



An Expert Fisherman.

The Third Pull.

The First Pull unmasked disease through the sign in the hand. From place to place, the causes of human misery were unerringly revealed, followed by the tender words, "*Jesus Christ makes you well.*" But this genuine sign was followed by widespread carnal impersonation.

The Second Pull brought discernment of the very thoughts of the heart. This was clearly a manifestation of the unchanging power of Christ, and fulfillment of Hebrews 13:8, "*Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever.*" This too was impersonated, but not one of the imitators would risk their entire reputation on it as Brother Branham did. He once told me, "*Brother Pearry, if I ever tell you 'thus saith the Lord' and it does not come to pass exactly as I told you, don't you ever believe me again, because then I will have gotten into it and it will no longer be God. If God says it, God will do it.*"

Many others have manifested what they call "*gifts of discernment,*" yet there has always been that margin of error. I have known men personally who had great gifts of discernment, but occasionally they would be mistaken and would cause great sorrow in the lives of others, often great tragedy when people were told things in error. This was a source of confusion to these men of God. When they asked Brother Branham about it, he said, "*If there is any margin of error in it, leave it alone.*" He said this because it is better to refrain from speaking than to tell someone the wrong thing and do them irreparable harm.

The Angel of God had promised Brother Branham that there would be three "pulls." Brother Branham had given us the assurance that the Third Pull would not be imitated. Now, from his own words we can learn more about this last great phase of his ministry.

On the road to British Columbia, there is a range of mountains with seven peaks, which God pointed out to Brother Branham, indicating to him that they were "his" range. The spell out the seven letters of each part of his name, tell his life story, and testify of the three "pulls" in his ministry. The first and lowest peak represents his boyhood visions, which most people said were of the devil. The next peak, a little higher, speaks of his conversion. Most important, however, are the three tallest peaks which tell of the three "Pulls." The tallest of these, rising far above the others and more massive is, of course, mute testimony to the Third Pull. One day as we stood there gazing at those peaks, he told me, "*Brother Pearry, we are up on the shoulder of that third mountain - The third Pull.*" So you see, I know that according to his own words the Third Pull was coming into being before he left us.

Brother Branham spoke of the Third Pull in a sermon entitled "Look away to Jesus" when he said these words:

Now, remember, there will never be any impersonation of that, because it can't be. It cannot be. Now it is in existence, and I am warned of this... that soon - right at this time now - it has just happened, so it could identify its presence among you. See? But it will not be used in a great way until this council begins to tighten up. And when it does, when that does... The Pentecostals and so forth can almost impersonate anything could be done, but when that time comes, when the squeeze comes down, then you'll see what you have seen temporarily, be manifested in the fullness of its power. See...?... see?

Now, I must continue in evangelism, just as I was commissioned first; I must continue on. Therefore, you've had the Word, and you know what to look for, how to stand. I must continue on in evangelism. And friends of mine, keep still and just keep moving on, for the hour is approaching swiftly (See?), that when something is going to be done.

Now, you might see some little odd things happen from me, nothing sinful, I don't mean that, but I mean something odd to what the regular trend, because what I have reached to now in the ministry, I'm dropping back here, watching that spot and waiting for the time to use it. But it's going to be used. And everyone knows that for as certain as the first was identified, so has the second been identified; and if you'll think real closely, you who are spiritual (as the Bible said, "Here's to him who has wisdom.") the third is properly identified. See? We know where it is. So the third pull is here.

It is so sacred that I mustn't not say much about it, as He told me in the beginning. Said, "This, say nothing of it." You remember that years ago? It speaks for Itself. See? But to... I've tried to explain the others, and I made a mistake. This will be the thing that, to my opinion (I don't say the Lord tells me this.)--this will be the thing that will start the rapturing faith for the going away. See, see? Now, and that... I must lay quiet for just a little while.

Now, remember (and who's listening to this tape) you might see such a change in my ministry right away, dropping back... Not going up, dropping back... We're right at the age now, and it be--can't go any further. We have to wait here just a minute until this happens over here to catch up, then the time comes. But it's thoroughly identified.

He continues...

