

# *Desperations*

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A young girl with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, focused on picking raspberries. She has a small pink flower tucked into her hair on the left side and a silver coin with the number '2' on her forehead. She is wearing a red and white plaid shirt over a light blue dress. She is holding a wicker basket filled with fresh raspberries, and she is in the process of adding another one. The background is a lush green raspberry bush with several ripe raspberries hanging from the stems. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting a bright, sunny day.

**WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM**

**The baby come to life, because  
that desperation drove the  
woman to the prophet, and  
desperation drove the prophet  
to the baby. And desperation in  
both of them drove God on the  
scene.**

**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 63-0901E — Desperations*

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102 The Shunammite woman had a little boy that the prophet had spoke the Word of the Lord over, though she was old and her husband old. They had no children, but she was kind to this—this prophet. And she knowed that he was a man of God. She perceived that he was honorable, a real man. He come into the house, her husband not

there, and whatevermore. He was a holy man. They could see that he was an honorable person. She had watched him do signs and wonders. She had heard him tell things that happened. He was an honorable, holy man.

She said to her husband, “I perceive that this man that stops with us is a holy man.” The lady of the house, she knowed that he was a holy man. And she built a little house out there for him, so he wouldn’t be embarrassed. He

could come by when he wanted to, and so forth. She put a—a little bed out there, and a—and a jug of water, and so forth, so he could wash himself and have something to drink. And she would probably send the maid out, or somebody, the butler, with—with some food to feed him, and come by and bid the—the day to him, or something.

103 And, so, when Elijah saw this kindness done to him. And it's written, "What you do to My

little ones, you do it to Me.” So she saw that, the woman was honoring God as she honored this prophet, as she seen God in the prophet. And, so, she wanted nothing for it. It wasn’t in her heart for anything. She just done it because she loved God. She didn’t do it for any blessing. She just done it.

104 Now, now Elijah said, “Go ask her, shall I speak to the king for her? I’m a personal friend. Or, the chief captain, I—I know him

real well. There is some favor, something I could do for her, I want to give her something for how she's been to me. She's—she's fed me. She's let me sleep in the beds. And—and she's been real nice to us. Now what can I do?”

She said, “No, I just dwell among my people. We're—we're well off. We have a living, and that's all. We don't need nothing.”

And Gehazi said to him, “But she doesn’t have any children.”

105 No more than Gehazi saw it, no doubt the prophet saw a vision, for he said, “THUS SAITH THE LORD. Go tell her, in the appropriate time, or the proper time, a year from now, she’ll embrace a son.”

106 And the son was born. When he was about twelve years old...How that old couple must have loved this little boy, their



only child. And one day he was out cutting wheat, with his daddy. Must have been about the middle of the day, he had a sunstroke, I suppose, because he begin to holler, “My head.” He got sicker and sicker. His daddy had to take him from the field, and it was such a emergency there, that he sent a servant, and sent him in.

107 The mother held him on her lap until noontime, and he died. Notice, her only child, that had been give to her by the Lord,

through the prayer and the promise of a prophet and THUS SAITH THE LORD. She knowed there was something wrong somewhere. It just wouldn't work. How would God give her that son and let her—her love come to that baby? Yet she never asked for it. She was too old to have it. The hand of God had to pronounce it. A man spoke it, the prophet. And there this baby in this condition, had died, her only son.

So she said to the servant, “Saddle me a mule, and you ride, and don’t you stop. If anybody tries to stop you, don’t you say a word, and you drive straight to Mount Carmel. Up there in a cave somewhere, pulled back, there is a servant of the Most High God; the one who told me, **THUS SAITH THE LORD**, I’ll have the baby. I want to know why God has did this.” So he said... “Go straight forward and don’t check that mule. Let him

run just as hard as everything is in him. Let him run till you get there.” Desperation!

108 And Elijah the prophet raised up, looked, and said, “Here comes that Shunammite, and, she, something wrong with her. God has kept it from me. I don’t know what’s wrong.” Said, “Go, meet her. I got...Let’s hurry. There is something wrong.”

