

*My Testimony
of My Experiences with
Brother William M. Branham*



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My Testimony...

My family moved to Beaumont, Texas, in 1949, when my dad became pastor at the Emanuel Gospel Church. Shortly thereafter, we learned that there was a man by the name of William Marrion Branham that was conducting Divine healing meetings in Houston, Texas, which was less than 100 miles away. I was 16 at the time, and had the baptism of the Holy Ghost and had an experience of speaking in tongues. I'd read about Divine healing, read every miracle in the Bible, and believed them. Since I was nine years old, I had quoted Hebrews 13:8, *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever*. But I had no idea what it really meant.

Brother Branham was in the Sam Houston Coliseum on January 23, 1950. We arrived early enough that we were able to get a seat on the lower level, right in front of the pulpit, about 11 rows back. As the service began, the first speaker was Brother Gordon Lindsay, followed by Brother F. F. Bosworth. Then Brother Branham came to the pulpit, and as he looked across the audience, he said, "Good evening, friends." It was so personal; I thought he was talking to me. I got up out of my seat and stood in front of the platform on the left-hand side near the pulpit, because I thought the man had spoken to me.

When he called for the prayer line, about 15 people came forward. I found that from where I was standing, I could directly view the prayer line. I'd never seen one before, and didn't know what to expect. The first person was a little, seven-year-old boy that had been blind from birth. Brother Branham took the boy by the hand and asked us to bow our heads while he prayed for the child. As soon as the prayer was over, the boy looked around like he could see. Everybody began to praise the Lord. My thought was "How do I know the boy was blind?" They held up a handkerchief and the little boy reached out and grabbed it. They held out a microphone cord, and he stepped over it. Brother Branham said, "Now, run back to your daddy." The boy turned and looked out at the audience of approximately 11,000 people. He had never seen his dad.

When the child had been called to the platform, a man came and stood next to me. The man now called the boy by name. The platform was about four feet high, and the boy came to the edge of it and leaped off into the man's arms. He played with the man's red necktie, and then saw the man's tears and touched them. Then he began to feel the man's face, just like a blind child would. That was his dad. He threw his arms around his dad's neck and looked directly at me. I knew I had seen a miracle. This was the beginning of the change of my life.

There was also a young lady that brought up a six-year-old boy that had been born with no feet. Brother Branham took him in his arms and asked her to remove the stockings. Once more, he asked us to bow our heads, which I did. But again, I watched upward at Brother Branham as he prayed. I wasn't the only one watching, because in the midst of his prayer it appeared that Brother Branham dropped the little boy, and many people in the audience gasped. Right in front of my eyes, I saw two little feet created. This still affects me until this day. When I see little babies' feet, it stirs something within my soul because of this miracle that I saw.

Even while I was weeping over that, another lady walked up in front of Brother Branham. He had said to those in the prayer line, "You people need to confess your sins and put them under the Blood, because I'm not responsible for what He shows me." As this young woman stood before him, he said, "Young lady, I don't mean to embarrass you, but you've been unfaithful to your husband."

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The entire audience fell quiet immediately, with the exception of one man that jumped up and started shouting and running toward the platform. Brother Branham turned and said, "That's alright, let him come. That's her husband." This stirred my thinking: "How did he know that was her husband?" As the man came onto the platform, Brother Branham said to him, "What about you and your red-headed secretary last Friday night in a motel?" He continued, saying, "You two haven't sinned against God; you've sinned against each other. You broke your marriage vows and you need to confess and repent to each other, forgive each other, renew your vows, and go home and be faithful to each other." That's good advice.

Years later, I asked him how he knew if someone had repented and put their sins under the Blood. He said, "That's easy, Brother Green. When someone confesses their sins, God is faithful to forgive. He not only forgives their sins, He forgets their sins. If He forgets them, He can't show them to me. So, anything He shows to me, I know it has not been confessed."

The next night there was a debate about Divine healing. Dr. Best, a Baptist preacher who didn't believe in Divine healing, challenged Brother Branham to a debate. Brother Branham refused since he didn't want to argue. The newspapers published Dr. Best's challenges. Brother F. F. Bosworth asked Brother Branham if he could take his place in the debate. Brother Branham agreed to it, as long as he didn't fuss.

