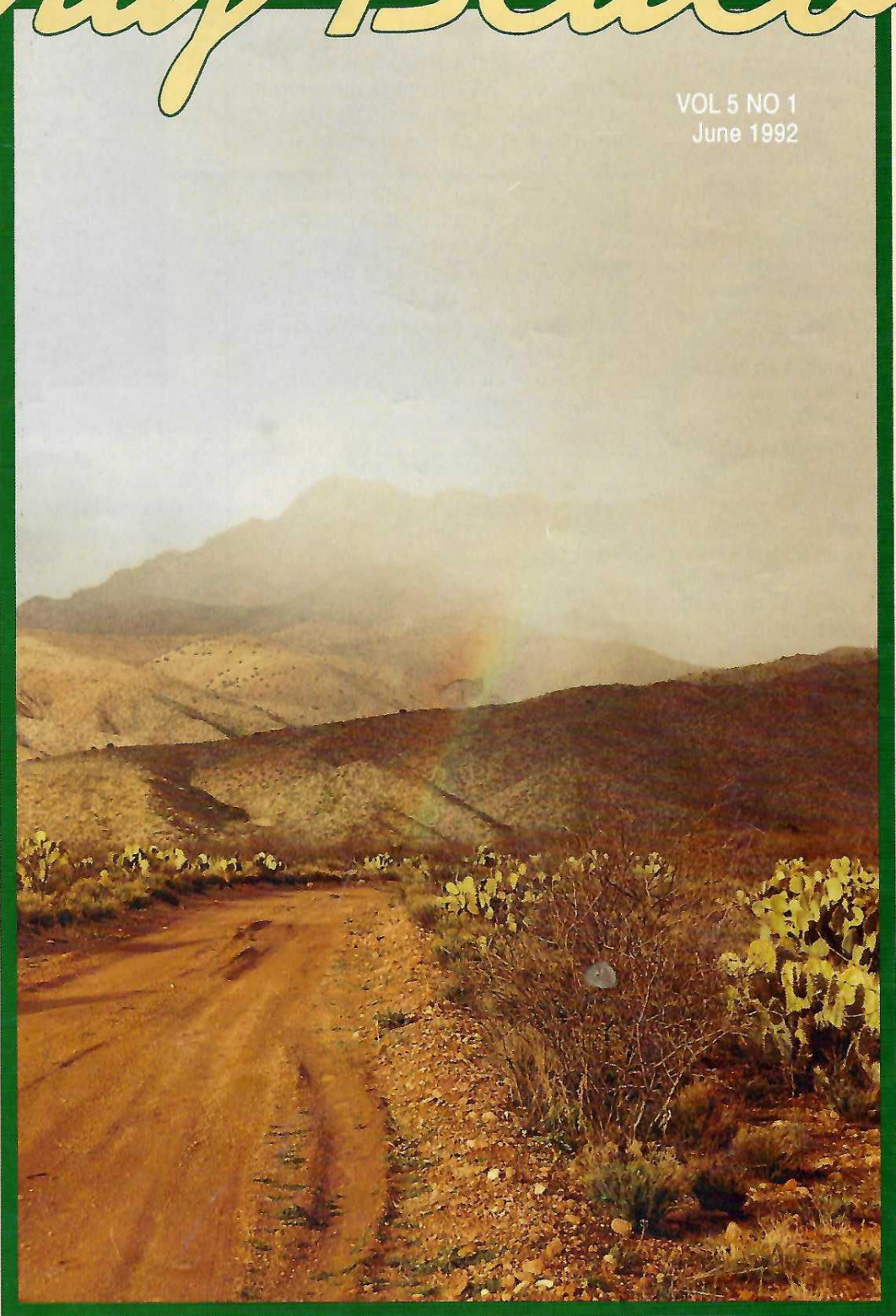


ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

Only Believe

VOL 5 NO 1
June 1992



THE ROAD TO SUNSET

Thanks for writing

Kinship

It has been quite some time since you published the wonderful story about Sister Branham ironing. The words so touched my heart that I recently started taking in ironing to have a little extra bread and butter money for our family of four.

Ironing at my own home has become an answer to prayer. Just as Sister Branham was not especially fond of ironing, I am not an ironing lover at heart either. I do, however, find that ironing provides a perfect time for prayerful thought or to hear a Message. My hands are busy, but my mind is free.

Ever since I read your story I have felt a little kinship with Sister Branham. We came into the Message just months after she went Home in 1981. I wish I could have met her on this side, but I look forward to seeing her at the Wedding Supper.

*Michelle Sealy
Bonaire, Georgia*

Unsound and Exposed

Often I've overheard 'I Write The Songs', and thought "Now that sounds odd, that doesn't seem to make any sense." It does now!! My, my, my, boy does it make sense! Satan and his devils are so laid bare in the article that it is as one might visualize them being stripped naked and vainly finding no place to hide. It sent a blow to Satan's vitals, and I'm sure he'll be hard pressed to heal that wound.

The gospel trumpet is sounding louder and louder, and Brother Branham's voice is truly music to our ears, the trumpet of Jesus Christ.

*Robert Black
Marion, South Carolina*

Taking Another Look

I found your article on music very interesting, and I am glad you wrote it. Maybe more people will take a good look at the kinds of music they are listening to. I know I have.

As a teenager, I wonder if parents really understand how many spirits we have to fight everyday at school. Going to school at times is like going to a mad house. And I know very well the spirits that come on a person when rock music is playing.

I plan to show this article to my worldly friends.

*Rachel Siller
Chetwynd, British Columbia*

Other Hands

All the Saints here have been blessed by every issue of *Only Believe* that has been put to print. It has found its way into the hands of people that might not have taken the time to read a whole sermon. And, they get passed around in hospitals and old folks homes. One Sister who frequents these places sees the positive effect it has on some seemingly non-religious or church-going people.

*Steven Weber
Clifton Hill, Australia*

Sharing

On behalf of the Saints here, I wish to say 'thank you' for the magazine. We are eagerly sharing them with the other churches. We at the Faith Tabernacle go through the magazines, and I then collect them for the Evening Light Tabernacle so all will have an opportunity to read.

*Pastor Mohamed Gallah
Sierra Leone, West Africa*

Note: 18,000 copies of Only Believe are now being distributed in 80 countries.

PROMOTED



Sister Gladys Dauch, a great lady and a friend to thousands of Believers around the world, went to be with the Lord on April 15, 1992.

Through the auspices of The William Dauch Foundation, which she established in memory of her late husband, Sister Gladys supported missionary endeavors, built churches, and printed Message books in many nations and languages. Even so, her personal calling as a nurse never abated, and she continued with her hospital work until the last few months of her life.

Her life was an inspiration to all who met her.

Give her the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates. PROVERBS 31:31

ANNOUNCEMENT

Labor Day Meeting
September 5 and 6

ELKHORN TABERNACLE

in
Elkhorn, Kentucky

Pastor Charles Cox
☎ (502) 465-3171

Only Believe

ISSUE 13

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1

Only Believe magazine is published by Believers International Incorporated, and is dedicated to the continuing ministry of William Marrion Branham.

Only Believe has no subscription price. The printing and worldwide distribution of this magazine is a work of faith, made possible by the tax-deductible donations of its readers. We deeply appreciate your active concern which enables us to continue this ministry.

THE ROAD TO SUNSET

5

*The continuation of
The Call Of Arizona
(Vol 3, No 1).
Miraculous events in
the mountains of
Sunset.*

AN ANGEL IN THE CAMP by Douglas McHughes

9

*The dramatic story of
the day God spoke
from a whirlwind.*

BREAD UPON THE WATERS by Eugene Norman

10

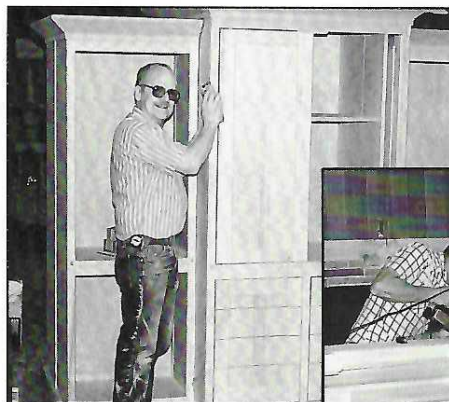
*At the word of the
prophet, he laid aside
his comfortable life-
style to start over in
the west.*

Photo Credits: *Desert Rainbow* (front cover photo) and *Mesa at Sunset* (page 4) by Merritt Simmons of Tucson, Arizona. *The Javelina* (pages 4 and 5) by Stephen Smith of Catalina, Arizona. *Brother Branham Relaxing At Sunset* (page 8) by William Simpson of Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Back Cover: On February 28, 1963, this unusual cloud formation was photographed over Flagstaff, Arizona. Meteorologists estimated that it measured 30 miles across, and was at least 26 miles above the earth, even though at that height there are no water droplets to make a cloud.