Desperation set in on the prophet, desperation on the

woman. See, they were coming together; one wanting to know what the Word of the Lord was, and the other one didn't know what the Word of the Lord was. There you are. One wanting to know it, and the other one didn't know it. The woman wanted to know it, and the prophet didn't know it. Said, "God has kept it from me. I don't know what to tell her when she gets here."

So she was almost there then. He raised up his hand, he said,

“Is all well with thee? All well with thy husband? Is all well with the child?”

109 Now, the woman had reached the end of her desperation. She said, “All is well!” Glory! “All is well!” Her desperation was over. She had found the servant of the Lord. If he hadn’t been there, she’d still been in desperation. But, you see, he was there. She said, “All is well!”

Elisha thought, “Well, what’s going on now?”

110 So she run up and fell down at his feet. That looked kind of uncommon, so Gehazi just lifted her up. Said, “Let her alone, don’t do that.” Elijah said to his servant, “Don’t do that. Let her alone. There is something wrong. God keeps it from me.” Then she revealed to him that the baby was dead.

111 Now, the prophet didn't know what to do. He said, "Gehazi, take this staff that I've walked on." He knowed that whatever he touched was blessed, 'cause it wasn't him, it was God in him. He knew who he was. He knew that he was a prophet. So he picks up this staff and said, "Gehazi, you take this, and you go and lay it upon the child. And if anybody speaks to you, you get desperate. And don't you salute nobody, and let



no...Just keep going on, don't speak to nobody. Put it upon the child.”

112 But, the woman, that didn't end her desperation. That didn't satisfy what she come for. She said, “As the Lord God lives, I'm—I'm not going to leave you until you go minister to the child.”

113 And Elijah got desperate. And here he went, down the road, him and the woman. And

when they got there, the...all the people were out in the yard, screaming and crying. And the woman had done the most appropriate thing could be done. She took the baby and laid him on the bed where Elijah had laid. That was as good as his staff. And he didn't wake up there, so the thing wouldn't work. She wanted to know something different.

114 The prophet went in. Now he's in desperation. Now what's

he going to do? And we find in the Bible that he walked up and down the floor, desperate. “I don’t know nothing else to do, Lord. Here I am. You told me to speak that to that woman, and THUS SAITH THE LORD. And it was exactly the way I told her, because You told me. Now, there she’s in trouble, and I don’t know what to do. There lays a dead boy. What can I do, Lord?”

115 No doubt the Holy Spirit said, “If the God is in you, then

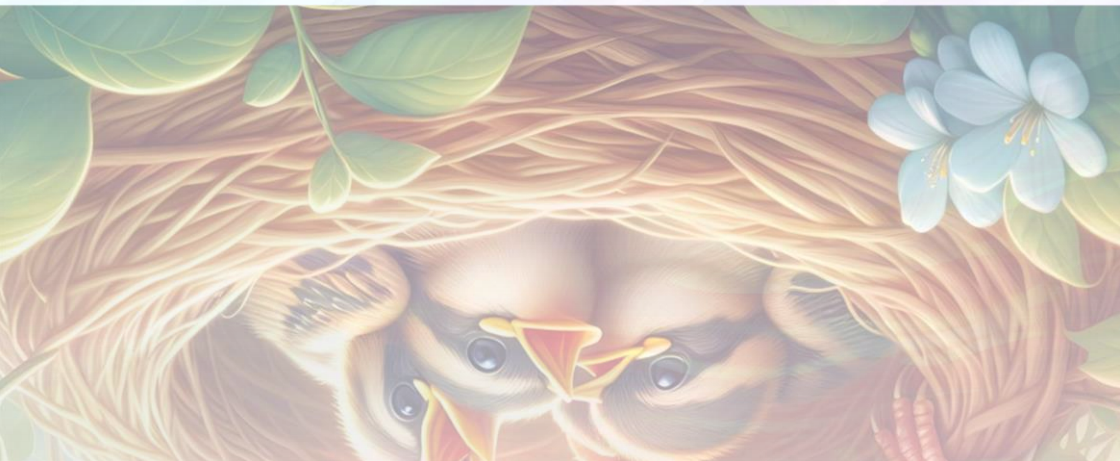
lay yourself on the baby.” First thing you know, he stopped, run and put his hands upon his hands, his nose upon its nose, his lips upon its lips. And when he laid himself over it, the baby sneezed seven times. Desperation was over.