That night, Dr. Best insisted that Brother Bosworth begin. Brother Bosworth said that he had around 600 scriptural references that show Christ's attitude towards the sick is the same today as it has ever been. He stated that if Dr. Best could take any one of those scriptural references and with the Bible prove that Christ's present attitude is not exactly the same towards the sick as it ever was, then he would consider himself to have lost the debate. Dr. Best said he would handle it when he took his turn. One question Brother Bosworth asked Dr. Best was whether the redemptive names of Jehovah applied to Jesus or not. If the seven, compound, redemptive names of Jehovah were not applied to Jesus, then Jesus was not Jehovah-jireh, which is the Lord will provide a Sacrifice. But if Jesus is Jehovah-jireh, then He also is Jehovah-rapha, which is the Lord that healeth. Dr. Best didn't answer.

When Dr. Best took his turn, he taught that Divine healing was applied in the resurrection when "this mortal puts on immortality." He didn't answer any of the scriptural references that Brother Bosworth had presented. Dr. Best claimed that the Baptists knew better than to believe in Divine healing. Brother Bosworth challenged this in a nice, kind way. He asked how many Baptists were present, and several hundred people stood. Then he asked how many of them had been healed by the power of God that week, and about 300 remained standing. He told Dr. Best, "You have no argument with me. You should argue with your own people." I thought that was wisdom that Brother Bosworth used that night. Dr. Best hit the pulpit with his fist and said that people could say anything, but that it did not make it right. When Dr. Best saw that he was not convincing the audience, he started calling for the "Divine healer" to be brought forth, trying to make a mockery out of it.

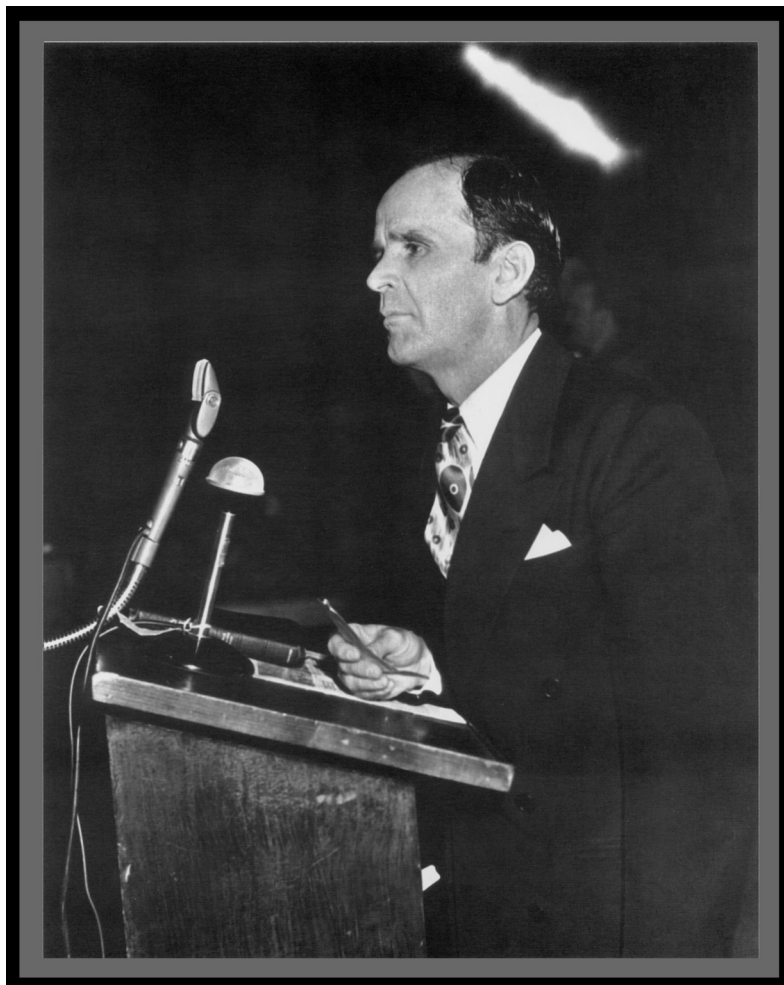
The debate was finally stopped. Brother Bosworth told the audience he knew that Brother Branham was in the meeting and if he wanted to come dismiss the audience, he could come down. He was in the balcony. I later learned that Brother Branham said the angel of the Lord came to him and told him that it was all right to go down. I remember seeing him come into my peripheral vision as he was coming down the side to the platform. I can almost hear Brother Branham in the tone of gentleness

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and humility that he spoke. There was no feeling or atmosphere of animosity or vengeance. There was no feeling of “you are wrong and I am right.” The only way a man can truly portray that is for there truly to be no feelings like that, otherwise another person can usually detect and discern them.

