

BEYOND THE CURTAIN OF TIME

By 1960, there was growing resistance to the ministry of William Branham.

In early April he was invited to visit the extensive HQ office buildings of the ministries of Tommy Osborn and Oral Roberts, key figures of the 1947-1956 Healing Revival. Both acknowledged William Branham as the inspiration of their ministries.

Afterwards, very discouraged, he wondered what he himself had accomplished and what he had to show for his ministry. Then a Voice spoke clearly to him, "I am your portion."

Early one morning one month later, he was lying in bed wondering how much longer he had to live as he was now 51, only one year younger than his father when he died. If he was going to do anything more for the Lord, he had to do it soon.

Then he heard a Voice, "*You're just starting.*" It continued, "*Would you like to see beyond the curtain of time?*" When he answered that it would help him greatly, the next moment he found himself in a different dimension.

The following two articles recount what happened. (There is some duplication.)

1. Firstly, an excerpt from the sermon of Brother Branham, "*The Rejected King*" delivered one week after being taken behind the curtain of time, on Sunday 15 May 1960, at the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA.
2. Secondly, an article from the Full Gospel Business Men's "Voice" magazine as recorded in a message of Brother Branham, "*Beyond the Curtain of Time*", delivered Sunday 5 March 1961, at the Branham Tabernacle.

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1.

BEYOND THE CURTAIN OF TIME

An excerpt from the sermon by Brother Branham, "The Rejected King", on Sunday 15 May 1960, at the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville, Indiana, U.S.A.

The other morning I was laying in my bed. And I was . . . had been asleep, and I dreamed that Joseph was sick, and I had picked him up to pray for him. And when I woke up, I was very upset. I said, "Well, maybe Joseph is going to be sick."

And I looked, going before me, in a little, dark shadow, rather of a brownish color. And it seemed like it was me. And I watched it. And coming behind it was Someone white, and it was Him. I looked over to my wife, to see if she awake, that I could show her, she could see the vision. But she was sleeping.

I said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Lord. But, that's been my life, You've had to drive me to everything that I done. Every time anything would happen, I'd think it was You doing it. And I realise it was Satan trying to keep me away from it." I said, "If You could only lead me." And as I looked, I seen the prettiest face I ever saw on a man. He was in front of me, looking back. He raised His hand and got a hold of mine, and started moving this a way. The vision left me. Last Sunday morning, I was, had waken up early. That was on Saturday, this vision. On . . .

Always worried, I've always thought of dying. It, me being fifty, it's, my time is not . . . didn't think was too long. And I wondered what I would be in that theophany, celestial body. "Would it be that I would see my precious friends and, say, a little white fog going by, and say, 'There goes Brother Neville,' or, he couldn't say, 'Hello, Brother Branham'? And when Jesus come, then I'd be man again." I often thought that.

I was dreaming that I was out West. And I coming down through a little sagebrush place, and my wife was with me, and we had been trout fishing. And I stopped and--and opened up the gate. And the skies were so pretty. They didn't look like they do over the valley here. They were blue, and the pretty white clouds. And I said to wife, I said, "We ought to been out here, long time ago, honey." She said, "For the children's sake, we should have been, Billy." I said, "That's . . ." And I woke up.

I thought, "I'm dreaming so much! I wonder why?" And I looked down, and she was laying by me. And I raised up on my pillow, as many of you people have done it, put my head upon the--the headboard of the bed, and put my hands behind me. And I was laying there like this. And I said, "Well, ***I just wonder what it will be, the other side.*** I am already fifty, and I haven't done nothing yet. If I could only do something to help the Lord, for I know I won't be mortal. Half of my time is gone, at least, or more than half. If I live to be as old as my people, still half my time is gone." And I looked around. I was laying there, fixing to get up. It was about seven o'clock. I said, "I believe I'll go down to church, this morning. If I am hoarse, I'd like to hear Brother Neville preach."

So I said, "Are you awake, honey?" And she was sleeping very soundly.

And I don't want you to miss this. It has changed me. I can't be the same Brother Branham that I was.

And I looked. And I heard Something, kept saying, "***You're just starting. Press the battle. Just keep pressing.***"

I shook my head a minute. I thought, "Well, I probably just thinking like this." You know, a person can get some imaginations. And I said, "I just probably imagined that."

It said, "**Press the battle. Keep going. Keep going.**"

I said, "Maybe I said it." And I put my lips within my teeth, and put my hand over my mouth.

And there It come again, said, "**Just keep pressing. If you only knew what was at the end of the road!**"

And it seemed like I could hear Graham Snelling, or somebody, that sang that song like this. They sings it here, Anna Mae and all of you all.