THE WILLIAM BRANHAM MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Beginning December 18, 1992, visitors to Brother Branham's den in Tucson, Arizona, will have an additional room to enjoy. Work is now underway to convert a part of the living quarters of the home which Brother Branham purchased for his family in 1964 into a Library and Research Center for use by both the Message Believers and those of the general public who are interested in learning more about the life and ministry of William Branham.



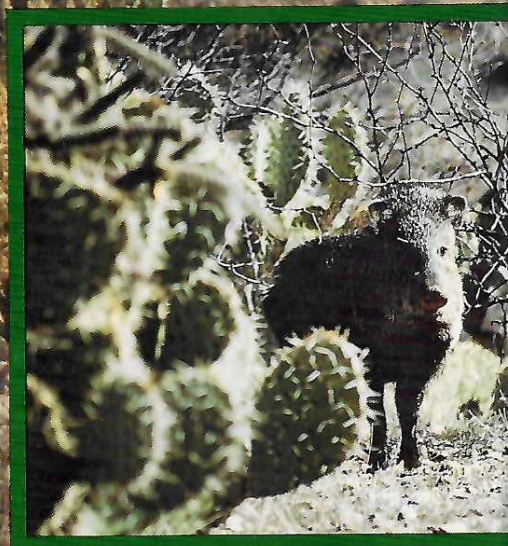
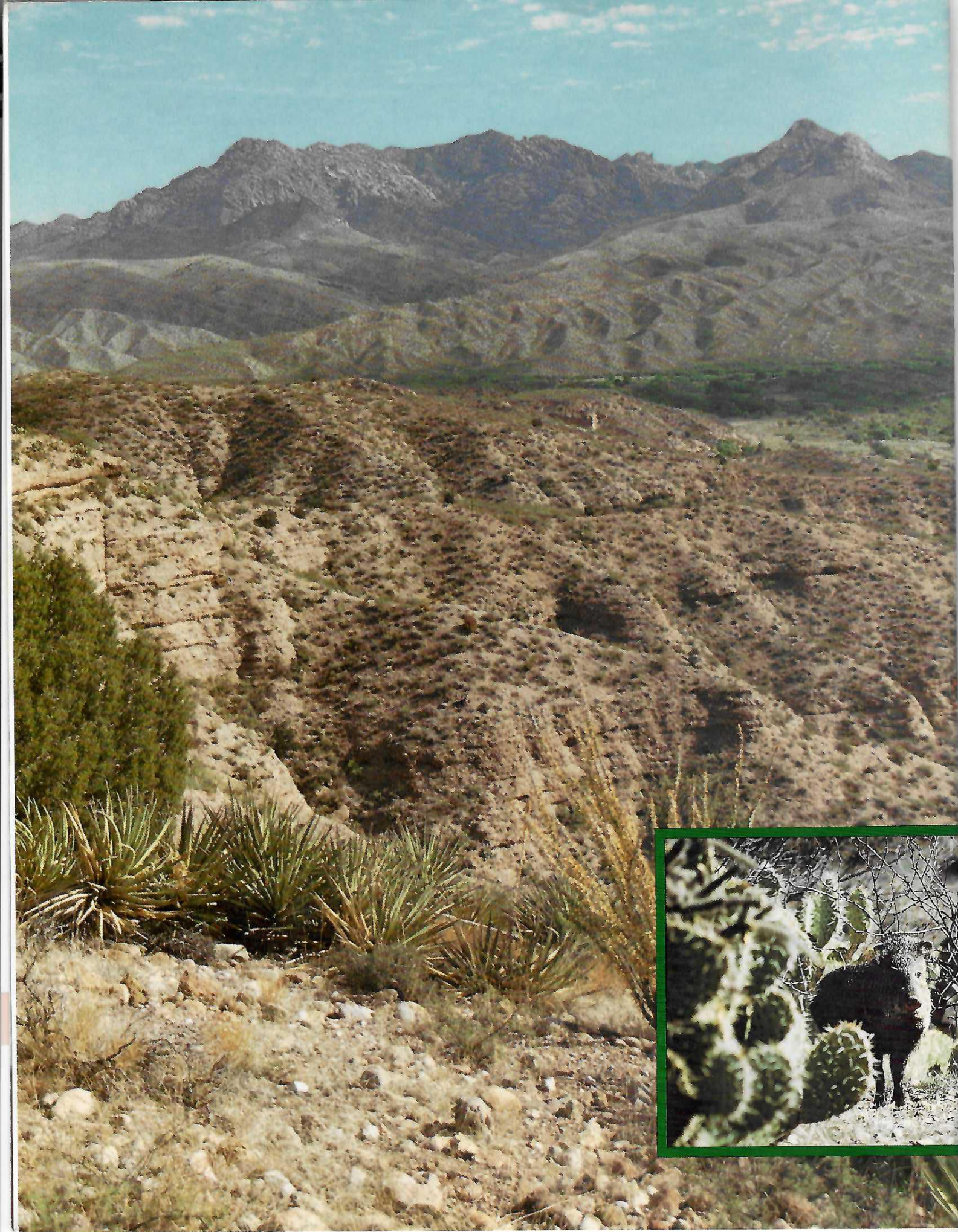
*Brother Jack Vance
built the new cabinets
and bookcases in his
Dallas workshop . . .*



*. . . and Brothers Luke
Foster and Vic Burna
installed them in the new
Library.*

When completed, we anticipate that this facility will contain an abundant collection of books, tapes, films, photographs, and study aids related to the Message of the Hour.

This Library is being sponsored by *Only Believe* magazine and its readers around the world.



The Road To Sunset

The road to that part of the southern Arizona desert known as *Sunset* has always been a well-traveled one. In the early days, the 1920s and 30s, it was mainly prospectors looking for gold that sought out its canyons and river beds. But there was also the occasional hunter, rugged individualists who were looking for solitude as well as game. William Branham was one of the latter.

It is not known for certain when Brother Branham first journeyed to Sunset, perhaps as early as 1948. His guide on that introductory trip, a prospector from Phoenix named Wallace MacAnally, can recall only that they drove there in his 1947 Ford and experienced a flat tire along the way. Their quarry was the elusive javelina, but the true success of the hunt can better be measured by the fact that Brother Branham continued to make his way to Sunset in the spring of the year, just as often as his schedule would allow.

In 1963, the attraction at Sunset began to shift from the natural to the supernatural. That year, the road to Sunset actually began in Jeffersonville, Indiana, on the morning of December 22, 1962. . .

The knocking at the door was low, but persistent, followed by an attempt to turn the knob. "Bill, are you all right?" There was concern in the voice, which was understandable. He had been locked in the bedroom for nearly two hours, and each time she'd called to him, there had been no answer. He knew that Rebekah was waiting for him to drive her to Louisville; if he didn't come out soon, she would be late for work at the hospital. Perhaps he had suddenly become sick, and was too weak to respond. On the other hand, perhaps there was something happening in the locked room that should not be disturbed. Of course, in this household, the second choice was more apt to be correct.

On the other side of the door, the object of Sister Meda Branham's concern sat with his eyes transfixed to the verse on the page in front of his eyes: "*Behold, I lay in Sion a stumblingstone and rock of offense: and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.*" He closed the Bible and walked to the window. Raising his hands, Brother Branham prayed for understanding. It had been a strange morning for him.