Brother Branham was just as gentle that night as he had been the night before when he first walked up there and said, “Good evening, friends.” He told the audience not to feel badly toward Dr. Best because he is our brother, and that Dr. Best has a right to believe it his own way. He stated that Brother Bosworth had proved that Divine healing is in the Bible, and that Dr. Best could not disprove it. He continued, “Now, I have never said that I was a Divine healer. I do not heal people. The only thing I do is preach Divine healing by the cross and by the Bible. My brother here preaches salvation, but he is not a Divine savior. I preach salvation and neither am I a Divine savior. I also preach Divine healing, but that does not make me a Divine healer. I only make my statements, and if they are true, God will back them up. If I tell something false, then God will not honor anything false. He will always honor the truth. I tell the truth, and God knows the truth.”

Dr. Best had hired a photographer who had taken six photos of Dr. Best making gestures toward Brother Bosworth during the debate. When the photographer developed his film, he discovered that all of his negatives were blank, except the last one, which showed the Pillar of Fire above Brother Branham’s head in the halo position. Mr. George J. Lacy, Examiner of Questioned Documents,



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thoroughly examined the negative for this photograph, and then he pronounced it authentic: "Based upon the above described examination and study I am of the definite opinion that the negative submitted for examination, was not retouched nor was it a composite or double exposed negative. Further, I am of the definite opinion that the light streak appearing above the head in a halo position was caused by light striking the negative."

I didn't see or know that there was a Pillar of Fire there that night until we were told about the supernatural photograph the next week, when they sold copies of this photograph in the meeting in Beaumont, Texas.

During those meetings, January 23 and 24, 1950, God updated Himself to me. He was no longer Jesus Christ of yesterday, 2000 years ago, He was Jesus Christ today. I saw Him open blind eyes, create feet, and tell the secrets of the hearts. He is still the same today. He hasn't changed.

The following week, when Brother Branham came to Beaumont, Texas, I met his brother, Howard, who asked me if I'd like to be their navigator around the city while they were there. I was also an usher in the meeting and helped line up the people on the platform when it came time for the prayer line.

On the last night of the meeting, Howard asked me if I wanted a prayer card. I had a bowel problem. That night my number was the first one called. I helped line everyone else up, then went and took my place in the line. When he asked for the first person in the prayer line, I started to walk toward him. As I came within eight or ten feet of Brother Branham, it felt like I had just stepped into a deep freeze. He said, "Now, that won't hurt you. That's His presence." I know exactly what he means when, in a sermon, I hear him tell people, "That won't hurt you." He saw the usher band on my arm and thanked me for being an usher, and then he said, "I see you've got a call on your life to preach the Gospel." If I ever had a call, that was it. He said, "While you were sitting over there in that chair, you had a bowel trouble; you don't have it anymore." I had been troubled with it all my life. My grandfather had it, my father had it, and I inherited it, but I don't have that problem anymore.

Since it was the last night of the meeting, when we got to the car after the service, we couldn't open the car door because there were so many people crowded around it. Howard crawled over the hood, got into the car from the door on the other side (where there wasn't anyone crowding him), started the car, and let the top down on the convertible. Then I picked Brother Branham up and set him over into the car. He had his arms around my neck. As I lifted him, he prayed for me.



I met Billy Paul Branham in 1952 when we attended Southwestern Bible Institute in Waxahachie, Texas. He was a senior in high school and I was a freshman in college. Before they realized that I was not Assemblies of God, I was elected to seven offices, including the president of the Texas Club, the president of The Future Business Leaders of America, the president over my mission group, and so on. This gave me a position in leadership among the students in the school. But with Billy Paul, they immediately let him know that he wasn't welcome. I learned that the assistant dean of men was given the assignment of making sure he received the 100 demerits that it would take to get him expelled from the school.

Billy was my friend, and I soon started seeing they were prejudiced towards him. Something as small as leaving his trousers on his bed cost him demerits, but I could leave my bed unmade with no penalty.

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Using my position of leadership on campus, I started fighting it and kept Billy in school about six weeks longer than they wanted, but eventually he was expelled. It wasn't his fault; they simply didn't want him there.

One day, I was sitting in the lobby of the men's dormitory and Billy Paul had gone to the dean's office. I think they were telling him he was about to be expelled. When Billy came out, he went directly to his room. A moment later, the dean came out and was standing in the doorway talking to us when his office telephone rang. He answered it and when he came back out of his office, he asked, "Where did that Branham boy go?" I told him that he went to the room. He asked, "Did he use the phone?" When I told him that he hadn't, the dean said, "That was Reverend Branham, from Jeffersonville, Indiana, on the phone. He just told me everything that I just told his son!"

