

# Jesus With Dirty Feet

## (Meanest Men In Town)

Chicago, Illinois  
April 29, 1961b

1 Brother Carlson and honorable guests, Brother David DuPlessis, and Brother Roy Weems, Brother Mattsson-Boze, and all, we are happy to be here this morning in the service of the Lord. And I just feel full this morning to hear all these wonderful testimonies and watch how they react on the people.

2 I was hearing the testimony of the alcoholic and watching Rosella sitting there, to see what effect it had on her; watching this Baptist brother here, his prophecy that God gave him that there was coming a sweep across the nation, watch it react upon the people; hearing the Holy Spirit speak in tongues and interpret, and tell us we're right at the end—it's right here now—and how God gave him that message, and then brought him right into it.

3 See, just . . . how that if we would just look around and see how glorious that God is moving, and doing just what He said He would do. How we must wake up! And remember, it isn't in the future; it's now. Just keep moving, right now. Just keep moving.

4 And hear Brother David there. I'm sure you'll hear some great things this afternoon at the afternoon meeting, as Brother DuPlessis . . . whom I was talking about the other night at the platform. And then last night there he was, right there. I had no idea that he'd be coming. But always has been a grand fellowship with Brother David and I, in this world travel and ministry in this last day.

5 And the Chicago chapter here has been so nice to me, as many times I've been here in this fellowship. I appreciate it every time. Every time I speak of going to Chicago, why, Billy and Leo and all of them just jump for joy. They like to get to Chicago. They just said, "We just feel so good around Chicago, somehow." So, we're very happy.

6 Was thinking here a few moments ago of a real royal friend of mine, Brother Roy Weed. I remember him standing by me in a hour

of need when I first started on the field; and how he stood by me when he didn't have to, but just God . . . out of the goodness of his heart stood right with me. And every time I think of the Assemblies of God, or meet some brother, maybe, that I think that he did something that wasn't just what he ought to do (and I guess he thinks the same about me. . .) but I always think of Roy Weed. See, I think there that we . . . put his shoulder to a place and stood with me in a hour when. . . There had to be a decision made, because I'd made the decision upon my promised word. And Brother Roy thought maybe before his brethren it might throw a reproach or something. Then Brother Roy stood right with me on the platform. Never forget him.

7 Then I think now that the Lord has helped me to have friends and everything, I might see some other friend that I could help like that too, remembering from where I come from also. Think we all ought to do that—remember the place that we were hewed out of.

8 Now, we don't have enough time here for me to preach, we know that, because I'm so long at it. And I was just thinking, I wish some of the brothers would just stay up there, you know, so that when I got up there I could just give a testimony and sit down. But, now, it does leave me time to read a scripture, I think, to get out. We don't want to stay longer than eleven, if we can possibly help it, because I think that's the time. Brother Carlson's so gracious.

9 Billy's sitting here clearing up his throat and laughing at me, because he still don't think I can preach a thirty-minute sermon and get off the platform. He always laughs at me, because he said, "Daddy, I know, when I met you out there tonight, you said, 'thirty minutes,' but I watched the thirty minutes." Said, "You hadn't started when thirty minutes come."

By way of reading the Scripture, so we can get right into it. . . .

10 And that wonderful welcome that you people gave me, I'll never forget that. I never will. And I'd do anything for you. Sometimes I . . . this is just kind of on us home folks here, as we say it down south. Sometimes you hear me cutting; and really I go home and sit down, and sometimes pick up one of those tapes, and say, "Surely I didn't say that. Surely I couldn't have said that." And then I think, "Well, what I have said, I have said, and it was under inspiration as far as I know inspiration." So I'm never ashamed of it. I don't mean to never hurt anyone. If that would be my motive then my objective is wrong, see. I wouldn't be . . . to do that.

11 But sometimes I get up there, think I'll read a text. I've got about five texts here I was going to speak on this morning, see, and I said, "Well, now, if I've got thirty minutes, I'm going to speak on this one. If I've got twenty minutes I'm going to speak on this. Got an hour and a half, we'll speak on this." So I've got my thirty minute text here this morning. 'Course I believe in multiplication, you know, if time went long enough.

12 Let us turn, if you'd like to, over in the book of St. Luke, the seventh chapter and the fortieth verse:

*And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he said, Master; say on.*

13 Knowing that the P.A. system is very bad, I suppose you can hear me back in the back now all right? Our brother here sat here, a worried look on his face because his. . . . Watched him and felt sorry for him, and watched how that song picked him up a while ago that sister was singing, how that there's grace. We believe that—the amazing grace of Christ. And I thought maybe that this morning we'd speak on a subject that would be, maybe, just shortly—kind of a little drama more like—on one of the meanest men in town. Now that's quite a text to take at a business men's breakfast. But maybe some people don't know just what a real mean man is. So we would like to talk about one.

