

## Birth and Beginning of Supernatural Experiences



Brother William Marrion Branham was born at 5:00 in the morning on April 6, 1909, in a little log cabin near Burkesville, Kentucky. No glass windows were in the cabin, only a little wooden door-like window that was located on the upper half of the door, as seen in the picture. The morning that he was born, a light, about the size of a pillow, came into the room through this little window and circled around over the little straw-tick bed where he was born, then went down on the bed. As he was growing up, he had other supernatural experiences.

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When I was borned, I weighed five pounds, little bitty boy, and I haven't growed very much since. But then my mother, she carried me around on a pillow. I was borned in a little log cabin, way in the mountains of Kentucky, Cumberland County, near a little creek called Renox. There's only one way you get through there, that's you go through the creek. That's the only way to go is by the creek. It's a little isolated place, way down near the Tennessee line on the Cumberland River.

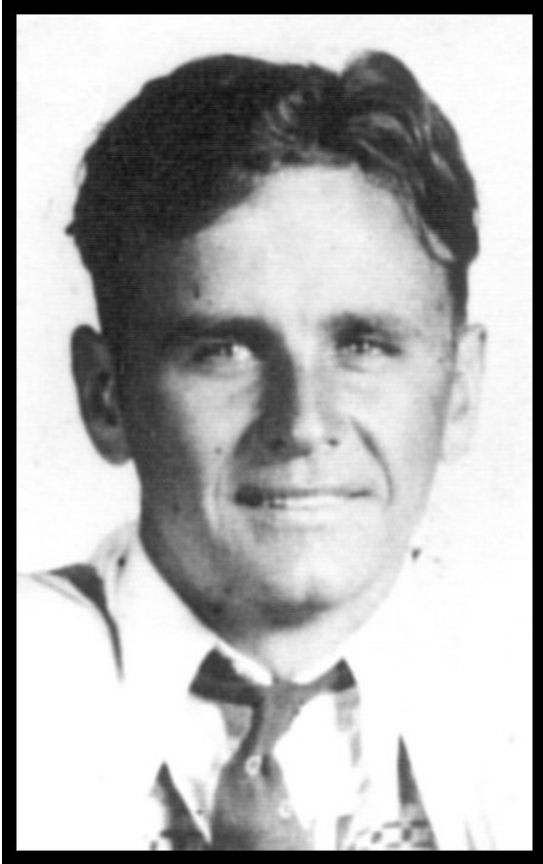
My father was a logger. My mother, her father was a school teacher, and the principal of the rural school. Didn't get to go to school very much in Kentucky, you know, the creek could get up; you couldn't go. In the summertime they had to take a gooseneck hoe and chop out the corn, tobacco, and stuff that they raised in the hills, make a living.

I was down, standing by the little old cabin, not long ago, and took a picture of it. I think it appeared in my book: a little old two room cabin. The porch... The end of the kitchen had fallen down. I looked at it. I could imagine seeing my mother there. My dad was just a young man, mother, only fifteen years old when I was born. [*Life Story*, August 20, 1950 afternoon, Cleveland, Ohio]

And there, in that little room, when Jesus Christ permitted me to come to the earth... I can only say this by testimony of my parents, which was not religious. But they didn't have no lights like we have here, not even a coal oil lamp... And they opened this little window on the side towards the east, where some robins was setting in the bushes out there singing as it was breaking day at five o'clock. And when they opened up the window, a Pillar of Fire, Light, came moving through the window, and come, and hung over the little bed. My mother screamed. The midwife was there. We had no doctor, and the midwife was there. They didn't know what it was.

