

"I Am Standing on the Promises"



*William D. Upshaw without crutches
which he used for 59 years.*

*"Beholding the Man Which Was
Healed Standing With Them, They
Could Say Nothing Against It."*

ACTS 4:14

*The Great Physician took away my crutches
"And left me with a song."*

This personal story of my Divine deliverance from the crutches I had used for 59 years, was written at the request of the Reverend Ern Baxter, that it might be forwarded to Christian papers for publication. It is sent forth with the prayerful hope that God's gracious dealings with me will inspire countless others who are sick in soul and body, to catch a gleam of faith from my holding in my hand the New Testament which I have carried in my pocket for nearly 50 years, saying: "I walk out on this 'Promissory Note' of the Great Physician, the God of my creation and the Christ of my redemption."

BRANHAM-BAXTER MIRACLE-WORKING REVIVAL

I walked into that Branham-Baxter meeting in Calvary Temple, Los Angeles, loving God and His blessed Word, leaning on my crutches that had been my "buddies"—my helpful comrades for 59 of my 66 years as a cripple—7 of those years spent on bed; I walked out that night of February 8th, leaving my crutches on the platform—the song of deliverance ringing in my heart in happy consonance with the shouts of victory from those who thronged about me—their tears of rejoicing crystal with the light of the skies; chief among them was my blessed wife whose dear face, glowing amid her joyous exclamations: "Praise the Lord" and "Glory to God," was beaming like a patch of Heaven.

But my story will be a truer story, and far more helpful to those seeking what I now enjoy, if it deals in something besides "Hallelujahs" and "Hosannas" to God on High! Manifestly, I cannot tell it unless I tell it in related detail. It was a stony path that led through Gethsemane to Golgotha's Calvary and the resurrection that lifted a fallen world up to God.

My teacher-father was also a farmer and general merchant, and when I was eighteen years old, I fell on a crosspiece in a wagon frame, fracturing my spine; but, thank God, I was converted just before I was hurt, and the Lord Jesus who had given me a new heart in Him, walked with me through the valley, and made that vale of tears for seven years a mountain height of joy and victory. Naturally, I prayed at first to be healed; but I know now that there was "too much Willie Upshaw" in that prayer. I wanted to be suddenly healed, dash down to the lot, saddle a mule or a horse and go galloping to my church at Powder Springs or Lost Mountain or Mount Zion, and run up to the pulpit, stop the pastor with his hands uplifted toward heaven, and shout: "Stop, Brother, I have been healed—let me tell my story!" And every

time I prayed to be immediately healed, the Lord seemed to say to me: "Not yet! I am going to do something through you in this condition that could not be done otherwise—leave it to Me!" He smiled as He said it—and my tranquil heart said: "Even so, Lord, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight. If *Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole.*" I rested "under the shadow of His wings." Certain it is that if He had healed me then in my impetuous youth, lying amid the wreckage of my shattered rosy dreams, I could not have written the book of six hundred pages, "Earnest Willie" or "Echoes from a Recluse," which I sold from my rolling chair, earning the money to enter Mercer University, Macon, Ga., on that rolling chair at 31; and I never could have taught many millions of student's my motto: "LET NOTHING DISCOURAGE YOU — NEVER GIVE UP," inspiring many young lives with "A PURPOSE LINKED TO GOD." Yes, and frankly, I never would have given seven years to Christian Education in Georgia without salary — falling in my tracks helping seven boys and fifty-two girls through college—some of whose "names are writ where stars are lit."

I mention this for the comfort of those who "serve and suffer," showing how God can bless the ministry of suffering; and I have often quoted in defense of my hard-headed devotion to my necessary crutches, that verse in Revelation concerning the victorious sufferers; "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

BIBLE-LOVING WIFE ENCOURAGES FAITH

"But," said my Bible-loving wife and some of her devout friends;—"that contract with the Lord was long ago. He has brought you victoriously through many trials; now it would honor Him after being healed, to testify for Him everywhere, not only as the personal Saviour of your soul, but as the Great Physician who has healed your body." And I knew it. Nobody knows how I suffered as I sat under the powerful preaching of Wm. Freeman, of winsome Oral Roberts over the radio, and dear Wilbur Ogilvie, who, under God, prayed away the incipient cancer on my face two years ago, after medical help had failed. All the time I prayed for "appropriating faith." Somehow, I just could not "take hold and walk out."