The baby come to life, because that desperation drove the woman to the prophet, and desperation drove the prophet to the baby. And desperation in both of them drove God on the

scene. With love of God, and love for his people, brought the love of God down, and threw faith out on the battlefield, and the work was done. Case closed. Amen! That's it. Desperation does it. Certainly! She wasn't going to leave.

*63-0901E — Desperations*  
*Rev. William Marrion Branham*

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*Desperation, a  
despairing cry, stopped  
the Son of God*



**William Marrion Branham**

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116 Blind Bartimaeus thought Jesus was going to pass him by, setting out there at the gate, blind beggar, for alms. The first thing you know, heard a noise; Jesus was passing by. He said, “Who passes by?” Somebody shoved him down. He said, “Please, somebody, who is passing by?”



One of them, well, maybe a kind little disciple woman, said to him, said, “Sir, don’t you know Who that is passing by?”

“No. I hear some of them say, ‘There’s a whole graveyard full of dead people up here. If you raise the dead, go raise them.’ Is it a blasphemer or somebody?”

“No. Have you ever heard of that Prophet of Galilee, that young Prophet called Jesus of Nazareth?”

“No.”

“Well, you know, in the Bible it says in our scrolls that the Son of David will be raised up to set on it. That’s Him.”

“Is that Him? Is that Him, and He’s passing by?”

Desperation drove him to scream, “O Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!”

Pass me not, O gentle  
Saviour,

Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art  
calling,

Do not pass me by.

“O Jesus!”

Some of them said, “Shut up!  
You make too much noise.”

117 But he was desperate. If  
He got by, he might never have  
another opportunity. We might  
not either; this might be the last  
night. Desperation! He screamed  
out, “O Jesus!” No matter who  
told him to stop, he cried just the

same, that much more louder. When they told him to shut up, it made him get louder. He was desperate. Nobody could stop him. “Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!” And he screamed in desperation.

118 And the Son of God, with the sins of the world upon His shoulders, going to Jerusalem to be offered up, right then, for a sacrifice for the world, stopped in His tracks. Desperation, a despairing cry, stopped the Son

of God. Said, “What would you have Me do for you?” Oh!

Said, “Lord, that I might receive my sight.”

Said, “Go your way, your faith saves you.”

That was enough. Desperation! When desperation is to receive something, the faintest little touch, faith grabs it. See? He didn't say, “Now wait a minute, wait a minute, hold there just a minute, let me see if I can see now. I never did see my

hands, for many years. Let's see if I can see it. I don't see nothing yet." When Jesus said, "Thy faith has saved thee," that was enough. That's all he wanted.

119 Desperation calls for a subject, and when the subject, no matter how faint it is, it's received, it's believed right then, because faith catches when desperation is pushing it. See? Love in there mixes with it and brings it to it. Desperation does it.

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Blind Bartimaeus caught the  
vision quickly.

63-0901E — *Desperations*



**He always hears a  
desperate soul**



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120 Peter, he was all steamed up, one night on the sea, when he got in desperation. And he begin to cry out, “There is something wrong. I see a spirit come, walking to me!” The ship was about to go down. He said, “If it be You, Lord, bid me come to You on the water.” And he stepped down out of the ship and started; and he got scared when

he got started, and he started to sink, and desperation...Though a mistake, in trying to follow the commandments of God,...I hope the church gets that. The man was doing what God told him to do.

121 Now, you Christian tonight, you're in the line of duty, trying to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit; and a cancer grabbed you, or a—a death grabs you, a cancer, tubercular, whatever it is. In the line of duty,

you have the same right that Peter had.

“Lord, save me, or I’ll perish.”  
In desperation he called out, and a hand reached and picked him up. You have the same thing. But he screamed out, “Save me, Lord!”

He heard my despairing cry,  
From the waters lifted me,  
now safe am I. (See?)