And now, on persons like ourselves, we're going to be cut out of all that altogether. That's exactly, because they won't be able to do it. It's tightening; and then when that time comes, and the press comes to a place to where you're pressed out, then watch (what I am fixing to tell you in a few minutes) watch the third pull then. It'll be absolutely to the total lost, but it--it will be for the Bride and the church.

Here, Brother Branham in his own words tells the people who believe him to be the prophet

of God to "watch the Third Pull." He said, "if you are spiritual, it has identified itself among you." But yet, he said that if he left us, that secret would be in his bosom.

Now, every time that Brother Branham spoke in 1963, 1964, and 1965 about the Third Pull, he always mentioned the times when the 'spoken word' was manifested. Reading now from Matthew 21:18.

18 Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he hungered.

19 And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away.

20 And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig tree withered away!

Notice this incident in the life and ministry of Jesus, who looked at a fig tree, desired fruit of it, but since there was no fruit, He spoke the Word and said, "*Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever.*" How the disciples marveled. And Jesus, as this incident is related by Mark, turned and said, "*Have faith in God. Verily I say unto you, if you have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also, if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done.*" I don't know of many people on this earth who have practised this Scripture. There are those who have used it as faith, but who can stand and say that they have spoken the Word and what they said has taken place? Jesus said it would be. He keeps His word, "*Not one jot nor tittle shall pass away, though Heaven and earth pass away.*" Now I will relate the times that this Scripture was fulfilled in our generation.

The first time occurred when Brother Branham was fishing with his next door neighbor, Brother Banks Wood, and his brother Brother Lyle Wood. These two men were both former Jehovah's Witnesses. The three of them were fishing at a little spot called Dale Hollow, in Tennessee. The Wood brothers, in the boat with Brother Branham, were discussing a sister, a member of the Church of God, who used to witness to them about their need for salvation. They had been recalling her Christian kindness to them and Brother Banks had just made the statement that maybe someday they ought to go and see this lady and tell her that they were both now saved and serving God.

When they said these words, as related by the men and Brother Branham, the prophet felt the Spirit of God move upon him and it attracted his attention through a voice that said, "*Thus saith the Lord: In the next few hours there will be a resurrection of a small animal.*" He was puzzled and began to consider the meaning of this. In his mind he recalled how his little son, Joseph, a few days before, while petting a neighbor's kitten, had squeezed the animal too tightly and had dropped it limp to the floor. He thought that maybe this little kitten would be resurrected.

After fishing for a few hours, Brother Lyle caught a small bluegill which had swallowed the bait entirely. Brother Lyle couldn't get his hook out, so he just held the little fish and jerked the hook out, along with the gills, and the complete entrails of the tiny fish. He threw the fish over the side and said, "*Little fella, you shot your last wad.*" The fish hit the water, jerked,

and lay still. The waves gradually washed it up against the bank.

After about thirty minutes a strange feeling again came over Brother Branham. He looked toward the trees along the shoreline and there, moving as in a whirlwind, came the sound of a rushing wind. The Spirit of God spoke to him, saying, "*Stand up and speak to the little fish, and it shall have its life.*"

Immediately, Brother Branham stood to his feet, and cried, "*Little fishie, Jesus Christ gives you back your life; live in the name of Jesus Christ.*"

These two men testified, in Brother Branham's presence, that the fish, though dead for thirty minutes with all internal organs removed, flipped over in the water and swam underneath the boat. This was the first time that he had spoken and that which he said had been fulfilled. It was the first manifestation of the *spoken word*.

The second such incident was related to me personally by Brother Branham, in the presence of Brother Sidney Jackson and his wife, in Brother Branham's den in August of 1964. The incident took place while Brother Branham was hunting squirrels during the 1959 season. A great squirrel hunter, he had killed one hundred and thirty five of the animals the year before. His favorite was the little Kentucky gray squirrel, a crafty animal which required great skill to hunt.

On this particular day, by 10 o'clock in the morning, he hadn't seen a single squirrel. The wind was blowing: warming the day, so he decided to take a little nap. He related that he found an ash tree with three forks where he could sit comfortably on the ground and lean back against the forks in the tree. He was meditating on the verse in Scripture, "*if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and cast into the sea...*" He was thinking how he had never preached on that text, but thought also how it is in the Word.

