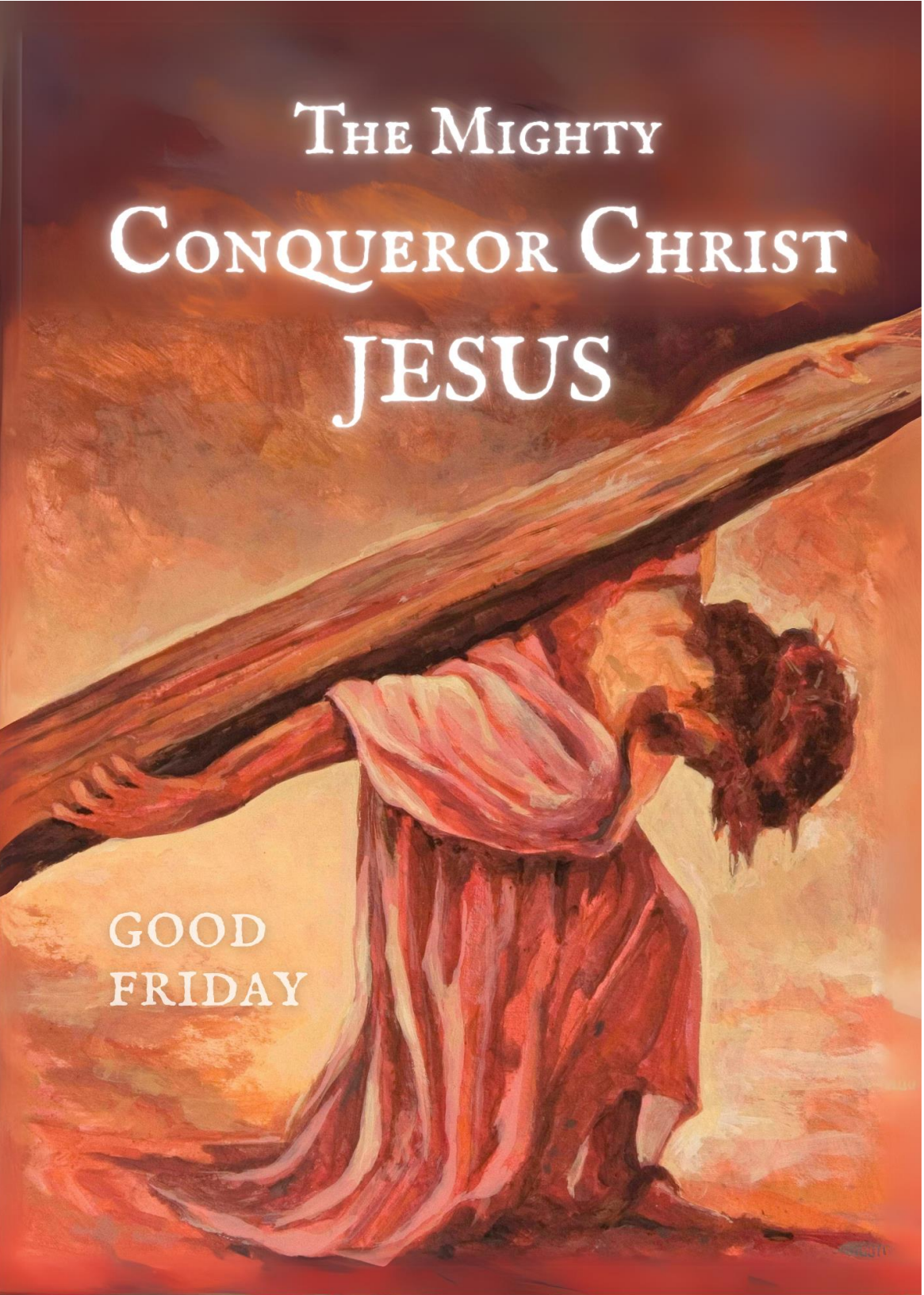
The Mighty Conqueror Christ Jesus



GOOD FRIDAY

The Mighty Conqueror CHRIST JESUS

Good Friday

From the sermons of
William Branham
– Retold for children –

Adam and Eve walked in perfect friendship and fellowship with the father. What a beautiful picture. Adam was the most perfect man that lived. Great, big, manly shoulders, big muscles in his legs and shaggy hair hanging around his neck.