About two weeks after that, I was carried up to a little Baptist church, called Opossum Kingdom, and a minister held me in his arms and dedicated me to God. The mountain people didn't know what to think about that. They told them they thought maybe mama was just out of her head, or just thought that. [Compiled from *A Trial*, April 27, 1964, Tucson, Arizona]

The first thing that I can remember happening, at the age of about three years old [in about 1912], I was in the backyard of the little log cabin I was born in. I was eleven months older than my little brother Edward. I remember looking into a large tree there where there was a bird that attracted my attention. The bird was just jumping up and singing, and going on. (I think it was a robin, to the best of my memory. I wouldn't say it was a robin. It seemed like it was that.) When this bird flew away, there was a voice that spoke to me there, and said, "You'll spend a great deal of your life near a city called New Albany." I went and told my mother. Not knowing then that we'd be coming or anything, about two years later, we moved into Jeffersonville, Indiana, a city near New Albany. [Compiled from *Audio Letter to Lee Vayle*, May 1964, Tucson, Arizona]



**Before his barber accidentally used carbolic acid on his head, Brother Branham had black wavy hair as seen in the picture to the left. Later, since his scalp remained soft and he would catch a cold easily, he had a toupee which he occasionally wore, as shown in the picture below.**

A few years ago, about fifteen years ago [around 1959], I used to hunt with a man that was a barber, and he was also a chiropodist; that's cutting calluses from feet. Do you know, during those times it was hard going, there was no money. And this barber friend of mine was cutting my hair, and he had dandruff on the shoulder. He said, "Billy, I'll have to give you a little shampoo. You got so much dandruff on your coat."

And I said, "All right, Jimmy." (I was his pastor; he taught Sunday school; he was a fine man.)

He was talking about coon hunting, and he reached back to get what he thought was this Lucky Tiger Shampoo, to throw on my head, and it was carbolic acid. I wore a stocking cap in my pulpit for weeks. Today, that still bothers me... See, my scalp is still soft. My wife bought me a piece of hair to wear. I couldn't wear a hat in the pulpit; it's disrespectful to Christ. If you wear a little cap, they say, "You want to be a bishop."

[Compiled from *Paradox*, February 6, 1964 breakfast, Bakersfield, California]

Some time ago, I was combing what few hairs I had left. My wife said to me; she said, "Billy, you're almost bald-headed."

I said, "Yes, it was caused to start with from a barber putting carbolic acid on my hair; it all come out and then it never did come back right. But, honey, I want to tell you; I haven't lost one of them."

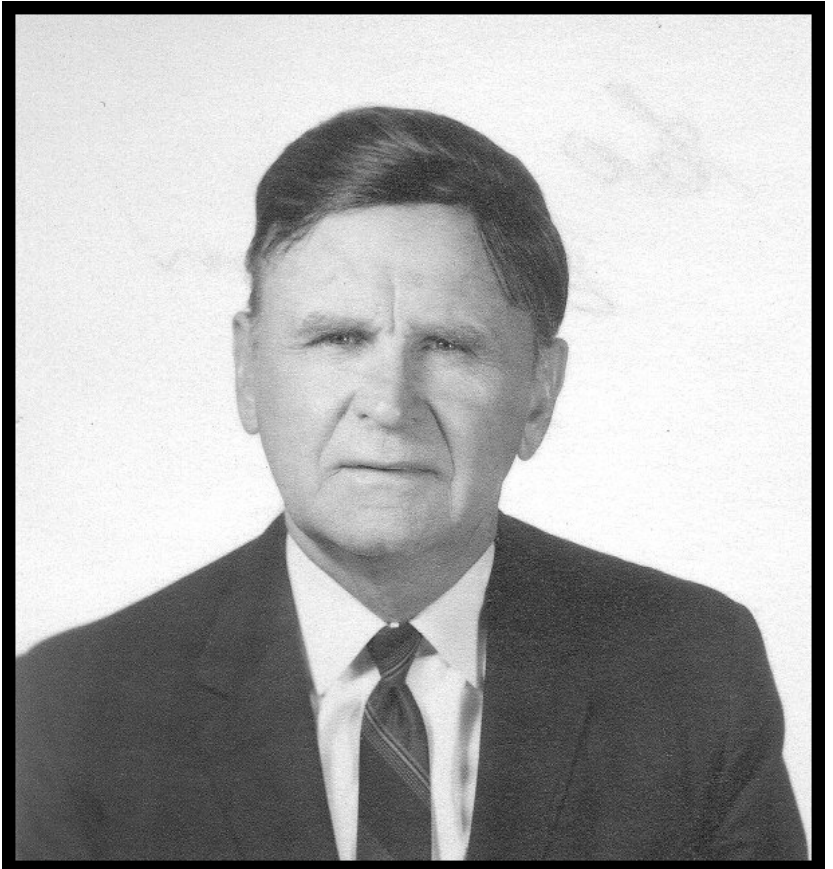
She said, "Pray, tell me where they're at?"

