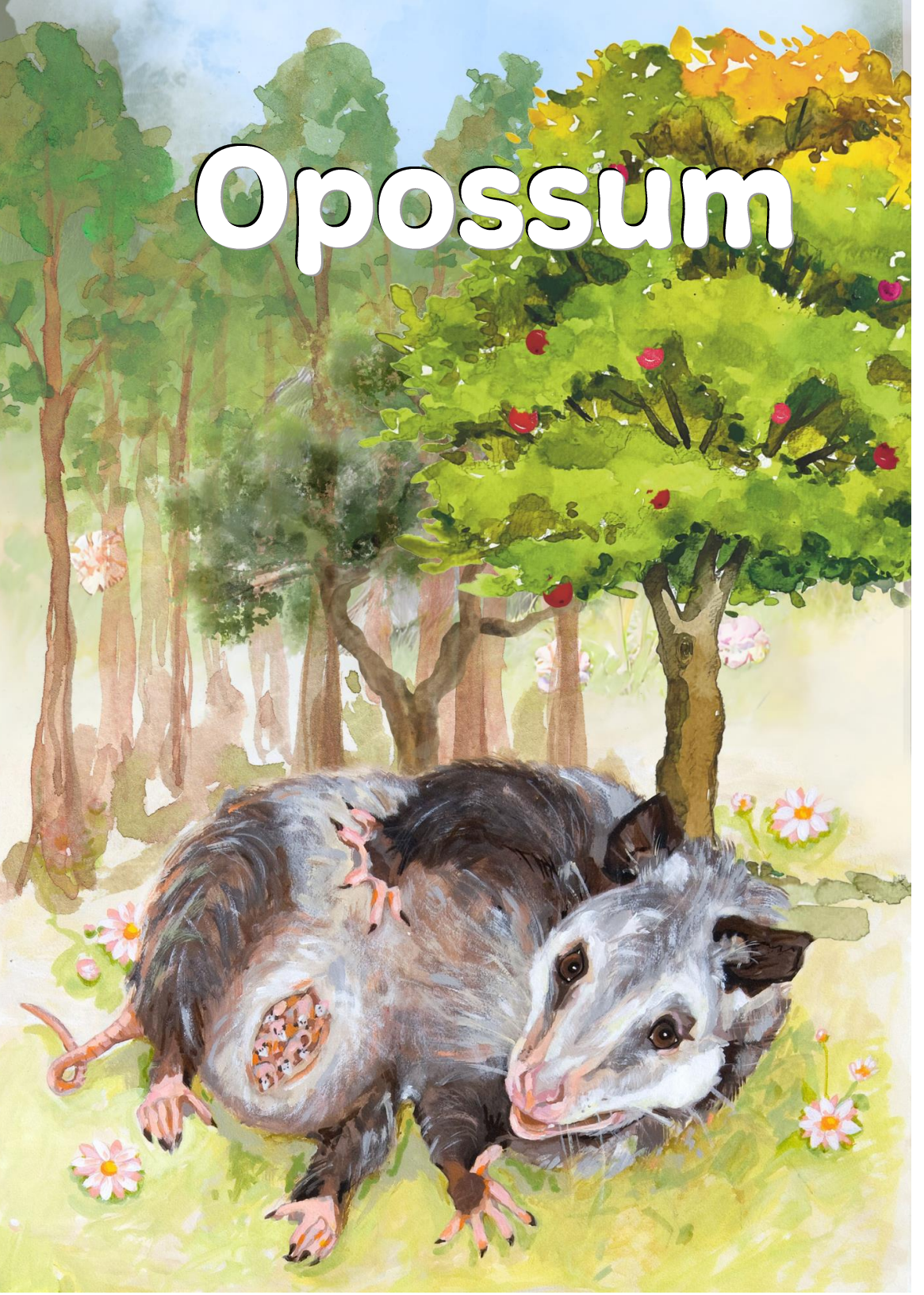
Opossum



Opossum

From the sermons of
William Branham
– Retold for children –

Many of you read the opossum story, didn't you?

Gene and Leo, my students set with me in the garden. It was around ten o'clock in the morning and we spoke about a thing, that was written in the newspaper.

Brother and Sister Wood, my neighbors were there and Mr. Gilmore the milkman, a friend of mine was also coming along.

And a young colored girl had given birth to a baby. She was not married and she didn't want it. So she wrapped it in a blanket and killed it. She asked the driver to stop, take her out on the bridge of the Ohio River, which it spans a mile across there. She asked the driver to stop and pitch something into the river. But the cab driver was suspicious and called the coast guard. They found something, and it was the little baby.

I said to Gene and Leo, "That wasn't a mother, a mother could never do this. I don't know, what God will do with such a person, but I pray for her sinful soul." And while we were talking, I looked up and down the road came something.

It was an opossum. Now, anyone knows an opossum is a night prowler and is blind in the daytime, but this opossum came in the morning ten o'clock down the road. It passed three or four houses that didn't have no fences, turned right in mine, with a fence and a rock wall, and come right up to meet me.

I said, "There comes an opossum, sure he's got rabies. I'd better go out and stop it." Gene and Leo came with me.