So God created man in His own image; in the image of God He created him.

Genesis 1:27

And Eve was the most beautiful woman that was ever on the earth. She was God's perfect thought of a woman. Her beautiful blond hair was hanging down her back and her eyes as blue as the sky and sparkling like the stars. She was made in God's image, after the image of Adam, how God created him. She was beautiful, never to die, never to get old, never to wrinkle, and the sparkle to never go out of her eyes. She was to be beautiful forever.

Adam picked her up in his arms, he looked at her and said, "Why, she's flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone." As sweethearts... And almighty God squared them off there and performed the marriage ceremony. Adam took her by the arm and down through Eden he went: perfect God's children.

But then sin entered in, and God saw, that they had sinned.

So God went out and killed some innocent sheep. Then He called them out behind the bushes and threw them old bloody sheepskins in there. They wrapped these sheepskins around them, then they came out to face God.

Now, I can see them standing there in His presence. Adam with his great manly shoulders and the blood of them sheepskin running down his legs and Eve in her beauty, and all this blood running down off of her.

And God said, “Depart out of my Presence“.

He couldn’t stand it. Then Adam realized he had lost his fellowship with God.

There they went, Adam and Eve. I can see them, without hope, turned out of the presence of God. I can see him with his arms around his sweetheart, tears running down his cheeks, dripping off on her head and running down over her face and the tears and blood mixing together with the old bloody sheepskins.

Eve looked up to him and said, “Adam, I’m the cause of it, dear.“

And Adam was leaving with his sweetheart out of Eden, out under condemnation. Adam was not deceived, he didn’t have to walk out. But he walked out because he loved his wife, no matter, if she had to go to torment, he’d go with her.

A very beautiful type of Jesus Christ, knowing no sin, but He went to hell and took our place to redeem His wife, the church, because He loved her so well.

When God looked down and seen that love of a human being, it was so great. And when He saw his own children walking out of Eden condemned to die,

He couldn't stand it. "I'll put enmity between her seed and the serpent's seed", He said.

All that great eternity there came down in four letters, L-O-V-E and God promised a Redeemer.

It was a shadow of redemption somewhere, because there was blood running over them.

And I hear something going [Brother Branham claps: clap, clap, clap]

What is it?

It's the old, bloody sheepskin beating up and down on Adam's legs, speaking of some time. There is a land beyond the river, that they call the sweet forever, and we only reach that shore by faith degree... Knowing that someday, they'd get back to Eden again.

Let's make a little drama now. It is four thousand years later and we're in Jerusalem. I hear a noise.

What is it?

A screaming mob hollering, some poor man has come against it, "Away with him." Coming down through the streets comes an old rugged cross, bouncing over the cobblestones, bearing, rubbing out the bloody footprints of the Bearer.

Over His face they pulled a crown of thorns and the blood is running down His cheeks. His back beaten till His ribs is showing through nearly. On that little old garment, woven throughout without a seam, there's little red spots.

Look at these red spots, they get bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger as He walks on, till they all go into one big bloody spot.

I hear something beating again. [Brother Branham claps]

What is it?

There goes the Second Adam. One brought death and here goes the **One, bringing life**.

There's the one who took life out of the world the **first Adam**, and here's the One who's bringing life into the world, the **second Adam**, with His own blood hitting against His legs like that and His bloody locks dripping off of His shoulders. **The son of God** is going to Calvary to bear away our sins.