122 That’s it, when you cry  
out!

123 Maybe this woman, mother, whatever it was to her, a little son, or a grandson, or nephew, whatever it was, cried out in despair. God heard.

124 Then we find out that, in the sinking, God heard him. In the line of duty, he started to sink. He failed. No matter if you fail, that don't have nothing to do with it. We all fail. We're a failure, to begin with. But we got Somebody standing now with a

strong hand, Who can reach us  
and take us above the water.

125 If you've made a mistake,  
some woman made a mistake,  
some man made a mistake,  
some boy or girl made a mistake;  
don't sink. Scream out, in  
despair, "Lord, save me, or I'll  
perish!" Get desperate about it.  
God will hear you. He always  
hears a desperate soul. That's  
what I'm trying to tell you about.

126 Our dear Lord Jesus,  
Himself, in the world's greatest

battleground, Gethsemane, He cried out, in despair. Should He take the sins of the world, or should He just remain on earth with His beloved disciples, what He wanted to do? But watch His humility as He humbled Himself, “Not My will but Thine be done,” humbled Himself to the Word, the promised Word of the God of Heaven.

Notice, then, He went a little further. And if He went a little farther, how much more ought

we to go a little farther. See? And notice, the Scripture says here, in Luke, that He prayed earnestly. Brother, sister, if Jesus had to pray earnestly, how much more have we got to pray earnestly. If Christ, the God of Heaven, made flesh, had to pray earnestly, then how much more are we, sinners saved by grace, pray earnestly! If—if the decision throwed the Son of God into despair, what will it do to you and I? Desperately we must cry.

63-0901E — *Desperations*  
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**Desperation, “Though I die in  
the road, still, but get me down  
there. He healed others, He’ll  
heal me.” Willing!**

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127 God, in these last days, has manifested Himself so to us, by His great signs and power, should make us desperate. That's right. And His willing to heal us and save us, ought to throw us all into desperation to get to that healing Stone. That's right.

128 Look, if Florence Nightingale...The great-granddaughter of the late Florence Nightingale that founded the Red Cross. You seen her picture in a book, weighed about thirty pounds. Cancer had eat her up. In London, England; they brought her from Africa, to London, England. And there in despair...Brother Bosworth wrote back and told her, said, "We can't come to Africa."

129 She wrote back, had the nurse to write and said, “I can’t be moved. I can’t do it.”

Showed the picture. You seen the picture. Only we had to put a little piece over it. It just had a small cord around. I thought maybe somebody, put it in the book, might criticize because she was...her body was so exposed there, that...and we put a little thing across her *here*. She just had a—a little rag, towel laying across, across her hips. But up

above, there was nothing. And even...But we thought we'd put a little piece of paper on there and photograph the...photograph that. Keeps the people who has not got the right kind of a position in their mind of thinking, that they wouldn't criticize me putting that picture in the paper.

130 And then when the doctor said that she can't be moved, and she knowed I was going to visit England, she had them to put her on a stretcher, and pack

her to a plane, and bring her to London, England, and send a guard out to the plane before going down to Buckingham Palace, sent a guard out there to come pray for her. And she was so far gone until she couldn't even speak to me. They had to raise her hands to put it in mine.

131 You know how London is, some of you soldiers been there. It's always so foggy. And I knelt down there by the side of a window, and she...

The tears was running off. She wanted to...I don't know how she even got enough moisture to let tears come. It just only bones, skin over them; and her—her legs up here at the hips wasn't over about, looked to me, like about two inches across, or three inches. Her veins was collapsed. How she was living, I don't know. You seen her picture later.

132 I knelt down by the side of the bed. Now, she was

desperate; whether I could come or not, they're going to bring her, anyhow. And I got down there, my heart was a-bleeding within me, of the faith of that poor, little, dying creature, and I prayed with all the heart that I had. And while I started to pray, a little turtledove come, flew on the window, begin to walk up and down, cooing. I thought it was a pet. I hadn't been in England but about an hour, just coming from the airport down there. And I



thought it was a pet. And when I raised up, and said, “Amen,” it flew away.