*I'm homesick and blue, and I want to see Jesus.
I would like to hear those sweet harbour bells chime.
It would brighten my path and would vanish all fears.
Lord, let me look past the curtain of time.*

You've heard it sang here at the church.

And I heard Something say, "**Would you like to see just beyond the curtain?**"

I said, "It would help me so much."

And I looked. In just a moment, I . . . One breath I had come into a little place that slanted. I looked back, and there I was, laying on the bed. And I said, "This is a strange thing."

Now, I would not want you to repeat this. This is before my church, or my sheep that I am pastoring. Whether it was, I was in this body or out, whether it was a translation, it wasn't like any vision I ever had. I could look There, and I could look here.

And when I hit that little Place, I never seen so many people come running, screaming, "Oh, our precious brother!"

And I looked. And young women, maybe in their early twenties, eighteen to twenty, they were throwing their arms around me, and screaming, "Our precious brother!"

Here come young men, in the brilliance of young manhood. And their eyes glistening and looking like stars on a darkened night. Their teeth as white as pearl. And they were screaming, and grabbing me, and screaming, "Oh, our precious brother!"

And I stopped, and I looked. And I was young. I looked back at my old body laying there, with my hands behind my head. And I said, "I don't understand this."

And these young women throwing their arms around me. Now, I do realise this is the mixed audience, and I say this with the sweetness and with the mellowness of the Spirit. Men cannot put your arm around women without a human sensation; but it wasn't there. There was no yesterday nor tomorrow. They didn't get tired. They were . . . I never seen such pretty women in all my life. They had hair way down to their waistline; long skirts to their feet. And they were just a hugging me. It wasn't a hug like even my own sister, setting there, would hug me. They were not kissing me, and I was not kissing them. It was something that I-- I have not got the--the vocabulary, I haven't got the words to say. "Perfection" wouldn't touch it. "Superb" wouldn't even touch it, nowhere. It was something that I never . . . You just have to be There.

And I looked this way, and that way. And they were coming, by the thousands. And I said, "I don't understand this." I said, "Well, they . . ."

And here come Hope. That was my first wife. She run, and never said, "My husband." She said, "My precious brother," and when she hugged me. There was another woman standing there,

that hugged me, and then Hope hugged this woman; and each one. And I thought, "Oh, this has to be something different. It can't be . . . There's something . . ." I thought, "Oh, would I ever want to go back to that old carcass again?"

I looked around then. I thought, "What is this?" And I looked, real good. And I--I said, "I--I can't understand this." But Hope seemed to be like, oh, a guest of honour. She was no different, but just like a guest of honour.

And I heard a Voice then that spoke to me, that was in the room, said, "***This is what you preached was the Holy Ghost. This is perfect Love.*** And nothing can enter Here without It."

I am more determined, than ever in my life, that ***it takes perfect Love, to enter There.*** There was no jealousy. There was no tiredness. There was no death. Sickness could never, in There. Mortality; could--could never make you old. And the . . . They could not cry. It was just one joy.

"Oh, my precious brother!" And they took me up, and set me up on a great big high place. I thought, "I am not dreaming. I'm looking back at my--my body laying down here on the bed." And they set me up there. And I said, "Oh, I shouldn't sit up here."

And here come women and men, from both sides, just in their bloom of youth, screaming. And one woman was standing there, and she screamed, "Oh, my precious brother! Oh, we are so happy to see you Here."

I said, "I don't understand this."

And then that Voice that was speaking, from above me, said, "You know, it is written in the Bible, that, 'The prophets were gathered with their people.'"

And I said, "Yes. I remember that in the Scriptures."

Said, "Well, this is when you will gather with your people."

I said, "Then they'll be real, and I can feel them."

"Oh, yes."

I said, "But, there's millions. There's not that many Branhams."

And that Voice said, "They're not Branhams. Them is your converts. That's the ones that you've led to the Lord." And said, "Some of them women there, that you think is so beautiful, were better than ninety years old when you led them to the Lord. No wonder they're screaming, 'Our precious brother!'"

And they screamed, all at once, said, "If you hadn't have went, we wouldn't be Here."

I looked around. I thought, "Well, I don't get it."

I said, "Oh, where is Jesus? I want to see Him, so bad."

They said, "Now, He is just a little higher, right up that way." Said, "Someday He will come to you. See?" Said, "You were sent, for a leader. ***And God will come. And when He does, He'll judge you according to what you taught them,*** first, whether they go in or not. We'll go in according to your teaching."

I said, "Oh, I'm so glad. And, Paul, does he have to stand like this? Does Peter have to stand like this?"