O God, oh when I think of what happened yonder. Uh, even my bones tremble to think. I think of seeing that Lamb when they hacked Him, yes, put thorns on His head and pushed it down. The soldiers spit in His face and said,

"Thou King, now do something about it." He was the Prophet of prophets. They put a rag around His face, and hit Him on His head with a reed, said, "Now, prophesy, tell us who hit you."

But the prophet said, "He opened not his mouth." He done told it.

And there He goes, down through the street He went, the howling mob laughing, making fun of Him. And up the hill, the blood running down His side, tinkling off on the ground. I hear Him walk now; out of His sandals I hear the blood squashing – God's blood.

A little woman called Magdalena runs in front and says, "What has He done? Nothing but healed your sick and done good. What do you accuse Him of? How can you

condemn him? He's done nothing." Someone slaps her and chucks her out of the way.

And here He comes, the second Adam, nobody, but Jehovah himself, dragging the cross down, staggering and bleeding. Then He falls.

Simon the Cyrene, a colored man came, helped Him pack it along.

Yonder on the hill they laid Him down and pulled His precious hands back.

Those hands that stood the fever, those hands that awoke that poor widow woman's boy. That One who called Dorcas back to life, that One who called Jairus' daughter to life, that One who said, "Lazarus, come forth", the One who spoke peace to the harlot.

His lips were bleeding now, parching and crying. Then they drove great cruel nails into His hands and into His feet, and flung Him down in the ground. And the flesh tore, His poor body quivered.

He said, "I thirst."

They gave Him vinegar.

They riled and mocked and made fun of Him, said, "You great miracle-worker, do something about it now. He saved others, Himself He cannot save. Come down off the cross and do a miracle before us, then we'll believe you to be the Son of God." They didn't realize, that if He saved Himself, He couldn't save others. So He gave Himself in order to save others. He had to die, so He could redeem us.

But then the skies began to get dark, lightning began to flash. God was hiding His face; He couldn't stand it no more.

O God, how cruel sin must be, how cruel, how cruel, - that caused that precious One to do that. Even such a price He paid, till God Himself hid His face. He was a man when He cried for mercy: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The Angels veiled their faces and turned around to weep with Him. The moon and the stars could not go any further. They could not shine no more.

The very God that created them was dying on the cross, and He bowed His head.

Before He did that, He looked down there to them people gambling for His garment, fulfilling what the prophet said. He said, **“Father, forgive them, they don’t know what they’re doing.”**

There He died like a man, friendless, even forsaken by God Himself. God, His own father, forsaken Him - bleeding.

O God…

It was that Blood, when yonder in the hospital, the doctor said, “He’s dying”, **It was that Blood that healed me. It was that Blood that forgave my sins.**

It was that Blood that took me out of a debauch and made me your son.

Oh dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood. Keep me near the cross, Lord. What a sacrifice.

What did it cost to redeem? What did it cost God? Never cost us anything. It cost God His Son. It cost God the greatest price – it cost Christ His life.

He was the Rose of Sharon; but to get the perfume out of a rose, you have to crush it up. His beautiful life was crushed as a young man of thirty three and a half years, that we might live.

In the face of every difficulty, of death itself and forsaken by God, He walked to the front like a conqueror, died in such a way, till even the people who stood by had to witness who He was.

The earth shook and took a nervous breakdown. It shook till the rocks ran out of the mountains and the sun went down in the middle of the day. Its own Creator had to drop His Blood on the earth to redeem them.

The moon and stars refused to shine. The Roman centurion said, “Truly, that was the son of God”. Pilate said, “I wash my hands from Him.” Judas Iscariot said, “I betrayed innocent Blood.”

What was it?

Everything had to recognize Him. He’d been prophesied. Notice, it spoke forward to that time when the greatest Conqueror, when He would come and conquer everything that Adam lost in the fall, He would redeem it back to man.

The mighty Conqueror Christ JESUS.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; **and with his stripes we are healed.**

Isaiah 53,1-5