The vision had come at about nine o'clock, and in it, he found himself standing in the west, seemingly around Tucson, Arizona, and he was picking a cocklebur off his jeans. With him in the vision was his young son, Joseph, and they were talking when he saw before him a big

bush. In the bush was a cluster of tiny birds. There were two or three birds on the top limb, six or eight on the next limb, and fifteen or twenty on the bottom limb, forming the shape of a pyramid. It seemed that the birds, looking tired and battle-scarred, were trying to say something, but suddenly, they flew off towards the east. Immediately a flock of slightly larger birds, resembling doves, flew past him from the west to the east. They were traveling much swifter than the smaller birds, and when they had passed, he turned and looked again to the west. At once, he heard a loud blast that sounded like a plane breaking the sound barrier, or even a great clap of thunder. It shook the earth, and coming from afar off, out of eternity, he saw a constellation of Angels. They traveled faster than sound, their wings arched and their faces in profile. He didn't have time to count, but there appeared to be no less than five, and no more than seven. They too were in the form of a pyramid. In the twinkling of an eye they were with him, and he felt the power of God lift him up to meet them.

Still within the realm of the vision, he reasoned that this must mean his death was imminent, perhaps in an explosion. But he could still hear the voice of his son, and he realized that if, indeed, it had been an explosion, it would have killed the boy also. Then he knew. It was the Angels of the Lord coming to give him his new commission. He raised his hands and cried out, "Lord Jesus, what will You have me do?" And the vision left.

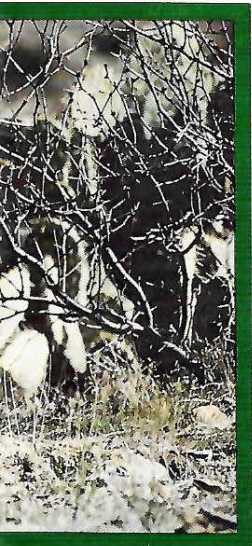
He was left feeling numb and breathless. More than an hour later, he still felt as though he were detached from his body. When he finally emerged from the bedroom it was nearly noon. He told his family that he needed to spend the remainder of the day in study, since he was scheduled to preach at the Tabernacle the following day.

January was a month of activity, but February was unusually quiet. There was only one scheduled service on the calendar, and Billy Paul, Brother Branham's 27-year-old son, was thankful for the respite. It gave him a few days to catch up on the mail and other office work which he handled for his dad. He had moved, with his wife and infant son, into a small studio apartment in Tucson, and for the time being it was serving as both a home and an office.

One evening in late January, Brother Branham stopped and asked Billy Paul if he had brought the mailing list with him

OPPOSITE PAGE: From the top of this high mesa in the Sunset mountains, a constellation of seven Angels proclaimed the opening of the Seven Seals of Revelation.

INSET: An adult javelina, also known as a collared peccary, watches from the shade of a prickly pear cactus. In North America, peccaries are exclusive to the Southwest desert.



from the Jeffersonville office. He wanted to send out announcements for a series of services to be held at the Tabernacle during the week of March 17 through 24. He said that his subject would be, "The Revelation Of The Seven Seals." Billy Paul told him that he would take care of it right away, and within a week or two, the postcards were in the mail.

was tremendous in the camp that night, and He began to reveal things that were taking place in the lives of the Brothers and their family members. Brother Branham finally had to walk a distance from the camp, in order to break away from the visions that could quickly exhaust him.

It was mid-morning, and the variegated shade, created as sunlight filtered through the scantily clad branches of mesquite brush provided a perfect camouflage for the stiff gray and brown bristles of the javelina. The small herd was invisible to the eyes of the hunter, and the distance across the gully that separated man from prey prevented him from hearing the

The 1963 hunting season for javelina in Arizona began on the first of March and lasted for ten days. Normally, Brother Branham would have been on his way to Sunset for opening day, but, unexpectedly, he had been invited to speak at a prayer gathering on the fourth of March in Houston, Texas, and he accepted. On the third, he drove to Houston with Billy Paul, preached on the evening of the fourth, and started home immediately after the service. On the return trip, he rode with friends from Tucson. Meanwhile, Billy Paul continued east, to Jeffersonville, to make final arrangements for the coming series of meetings.

It was already mid-day when they left for Sunset in Brother Sothmann's white pick-up truck. The date was March 6, 1963, which meant they'd only have three full days of hunting left, since they didn't hunt on Sundays. But with only three hunters, they figured they each had a fairly good chance of bagging game. Less than two hours after leaving Tucson, they turned off the paved road at Wilcox and onto the dirt road that led to Bonita and into the canyons scattered along the rimrock of Rattlesnake Mesa. One hour later, Brother Branham, Brother Norman, and Brother Sothmann had shouldered their rifles and gone their separate ways.

The next day, March 7, Brother Branham was successful in finding a good-sized javelina. The other two hunters were not so fortunate, but since he now knew the general vicinity of where the herd was located, Brother Branham promised to point them in the right direction the next morning.

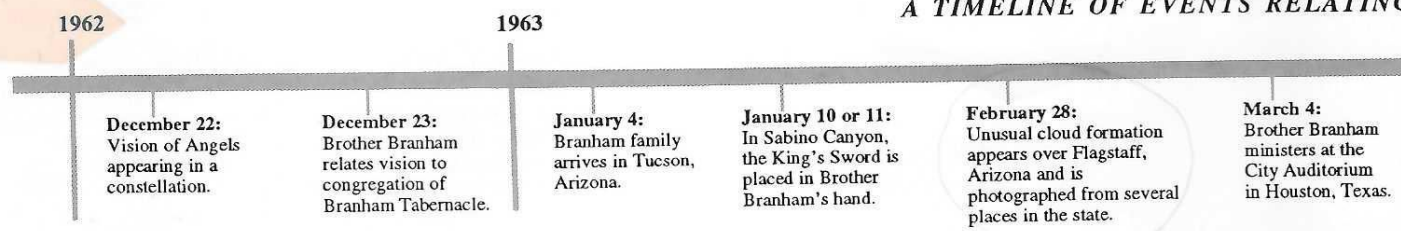
Camp was a simple affair - a fire, three folding chairs, and a small table - where they could sit, eat, and talk - or listen, which was the case on their second night in camp. As Brother Branham was to relate later, the Presence of the Holy Spirit



An aerial view of the Sunset campsite.

occasional snort, accompanied by the crunching and cracking sounds which the animals made as they foraged for roots and rock-hard seeds. A gust of wind danced its way through the prickly pear and barrel cactus, picking up desert dross and leaving a smudge of dust in its wake. The largest of the feeding javelina cautiously stepped out of the shade and towards a tempting patch of tender, green, ground-cover nearby. He sensed nothing amiss, and, responding to his leadership, the remainder of the herd soon followed him into the bright sunlight.

A TIMELINE OF EVENTS RELATING



Across the gully, the hunter was nearing the top of the ridge and he paused in his climb to look around. Jagged rocks littered the vicinity. Just ahead, he could see a faint deer trail winding down from the high mesa that swept eastward. Behind him stretched a long finger of land that connected this location with the dry wash where he and his companions had camped the night before. The sky was clear and the morning was cool, but an aggressive March sun would soon press the temperature into the high seventies. It was springtime, and the face of the Arizona desert was as friendly as it ever gets.

Finding a clear spot, the man sat down and began to remove the cockleburs that had fastened themselves to the legs of his denim jeans. Gingerly, he tugged one of the spiny seeds loose, but then hesitated before tossing it aside. A feeling of familiarity swept over him. "That's strange," he mused, looking at the bean-sized pod he held between his fingers. "I recall something about picking a cocklebur off my trouser leg."

Most likely, it was hunter's instinct that caused him to look up at that moment, and what he saw triggered an immediate response. The herd of twenty-or-so javelinas that he had been looking for since dawn had just wandered into view and were now feeding a little more than 500 yards away. Focused on his immediate objective, which was to alert his two fellow-hunters to the location of the game, he threw the now-forgotten bur to the ground, quickly and quietly rose to his feet, and started up across the ridge. Once out of sight of the animals, he stopped long enough to fasten a small piece of Kleenex to a bush as a marker, and then quickened his pace to a dog-trot. He knew he was a couple of miles from the other men, but if he —

The sound was like nothing he'd ever heard.