Then came God's humble Bible Prophet, William Branham—and that "Boanerges Son of Thunder" (who can out-"Hollywood" Hollywood, and never get away from Calvary) Ern Baxter—making one of the greatest evangelistic Bible teams that has ever blessed the world since Paul and

Barnabas laid the pillars of God's Kingdom on the shores of Tiberius and the Mediterranean. We had looked forward to hearing "Billy" Branham,—knowing his ministry to be mightily blessed of the Lord—; but we were not prepared for Baxter—that indescribable combustion of wit and wisdom, and enriching Bible interpretation, who is an imperative John the Baptist, preparing the way for Branham. I sat entranced, still praying for "appropriating faith," but holden, somehow, of that contact—and that contract with the Lord sixty odd years ago. Others were being healed all around me. Then Brother Branham lifted his hands, saying: "Everyone lay your hands on your loved one as we pray." A great volume of prayer ascended throughout the audience of more than three thousand. Angels were hovering near! I knew my blessed wife and her "prayer warriors" were wrapping me in prayer. I remembered how she said, "When you are trying to lead a sinner to accept Christ you say; 'Accept—confess Christ and step out—He will do the rest and bring the joy of answered prayer.'" It was the touchstone. Just then Brother Branham, exhausted, was carried from the platform. Brother LeRoy Kopp, Calvary Temple's golden-hearted pastor, came back to the pulpit and said: "Brother Branham says 'The Congressman is healed.'" *My heart leaped.* I stepped out and accepted the Lord as my Healer. I laid aside my crutches and started toward the startled Pastor and my happy, shouting wife—and the bottom of Heaven fell out!

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the Mercy Seat."

Now at eighty-four, plus, with no gray hairs, without my boon companions, my helpful crutches of fifty-nine years, I begin a new life, joyously testifying that my Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Great Physician Who said: "I am the resurrection and the l-i-f-e," can not only save the souls of wicked men and women, but heal the sick, the maimed, the deaf, the dumb and blind (Mark 9:27-29), bringing Heaven down into the hearts of those who believe. My crutches are still on the Calvary Temple platform, trophies of our God's saving and healing power, and I am happy on the way—leaning on the EVERLASTING ARMS! Praise God!

I WANT TO COVER THOSE OTHER SIX STATES BEFORE I GO TO HEAVEN!

A few days after my wonderful deliverance, dear Brother Branham said to me: "Brother Upshaw, I feel like the best part of your life is before you—fortified and stimulated by this new evangel of your Divine healing, and I hope you will cover the nation."

Since I got away from my seven years on bed I have spoken widely over forty-two States and several foreign countries; now before I go to Heaven, by the grace of God, I want to cover those six States (and the regions beyond and between), speaking to schools, Churches and civic clubs, lifting high the banner of the saving and healing Christ and warning against atheistic communism that is crawling like a serpent into the Eden of our American life—yes, and urging Hi-school and college boys and girls not to t-o-u-c-h nicotine or liquor in any form; teaching them my motto: "LET NOTHING DISCOURAGE YOU—NEVER GIVE UP," and through it all and above all, stressing the fact that *Christ, the Lamb of God*, who saves, heals and keeps (1 Peter 1:3-5), is the basic solution of every personal, national and international problem. LET'S SAVE OUR YOUTH. THE TOMORROW OF AMERICA."

We are looking to the Lord and His big-hearted people for a dependable car and necessary expenses in the near future. My gifted and consecrated wife (many years State lecturer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Southern California), will rejoice to drive, taking me over those other six states—plus all other possible territory until Judgment Day, or as near the end as the Lord will help us go.