"Yes."

I said, "Then I preached every Word that they preached. I never divvied from It, one side to the other. Where they baptized in the Name of Jesus Christ, I did too. Where they taught the baptism of the Holy Ghost, I did too. Whatever they taught, I did too."

And them people screamed, and said, "We know that. And we know we're going with you, someday, back to earth." Said, "**Jesus will come, and you'll be judged according to the Word that you preached us. And then if you are accepted at that time, which you will be, and said, "then you will present us to Him, as your trophies of your ministry."**" Said, "You will guide us to Him, and, all together, we'll go back to the earth, to live for ever."

I said, "Do I have to return back now?"

"Yes. **But keep pressing on.**"

I looked. And I could see the people, just as far as I could see, still coming, wanting to hug me, screaming, "Our precious brother!"

Just then a Voice said, "**All that you ever loved, and all that ever loved you, God has given you Here.**" And I looked. And here come my old dog, come walking up. Here come my horse, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and nickered. Said, "**All that you ever loved, and all that ever loved you, God has given them into your hand, through your ministry.**"

And I felt myself move from that beautiful Place.

And I looked around. I said, "Are you awake, honey?" She was still asleep.

And I thought, "O God! Oh, help me, O God. Never let me compromise with one Word. Let me stay right straight on that Word, and preach It. I don't care what comes or goes, what anybody does; how many Sauls of sons of Kish, rise, how many this, that, or the other. Let me, Lord, press to that Place. All fear of death . . ."

I say this, with my Bible before me, this morning. I've got a little boy there, four years old, to be raised. I got a nine- year-old girl; and a teen-ager, that I'm thankful for, that's turned the way of the Lord. God, let me live, to bring them up in the admonition of God.

Above that, the whole world seems to scream to me, ninety- year-old women and men, and all kinds. "If you hadn't have went, we wouldn't been Here."

And, God, let me press the battle. But if it comes to dying, I am no more . . . It would be a joy, it would be a pleasure, to enter, from this corruption and disgrace.

If I could make, up yonder, one hundred billion miles high, a square block, and that's perfect Love; each step this way, it narrows, until we get down to where we are now. It would be just merely a shadow of corruption, that little something that we can sense and feel that there is something somewhere. We don't know what It is.

Oh, my precious friends, my beloved, my darlings of the Gospel, my begotten children unto God, listen to me, your pastor. You, I wish there was some way I could explain it to you. There's no words; I couldn't find it; it's not found anywhere. But **just beyond this last breath, is the most glorious thing that you ever ... There is no way to explain it. There's no way. I just can't do it. But whatever you do, friend, lay aside everything else till you get perfect Love. Get to a spot that you can love everybody, every enemy, everything else.**

That one visit There, to me, has made me a different man. I can never, never, never be the same Brother Branham that I was. Whether the planes are rocking, whether the lightning is a flashing; whether the spy has a gun on me. Whatever it is, it doesn't matter. I'm going to press the battle, by the grace of God. For, I've preached the Gospel to every creature and every person that I can, persuading them to that beautiful Land yonder.

It may seem hard. It may take a lot of strength. I don't know how much longer. We don't know, physically speaking. The . . . From my examination the other day, he said, "You've got twenty-five years of hard, good life. You're solid." That helped me. But, oh, that wasn't it. That isn't it. It's something within here. This corruption has got to put on incorruption. This mortal has got to put on immortality.

Sons of Kish may rise. I . . . All the good things they do, I have nothing evil to say against it, giving to the poor and to charity. And remember, why, Samuel told Saul, "You'll also prophesy." And many of those men are great, mighty preachers, can preach the Word like archangels. But still it wasn't God's will. God was to be their king. Brother, sister, you let the Holy Spirit lead you.

Let us bow our heads just a moment.

*I'm so homesick and blue, I want to see Jesus,
I would like to hear those sweet harbour bells chime;
It would brighten my path and would vanish all fear;
Lord, let us look a past the curtain of time.*

*Lord, let me look a past the curtain of sorrows and fear,
Let me view that sunny bright clime;
It would strengthen our faith and would vanish all fear;
Lord, let them look a past the curtain of time.*

I am sure, Lord, if this little church, this morning, could just look a past the curtain! Not an affliction among them; there never could be. Not a sickness; nothing but perfection. **And It's just one breath between here and There**, from old age to youth, from time to Eternity; from a weary of tomorrow, and a sorrow of yesterday, till the present time of Eternity in perfection.