I thought, "I'm sure glad my daddy can't do that." From that experience and other experiences, I began to see that Brother Branham's knowing the secrets of the heart was like the ministry of Elijah.

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At the meetings in Shreveport, Louisiana, in November 1963, I told Brother Billy Paul that if Brother Branham would come back to Beaumont I would sponsor his meetings there. Brother Branham had already preached in Beaumont in 1950 and in 1961. The meetings were scheduled for March 1964. They turned out to be part of Brother Branham's last sweep across the south, which started in February in California and ended in April in Florida.

The week before he was scheduled in Beaumont, he was in Dallas. On Sunday morning I told my congregation, "If you people will come tonight, I will tell you everything I know about Brother Branham so you'll know how to invite people to the meetings." That night, I was about 15 minutes deep into what was going to be about an hour long, and I said, "Brother Branham is about the most long-winded preacher I've ever been around, but his meetings are worth going to because there are always supernatural things happening."

At that time the phone rang in the church office and one of the young men went and answered it. He was as white as his shirt when he came back to the platform to tell me that Brother Branham was on the phone. I went to the phone and said, "Brother Branham, do you know what I'm doing?" (I was going to tell him.) He said, "Yes I do." When I could get my composure, I said, "Brother Branham, am I wrong?" He said, "Brother Pearry, I called to tell you to do all that is in your heart, and if you make a mistake, I'll call you."

For the next two years, every time my phone rang I thought, "What have I done?" I realized that everything I did, God saw it, and He could show His prophet. It made me realize that I had to be careful what I said, did, and thought. The first thing the angel of God instructed Brother Branham to tell us was "Be careful what you think because your thoughts speak louder before the throne of God than your words." You don't say it until you think it. Your thoughts of today are your actions of tomorrow and then become a part of your character, which is the only thing you take with you when you leave this world.

Since we could not rent the municipal auditorium in Beaumont for more than three nights in a row, I scheduled Brother Branham as the speaker at a "Thank You" banquet for the merchants of the city; then we resumed our meetings in the auditorium. The day of the banquet, Brother Branham and I

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talked outside the Ridgeway Motor Inn where they were staying. I was waiting for Brother Billy Paul so I could show him how to bring Brother Branham in and out of the banquet room in the Beaumont Hotel. When Brother Billy returned, I went to join him in the car. When I started walking past Brother Branham he said, "You'd better hurry if you're going to get that haircut." I stopped immediately. I didn't need a haircut. How did he know I was going to the barbershop? Then Brother Branham shared with me how the Lord had shown him a vision of me as I told my wife to have the boys (who were living with us at the time) wait for me so I could take them to get a haircut. Before I realized what I said, I told him, "Brother Branham, I perceive you to be a prophet like Elijah. You love the wilderness and preach against the Jezebel spirit. You desire no fame or money and have called the religious leaders of the world hypocrites."

While I was speaking, Brother Branham held his hand up as if to stop me, and then said, "Brother Green, I do not say anything about it publicly, because people don't understand what a prophet is, but I will not deny what the angel of the Lord said on the Ohio River in 1933." He put his hands over on my shoulders and said, "Brother Green, whatever you do, keep your balance in the Scriptures." Out of every bit of advice he ever gave me, I am glad he gave that one. When I received the revelation that he was Elijah of Malachi 4:5-6 with a message, my Bible became a new Book.

In April 1964, I was staying in the same motel as Brother Branham during the meetings in Tampa, Florida. After we had checked into our rooms, Brother Branham came out and asked the brothers in charge of renting the rooms to get him another room. Three weeks earlier, in Beaumont, he had made the same request of me, so in my heart I thought, "Here we go again." He caught that in my spirit, and he turned to me and said, "Brother Pearry, somebody committed adultery in that room last night and I don't want to stay in there." I believe that is the reason that men like Brother Branham loved the wilderness. That was the only place he could go to get away from those spirits.