To all lovers of God and the American flag who make an investment in this sacred task in behalf of the nation's youth (payable to UPSHAW GOOD CITIZENSHIP ACTIVITIES), I will send an autographed copy of my booklet, "*Scattering Sunshine or How to Be Happy When you Ain't.*" In the words of Woodrow Wilson: "We summon you to comradeship."

Wm. D. Upshaw

(no gray hairs and no crutches)

NORWOOD PINES

2524 Fourteenth Street.

Santa Monica, California

GOODBYE, DEAR OLD CRUTCHES!

My Pre-Easter Song

By Wm. D. Upshaw

Goodbye, dear old crutches
You have served me well and long!
But the Great Physician took you
And "left me with a song!"
A farmer boy in Georgia,
I built my castles high!
I fashioned shining pyramids
That kissed the very sky!
And then that misty morning
On February eighteen!
In the good year 1885
As I dreamed my golden dream,
I fell on my Father-farmer's wagon—
Fractured, O God, my spine,
And the stars that gemmed my firmament
That morn forgot to shine!

Seven years amid the wreckage
Of the plans I held so dear.
But thank God, I had been converted,
And Christ was standing near!
He made that Baca Valley
As sweet as Elim's well,
And taught me songs of victory
No human tongue could tell.

And I sent afield the message
To stir the soul of youth,—
That Christ can save a sinful boy
With His Redeeming Truth!
In poem and in story
My "Echoes from a Recluse"
Told to all and sundry
Salvation's ringing news!

That rolling chair that bore me
To many a church and school.
Was the throne of my endeavor,—
To preach God's "Golden Rule!"
*"Let nothing ever discourage you,
Never give up!"* I taught—
And the boys and girls went blazing
With that inspiring thought!

Then I stood on the floor of Congress—
Asking God to make me brave!
I plead for "sober officials"
Our plastic youth to save!
The states were two and forty.
And nations beyond the sea.
Where I called to men and women
From Liquor to be free!

But all those years of battle
(Plus seven years on bed)
I leaned upon my crutches
To earn my daily bread!
I knew that God could heal me,
But, somehow, I could not see
That this grace vouchsafed to others,
Was really meant for me!

The first bright gleam that caused me
To fondly hope, one day—
Wilbur Ogilvie, ordained of God,
Came to preach and pray—
And he prayed away the cancer,
Long years upon my face,
And I knew that Christ gave healing
To bless the human race!
Then the Lord sent Wm. Branham—
Ern Baxter at his side,
With their ministry of healing,
In Calvary's crimson tide!
Thank God, I caught the vision—
My praying wife was there,
Wrapping my every effort
In sweet, prevailing prayer!

Then suddenly, Calvary Temple
Was lit with Heaven's flame—
I threw away my crutches
And walked in Christ's dear name!
I trust the "Great Physician"—
New Testament in hand—
I proclaim to all the people
In this and every land,
That Christ who brought salvation
When I was a wicked boy,
*Now brings the boon of healing
And fills my soul with joy!*
Sixty years ago, plus seven.
Since my new heart He gave.
And I rejoice to testify
His wondrous power to save!

"Yesterday—Today—Forever!"
Christ, thank God, the same!
*My Saviour and my Healer—
O, Praise His matchless name!*
As from the grave in triumph.
He rose above the sod.
He lifts the trusting, clinging soul
Up to Almighty God!

Wm. D. Upshaw
2524 Fourteenth Street,
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BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTES

U. S. Senator M. M. Neely introduced Congressman Upshaw of Georgia, at the First Presbyterian Church last night with these words:

"Wm. D. Upshaw has done more things to inspire young men upward than any other man now before the nation."—Fairmount W. Va. Times.

"When I am gone Congressman Upshaw will come nearer taking my place than any other man in America."—Wm. J. Bryan.

"IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE"

"It was indescribable—the most wonderful meeting I ever saw. The great Community Home Builders' Rally packed the First Methodist Church, floor and gallery. Upshaw seemed to catch on fire as he preached on *Home—The Foundation of Civilization*. At the close hundreds pressed forward, promising to build family altars to God."—Rev. R. L. Ray, Pastor, First Baptist Church, in Montrose (Colorado), Daily News.