And I started to ask the brethren, did they hear that dove. And they were talking about it, and when I started to say, “Did you see, what that dove mean...” It come out, “THUS SAITH THE LORD, you will live and not die.”

And she is living today. Why? Desperation. Desperation drove the woman to take a stand, live

or die. Desperation arranged it that she got there at the same time I did. And a token from God, He sent a dove, to give THUS SAITH THE LORD. Desperate!

133 When sister, old Hattie Waldrop of Phoenix, Arizona, she was coming up the sidewalk, in my first meeting. The intern and her husband was bringing her; cancer of the heart. She had made her stand, in trying to get there to the meeting, but she was so bad she was...couldn't

breathe no more, the blood was dropping back through her heart where the cancer had eat into her heart. Now, cancer of the heart! That's about eighteen, nineteen years ago, maybe twenty, 1947 is when it was.

134 Now, she said to her husband and the intern, "If though I die in this line, take me up there." Desperation. She lost conscious. I don't think she was dead; she claimed she was. Now, she might have been. She may

hear this tape, you see. Now I—  
I—I...She, she claimed she was  
dead; I don't know. They told me,  
“There's a dead woman coming  
up the line.” And when the  
woman come by, she was  
lifeless. And when they brought  
her up there, the Word of the  
Lord came; and I went and laid  
hands upon her, and she rose up  
and went home, walking. This  
has been about, I'd say, safely,  
eighteen years ago, and she's  
just as healthy and hearty...She'll

be at Tucson to meet me when I get down there. Desperation, “Though I die in the road, still, but get me down there. He healed others, He’ll heal me.” Willing!

135 Let our hearts be filled with love in this day, and be earnest, and in desperation. After a while it may be too late.

*63-0901E — Desperations*  
*Rev. William Marrion Branham*

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*But I tell you, when  
emergency come, it throwed  
him to desperation*



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136 Jairus one time had a little daughter that was dying. He was a borderline believer. He believed Jesus, but he was afraid to confess it, because they'd put him out of the synagogue. But the doctor come one morning, and says, "She's dying now." Desperation set in. He couldn't afford, as his position, to be caught with Jesus of Nazareth,



because he would lose his position as a priest.

But I tell you, when emergency come, it throwed him to desperation. I can see him hunting for his little preacher's coat and hat, and slipped it on. Here he come down through the crowd, pressing around; where there was a woman just touched His garment, and so forth, and they was all shouting. But he went in and said, "Master, my little girl is laying at the point of

death. Master, Master, my little girl is laying at the point of death, and if You'll just come lay Your hands on her, she'll live." Oh, my! Desperation makes you say things sometimes, makes you do things. It puts you to action. His daughter was saved by the desperation.

137 Let's be desperate, like that little woman with the blood issue. The Bible said she had spent all of her money, with the physicians, and yet they couldn't

help her. She had started in time of menopause, to flooding, and a blood issue, and it wouldn't stop. They had maybe sold the farm, the mules, the horses, and whatever it was; and nothing could help her. And their priests had told her never go around such as that. But one morning she looked down. She lived up on the bank, up there where her farm was, and she seen a great bunch of people gathering around a Man down there, and they said, "What is that?"

Said, “That’s Jesus of Nazareth.” Desperation set in.

She said, “I’m kind of insignificant. I—I...But if I can only touch the border of His garment, I’ll be made well.” And she passed by every critic and everything else. But then she got to the spot, she touched His garment, in desperation.

And when He did, He turned and said, “Who touched Me?” And they all denied it. But He looked around. He was

possessed with a great gift of God. He was God; and He found the little woman and told her her blood issue had stopped. Desperation drove her to do that.

138 It was desperation that drove—drove the queen of the South. She heard that the gift of God was working through Solomon. Desperation drove her to that.

139 Desperately! That's human beings, like you, like me. They wasn't any different from

you and I. They had five senses. They eat, and drink, and so forth, like we do, live and die. They were human beings.