The successful hunters pose with their game. Left to right: William Branham, Wallace MacAnally, Fred Sothmann, Gene Norman, and Billy Paul Branham.

As the roar of the blast reverberated around him, for one frightening moment he felt as though his body had been catapulted into the air. "I've been shot," he thought, assuming that another hunter had seen his black hat as he was running and had mistaken him for one of the dark-colored javelina. All around him, gravel and fair-sized rocks that had been dislodged by the blast, bounced noisily down the slope. He then realized that his feet were still firmly on the ground, but he knew that the dimension surrounding him had changed, for standing before him was a pyramid of seven Angels. "Return back to Jeffersonville." It was the predominant Angel that stood facing him on the left that spoke the commission. "The Seven Seals of the Seven Mysteries will be opened. One by one, we will bring the Message."

An hour later, Brother Norman and Brother Sothmann could not help but notice a difference in Brother Branham's countenance when he joined them; but, as was their custom, they never questioned him. He asked each of them if they'd heard the blast, and they assured him that they had felt it as well as heard it, but he never inquired as to whether they had seen anything unusual. Neither did he offer them an explanation, but still they felt comforted and soon things slipped back into the normal hunting routine.

The following afternoon, the three men returned to Tucson and began making preparations for the trip to Jeffersonville.

The May 17, 1963 issue of Life magazine contained an unusual photograph, and the first person to take notice of it was Brother Gene Norman. According to the article accompanying the photo, science could find no explanation for an extraordinary cloud that had appeared over Arizona, and that intrigued him. The following Sunday, he showed the magazine to his friend. "Brother Branham, have you ever seen anything like this?" he asked.

"I guess you noticed that it is in the form of a pyramid," was the only reply he was to receive on that occasion, but a few days later, on June 1, Brother Branham acknowledged the significance of the photo.

Speaking to a small group of people that had gathered in the home of Brother Tom Simpson, he explained, "I looked, and right there were those Angels, just as plain as they could be. I looked to see when it was, and it was about a day or two before, or a day or two after, I was up there." Several months later, in Sierra Vista, Arizona, he clarified the event even further by reminding his listeners that God always shows His major events first in the heavens. "Did you notice," he commented, "before the Seven Seals were revealed, the great mysterious Light showed forth in the heavens up here above Tucson, where we were?"



TO SUNSET EXPERIENCES

March 6:
Brother Branham, Brother Norman, and Brother Sothmann drive to Sunset to hunt javelina.

March 8:
Brother Branham is visited by seven Angels in fulfillment of December 22nd vision. The Seven Seals are opened.

March 17 - 24:
The Revelation Of The Seven Seals are preached in Jeffersonville. Each day an Angel comes to Brother Branham in his study to reveal what lies written under that Seal.

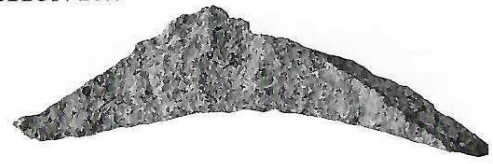
May 17:
Life magazine publishes photos and story of unusual pyramid-shaped cloud that appeared on February 28. Unexplained by science, the cloud was 26 miles high and 30 miles across.



see that history was being made; prophecy was being fulfilled?"

In our day, God chose an out-of-the-way spot to bring to pass an event that would once again attract the attention of a people to His Word and fulfill the prophesy of the Scriptures. As a result of the Sunset experiences, we have been able to see history repeat itself, for in the sunset of our day, the evening Light has surely come. □

**But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets.
REVELATION 10:7**



The remarkable saga of Sunset was not yet completed. In 1964, a dozen men assembled at the boulder-strewn campsite for three days of hunting and fellowship, and once more the supernatural was made manifest. Veiling Himself in a whirlwind, just as He did with Job, God came down to warn His prophet of the judgement that was soon to fall upon the West coast. Less than thirty days later, the strongest earthquake to strike North America since 1899 shook a 500-mile-long stretch of Alaska's coastline. It was only a token of what the world was facing, as Brother Branham was to explain later: "Just last March, 1964, that Good Friday earthquake of Alaska shook the whole world, though it did not unbalance it. But God was warning by a world tremor of what He will soon do on a greater scale. He is going to blast and rock this sin-cursed world, my brother, my sister, and there is only one place that can stand that shock. That is in the fold of the Lord Jesus. And I would beseech you, while God's mercy is still available to you, that you give your whole life, unreservedly, to Jesus Christ, who, as the Faithful Shepherd, will save you and care for you and present you faultless in Glory with exceeding great joy."

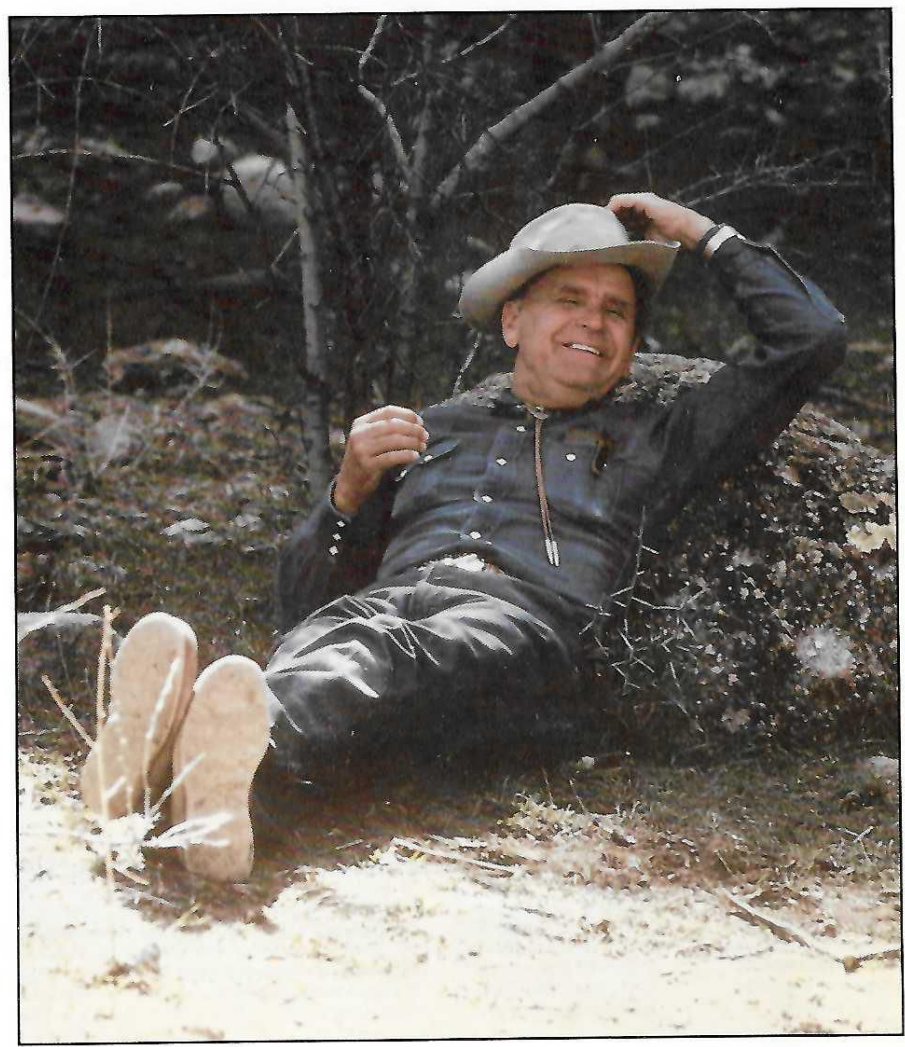
ABOVE LEFT: Brother Branham shovels dirt on the coals just seconds before the whirlwind descended, in this photo taken by Brother Doug McHughes.

ABOVE: One of the three-sided rocks blasted from the cliff by the whirlwind.

BELOW: Brother Branham relaxes at Sunset.

What is it about the events that took place in the mountains of Sunset nearly thirty years ago that continues to attract the attention of so many people? What is it about that remote spot in the desert that is capable of evoking such jubilation in some hearts, and such scorn in others?