I pray, God, that You will bless every person here, **if there be those here, Lord, who does not know You in that way of Love. And truly, Father, nothing could enter that holy Place without that type of Love**, the new Birth, the being born again. **The Holy Spirit, God, is Love**, and we know that that is true. No matter if we move mountains by our faith, if we did great things, still, without That there, we could never climb that great ladder yonder. But with That, It'll lift us beyond this earthly cares. I pray, Father, that You will bless the people here.

And may, that, every person that has heard me, this morning, tell this Truth, that You be my witness, Lord, as Samuel of old; "Have I ever told them anything in Your Name but what was true?" They are the judges. And I tell them now, Lord, that You taken me to that Land. And thou knowest that it's true.

And now, Father, if there be some that doesn't know You, may this be the hour that they say, "Lord, place within me the will to be Thy will." Grant it, Father.

And now, you, with your heads bowed, would you raise your hands, and say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham; God will within me." [Brother Branham pauses--Ed.]

Now while you're right where you are, just real sweetly, why don't you just say to Father? "God, within my heart, today, I renounce all things of the world. I renounce everything, to love You and serve You, all my life. And I will, from this day, henceforth, follow You, in every Scripture of Your Bible." If you have not been baptised in the Christian baptism, "I will, Lord."

"If I have not yet received the Holy Ghost . . ." You'll know when you received It. It'll give to you. It'll give to you the assurance and Love that you need. Oh, you might have done different, had sensations, like you might have shouted or spoke with tongues, which is fine. But ***if that Divine Love isn't there***, believe me now, ***say, "Lord, place within my heart, and in my soul, the reaching of Your Spirit, that I might love, and honor, and have that Divine Love in my heart, today***, that would take me to that Land when my final breath leaves me," while we pray. You pray, yourself, now. In your own way, you pray, ask God to do that for you.

I love you. I love you. You precious gray-headed men sitting here, who has worked hard and fed little children! You poor, old mamas who has stroked the tears from their eyes! Let me assure you this, sister, dear, it isn't that way ***across the other breath yonder. I believe that It is absolutely in the room.*** It's just a dimension that we live into. This is just a corruption that we live in now.

"But will in me, Lord, Thy will to be." You pray, while we pray together.

Reverently, Lord, upon the basis of Thy Word and Thy Holy Spirit, we are so glad that we know where our birth comes from. We are glad that we were "born not of the will of man, nor of the will of flesh, but of the will of God."

And we pray, today, Father, that these who are now asking for pardoning grace, that Your Spirit will do that work, Lord. There's no way for me to do it; I'm just a man, another son of Kish. But we need You, the Holy Spirit.

God, let me be as Samuel, one who tells the Truth of the Word. And You have vindicated It, so far, and I believe that You will continue, as long as I stay true to You.

May they all now receive Eternal Life, Father. May this day never depart from them. In the hour when they come to leave this world, may this, what I have just said to them, open to a reality. And as we sit here, mortal, today, looking at our watch, thinking of our dinner, of work tomorrow, of the cares and toils of life, they'll not be Then. They'll all fade away. There will be no cares; and one great joy of Eternity. Give them that type of Life, Father, every one. And may . . .

I ask You this, Father, that every person that's here this morning, that's heard me say this vision, may I meet every one of them on the other side; though there may be men here that would disagree with me, and women, too. But, Father, never let that stand in our way. May we meet them over There, and they run, too, and we grab each other, screaming, "Our precious brother." Let it be like it was shown There, Lord, to everyone, all that I love, and all that love me. I pray that it'll be that way, Lord. And I love them all. Let them appear, Father. I offer them Eternal Life now. May they do their part, to accept It. For I ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen. [Brother Branham pauses--Ed.]

We have just a few moments, to pray for the sick. I see we got a little, sick girl here, and a lady in a chair.

Now, to my most precious brethren, sisters, please do not misunderstand me. I--I don't know what happened. I don't know what happened. But, ***God, when I die, let me go back There. Just let me go to that Place, is where I want to be, wherever it was.*** I'm not trying to be a Paul that was caught up in the third heavens. I'm not saying that. I believe that He was just trying to encourage me, trying to give me a little something to push me on, in my new ministry coming up.

2.

ARTICLE IN THE FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S "VOICE" MAGAZINE

(As recorded in a message, "Beyond the Curtain of Time", on Sunday 5 March 1961 at the Branham Tabernacle.)

The other morning I was lying on my bed. I had just awoke from sleep, and I placed my hands behind my head, and relaxed with my head on the pillow. Then I began to wonder what it will be like on the other side. I realized that I have lived more than half my life, if I live to be as old as my people. And I wanted to do more for the Lord, before I left this life.