140 It drove her into such desperation till she took part of her kingdom. It drove her to a place till she didn't think about the Ishmaelites who would rob her on the desert, her ninety days on the back of a camel across the Sahara Desert. Desperation! She is going, anyhow. And when she got

there, there was nothing held from Solomon but what he told her the things that she wanted to know. Desperation! Jesus said, “She’ll rise in the Day of the Judgment, with this generation, and condemn it, ’cause a greater than Solomon was here.”  
Desperation!

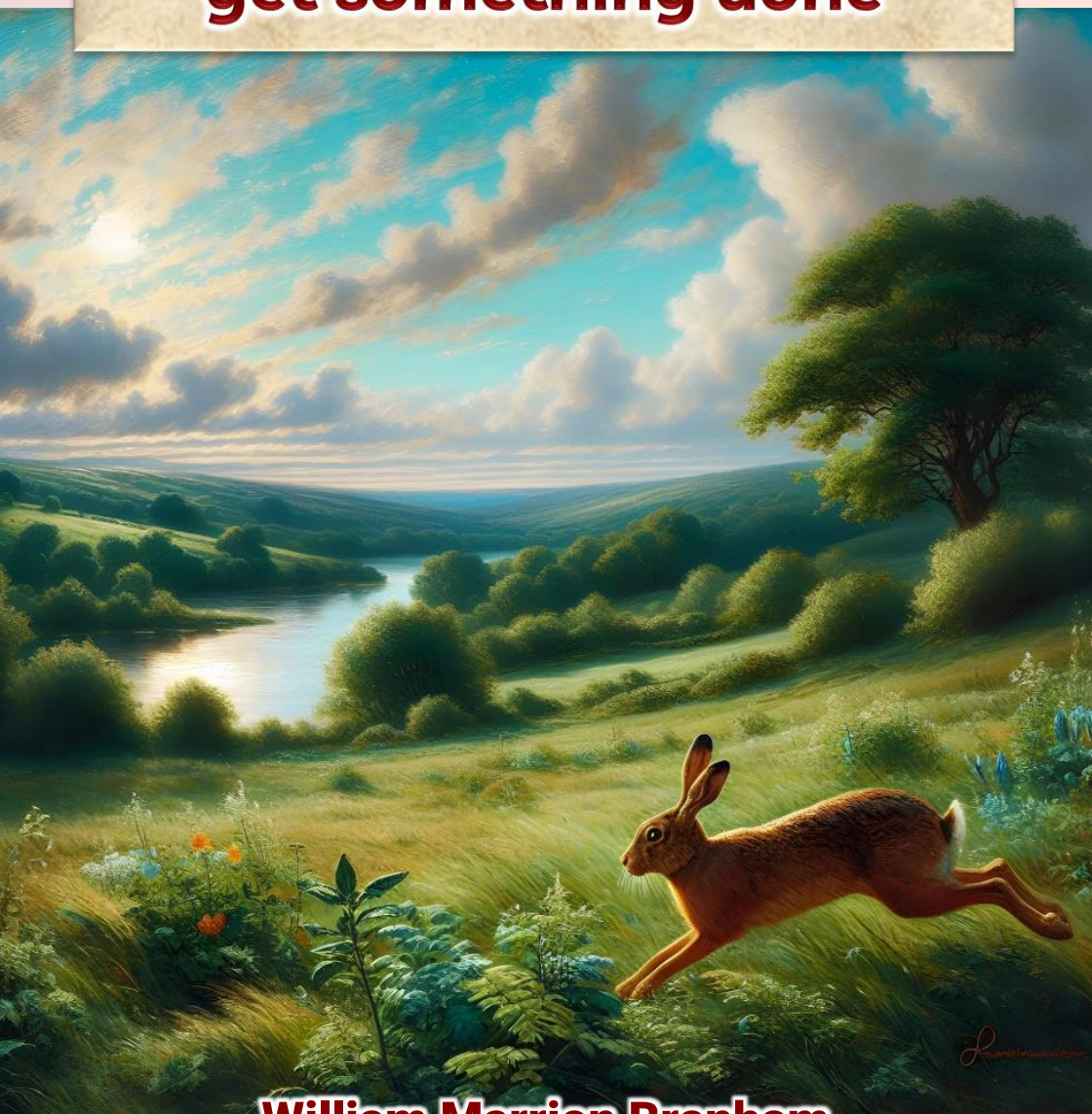
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**Get desperate, then you'll  
get something done**



