



Making a point.

The Acts of the Prophet.
Rev. Pearry Green.
Chapter 3.
English.

Voice of the Sign.

Once God has done a thing a certain way, since He changes not (for in Him there is no "variableness neither shadow of turning"), the Scriptures teach that He may be expected to act the same way again. However, He can do a new thing, as He did when He sent the prophet Noah, when He called Abraham, when He sent Elijah, when He sent John the Baptist, and when He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ. There were many people who knew the Scriptures each time, who knew the prophecies, but failed to see what God was doing because they did not have the spiritual

insight to recognise a God sent man. As we have seen there is no other way to recognise a God-sent man than by the works that he does and whether the scriptures testify of him.

Even Paul, who lived on the earth when Jesus Christ Himself did and had no doubt heard of Jesus when He was here, was not persuaded that Jesus Christ was that prophet of Deuteronomy 18. Also Paul did not recognise John the Baptist as the forerunner of Christ. Paul then could not have acted as did the disciples of John, who, when John turned and said, "Behold the Lamb of God," followed Jesus from that day on. Neither did Paul recognise Jesus and follow Him as did Peter and Matthew the publican when He turned to them and said, "Follow Me." Paul had to have a personal experience on the road to Damascus.

The Chief Priests and the Scribes and Pharisees did not recognise the Messiah, even though they were diligently looking for Him, for the High Priest did not believe Christ's affirmative answer to his question as to whether He (Jesus) be the Son of the Blessed. Instead of believing Him when He said "I am," they blasphemed and used His words against Him. So it was that, when Jesus hung on the cross, He could look down at them and say, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Had they believed Him to be the Son of God, they would not have crucified Him and the entire plan of Salvation would have been lost. Even though He was doing wonderful works, they saw Him only as a man, the carpenter's son. They overlooked the works and held to their traditions rather than admit that what they were teaching the people was wrong.

There was a little harlot, the woman of Samaria mentioned in the fourth chapter of the book of John. Here John relates how Jesus sat on the well, waiting for His disciples who had gone into the city to buy food, when she came to draw water. He asked her to bring Him a drink,

and their conversation went something like this:

"Sir," she said, "it's not right for you, a Jew, to ask me, a Samaritan, for a drink."

"If you knew to whom you were speaking, you would ask me for a drink," He replied.

She said, "Sir, you don't even have anything to draw water with. Are you greater than our father, Jacob, who gave us this well?"

"Drink of the water that I give, and you will never thirst again," said Jesus.

Her response was immediate, "Sir, give me this water!" As Jesus said this to her, her thirst was evident; a thirst and a hunger that others did not have, fulfilling His words, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Then He said to her, "Go call thy husband."

She was ashamed. "I don't have one," she replied meekly.

"You have said right," came the voice of God, discerning the very thoughts in her heart, "for you have had five and the one you now live with is not your husband."

Now, see the revelation that came to her heart when she, knowing just a little about the Scripture, said, "Sir, I know that the prophets say that when Messiah comes He will tell us all these things. You say that though we worship in this mountain, the day will come that we won't. Sir, I perceive you to be a prophet." At this she ran into the city, exclaiming, "Come see a man who told me all that I ever done! Is not this the Messiah?" She had received more revelation, claiming nothing, than most of the religious people of her day. Jesus said of them that because they claimed to have Light (and couldn't recognise His ministry), they were blind.

How many times did Jesus discern the thoughts of the people? How many times did He perceive their questions and answer them before they were asked. Was not this an attribute of Emmanuel, God with us, Jehovah the Saviour in flesh? Was it not a "sign", that Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world was in their midst? Yet they refused to accept it. So He said, "If you believe not what I say, believe the works that I do." Thus it is today, for He is Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever."

I had been taught these things in Sunday School most of my life, but the first time I ever saw such an attribute of God manifested was at a meeting in January, 1950, in the Sam Houston Coliseum, in Houston Texas. A young woman had come forward to be prayed for. Brother Branham turned to her and said, "Before I pray for you, you need to confess your sin." She protested that she was a righteous woman; but he said, "You have been unfaithful to your husband." Her husband was sitting in the congregation at the time. I noticed a commotion in one direction and turned to see. Her husband was coming down the aisle, headed for the platform to stop Brother Branham from accusing his wife. The ushers stepped forward to stop

him, but Brother Branham said, "let him come." The man rushed onto the platform and was within ten feet of Brother Branham when he was stopped by the words of the prophet, "Sir, what about you and your redheaded secretary, sitting in the automobile in the lane last Friday night?" Brother Branham continued speaking to the two of them, saying, "The thing you two need to do is repent to God, confess it to each other and be man and wife." That incident was beyond anything I had ever seen before.