I heard a Voice, saying, "**You're just starting. Press the battle. Keep pressing.**" As I lay there pondering these words, I thought, that I just imagined that I heard a voice.

Again the Voice said, "**Press the battle. Keep going. Keep going.**"

Still unbelieving, I thought that possibly I had spoken the words myself. I placed my lips between my teeth, and held my hand over my mouth, and listened.

The Voice spoke again. "**Just keep pressing. If you only knew what is at the end of the road.**"

I seemed to hear the music and words of an old familiar song:

*I'm home sick and blue, and I want to see Jesus, I would like to hear those harbour bells chime,
It would brighten my path and banish all fears; Lord, let me look past the curtain of time.*

Then the Voice ask, "Would you like to see just beyond the curtain?"

I answered, "It would help me so much."

What happened, I cannot say. Whether I was in the body, or whether it was a translation, I do not know. But it was unlike any vision I have ever had. I could see the place to which I was taken. And I could see myself lying back there upon my bed.

I said, "This is a strange thing."

There were great numbers of people, and they came running to me, crying, "Oh, our precious brother." First came young women, apparently in their early twenties. And as they would embrace me, they said, "Our precious brother." Young men in the brilliance of young manhood, with eyes glistening like stars on a darkened night, with teeth as white as pearls, embraced me, saying, "Our precious brother."

Then I noticed that I too, had become young again. I looked at myself there, and turned and looked back at my old body lying on the bed with my hands behind my head. I said, "I don't understand this."

As I began to try to comprehend the place where I was, I began to realize that there was no yesterday and no tomorrow there. No one seemed to get tired. As a multitude of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen threw their arms around me, I discovered, there was only a great love that overwhelmed me, and no physical attraction as in the human behaviour. I noticed these young women all wore their hair down to their waistlines. And their skirts went down to their feet.

After this, Hope, my first wife, hugged me and said, "My precious brother." Then another young woman hugged me, and Hope turned and hugged the young woman.

I said, "I don't understand this. This is something entirely different from our human love. I don't want to go back to that old body on the bed."

Then a Voice spoke to me, "**This is what you preached that the Holy Ghost is. This is perfect love.** Nothing cannot enter here without it."

Next I was taken up and seated on a high place. All around me were great numbers of men and women to--in the bloom of youth. They were crying with joy, "Oh, our precious brother, we are so happy to see you here."

I thought, "I'm not dreaming, for I can see these people, and I can see my body lying back there on the bed."

The Voice spoke to me, "You know, it is written in the Bible, that the prophets were gathered with their people?"

I said, "Yes, I remember that in the Scriptures. But there are not this many Branhams."

The Voice replied, "These are not Branhams; these are your converts, the ones you have led to the Lord. Some of these women you think are so young and beautiful were more than ninety years old when you led them to the Lord. No wonder they are crying out, 'My precious brother.'"

Then the multitude cried together, "If you hadn't gone forth with the Gospel, we wouldn't be here."

I ask, "Oh, where is Jesus? I want to see Him."

The people replied, "He is just a little higher. Someday He will come to you. You were sent as a leader, and when God comes, He will judge you according to your teaching."

I ask, "Does Paul and Peter have to stand this judgment also?"

The answer was, "Yes."

I said, "I have preached what they preached. I did not divert from it to one side or the other. Where they baptised in the Name of Jesus, I did too. Where they taught the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I did too. Whatever they taught, I taught also."

"We know that," the people cried, "and we know that we are going back to earth with you sometime. Jesus will come and judge you according to the words you preached us. Then you will present us to Him, and altogether we will go back to earth, to live forever."

I ask, "Do I have to go back to earth now?"

They answered, "Yes, but **keep pressing on.**"

As I begin to move from that beautiful, joyful place, as far as my eyes could see, people were coming towards me to embrace me crying, "My precious brother."

Suddenly I was back on the bed again. I said, "O God, help me. Never let me compromise with the Word. Let me stay straight on the Word. I don't care what anyone else does, Lord. Let me press on to that beautiful, joyful place."

I am more convinced than ever in my life, that it will take perfect love to enter that place. There was no jealousy, no tiredness, no sickness, no old age, no death, only supreme beauty and joy.

Whatever you do, lay aside everything else until you get perfect love. Get to where you can love everybody, even every enemy. No matter if the plane is rocking, the lightning is flashing, or the guns of the enemy are upon you, these things do not matter; get perfect love.

If you're not saved, accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour, now. If you have not been baptised in water, be baptised now. If you have not received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, receive It now. Press on in that perfect love, which will take you to that beautiful and joyful place beyond the curtain of time. Hallelujah. Glory to God. Amen.