The Scriptures bear witness that when God fulfills His Word, it always creates an attraction, just as it did on the day Jesus entered Jerusalem riding a donkey - exactly as Zechariah had prophesied. His presence attracted a mixed multitude, including some who came out of curiosity, and others to find fault. We ask ourselves, "Why couldn't they



An Angel In The Camp



*A Desert Camp Becomes The Setting For
A Supernatural Visitation.*

by Douglas McHughes

My family moved from Arkansas to California in 1946, looking for greener pastures after the war was over. About a year later, at the age of 15, I gave my heart to the Lord during a revival meeting. I knew, even then, that the Lord had called me to preach.

Shortly after I was saved, we got a letter from my aunt who lived in Little Rock. She had attended meetings held by a preacher who, she said, had a tremendous gift of healing. She related the story of a demon-possessed woman who had slithered across the floor on her back. "This man prayed for her and she was completely delivered," she wrote. "If he ever comes around close to where you are, be sure and go hear him. His name is William Branham."

A few months later we heard that Brother Branham was coming to the Los Angeles area, at the Baldwin Park church, so we made plans to attend. It was there that I saw my first miracle.

In those days, the crowds were so great that in order to get a seat for the service, you would have to go four or five hours early. Sitting directly in front of us was a girl of about 10 years old, and she was very restless from having to sit so long. She would turn around in her seat to face us, and we couldn't help but notice her terribly crossed eyes. I felt so sorry for her.

Finally the service started, and I didn't pay too much attention to her after that. I focused by full attention on what Brother Branham was saying, and even

when they began to call the prayer line, I did not see her leave her seat to go forward. When she came before Brother Branham, he hugged her and he told the people she had crossed eyes. Then he told the story of his own daughter, Sharon Rose, and how her eyes crossed as she lay dying. He said, "I want you to know that there has never been a child with crossed eyes called in the prayer line that has not been healed."

Then he said a simple prayer, and he turned her around to face the audience. Of course, the only ones that could see what had happened were the ones in the front, but we could tell by their response that she had been healed. When she got back to where we were sitting, she turned and looked right at us, and she had perfectly straight eyes.

From that point on, every opportunity I had, I would attend Brother Branham's meetings. I started preaching myself when I was just 17 years old, evangelizing throughout the mid-western states. Everywhere I'd go, I would try to find out if Brother Branham was nearby, and I'd go to hear him.

I began pastoring in San Jose, California in 1959, and in 1962 Brother Roy Borders, who was Brother Branham's campaign manager, and his wife, Helen, began attending our assembly. It was through Brother Borders that I was able to meet Brother Branham personally.

In January 1964, Brother Branham invited Brother Borders to hunt with him in Arizona, and he told him he could invite anyone he wished to come along. Brother Borders invited me, and I began making plans to join them at Sunset Mountain on February 27 to set up camp. For more than a year, I had been having severe vision problems. During a construction project that I was involved with, I had been working in the crawl space under a house when dirt fell into my eyes. I washed my eyes with water, but that night they continued to bother me and I was sure there was still some dirt in them. The next morning, I went to a doctor, but he couldn't find what was wrong so he sent me to a specialist. The specialist examined me carefully and told me, "You don't have a foreign object in your eye, but you do have a viral disease and it is incurable. The best we can do is to try an experimental drug that may bring you some periods of relief."

The dirt had not caused the disease, only aggravated it. I was so miserable

continued on page 14

Bread

On Thursday we completed last-minute touches to the small house we had rented on Santa Rita Avenue for the Branhams. There were clean sheets on the beds, towels in the bathroom, eggs and bacon in the refrigerator, and a container of home-made oatmeal cookies on the kitchen counter. It would be a tight fit for a family of five, but Brother Branham told us that he just wanted a temporary place to stay while he looked for a larger home. This was the best we could find within the price range he had stipulated, which was \$100 or less per month. The family, including Billy Paul and his wife and son, had left Jeffersonville, Indiana, on Wednesday, and we were expecting them in Tucson by noon on Friday, January the 4th, 1963. We could hardly contain our excitement.

It had been five years since that day in Waterloo, Iowa, when Brother Branham said to me, "Brother Gene, if I were you, I'd leave here and move west." He didn't offer more specific directions, and we didn't feel we should ask for more. One step at a time was enough. We had faith in God's prophet and in the leading of the Holy Spirit, and that was all the encouragement we needed. We sold our business, had a household auction, and we moved west. It was just that simple.

MINNEAPOLIS

We both believed from the beginning. We didn't even need to discuss it, because from the first time we heard him, in July of 1950, we knew that William Branham was a prophet of God.

We had been married for a little more than two years and were living in Mankato, Minnesota, when we heard there was a man coming to Minneapolis that had a ministry of healing. We drove 80 miles to where the services were being held in a large tent, set up on the corner of Nicollet and 55th Street, and that afternoon our lives changed forever. We had a 8mm movie camera, and as Brother Branham arrived for the service, my wife waited at the back of the tent and filmed him as he paused to speak to the people that were standing on the outside. After the service, once again she hurried to the back of the tent and filmed as he, near the point of collapse, continued to pray for people as his brother, Howard, led him to the car.

Even in those few moments of film, you can see that there was something different about this man, something that set him apart from all the rest. And as for us, we didn't see a Pillar of Fire or have our names called out; it wasn't a forceful personality or eloquent oration that attracted us. But when William Branham spoke, it struck a chord deep down inside of us that responded with an "Amen" to every word.

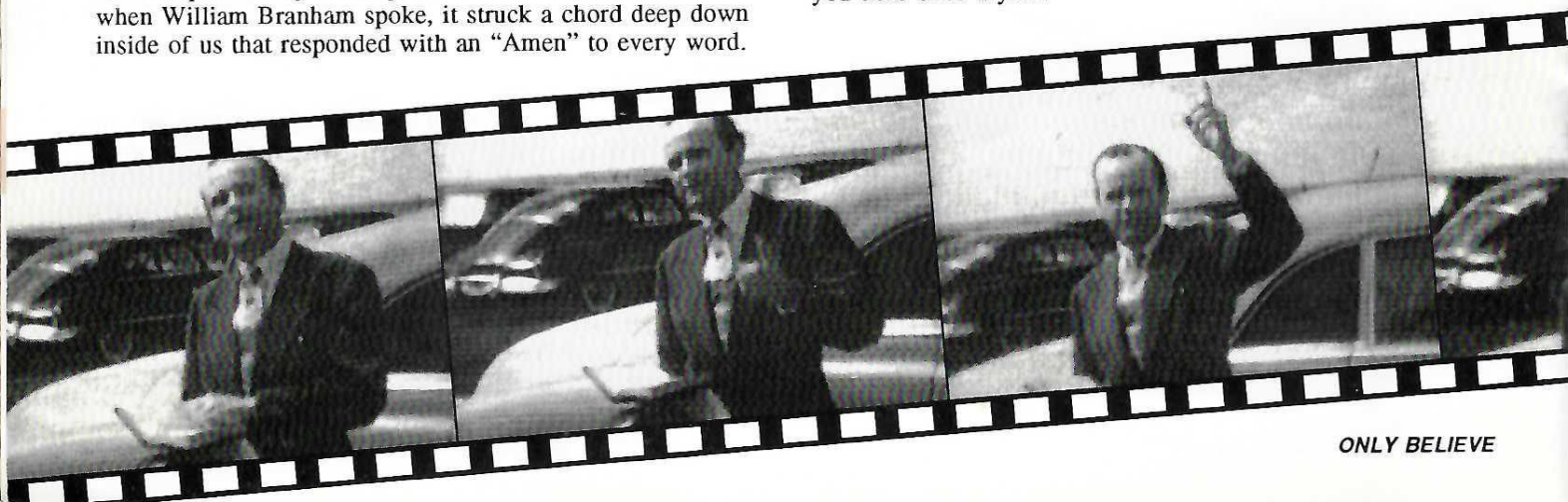
We just couldn't get over those meetings, and when he moved the tent to Cleveland, Ohio, I took my vacation from work and the wife and baby and I followed him there. The Cleveland campaign was to last for two weeks, and that was what we had planned for, but once it started, they decided to extend it a week longer. Credit cards were unheard of in those days, so we wired my mother for more money, had our vacation extended, and stayed on. It's hard to explain, but somehow we just couldn't bring ourselves to leave.