**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 63-0901E — Desperations*

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141 In closing I might say this. Not long ago, down in Mexico, I seen something desperate. I just got to the platform, there in a big arena, and the people had been in there since nine o'clock that morning, and it was nearly ten o'clock that night. An old blind man, the night before, totally blind for about thirty years, received his sight, and was going

around the city that day, testifying. An old rick of clothes, laying for maybe thirty, forty yards, *that* high, just old shawls. There was maybe forty, fifty thousand people there. And old hats and shawls, who they belonged to, I guess they would have to decide that among them. And it pouring down rain.

142 And they let me down a rope, over a wall, and I got on the platform. The minister...The man that's setting here, they brought

him...Him and his daughter come down from Michigan a few minutes ago, talked about Brother Arment. We remember him here. He's on the streets of Glory tonight. Brother Arment was there, and took his overcoat off, and stood in the rain, and give it to Brother Jack Moore to put on, 'cause Jack was shivering. The Southerner was about to freeze in that cold rain there in Mexico. And there he was standing there.

143 And Billy Paul come to me, my son, and said, “Daddy, you’ll have to do something. There is a little Mexican woman down there with a dead baby that died this morning. I ain’t got enough ushers to hold her out of the line.” If laying hands on that blind man give him his sight, laying hands on her dead baby would give it its life. She was a Catholic. And, she, they couldn’t hold her back.

And Brother Espinoza and them had told her that, “We have no more prayer cards. You’ll have to wait till another night.”

144 She said, “My baby is dead. It’s been dead since this morning. I must get in there.” And she was coming, prayer card or not. And they lined up about three hundred ushers there. And she’d go right under their legs, and jump right up on top of their backs, and run with this dead baby, and fall down

among them. Didn't make any difference to her; she was trying to get there. She was desperate. God had spoke to her heart, that, "The God could give sight, could give life." Oh, my! She was desperate. Something was burning in her.

145 Oh, sick people, if you'd let that burn in you for a few minutes, and watch what happens, that kind of a desperation. The God that could heal this little boy the other night,

could heal that lady with cancer, heal this man, and do this, Miss Florence Nightingale, oh, the tens of thousands! He, that, undisputable evidence; raising the dead, and healing the sick, and everything else. If He is God, can do that; He is God yesterday, He is God today. Get desperate, then you'll get something done.

146 Then, in that desperation, she kept rushing. I said to Brother Jack Moore, I said, "She don't know me. She's never seen



me. She don't know who it is up here on the platform. That little Catholic woman, now, couldn't speak a word of English, so then how does she know who it is?" I said, "Go on down, and pray for the baby, and that'll satisfy her, and she'll go on." Said, "And it won't cause..." It was just constant roar down there. She would jump up, and everybody would be screaming. She'd run right over the top of their shoulders, and fall right down among them. She would gain a

few feet, and then they'd try to put her back out; and here she'd come right between their legs, holding this baby, upsetting ushers and everything else. Didn't make any difference, she was getting up there. She had to get there! It don't make any difference what it was, she was going to get there. Had the minister...

147 Now isn't that just a story like the Shunammite woman? Only, that wasn't thirty-five

hundred years ago. That was about three years ago, or four. See?

They can be the same thing tonight. When the same desperation rises, will throw love and faith up there to the battlefield, to claim what you want, because it's a promise of God that you can have it. That's exactly right.

148 I turned; me, the minister, or the evangelist at the place. I

turned. I felt sorry for the woman, but there's no desperation. See? I turned and thought, "Well, Brother Jack will pray for her, and that—that settles it." I turned around. I said, "As I was speaking now, faith..."

And I looked out there, and there was a vision. I seen a little baby setting there, a little black-faced, Mexican baby with no teeth. It was laughing at me, setting out there. I said, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute." Her

desperation drove the Holy Spirit to change my subject, change my eyes and show me her baby setting there. That sent the Spirit back. I said, “Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Bring me the baby.”