A few days later, I read a book containing Brother Branham's Life story - "A man sent from God". The writer of that book, also his manager at the time, told how one of his jobs was to see that Brother Branham's place of rest was kept secret when he came to a city for a meeting. This was because of the crowds pressing in and bothering him during the meetings, when rest was necessary. So he went to great lengths to maintain Brother Branham's hotel a secret, known only to himself and someone locally, such as the sponsoring pastor in the city.

The incident he related concerned a time when he had gone through the routine of obtaining a hotel room for Brother Branham and had informed the local Pastor, who was to be contacted later by Brother Branham when he came into the city and wanted to find the location of his room. The Manager and Pastor waited that night, but Brother Branham didn't call, and they were becoming concerned. Where was Brother Branham? Finally, late that night, the Manager decided to go to the hotel and get some rest himself. When he walked up to the desk for his key, the clerk said, "*Reverend Branham came in earlier this afternoon.*" The Manager was shocked! Brother Branham had been in his room for hours. They rang his room and asked him how he had known where his room was. He replied, simply, "*Oh, I just have a way of knowing these things.*"

When I had read that account in the book, coupled with what I had seen in Houston, something began to take place in my thinking - a realization that here was a man far beyond the ordinary. But more was to come before I would reach a complete revelation in my heart, of WHO this man really was.

It was at Bible School in 1952 that an event occurred which greatly furthered my revelation. Brother Branham's son, Billy Paul, and I both attended this school and became close friends. There was a bond between us because we agreed on the issue of water baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. One evening the Dean got after Billy Paul about something and was amazed when Brother Branham called the Dean long distance immediately on the same subject. I was there just outside the dean's office when the dean received the call, right after Billy Paul had left his office. The dean's face was as white as a sheet when he came out and asked me where Billy was and whether he had used the phone. "*No sir;*" I said, "*I don't think so.*" "*Well,*" he said, "*That was Reverend Branham in Indiana on the phone and he just told me about the conversation I just had with his son Billy!*" In my heart, I thought, "how amazing that a man of God could sit two thousand miles away and 'hear' the conversation between the dean and his son." I also thought how grateful I was that my own daddy couldn't do that.

Ten years later, I came to Phoenix, Arizona, to a convention. I had been appointed a Junior International Director, in charge of youth activities. We were to work with hippies and

delinquents, bringing them to banquets to reach them for Christ. This we did and God blessed it. It was a good program. As a result of this work, I became very close friends with Richard Shakarian, whose father is the International President of the Full Gospel Business Men (FGBM). One morning at this convention, Brother Branham was to be the FGBM speaker. Being raised in a Pentecostal church background, I thoroughly enjoyed his sermons. He preached against bobbed hair and short dresses, against women wearing men's clothes, and against all such things, as we had been taught in the Pentecostal Holiness Church. I was delighted about the sermon that morning, knowing that this was something that was really needed. But I noticed that the people I was sitting with, especially the women, were shaking their heads and protesting, just ribbing one and another until their elbows and ribs must have been sore. Then he just stopped and said to the women, *"Ladies, let me tell you something. You have gone as far with God as you are going until you get ready to pay a greater price!"*

I thought how that was so right, so true for all of us. We had gone as far as we were going until we would get ready to pay a greater price. Now, maybe, you just want to go so far with God; but if you want to go further, the more free you become from sin, the more service you will be to God. You see, it is sin that will keep you from serving God.

After that morning sermon at the FGBM convention, and as we went to lunch that day, I noticed that others had taken Brother Branham seriously. There were some prominent women in the party and they were saying to their husbands, *"Billy Branham shouldn't preach like that! He did more harm than good. He ran more people off. He offended too many people."* My heart was sick, but then the thought crossed my mind that maybe they were right, maybe he was just old fashioned.