In August 1964, I accompanied Brother Branham and a group of brothers on a hunting trip in British Columbia. On the trip north, he sometimes would drive my car and I would read to him from the manuscript of *An Exposition of the Seven Church Ages* that was then being prepared for publication. One day I came to the end of a chapter and he told me that he wanted to take a break. About that time, a car whizzed by us, and a moment later he looked over and asked if I knew any jokes. Well, I was from Texas; I was full of them. I thought Brother Branham was going to fuss at me, but I knew I would get fair treatment. I answered that I did. He said, "Did you see that car? That couple is going to need help down the road and we need to pray for them. But the reason I want you to tell me a joke is because I want to try and get away from the visions so that I can relax for a few days. Help me relax." I told him a joke about a man sleeping in church and he beat his hand on the steering wheel and said, "That is a good one, Brother Green." For the next two hours, we swapped stories. He said, "Jesus had a sense of humor."

In the mountains, I was always the slowest, as far as hiking was concerned, but Brother Branham never let me be the last. He was always behind me. When we were riding horses, he'd ride behind me. We were snowed in for a few days, and some of the guys spent the time throwing darts. Being competitive, some wanted all of us to play a tournament. I noticed that every time Brother Branham played, he never won, but I had seen him throw the darts when he was by himself and he repeatedly hit the bull's eye. I determined that the next time I played him, I was going to make him win. I threw

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randomly, but if I'd make two, he'd make one; if I made five, he'd make four. I asked him, "Brother Branham why don't you win?" He said, "Brother Pearry, if there is any pleasure in winning, why don't I give that pleasure to you?" He also showed me in the Bible the word "emulations" and told me how it means competition. His humility was sincere in all his actions.

In 1964, I also had the privilege of sitting with Brother Sidney Jackson and Brother Billy Paul in the den room in Jeffersonville for about four and a half hours one day, listening to Brother Branham tell about the five times of the Spoken Word. As he was talking about the squirrels, I was thinking to myself, "I'm either listening to a prophet of God, or this is the biggest deceiver I've ever met." He stopped and said, "Brother Green, don't think like that. This is God."

If you have that happen to you a few times, it changes your life. He told us about the fish, the squirrels, Hattie and the boys, the storm, and the tumor. Before we left, he had Brother Sidney Jackson and I stand in the middle of the silver-tipped grizzly bearskin rug that he had just received back from the taxidermist. As we stood there, he put his arms around me and prayed for me the exact same prayer that he prayed the night I picked him up and put him into Howard's car, 14 years earlier. He then picked up a wooden box, which Brother Jackson had given him in Africa, and took the lid off. Inside he had rocks that he had collected and polished. He gave one to Brother Jackson. When he gave me a brown rock, he said, "Here is a brown bear." Years later when I went to the Soviet Union, I learned that their emblem was a brown bear. I had such a warm reception over there that it makes me think that maybe Brother Branham saw that I would go there. To this day, that rock is a reminder to me that I knew a prophet of God.



In July 1965, I met Brother Oscar Galdona, a pastor from Venezuela. After Brother Branham preached the morning service, Brother Galdona recognized that he needed to know more about Christian baptism, so he asked. After we discussed it, he asked to be baptized by immersion in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the same method that everyone in the Bible was baptized. When I told this to Brother Branham, he told me to baptize him, which I did that afternoon. When Brother Branham came to service that night, I was behind the platform handling the telephone hookup, which is how I broadcasted his sermons to many locations across the nation during the last two years of his life. The first thing Brother Branham said to me was "Did you baptize that brother today?" I answered that I had. He said, "Now, you go preach for him."

I knew nothing about passports and visas then. But on October 5, 1965, I flew to Venezuela. Brother Galdona had converted a very large bus mechanic's garage into a church. There were about 5,000 people seated in the congregation. While they were worshipping the Lord in song, I was in the little ministers' office wondering what I was doing there. I had never spoken to over a hundred people in my life, except for one time when I tried to give a testimony to the Full Gospel Business Men. Sitting in Brother Galdona's office that day, I was scared. I took my Bible and prayed, "Lord, what in the world am I going to say to these people tonight?" When I opened the Bible, I saw Acts 4:20, *For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.* I said, "I can do that." So that night, I started doing this by telling them about the miracles I had seen in Houston. They had three services a day, so during them, I continued telling every detail that I knew about Brother Branham's ministry.

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This was the beginning of my telling my testimony of what I've seen and heard in the ministry and life of Brother Branham. Since then, I've had the privilege of preaching and telling my testimony in 135 countries. I've flown almost three million miles, and I've given more than 40 years of my life with one purpose: to be a faithful witness of what I have seen and heard. I'm not a great mystery preacher or teacher; mine is my personal experiences and testimonies that I have, and of the privilege of being with the prophet of God.