Just as these thoughts went through his mind, a voice spoke to him and said, "*What do you want now? Say it and you'll have it.*"

As often as he had heard that voice, yet he was startled. He looked around, wondering where it had come from.

The voice repeated, "*What do you want now? Say it and you can have it.*"

This time he answered, saying, "*Well, I'm squirrel hunting; I'd like to have some squirrels.*"

The voice responded, "*How many squirrels?*"

He found himself thinking, "*Well, three makes a good meal,*" so he answered, "*I'd like to have three squirrels.*"

"All right, where do you want the first one?" said the voice.

By this time he had stood up, looking all around thinking that he was in a vision. Yet, being trained by former strange experiences all his life, he responded by thinking, "*It says to say it;*

I'll say it." He considered how a squirell is not usually in a sycamore tree and noted that such a tree was nearby.

"Let a squirell come out on a limb of that sycamore tree - right there." he said.

He had no more than said these words than there sat the squirrel. He rubbed his eyes, and again the thought crossed his mind, as to whether this was a vision, but resolving to follow the thing through, he raised his rifle, aimed, fired, and the squirrel fell to the ground. He walked over and picked it up. It was warm and bloody. To himself he said, "*Visions don't bleed.*"

He dropped the squirrel in his bag, and said, "*Thank you Lord!*" and turned to leave, when the voice spoke again, "*Where shall the second one be?*"

Looking around he saw a locust tree. He thought, "*I'll make this one where I know it's God.*" Aloud, he said, "*Let a squirrel run up that tree and sit in the top where I can get a shot at his eyeball.*"

The words were barely out when the squirrel scampered up and sat right on top of the locust tree. Again he shot, hitting the squirrel in the eyeball. He walked over, picked up the squirrel, and again thanked the Lord, saying, "*Thank you Lord. Your word is true!*"

Again he started to leave, but the voice stopped him, saying, "*But you said three.*" "*I did say three,*" he agreed.

This time his instructions were elaborate, "*Let one come right through there, right past those farmers picking corn in the field, right up this tree, right over across there, jump over that limb, and land right there, and I'll shoot him there.*" He pointed to the spot.

Of course, you know what happened. The instructions were barely given when there came the squirrel, following all his specifications, stopped right where he had said, and again his shot was true. He picked up the third squirrel and put it in his sack.

As he related this extraordinary experience, first he sat on the floor in front of his chair, leaning back against the chair as he had leaned against the forks in the tree. Then he stood up, acting as though he were aiming and firing his gun. Watching him, I thought, "*I am either listening to a prophet of God - this either happened, just as he is telling it, or this man is deceiving me.*" Yet, I could think of no reason why he would deceive me.

His unfailing discernment caught my thought. Turning to me, he said simply, "*Brother Pearry, it really happened.*"

A few days later, (November 14, 1959 ...Ed) he and Brother Banks had lunch in the modest little home of Sister Hattie Wright Mosier's parents. There were eleven people present that day as witnesses of the next miraculous happening. Now, Sister Hattie was but a poor little widow woman, without money or possessions, she and her two young boys barely able to eke out a living. She was a very godly woman, faithful to the church with her tithes and offerings. She sacrificed to give to the work of God. Loving the Lord and His people, she

opened her home to everyone. Her sister, Edith, was a cripple. Her beloved parents were old. Her two young sons were unsaved. She was so poor that Brother Branham had gone there that day to return a twenty dollar bill that she had given to the building fund for the church and that he figured she could ill afford to give.

Everyone was sitting around the kitchen that day rejoicing in the things of the Lord. Brother Branham was relating the incident of the squirrels being spoken into existence. As he finished, he commented, "*When Abraham needed a ram for a sacrifice, God provided one. The only thing I know that He is still Jehovah Jireh.*"

When he spoke these words, Sister Hattie spoke up and said, "*Brother Branham, that is nothing but the truth.*"

Like the widow woman in the Scriptures who said the right thing at the right time, so it was with this modern day widow, whose simple faith touched the power of God. Immediately the Holy Spirit moved upon Brother Branham and said, "*Give her what she asks for!*"

Obediently, Brother Branham turned to her and said, "*The Lord just told me to let you ask for anything you want and whatever you ask for, I'll say it in the name of the Lord, and He'll do it.*"

"*Brother Branham,*" she said, "*What shall I ask?*"

He said, "*You are poor and live on the hill over there with no money. You might ask for that. You have got a little crippled sister, ask for her healing. Here is your mother and father, old and broke down. You might ask for them. Ask for what you want and if it isn't laid in your lap, then I'm a false prophet!*"

Her two boys were off in the corner laughing and snickering.