The next day I went back to the services. Brother Branham preached again, and during his sermon he spoke these words, "You think I don't know what you were saying about what I preached yesterday? You were saying, *'Billy Branham ought not to preach like that! Billy Branham did more harm than he did good. He ran more people off,'*" Then he bowed his head, and from where I was standing on the stage, I heard him pray like this: *"God, If I am your prophet, and what I am telling these people is the Truth, vindicate me."* A mighty manifestation followed. He started on one side of that audience and began telling the secrets of their hearts - their names, where they were from, spelling out their addresses, and continued right on across. One section in the middle was from Switzerland and he couldn't pronounce the words, but he would see a vision of the street post where they lived and spell it off the sign! It should have shaken them to the cores of their beings. Then he turned and walked out and I said to myself, *"That's like Elijah on Mount Carmel."*

That noon found me at lunch again with the same group and they were saying, *"Well, he did it again! He did more harm than he did good. Why they ought not to even let him be a speaker at these conventions. If it weren't for Carl Williams, he wouldn't be the speaker."* That was when I found out that Brother Carl Williams stood for Brother Branham and his Message.

The next night, Doctor Jim Brown, a Presbyterian, was the speaker and when Brother Branham came in, Doctor Brown turned around and said, *"I'd a whole lot rather Brother*

Branham would speak tonight. I just wonder if Brother Branham would just come and say a few words." Brother Branham did something next that I never saw him do before, or since, in that on coming to the platform, when someone else was to be the speaker, he used his unfailing gift of discernment. He turned to the lady sitting at the organ, one of those who had spoken against him and said, *"Sister, I know you don't I?"* She answered that he did. *"But I don't know your mother, do I?"*

"No sir," she said.

Brother Branham made this promise: *"If you will believe the words I have told you while I have been here and believe that I am God's servant, when you go home your mother won't have those cataracts on her eyes."*

Well, it may have helped no one else, but that did me some good. I saw that lady a month later and asked about her mother. She said, "Oh, Brother Green, when I got home those cataracts weren't on her eyes." There was a difference in the lady at that time. She had washed the paint off her face, combed her hair and her dress was a little longer. But sadly enough, I saw her two years ago and she is back the same as before.

I was beginning to learn from all this. When I went home in 1962 I was determined to pay a greater price, get closer to God and go a little further. It was in 1963 that I would like to sponsor Brother Branham at Beaumont, to let him come and preach what he felt led of God to preach, and not have to apologize to anyone. He agreed, and one Sunday evening before he came I was preaching to my congregation of the miracles I had seen in his ministry, when the telephone rang in my office. I had been telling them of the miracles, seeing the sign, but not yet fully hearing his voice. - just as many did with Jesus. They saw the signs and as long as the miracles continued that was fine, but when he started his Message, they *"followed him no more."* When he started saying, *"I and my Father are One,"* they could go no further. But I did not yet see this about Brother Branham's Message when I was telling my congregation about him that night.

Someone answered the telephone and interrupted me to say that it was Brother Branham calling. At that time Brother Branham lived in Tucson, and there I was in Beaumont. As I left to talk to him, I said to the congregation, *"Since I am speaking of the man, isn't it fine that I go and talk to him and then come back and tell you what he said?"*

I spoke into the telephone, "Hello, Brother Branham."

"Hello, Brother Pearry," he answered.

"Brother Branham," I said enthusiastically, "do you know what I am doing?"

"Yes, I do," came the calm reply.

He knew that I was in the midst of preaching about him. I didn't doubt him. I knew that he knew. It did something more to my life. I realized then that I couldn't get angry at my wife,

shout at the kids, lose my temper, be impatient, or do anything in secret, but that God would see it and that He was capable of revealing it a thousand miles away to someone else. It embarrassed me. I came back to the pulpit that night a little different than when I had left, and I had another thing to tell them that I hadn't known before.