“The opossum didn’t have rabies but something is wrong with her,” I said. Then I noticed, her left shoulder was all chewed up. Either a dog had got a hold of it, or a car hid her. Her side was swollen and the flies had blowed all over her.

“Look, at that poor thing,” I said, “That’s what’s caused it to be that way.”

I picked up a rake and throwed it over the opossum. Usually they do what they say, “play opossum,” just lay down.

But not this one, she was growling and biting at it.

An opossum and a kangaroo is the two only animals that got a pocket they pack their young in. And of course, that’s carried up by a nerve, that holds together.

But she was so exhausted, until the pocket let loose. And I noticed why she was fighting so hard; she had nine little bitty naked babies, about two or three inches long in it.

The opossum growled at me, because she thought, I was reaching for her little ones.

I said to Gene and Leo, “Come here, and I will teach you a sermon. This old mother opossum is way more of a mother than that woman was, that was drowning her baby. So that she could run around and carry on. But this old mother opossum’s babies probably got around thirty

minutes more to live and she will spend that thirty minutes fighting for her babies. God is with this opossum. There is more love in



that animal, for her babies than there was in that woman.

I raised up, and all of them come out there and looked at her. The opossum started right straight dragging towards my door. When she got in front of my door, there in the hot sun in July, she exhausted and fell over. Brother Wood said, “That’s all of it.”

“Yeah, I guess she died.” I said, “What a shame” and the little babies were still sucking from her. I punched her with a stick to see if she is still alive and her leg moved.

Isn’t that a pity, that poor old mother, how she wanted to live for them babies.

I looked at the little babies just a pulling and nursing, little bitty naked fellows.

“It is too bad I said, but I believe she is still alive.”

Sister Wood who has a lot of experience with animals said: “Brother Branham, the only decent thing to do with it is kill it. It is still breathing, but it can’t live. It’s gangrene and everything done set in it. It’s dying. Kill it, and then just take the little ones and kill them too, cause you couldn’t raise them, they are just little bitty things like that. You couldn’t raise them.

After that mother dies, they will just starve to death or they will nurse that curdled milk and die right away, cramping and everything. Just kill them.

I said, “Sister Wood, I know that’s right, but I just can’t do it.”

“Why” she said, “you are a hunter aren’t you?”

I said, “Yes, but I’m not a killer. I just can’t do it.”

And she said, “Well, let Banks do it.”

Banks was her husband and my dear good buddy.

“I – I just don’t want him to do.”

The day had been long and I tried to feed the opossum. She never moved no more, and those poor little baby opossum trying to nurse. They were laying in the hot sun, and I thought, “Oh my, what a sight.” The leg of the opossum was swollen up, and blows all over it and the flies all around her. I poured water on her to run them flies off, but they came right back.

All day long people that needed help came and went and the opossum was still laying there in the sun.

In the evening Brother Wood come up and said, “Now Brother Branham, you went far enough today, you got to take a little rest now.” So he and his wife and my wife and I, we got in the car and rode way out through the country. And when we came back, the opossum still laid at my door.

Through the night, I couldn’t rest very well. I could not get that opossum off my mind. The next morning very early, I went out, and there laid the opossum, dew all over her. Well, I thought “She’s dead.” And I kicked her a little bit. And I seen a little kind of grin like on the side, and the babies still trying to nurse.

I thought, “What a pity. She couldn’t have strength to pull that pocket back again.”



Just then I heard the door slam and my little Rebekah 9 years old, came out in her pajamas and said:

“Daddy, is that old opossum dead?” “

I don´t know, honey.”

“Daddy, what you going to do with that opossum.”

“Honey, I don’t know.”

“Daddy – she’s a real mother, isn’t she?”

“She sure is honey. But I ….”

“You going to let her suffer, daddy?”

“Honey look …”

“Daddy – are you going to kill her?”

And I said, “No honey – somehow I cannot do it.”

Then she said: Oh daddy, I can no more look at it.” And she went back in the house.

I went back in my den, where many great visions has took place. I set down and begin to rub my forehead. “I have to do something for that old opossum. But I don’t know what.” I thought.

Then a voice spoke to me, “Well, you preached a sermon on her yesterday to Gene and Leo, about her being a real mother.”

“That’s right,” I said, “she was a real mother.”

Said “I sent her to you, and she laid on your step for twenty-four hours, waiting to be prayed for, like a lady. And you never said a word to me about her.

I said, “ I didn’t even know it. Well, you mean, that You sent that opossum here?”

What’s the matter with me, am I talking to myself?” I thought.

Then I walked out there where Becky was still looking through the door and I walked over to the old opossum.

“Dear heavenly Father” I said, “please forgive if your poor servant was so stupid and didn’t realize that You, oh loving God have led that ignorant animal here. This opossum mother loves her babies and want to raise them, and I neglected to pray for her. Now I pray in Jesus’ Name, heal this mother.

The old opossum turned over and looked at me. She picked up the little babies in her pocket, that leg just normal as the other one. She stuck her tail up in the air, walked right down to the gate, and turned back, just like to say, “Thank you, kind sir.”

Then she walked down the road and right on into the woods.

Bible Verses

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?

But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Fear not therefore:
ye are of more value
than many sparrows.

Luke 12,6-7



Comforting Bible Promise:

There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

Josua 1,5