She turned with tears in her eyes and said, "*Brother Branham, the greatest desire that I have is the salvation of my two sons.*"

He turned to her and said, "*I give them to you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.*"

In the corner of that humble little room, the two laughing, snickering, unbelieving boys, struck by the power of God, fell across their mother's lap and repented of their sins. Their repentance was sincere and they were baptized soon after in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, their salvation was assured. They have been faithful in the church with communion and washing feet.

You see, God knew that she would ask for something eternal, not something temporal. If she had asked for the healing of her sister, it might not have been lasting, for she could have gotten sick again. The parents would have one day again approached old age. She could have asked for a million dollars, but money might have been completely wrong for her, as it is for so many people. But the salvation of those two boys was something that would last throughout eternity.

This was the third time the spoken word was manifested. The fourth time was in October of 1963, while he was on a hunting trip with several other brothers, in Colorado. This was an area he knew well, having hunted and herded cattle there for over twenty years. At one time he had even known how many elk there were in the herd. Once he had stood so still that the elk herd had grazed up so close to him that he had punched a bull elk in the side with the butt of his rifle. He blended that well into the wilderness. Such a display of patience reveals the type of hunter that he was. The others with him always relied on his wisdom and knowledge of the outdoors, particularly in this area of Colorado, which could be dangerous in time of storm.

This particular morning the sky spoke of an oncoming storm and the weather reports confirmed that a severe disturbance was on the way. The hunters had gathered in the cabin the night before, and Brother Branham had advised them to leave the following morning if they must get out, because otherwise they might be snowed in. For those who would stay, he agreed to remain and help them, but that morning he advised them strongly to stay close and to head for camp at the very first sign of moisture, even the first drop of rain. He knew that it could get so bad within minutes that they could never find their way back.

He himself headed alone up into the high country, as was his custom, figuring to bring down game for the others. It wasn't long until it began to drizzle rain. He had a sandwich with him that he sat down to eat, thinking that he would delay returning a little while in case one of the others was in trouble. They would fire a gun in that case and he would be better able to come down to them than if he would have to come back up again. Soon the storm increased in severity as it started to snow. He started down the mountain, hurrying as fast as he could go. About a quarter of a mile down, he was stopped in his tracks by a voice that said,
"Go back from where you came."

He knew the voice, but thought how it would be death to go back up again now that the storm had begun in full fury.

The voice repeated, *"Go back from whence you came."*

Obeying the voice, he retraced his footsteps to the top, not knowing why, but not questioning the instructions of God. Shortly after, the ground began to be covered with snow. Suddenly, the voice spoke again, saying, *"I am the God of Creation!"*

He looked up, thinking that maybe this was the wind. Again the voice spoke, *"I created the heavens and the earth. I still the mighty winds upon the sea. I rule heaven and earth."*

This time there was no mistake. He jumped up and removed his hat in reverence. This was the voice of God. The voice continued, "Just speak to the storm and it will cease. Whatever you say, that is what will happen." (Jesus had said, *"Say thou to this mountain, Be removed and cast into the sea, and doubt not, and it shall be done."*) Brother Branham said that he raised his hands and proclaimed to the elements. *"Storm, you shall cease. Sun, you shine continually and normally for four days, until we are through hunting and out of here."*

As these words were uttered, that storm disappeared and the sun broke through. Within

fifteen minutes there was no evidence that a blizzard had ever been there. There were brothers at the camp who described it as being cut off like water from a faucet. There were people driving over the passes in the midst of a storm when suddenly and mysteriously, it ceased. The weather bureau had sent out predictions, warning everybody to take cover. When it ceased, they all wondered what had happened. For four days the sun shone, just like he had commanded it. You may not believe it - but I do.