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Brother Branham asked me to start a church in Tucson. I had heard he had asked someone else to start one, so I hesitated. But he continued to make comments to me about starting one. Later in 1965, while talking with Brother Branham, he said to me, "Brother Green, you were not even here when my commission came in June of 1933." I had never told him my birthday, but I was born on July 1 of that year. He told me, "Now we know what the 'seven' stands for in your birth date" (but he didn't tell me what it meant). "The 'one' means you're good at starting things. Whatever you're going to get started in Tucson, get it started before your 33rd birthday." I was 32 years old when Brother Branham made that statement to me, and if he hadn't said that to me, I would not have moved to Tucson in November 1965. I would have waited until the first of the year after I had filed my taxes, which is what my family wanted me to do. But after Brother Branham had made this statement to me, I told my family, "God forbid that anything ever happens to Brother Branham. If it does, and there's not a church in Tucson, there'll be a catastrophe for a bunch of people." So that is the reason I moved to Tucson and started Tucson Tabernacle. We only had the church open five Sundays before Brother Branham was taken off the scene on December 24, 1965.

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In conclusion, I want to say that I was very privileged. I was the last minister ordained by this prophet of God. I was the last person that was seen by him in a public vision. I was the last preacher that he heard preach. I had the privilege of being the last one he served the Lord's Supper to, and I was the last one to serve him. The last check that he wrote was written to me to reimburse me for the \$11,000 that I had paid to print the book *An Exposition of the Seven Church Ages*. Outside of those who were involved in it, I was the first believer to arrive at the scene of the accident and was the first believer to see the wrecked station wagon after the accident. I was the first believer to see him in the intensive care ward after he had been operated on. I was the first person to see him when he regained consciousness. I was the last person that he tried to speak to. I was the first believer to know that he had left this life, and I was the one that told Brother Billy Paul, "The doctor wants to see you." I was the first believer to see and touch his body after he had passed away. I was the person that took him to the funeral home. I was the first believer that saw him in the shipping casket. I had the privilege and the responsibility of traveling with his remains to take them back to Jeffersonville. I was the first believer that saw his body after it was prepared for the funeral. My hands were the last ones to touch Brother Branham's body, when I removed his hairpiece. I was the last person to view Brother Branham's body as the casket was closed. Is it alright if I believe that I am going to be one of the first ones to see him in his resurrected body, when the dead in Christ rise?

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I was privileged. These things don't make me any greater, or any more important, or any more special than anyone else, but they are facts that happened in my life and my ministry with Brother Branham. What excuse will I have on that day? I knew Brother Branham; I saw him; I had the privilege to talk with him, to observe him, and to spend some time with him. I claim to have heard all of Brother Branham's sermons and to have read all of his sermons that are transcribed and printed in books. What excuse will I have when I stand before God, if I'm not obedient to it? All of this doesn't make me more important or greater than anyone else; it makes me more responsible.

Brother Branham was a man; just like Elijah, he was a man. He was an adopted son of God (as the Bible refers to it), who was loved by God, trusted by God, and an example to us all. He had the character to handle the Spoken Word. Until we have that same character, it won't do for us to have the ability of the Spoken Word, because without that character some would probably speak one another out of existence!

Some say there is no difference between Jesus and Brother Branham, but Jesus was virgin born; Brother Branham was not. Jesus didn't need a Savior; Brother Branham did. Brother Branham said, "Thus saith the Lord," but Jesus said, "I say unto you." Some people could mistake Brother Branham for Jesus, because that is the life he lived. If the spirit of Christ is in us, that is what our lives should be. May it come to the place where people can only see Jesus in us.



In 1969, I took several nights to tell my testimony to my congregation at Tucson Tabernacle in Tucson, Arizona. Unknown to me, a group of them were transcribing the testimonies and making mimeographed copies. After the last testimony was done, they compiled them as a mimeographed book, which we called, *The Acts of the Prophet*. At the same time another brother, who had asked to edit my testimony so that we could print it in a paperback book, worked on it. Since 1969, we have printed tens of thousands of these books and have distributed them across the world. Others translated the book into their own languages and distributed them.

For more information about Brother William M. Branham's ministry, visit our website at www.TucsonTabernacle.Info. Our resource section offers free downloads of indexes to the over 1100 sermons that Brother Branham preached; it lists websites where Brother Branham's sermons in either audio format or text may be downloaded for free or purchased; it also lists biographies of Brother Branham's life, as well as other books and items. We trust this testimony has been a blessing to you.

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