"As a magnetic vote-winning speaker for the cause of righteousness Wm. D. Upshaw has no equal in the nation." — Donald B. Allen, Gainesville, Florida.

"For downright, heart-stirring eloquence I have never heard in Congress the equal of Congressman Wm. D. Upshaw's farewell speech."—Congressman Eugene Cox, Georgia.

"No speaker at Hardin-Simmons University ever captured my students and gave them such wholesome inspiration as Wm. D. Upshaw."—Jefferson Davis Sandifer, President, Abilene, Tex.



"THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT: AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER." *Dan.12:3*

Congressman Upshaw



WM. D. UPSHAW

MY PATH

BY MARY RADCLIFFE

It is not mine to choose the path
My feet shall trod;
It is but mine to follow on
And simply trust my God.
He chose my path before



ONE OF GOD'S MIGHTY WARRIORS HAS BEEN CALLED HOME!

WILLIAM DAVID UPSHAW

We have just received the news that Brother William D. Upshaw, Former U. S. Congressman, has passed away.

Surely God gave him a mighty testimony in the last years of his life.

Our readers will recall his marvelous testimony of how God so miraculously healed him in Rev. William Branham's meeting in Los Angeles, California, in February of 1951 (testimony was printed in the April-May, 1951 issue of THE VOICE OF HEALING) after having been a cripple for 66 years, seven of them spent in bed.

During his lifetime he was such a blessing to so many people, serving America as U. S. Congressman, educator, Temperance lecturer, Prohibition candidate for President of U. S., Preacher and author.

Through his writing, he is known to millions but, I am sure he would prefer being called "Preacher—Minister of the Gospel of Christ—a Servant of God," and so would the wife he left prefer that title for him; therefore, we shall refer to that ministry our Lord gave him, which was the joy of his life.

During his lifetime, he was a blessing to students in 42 states, as he traveled, lecturing to them—in his wheelchair—having as his motto, "LET NOTHING DISCOURAGE YOU . . . NEVER GIVE UP!"

In that statement is embodied the steadfast resolution of his life, for truly he did not let anything—even his terrible affliction and handicap—discourage him. HE NEVER GAVE UP!

And, through him, God proved to the world what He could do through one who would believe and trust Him, in spite of seeming unconquerable odds.

It will be an inspiration to millions to know how God honored his faith and used him in a greater way during the last days of his life than at the beginning.

Like Caleb of old in Joshua 14:11,12, He could say:

"I am as strong this day (when 85 years old) as I was" the day God saved me (at 18 years of age).

"Now, therefore, give me this mountain."

God enabled him to subdue his mountain of suffering and affliction — at 84 years of age—and he went forth, able to walk without crutches and give his marvelous testimony to the thousands, of how God had healed him and of what God had done for him.

The Editor recalls how wonderful it was that God permitted him to give his testimony to the World Pentecostal Conference in June of 1952, before the great host there. (Like our Lord told Paul in Acts 23:11, "So must thou bear witness also at Rome."—it seems He told our late Brother Upshaw, "Thou must also bear witness of me in London—to the World Conference.")

That was one of the last testimonies he gave. What a blessing it was to all present.

The writer likes to recall the last time she heard him preach in Dallas, Texas. His wife, always so concerned that he give his audience God's Word, thought he seemed to be starting slowly toward saying something effective, reminded him that he was called to "Preach God's Word."

He, then, launched forth into his subject—"God's Mighty Plan of Salvation." How he did take his hearers into the "heavenly places in Christ Jesus." He began at Creation's morning, in the Garden of Eden, went all the way through the plan of salvation, to the Throne Room of God, where we all (saved) shall one day stand with the redeemed hosts of all ages singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

We thank God for the life and ministry of Rev. William David Upshaw!

My life I gave to Him
Long years ago,
And, as the branch

is in the vine,
I'm joined to Christ,
I KNOW HE'S MINE!