Events leading to the fifth manifestation of the spoken word began back around 1947/1948. Brother Branham was explaining to a Mrs Malicki that by the sign in his hand he had diagnosed that she had milk leg. She had protested that she had none of the symptoms, and he had showed her the vibrations in his hand when he took hold of her hand. He had turned and reached for his wife's hand to demonstrate that the vibration would be absent when sickness was not present. As he did so, he was surprised and said gravely, "*Meda, I didn't know it, but you have a cyst on your left ovary!*"

Sister Branham responded that she felt fine and there didn't seem to be anything wrong. As we now know, these things are spirits. She had never had any knowledge of this. But, in 1962, Sister Meda felt some discomfort and a tumor began to grow in her left side. Pain and swelling of her side followed. A doctor confirmed the original diagnosis. A cyst had turned into a small tumor and an operation was advised. Being a family of faith, the Branham's were determined to wait upon the Lord. Still the tumor kept growing.

In 1963 they moved out to Tucson from Jeffersonville. Sister Branham's records were transferred to a fine reputable doctor in Tucson. By this time the growth was causing her considerable misery and was of great concern to the doctors. All signs pointed to a malignant growth. Yet the operation was postponed, waiting on God and also to allow the family to return to Jeffersonville for the 1963 Christmas holidays.

In early November, Brother Branham was in New York city, holding a meeting. Of course he knew how sick his wife was and how necessary was the operation. She had just phoned to tell him that she could hardly walk any longer and that the doctor was pressing for an immediate operation. On his way back, he stopped overnight in Jeffersonville. Suffering from his great compassion for her, and staying there in the parsonage where God had so often spoken to him by word and by vision, he knelt at the old ottoman in prayer, as the two of them had so often done in times past. There begging God to be merciful to his wife, he suddenly became aware of the presence of God in the room. The Pillar of Fire hung in there and the voice of God commanded him to "*Stand on your feet. Say whatever you will and it will be exactly as you say it.*"

By now, fully aware of how he was to follow this type of instruction, he stood up and said, "*Let it be that just before the doctor touches her, the tumor will disappear.*"

The next day, Sister Branham, accompanied by Sister Norman went to see the doctor for another check up. She was helped by the nurse into the white gown and onto the table, in preparation for the examination. Her condition was so bad she could hardly get up on the table. The doctor came in, looked over his charts, and leaned over to examine the size of the swelling. Just as his hand descended to touch her, she felt a cool, shrinking feeling in her left

side. Puzzled, he spoke to her, "That swelling was on your left side, wasn't it?"

Sister Branham said, "Yes, it was."

He searched intently, then said, "I don't know what has happened. All I know is that there is no tumor here now; It's gone! I can't explain it, but you have nothing to worry about,"

Brother Branham continued on to Shreveport, Louisiana, where he next contacted her by telephone. He asked Billy and Loyce to get on an extension with him. He knew what had happened. He knew that she had been to the doctor.

Excitedly, her voice came over the wire, "Oh, Bill! Do you know what happened? You know that tumor I had...?"

"That's right, honey," he replied, "I know what happened."

"How did you know?" she asked, completely puzzled.

Then he told her the story.

Five times - the number of grace. Once a little fish was spoken to and given its life. Second, three squirrels were spoken into existence. Third, Sister Hattie Wright was given the eternal salvation of her two sons. Fourth, the elements obeyed the voice of this man of God, this prophet, the mouthpiece of God for this generation. Fifth, he spoke to a tumor, a spirit in his wife, and it disappeared exactly as the voice of God had told him.

Now, he told these five things, and then he said, "The Third Pull has been identified among you. But you've only seen it temporarily. When the pressure comes, then you watch; you'll see it in its fullness!"

A later chapter tells of a vision of a tent given by God to Brother Branham. We will see if there is some connection between this, which he calls the Third Pull, and his tent vision. He himself said that he believes that this is what will start the rapturing faith and catch the Bride away, to be with the Bridegroom.

The apostle Paul said, "Behold, I show you a mystery, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." I believe it is this generation which shall not die, but they shall be changed by the spoken word.

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