The next week after this experience Brother Branham was preaching a meeting in Dallas. While I was there, a minister, well known all over the world invited Brother Roy Borders and myself to come to his office and discuss with him the possibility of Brother Branham going to Africa, accompanied by this minister, to conduct some Deliverance schools. The man said these words to us,

"You know Brother Branham is the most easily influenced man I have ever seen in my life. Ever since I have quit travelling with him, he has gone off wrong in his doctrine. For example," he continued, *"You take this doctrine of the Serprnt's seed! No doubt Brother Branham's strange life and ministry attracts all these, you know, funny people - probably some old man dressed in sackcloth. a hermit, like that, came out of the woods with a long beard, probably someone like that came and told Brother Branham that filthy doctrine of the 'Serprnt's Seed.' Brother Branham , you know swallowed it, and preached it from his pulpit. Now that tape has gotten out and has ruined his ministry."*

Well, I had just heard the message Serpent Seed and I thought it to be a marvellous revelation. So I said, *"Brother, have you heard Brother Branham's tape on Serpent seed?"*

"No," he said, *"I don't have time to listen to such garbage!"*

I was horrified. *"You shouldn't say that, brother, until you have heard what the man said! Don't do that!"*

Brother Borders, who had been around longer than I had, just sort of tagged me on the leg, and I knew 'that' meant to be quiet and say no more about it. So we went on talking about other things, excused ourselves and left.

That night Brother Branham came to the services and this same man was sitting on the platform. After the choir was dismissed, he was left sitting on the stage by himself, up high where all the congregation could see him. Brother Branham came in, greeted him, and preached his sermon. Near the end of the sermon, he stopped, called out a spirit over on one side and said, *"Wait a minute, there's something wrong!"* Now there was a person over on the other side with the same disease and he said, *"These two spirits are screaming at each other!"* Then with authority he said, *"In the Name of the Lord, I rebuke them both!"* Then, Brother Branham said, *"You know, that's a strange thing, after the thousands of times that some people have seen me discern disease and say "Thus saith the Lord," and it would never be wrong, yet when the Lord gives me a doctrine like that of 'Serpent's Seed', they say I get it from an old man that is like a hermit."* At this, he turned around and looked the man right in the face.

I was sitting in the audience when this happened and naturally I thought that Brother Borders

had told Brother Branham about it. So, after the service, I could hardly wait to ask Brother Borders what Brother Branham had said when he told him. But when I asked him, Brother Borders replied, *"I didn't tell him, you did."* *"I haven't seen him!"* I protested. It was then that I realized that Brother Branham must have supernaturally 'heard' our conversation of that afternoon. God had shown his servant what had taken place in the brother's office.

Still there was no revelation in my heart. That was to come a little later. On February 14, 1964, I was involved in plans for Brother Branham to be on closed-circuit television that night. As I stood in the front door of my home, I said to my wife, *"I'm going across the city to Brother Borders and Billy Paul to show them where we are going to have the television program (banquet) tonight, so they will know how to get Brother Branham in."* There were some young boys living with us, and I went on to tell my wife, *"You tell the boys that as soon as I get back I'm going to take them to get a hair cut because they are going to sit at the head table with the family tonight, and I don't want them looking shaggy."* Then I went across the city where I found Brother Borders, and he told me that Billy Paul had just gone after his father, who was out in the woods praying.

After a few minutes Brother Branham and Billy Paul drove up. We greeted each other, and I told them about taking them to see the place. Brother Borders and Billy Paul went in to tell their wives that they were leaving. It was just as they came back out that I said to Brother Branham, *"I'll see you tonight."* I started to pass him to follow the other two and had just taken a couple of steps when he said, *"You'd better hurry if you are going to get that haircut!"*

I was walking fast enough that I got two more steps in before I stopped in my tracks. I turned around to face him and said, *"How did you know I was going to get a haircut?"* He proceeded to describe the front door of my house.

"Brother Branham," I said, *"Have you been to my house and talked to my wife?"*

"No," he said, *"Brother Pearry, when I was out in the woods awhile ago, the Lord gave me a vision of you standing there, telling your wife that you were going to take some boys for a haircut."*

When Brother Branham spoke these words, the revelation broke completely on my heart. Any last resistance was broken down. I cried out, *"Sir, I perceive you to be a prophet with the spirit of Elijah! You love the wilderness! You cry out against the Jezebel spirit! You call the religious leaders of the world hypocrites and you have no desire for money or fame."*

He held up his hand as if for me to say no more, "Brother Pearry," he said, "whatever you do, keep your balance in the scriptures; but I will not deny what that Voice said on the Ohio river in 1933!" He continued, "Brother Pearry, I don't say anything about it in public. People don't understand what a prophet is. But when that light came whirling down out of Heaven, and those people sitting on that bank saw it, there was a Voice that spoke from it, just as it did to Paul on the road to Damascus. The Voice said, "As John the Baptist was sent to forerun the first coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, your message will forerun His second coming."

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