Here she come with a little, wet, soaking, blue and white blanket, a little, dead form about *that* long. She fell, with a crucifix in her hand, or a rosary, to say these “hail Mary’s.” I told her, “Put it up, that’s not necessary.”

And she come up close to where I was, and she scream and holler, “Padre,” which means, “Father.”

I said, “Don’t say that. Don’t say that. Do you believe?” And he said it in Spanish to her, did she believe.

“Yes,” she believed. He asked her how would she believe. She said, “If God can give that old man his sight, he can give my baby the life.” Amen.

Desperation drove her to it. Not a thing on my part; I just saw the vision.

I said, “Lord Jesus, I saw a vision of a little baby, it might be this one.”

About that time he kicked its feet, went, “Wha! Wha! Wha!”

I said, “Follow her to the doctor. Get a written statement from the doctor, ‘That baby died.’” And it...the doctor wrote the statement, “That baby’s

respiration, heart stopped this morning, in my office at nine o'clock, died with double pneumonia." Oh, the baby is a living in Mexico tonight, as far as I know. Why? The desperation set in on a little mother's heart, crying for her child, that had seen God do...heal a man's blind eyes, and knowed He could raise the dead baby.

149 Desperation! "When thou seekest Me with all thine heart, then I'll hear you." See?



150 The Kingdom! “The law and the prophets were until John. Since then, the Kingdom of Heaven has been preached, and man press into It.” You don’t just stand around and say, “Pick me up by the collar, Lord, push me in.” You press into It. You get desperate, between Life and death.

*63-0901E — Desperations*  
*Rev. William Marrion Branham*

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*Something happened. She  
got desperate*



**William Marrion Branham**

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*Title: 63-0901E — Desperations*

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151 Wish I had time for another story, that I was thinking right now, of a woman, girl, took a wrong road, and how she had turned new pages and things, till I said, “Sister...”

She got up and said, “I—I believe I’ll be all right.”

I said, “No, no! Stay there.”

And then, the first thing you know, she started praying a little

bit, and directly she got louder and louder. After a while she got desperate, said, “O God, save me!”

152 Alcoholics Anonymous couldn't cure it. Nothing else could do it. But them big, black eyes looked at me, and the tears dropping off her cheeks; she said, “Something's happened.” Oh, yeah! Yes, sir! Something happened. She got desperate.

153 Let's be desperate about this; between death and Life.

154 If you can't get desperate, don't come through here. If you are desperate, come here and watch, you—you'll get it just as soon as you get here.

155 Let us pray. In desperation watch for the Kingdom of God, It'll come upon you.

156 Our Heavenly Father, I pray Thee in Jesus' Name, be merciful unto us, Lord. And start in us a desperation. O Lord God, have mercy upon us, I pray, and let the people seek Thee tonight

with desperate hearts. We know You're here, Lord. You're the same yesterday, today, and forever.

157 And now may these people who has the Token, that they've passed from death unto Life, they've changed from the old worldly life to a new one. They have. The Blood has been applied; and, God, give them a Token sign. May they take that Token in their hands, them that's sick, say, "I am a purchased product of God. I am in Christ,

and in Him is no sickness. I am in Christ, and in Him is no sin. I am in Christ, and in Him is no unbelief. I renounce everything that the devil has told me. I take my Token that my... 'He was wounded for my transgressions; He was bruised for my iniquity; the chastisement of my peace was upon Him; and with His stripes I was healed.' And I now hold the Token, that God has recognized me, that purpose, Person, purchased by the Blood of the Lord Jesus. And I hold the



Token of His death in my hands, because He has raised again, and I am His and He is mine. I go with determined faith, that from this night on, I believe God, and I'll be healed when I get there and meet the requirements.”

Because, the last Words that fell from His lips, was this, “If they lay hands on the sick, they shall recover.” Grant it, Lord. May a desperation set in, for I ask it, in Jesus' Name. Amen.





# *Desperations*

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**WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM**