We subscribed to *The Voice Of Healing* and later, *The Herald Of Faith* magazines so that we would know when Brother Branham was going to be within driving distance of us. We also started ordering Brother Branham's tapes from his office in Jeffersonville.

From 1954 to 1962, the tapes of Brother Branham's meetings were duplicated and sold by Brothers Leo Mercier and Gene Goad, and they called their business the Audio Mission. Through our regular tape purchases, we soon came to know these brethren quite well, and they briefly introduced us to Brother Branham at a 1955 meeting in Chicago. But it wasn't until the 1956 Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, campaign, that we really became acquainted, and after those meetings, I was invited on a three-day fishing trip with Brother Branham and his son, Billy Paul, along with several other brethren.

We had been followers of Brother Branham's ministry for many years; nonetheless, we were still unprepared for the incomparable experience of being in the presence of a vindicated prophet of God. For example, one afternoon my wife and I were invited to dinner with Brother Branham, and as we were visiting after the meal he began to tell us about an interview he'd had earlier in the day with a man who had not paid tithes for three or four years. The man had asked what he had to do in order to get right before God, and Brother Branham said to us, "I just told him that he should pay all the back tithe he owed, plus twenty percent."

When my wife heard this, in her heart she began to wonder as to whether we were right in the way we paid our own tithing. We owned a business, and for some time we had been paying our tithes at the end of the year, when all our personal and business accounting was done. She didn't say a single word aloud, but Brother Branham turned instantly to her and said, "That's all right, Sister Norman, if you tithe once a year."



ONLY BELIEVE

Upon The Waters

WATERLOO

In 1953 I moved my family and my business, a candy distributorship, to Parkersburg, Iowa. We continued to travel as often as we could to hear Brother Branham, but in 1957 we boldly decided to try and sponsor a campaign in Waterloo, which was about 20 miles from our home. We contacted Brother Lee Vayle, who was then campaign manager, and after he consulted with Brother Branham, the dates for the meeting were set - January 25 through February 2, 1958.

There were two Christian radio stations in town and I tried to buy advertising for the meetings from them, but they wouldn't sell to us. We finally turned to commercial radio stations and were able to advertise there. We rented a large auditorium, called the Hippodrome, for 10 evening services, plus there was to be a Saturday morning breakfast.

The meeting was well attended, drawing people from a large area, but there was much unbelief and Brother Branham seemed to have a hard time. One evening as he was preaching on the subject *The Tower of Babel*, a wind come down through the structure and rattled the very framework of the place, creating a loud rolling thunder. The sound was similar to that made by a corrugated roof when it is shaken, but this building was block, brick and wood. "The Holy Spirit passed through this place just now in a confirmation of the Word," Brother Branham told the people. But even then, he continued to feel unbelief from the audience.

Then he reminded the people of St. John 12:29, saying, "Do you remember when Jesus was praying one time and there was a roar that came from Heaven? Some of them said, 'It thundered,' or something like that. That skeptic spirit still lives, but God still lives too. He's right here - the same rushing mighty wind that came down from Heaven on the day of Pentecost is right here to witness that same thing again."



NEW ACQUAINTANCES Brother Branham and Brother Norman posed for this photo in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada, in 1956, shortly after they were introduced. The Saskatchewan meetings had been sponsored by close friend, Brother Fred Sothmann, and this was enough to inspire them to ask themselves this providential question: "If the Sothmanns can sponsor a campaign, why can't we?"



ONLY BELIEVE

The Personal Testimony Of Eugene & Mary Ann Norman

What a time of rejoicing it was for the Believers in the audience, but to the skeptics he posed the question, "How long will you grope in unbelief?" (*Tower Of Babel*, retitled *The Oneness Of Unity*, Vol 2 No 7.)

Without a doubt, the most frustrating moment for me came at the Saturday morning breakfast. Brother Branham's subject was *I Was Not Disobedient Unto The Heavenly Vision*, a message which explains many things concerning the operation of his ministry. As he was preaching, ten ministers, representing several denominations in the city, got up and walked out of the service.

Afterwards, I was taking Brother Branham back to the Garden Motel where he was staying, and I began to try and apologize for the rude behavior that had been directed towards him by the ministers. Abruptly, he turned to me and said, "Brother Gene, do you love me?"

I was so overwhelmed that I felt a mere "yes" would not be adequate. As I struggled for words, he asked me again, "Brother Gene, do you love me?"

I said, "Do you want me to prove it, Brother Branham?" "Brother Gene, if I were you, I'd leave here and move west," he told me. "This place is under judgement."

On the last day of the meeting, Brother Branham asked my wife and me over to his motel for a visit, and afterwards, as we were leaving, he took out a small, black book that he called his Vision Book. He opened it and he asked us, "Now, what is your address?" He then turned the book to one side and wrote across the page: *Eugene Norman, Parkersburg, Iowa.*

Five years later, on January 4, 1963, Brother Branham arrived in Tucson with his family. Mary Ann and I stopped by the house we'd found for them on Santa Rita Avenue to see if we could offer any assistance and to welcome them to Arizona. While we were there, Brother Branham again showed us his Vision Book, and he opened it to the page where, in Waterloo, he had written our address. Then, he turned to the back side of that page. There he had written a vision the Lord had given him on his way back to Jeffersonville from the Waterloo meetings. A Voice had told him that when he saw the stones being torn up in his driveway, it was time to move west.

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LEFT: Frames from 8mm movie taken of Brother Branham at the 1950 tent meeting.



The Normans in 1958

TUCSON


The five of us, Mary Ann, our three girls (ages four, seven, and nine), and myself, left Iowa in the summer of 1958. All we knew was that we were moving west, and all the possessions we had were packed in a small luggage trailer that we towed behind our station wagon, 'The Green Hornet.'

The first place we stopped was at the Grand Canyon in Arizona, where we stayed for a few days before moving south to Phoenix. We stayed there for three weeks and were seriously considering making it our home, but one day we decided to take a little sightseeing trip to Nogales, Mexico, about 200 miles further south. In order to get there, we had to pass through Tucson, and as long as we were there we thought we should see a bit of that city also. It was August, and the temperature was nearly 100 degrees. Somehow, that afternoon we ended up in Sabino Canyon, located in the mountains that border Tucson on the north. A stream was running through the canyon and it just felt like a cool oasis. "They don't have anything like this in Phoenix," Mary Ann said. "Let's move here!" And that's just what we did.

After we had been in Tucson a week or two, we called Brother Branham to tell him where we had 'landed,' and one of the first things he said to us was, "Do you have your kids in Sunday school?" The very next Sunday we went to an Assembly of God church at 2555 North Stone Avenue that was called The Friendly Church.

The church was in a building program, and on occasion I would volunteer my help. One day I was nailing down a threshold at the back door of the church, and as I worked I prayed that one day God would let His prophet step across it. Two and a half years later, on February 5, 1961, Brother Branham preached two glorious services from that pulpit, and today, that building is the home of a Message church, the Tucson Tabernacle. It was also during those services that we found out that we were not the only Believers living

SALVATION and HEALING MEETING
One Day Only
Hear
WILLIAM BRANHAM
Feb. 5
11:00 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.
CENTRAL ASSEMBLY OF GOD
Tucson's Friendly Church
2555 N. Stone Tucson, Arizona
Rev. Spencer Weddle, Pastor


EVANGELIST
Wm. Branham
Phone MA 2-0681

in the area. We met the Isaacsons and the Howards, who drove up from Sierra Vista for the services, and Sister Elsa Larson, who was living not far from us in Tucson.

The first employment we found was taking care of a small motel, the Minnesota Motel, and it provided both a job and our living accommodations. We had been there a few months when Brother and Sister Branham stopped to visit us on their way home from meetings in California. He said that he had been concerned about us going to a place where we didn't know anyone, and that he had prayed for us every day. He also told us that some day he would like to bring his family to Tucson and put his children in school here.

During their visit, one evening Mary Ann asked Brother Branham if he would like to see the movies that she had taken during the first meeting we attended in 1950. Smiling, he turned to Sister Branham and said, "I knew I was going to see Howard. Last night I dreamed that I would see him today." Howard, his brother, had passed away just a few months before.

