious wolf he became a lamb, and the Holy Spirit came to him.

Bible verse to remember:

**A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.**

**And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.**

Ezekiel 36.26

**Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.**

John 15.13

**Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.**

1 John 3.16

Comforting Bible Promise:

**Come unto me,**
**all ye that labour**
**and are heavy laden,**
**and I will give you rest.**

Matthew 11.28