I said, "Well, I'll answer you if you'll answer me."

She said, "All right."

I said, "Where were they before I got them? They were bound to be a substance somewhere, and wherever they were before I received them, they are there waiting for me to come to them."

That is exactly right. Not one hair of our head, but what's numbered – God knows all about it. [Compiled from *Conferences*, February 28, 1960, Phoenix, Arizona]



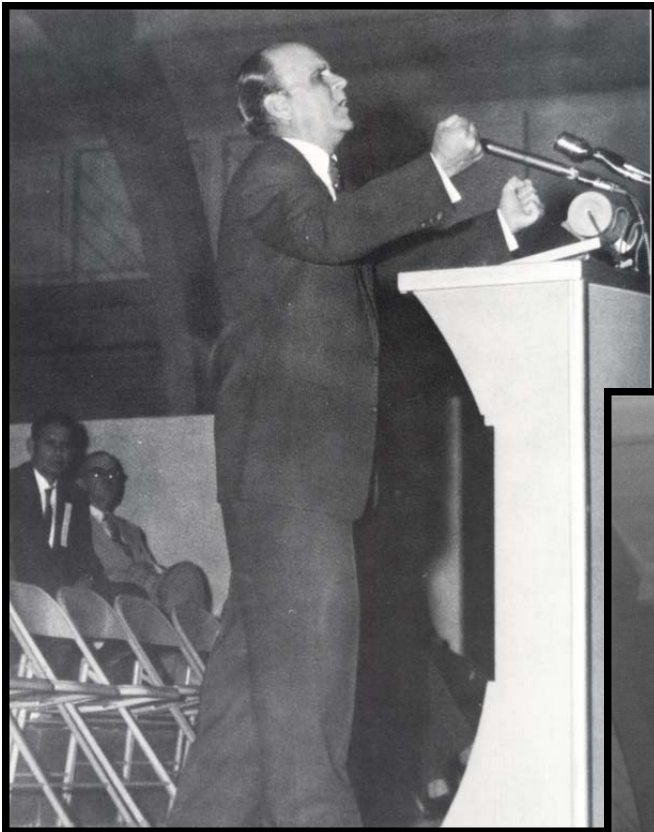
## Various Photographs of Brother Branham

The two photographs of Brother Branham preaching were taken during the ten-day meetings in November 1959 in San Jose, California.

In the photograph below on the far right, Brother Branham is standing in his home in Jeffersonville, Indiana. This photo was taken at the time of the filming of "The Twentieth Century Prophet" in 1954. Notice the painting of his birthplace in the background.

"It'll hang loveliest, in my room... It's of my birthplace, she painted it..."

Forty-two years ago, the sixth day of April, that's where God gave me my life on



this earth, beginning at that place, in this little cabin here near Burkesville, Kentucky.

And she's probably got the picture out of the book and painted it. And I certainly appreciate someone like that.

Thank you very much, sister. God bless you. And may God have you a palace to live in when you cross the river on the other side, sister, is my prayer.

I shall take this home, and it'll always be a treasure of mine as long as I live. I'll remember this memorial came from here. God bless you, sister." [Exhortation On Healing, May 1, 1951, Los Angeles, California]