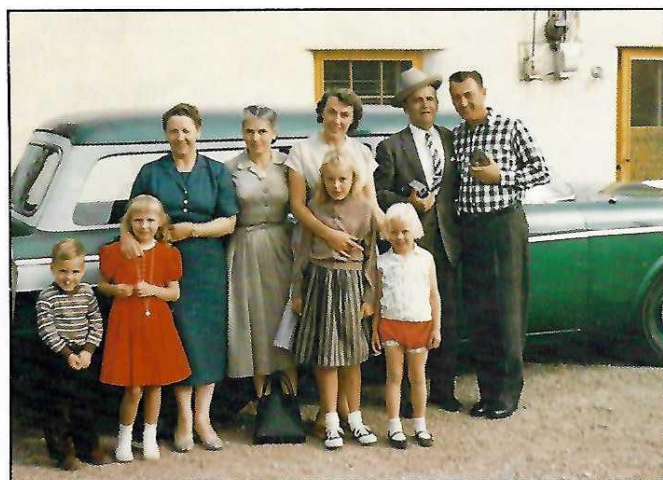
In the spring of 1962, I was working for a landscaping company and one day another worker was helping me to bring down a freshly cut limb from the top of a tree. I was standing on a 10-foot ladder, and suddenly the limb swung back and I was knocked head-first into the corner of a block wall. I was rushed to the hospital, and immediately Mary Ann called Jeffersonville. Sister Loyce Branham said that she would get a message to Brother Branham right away.

I was still on a bed in the hallway of the hospital, waiting for a room to be readied, when a telephone rang and a nurse came to tell us we had a phone call. Mary Ann went to the phone, and it was Brother Branham. He told her that he had prayed and he believed I'd be all right, and that there would be no aftereffects whatsoever.

When she returned to my side and began to tell me what Brother Branham said, I had to ask the nurse to quickly give me a pan and I vomited blood. From that minute on, I came to myself and could remember everything that had happened. Although they insisted that I stay in the hospital for 12 days, my condition remained completely normal the entire time.

Later in the summer of that same year, we took a month off of work and attended meetings on the west coast. One day I was talking to Brother Banks Wood, who was Brother Branham's neighbor in Jeffersonville, and he said to me, "The day that you fell and was hurt, Brother Branham came over to my house to tell me what had happened. He said that you were really badly hurt, but that he knew you were going to be all right because when he prayed for you, the Angel of the Lord appeared to him and said, 'Because he stood for you, I'll stand for him.'"

It was also at those same meetings that Brother Branham prayed for our middle daughter, Mary. We were ready to return home after the Grass Valley meetings, but first we stopped at the motel to say good-bye to the Branham family. Several months before, at church, Mary had seen a film on



VISITORS In November of 1958, just three months after the Normans arrived in Tucson, they had a surprise visit from Brother and Sister Branham who, with Brother and Sister Sothmann, were on their way back to Jeffersonville from California. L to R: Joseph Branham, Mary Norman, Sister Sothmann, Sister Branham, Sister Norman, Norma and Becky Norman, Brother Branham, and Brother Norman.

the Holocaust and it had bothered her so much that she was not able to sleep at night. Her mother had to sleep with her. Nor could she pray, because the devil would tell her that there wasn't a God, because He would not let things like that happen. She was 11 years old, the same age as Brother Branham's daughter, Sarah, and as we spoke that day in front of the motel, she and Sarah played together nearby. Brother Branham called her over to where we were and he took her in his arms and prayed for her, then he told her to run along and play again. Turning to us, he said, "She's going to be all right now. When I prayed for her, something that looked like a buffalo head lifted right off of her." She was just fine after that. I suppose that Satan was just trying to "buffalo" her into disbelieving.

On November 24, 1962, we were in Shreveport, Louisiana, at a breakfast where Brother Branham was speaking, when Brother Billy Paul brought us a note from his father asking us to meet him later at Morrison's cafeteria. It was at that dinner that he told us he would be moving his family to Tucson within the next few weeks, and he wanted us to find him a house. He was coming in obedience to the vision he'd had on his way home from Waterloo in 1958.

SUNSET

Even before he moved to Arizona, Brother Branham would frequently come here to hunt quail and javelina. His favorite hunting spot was north of the city of Wilcox at a place we called Sunset Mountain. I believe it was Brother MacAnally, the prospector, who first took Brother Branham into this area and I knew he enjoyed the rugged and challenging hunting it offered.

After he moved to Tucson, he invited Brother Fred Sothmann and myself to hunt with him at Sunset during the javelina season of 1963, which opened on the first day of March and lasted for 10 days. Brother Branham had to go to Houston, Texas, on the fourth of March for a meeting, so we missed the first few days of the season. But just as soon as he got home, the three of us headed for Sunset in Brother Fred's truck early one morning.

We set up camp a bit further up the wash than where we normally camped, and we each went in a different direction to hunt. I had gone just a few hundred yards when, strangely, I was overcome with weeping. I had no idea why I was weeping, but I simply could not control what was happening to me.

After a while, it passed, and I continued hunting for an hour or more. Then, unexpectedly, it came upon me again and I wept until I was weak.

Brother Branham was the only one to get game on the second day, and I did not say anything in camp about my own experiences. After we had eaten, we were sitting beside the fire and as Brother Branham began to talk to us, visions started coming. I remember that he held out his hands and showed us how they were trembling. He said, "Many people think that visions don't bother me, but they do."

The next morning he showed us which direction to go in, me in one direction and Brother Fred around the other side of the hill. He said he was going out on a point where he had seen javelina the previous afternoon and he thought he could run them down to us. I went down to the bottom of



THE CAMPSITE At Sunset Mountain, Brother Norman (left) and Brother Branham enjoy a relaxing meal together in February of 1964.

the hill as he had told me, and, once again, just like the first day, I started weeping for no apparent reason. That made three times that it had happened.

As soon as it passed, I once again started walking. I had gone just a few steps when what sounded like a tremendous explosion stopped me dead in my tracks. I quickly looked around expecting to see a ball of fire, or at the very least a cloud of dust, but there was nothing. The air was still. I looked up into the sky but saw nothing more than a couple of long, wispy clouds. I stood there for a few moments, then continued to head in the direction that would eventually bring me to the pre-arranged meeting place the three of us had agreed on earlier.

Brother Fred and I arrived a few minutes apart at the place where Brother Branham was waiting for us. The first thing he said to us was, "Did you hear that blast?"

I told him, "I've never heard anything quite like that before, in town or out of town." And that was the only mention he made to us concerning the blast.

I believe that you can compare what happened to us to the experiences of the disciples in the days of Jesus. Many

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Eugene and Mary Ann Norman

that I was willing to try anything, so I began using the experimental medicine in my eyes. Off and on, it seemed to help, but then it would get bad again. I used it for months, but the doctor told me that it was inevitable that I would lose my right eye. My condition was so bad that I couldn't bear to look directly at any light, and I had to wear dark sun glasses. At times I couldn't drive.

I had some nervousness regarding the hunting trip, because I wasn't sure that I could see well enough to actually look for game. But I was really looking forward to being with Brother Branham, and I was determined not to bother him at all with my problems. I knew that he went to the wilderness to relax from the pressures of the meetings, and I was not going to say or do anything that might intrude on his privacy. I even asked Brother Borders not to mention anything about my eyes to Brother Branham.

When it came time to leave for Arizona, I had to ask my younger brother, Glenn, to go along and drive for me. He was planning on waiting in Tucson while we hunted so that he could then drive me home, but when we got there Brother Borders invited him to Sunset with us.

We hunted for two days, and each day I'd go out and pretend to be looking for game. I wore a western-style hat to help shade my eyes, but I was still very uncomfortable in the bright light. The part that I really enjoyed was being in camp and listening to Brother Branham talk.

Brother McHughes, pictured here with his mother, Sister Maxine, reports that except for the normal vision changes which, with age, overtake us all, for the past 30 years he has continued to enjoy the excellent eyesight that the Lord mercifully restored to him at Sunset Mountain.

Sister Maxine's tumors disappeared without the prescribed surgery, and she has never had another problem with her feet. This August, she will celebrate her 80th birthday.



Sunday, March 1, was the last day we were to have together. No one hunted, but we were in no hurry to leave either. We slowly began the job of breaking camp and packing away the equipment. A couple of us had movie cameras and we were doing some last-minute filming around the campsite. To steady my camera, I was leaning against the hood of Brother Banks Wood's pick-up truck. Brother Branham sat just a few feet from me. He had his reading glasses on and a screwdriver in his hand, and he appeared to be adjusting the scope mounts on someone's rifle. Unexpectedly I heard him call my name, and as I turned to face him I knew that there was something different in the tone of his voice.

He was looking straight at me. "Your mother lives in California," he said. "She is about the same age that I am, and she has something wrong with her feet. In fact, she has little tumors around her toes and she is scheduled for surgery for those tumors. It is THUS SAITH THE LORD, she won't have that surgery."

The entire camp came to a standstill, everyone's attention focused intently on what Brother Branham was saying. I was beyond speech, which was just as well. It wasn't a time for conversation.

He went on, "I see a heavy-set doctor looking in your eye. He tells you that there is nothing he can do for you, that you are going to lose that eye. But it is THUS SAITH THE LORD, you won't lose that eye."

I barely had time to comprehend what was happening when, strangely, one of the hunters took out a rabbit call and began to blow on it just as hard as he could. Such an abrupt interruption to the atmosphere of a moment before shocked me to the core. I stood there expecting the man to drop dead in his tracks. I looked at Brother Branham, thinking that he would rebuke the man for his actions, but much to my surprise, Brother Branham reached into his own shirt pocket and pulled out his rabbit call, and he began to blow it with all his might. Then he laughed and slapped his leg.



After that, the camp quickly returned to normal, and I saw Brother Branham get up from where he was sitting and pick up a shovel. Still rather shaken from the previous event, I picked up my camera and began to film as he walked to where the campfire had been and began to throw dirt on the coals. Since we were in the process of cleaning up the campsite anyway, this was nothing unusual for him to be doing.

Then, suddenly I heard a noise coming out of the sky. I immediately forgot about filming and was deciding whether or not to dive for cover, when I saw Brother Branham take off his hat and turn his face towards the sky. I knew something phenomenal was taking place.

As the whirlwind settled around us, rocks began flying from the cliffs above our heads. The sound was intense, almost a scream. Billy Paul, who had been a short distance away helping to take down the tent, came running towards his dad, but everyone else was frozen where they stood.

I didn't hear the three distinct blasts that Brother Branham spoke about later - I was rooted to the spot, watching Brother Branham as he looked straight up into the whirlwind. My camera was still in my hand, but at that point, taking pictures was the last thing on my mind.

The whirlwind left exactly the way it came. In other words, it didn't travel horizontally in any direction. It came straight down and went straight up. Brother Branham put his hat back on, he had a very strange look on his face. He said, "You know, one time God spoke to Job in a whirlwind." Then he began to clean up papers that had blown around the area. It had been no more than five minutes since he'd had the vision of my mother and myself.

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Gradually, the rest of us began to move about and return to what we had been doing before. I don't believe that anyone questioned Brother Branham any further as to what had taken place, I know that I didn't. We did talk among ourselves, and later in the day, I believe that Brother Branham did speak to Brother Wood and Brother Roberson about what had happened.

Shortly after the whirlwind occurred, Brother Branham must have gone for a walk, alone. I didn't see him leave, but I did see him return, carrying his .22 rifle. I was standing next to the big rock near where the campfire had been. He stood his gun up against a tree, walked up beside me, and gently elbowed me in the ribs. He said, "How are those eyes now?"

They felt perfect. Earlier, I had gone for a walk when, all of a sudden, I realized that my eyes didn't hurt. I jerked off my glasses, and they didn't hurt. I looked right up into the sun, and they still didn't hurt.

Brother Branham said to me, "When I was talking to you about your mother, do you know how I knew that?"

Truthfully, I answered, "Not really."

He said, "I saw your mother standing right there beside you. I saw her put her foot out and say, 'If you see Brother Branham, ask him to pray for me.' And right after I saw that, the Angel of the Lord stood between you and me, and the Angel told me 'Separate yourself from these men, I've got something to tell you.'"

Brother Branham was within four or five feet of me, and the Angel was standing between us! I've often wondered if the Angel was there during the whistle blowing.

The next time I saw Brother Branham was the following October in Meeker, Colorado, where we hunted deer for four or five days. On that trip he talked to us about the whirlwind and the events that had taken place when we were together at Sunset.

One day, I spotted several head of game that were some distance away. Some of the brothers standing nearby were unable to locate the animals, which were mere specks on a far ridge. Brother Branham walked over to where we were, and put his hand on my shoulder. With a smile on his face he said, "This is the guy that was going blind, and now he can see better than the rest of you." □

times they too had very little knowledge of the significance of events that took place in His ministry, just as we had no idea of what had actually taken place that morning. We continued with our hunting, and returned to Tucson a couple of days later.

On March 12, Brother Branham and I left Tucson in his car, on our way to Jeffersonville, where he had scheduled services at the Branham Tabernacle to preach on *The Revelation Of The Seven Seals*. There were several cars of Believers traveling along with us - the Sothmanns, the Simpsons, and the Maguires. Brother Branham loved to drive, but I was driving as we left Tucson so that he could rest. We were the last car in the caravan (Brother Branham always put himself last; I've seen that so many times). We hadn't gotten very far down the road when he said to me, "You know, we hardly ever go on a trip like this that someone doesn't get picked up for speeding." In just a few minutes, I pulled out and passed a car in order to keep up with the others in our caravan, and immediately I got a ticket. A few miles further down the road, in Benson, Arizona, we all stopped for breakfast, and when we started out again, Brother Branham drove. As a matter of fact, he drove from then on - all the way to Jeffersonville and all the way back.

I don't believe that anybody, including myself, can really understand what intense stress he was under at the preaching of the *Seals*. I do know that driving home he was very quiet until we reached the Arizona line, then he started singing and I guess he sang nearly every song he knew, one right after the other, the rest of the way home.

The next morning I went over to his house to mow his lawn, because I always took care of his yard. As I made my way around to the back of the house I saw Brother Branham sitting on the ground with his back to the wall, Indian style. He looked totally exhausted, as though he couldn't bear to even lift his head. I took the lawn mower and got out of there as fast as I could.

It was sometime during the first week of May that I stopped by to see my brother-in-law, Willard, and on his table was a copy of the new *Life* magazine. I began to look through it and when I came to page 112, there were pictures that had been taken in Arizona of a cloud. The caption read "Ring Of Mystery." It looked interesting, and when I asked, Willard said that I could keep the magazine, so I took it home.

Frequently, Brother and Sister Branham would stop by and pick up the wife and I for church on Sunday mornings, and I believe it was the very next Sunday that he got there a bit early. He came in and sat on the couch and I picked up the magazine, opened it to the cloud photo and handed it to him. "Have you ever seen anything like this?" I asked him.

He looked at it, but he didn't answer "Yes" or "No" to my question. After a moment, he said, "I guess you noticed that it is in the form of a pyramid."

Actually, I hadn't. I don't know what it was that had attracted my attention to the photo, except that it looked unique and it happened in Arizona. It had to have been the Lord prompting me.

Brother Branham asked if he could have the magazine and I gladly gave it to him, but he never offered any further explanation at that time. Of course, he knew what it was, but it wasn't the time for us to know yet.

One day Mary Ann and I were telling Brother Branham how happy we'd been since moving to Tucson. We'd never experienced one second of regret. Most of all, we felt privileged at having been allowed to be present during many of the remarkable events of his ministry. He nodded his head in acknowledgement, then, with warmth in his voice, he quoted Ecclesiastes 11:1:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

The Lord has rewarded us for our obedience to the Word. He has allowed us to be witnesses as He communed with His prophet. He has placed His Word in our hearts, and I believe that we have stood on Holy Ground.

What more could we ask for? □

Since when did God ever do anything
that He didn't show first by a heavenly
sign? His great major events always
happen in heaven first, before they
happen on earth.
He reflects Himself.

William Branham



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