14 The sun must have been going down when the courier arrived. It had been a great day, and Jesus had been praying for the sick, preaching. And, oh, the people gathered around just to hang on to one word that He said. I'd have loved to have been there. I've often wondered how it would have been when I heard Him stretch out his arms, and say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." I perhaps will never even live to see the day when they pick up that vibration to hear how it sounds. Then not knowing Hebrew I would not be able to grasp it, but I do hope that day to hear Him say, "It was well done, my good and faithful servant."

15 And the crowds was restless, and many hadn't got prayed for. And they were wondering where He'd be the next day, because they didn't know one day from the other where the Spirit would take Him. And the disciples were worn threadbare from pushing back the

people, and saying, “If you just don’t press, just be reverent, and our master will get to you just soon as He can.”

16 And this courier came up. And he must have talked to, let’s say, Philip. And he must have said, “I have a message for your master. I come from a business man, and I must get this message to him.”

17 And Philip might have said something like this: “Our master is well worn, sir, because He’s been busy all day. We have witnessed with our eyes great miracles and signs that God has did by Him.”

18 But the courier wasn’t interested in what the miracles was. He was only interested in what his master had sent him to say. Finally Philip, being a Christian gentleman, weaved his way through with the courier until he got in the presence of the Master. And he said, “This young man has a message from another city, where there is a great man . . . that wants to speak with you about his master.”

19 And I can see the tired, weary eyes of our Lord when He turned, and said, “What would you have to say?”

20 I’ve often thought, “What if I could have been that courier?”

21 But he said, “My master has give you an honor. He’s having a great feast and he wants you to be his special guest at this feast. And we would like for you to promise us that you would meet us on such-and-such a day. It’s [maybe] an annual affair, and out of all the men, he chose you to come.”

22 You know, I believe if I’d have been standing there that close to the Lord Jesus, I’d have forgot all about what Simon had told me to say. The first thing I would have said . . . been, “Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.” But that’s the way many of us get. We feel that our daily task and what our work calls for is more important than anything else. And I believe if we’re ever in the presence of God, our earthly prestige, our earthly associates, our message, or our work should be last. Let’s get our confession out to Him. Oh, I’d’ve loved to have fell down at his feet there, and said, “I have a message from my master, but first I’ve got a message too. Be merciful to me, O God. I’m a sinner. And I know that Thou art the Son of God, and I’ve longed for this opportunity, and now I am kneeling here at your feet—be merciful to me.”

23 But he, like many of the young people today, had other things on his mind. And he wanted to get the message off, and he was tired.

And his legs were sweaty from running to get over there, because he didn't know where the master would be the next day. So he had Him cornered into a certain place, that he could talk to Him.

24 I want you to notice the attitude that Jesus taken toward the man. There's no doubt but what He looked upon that modern teenager of that day in respects, and knew that maybe he should ask forgiveness of his sins. But let that be as it may, all of his great schedule. . . . He had no earthly schedule as I know of, but just to do the will of God in every move that He made, not knowing exactly where the Father would call Him the next day, but was willing and ready to go. In all of his busy schedule and all that He had to do, He still turned his weary eyes to this courier. Said, "Go tell your master I'll be there."

25 Now, no doubt in my heart, and I believe in many of us today, but what Jesus knew what was in store for Him when He got there, because He knew the secret of men's hearts. And He knew that there was something up Simon's sleeve, for how could a man, a Pharisee, have any fellowship and want to see Jesus, who he hated? The Pharisees had nothing to do with Jesus.

26 And when you see people like that, the people of the world that wants to call you out somewhere to a party, take you to a Christmas party, some of you Christians that work for the Lord, and you have to work there for your daily living. . . . When you hear your boss—who drinks, smokes, tells unclean jokes amongst the people—when he invites you over to a certain party, got something up his sleeve. Darkness and light doesn't fellowship together.

27 When you see a little girl about five years old hanging around with grandma, there's something wrong. Now, she's either grandma's pet, or grandma's got a little sack of candy somewhere. There's too much difference in their age. The little girl wants to talk dollies, and so forth, and grandma, an aged woman, she has something else to talk about. So you see, the little girl, as we would say, has got the card up the sleeve somewhere. There's something . . . that she's hanging around grandma. And when the world tries to pat you on the shoulder and say, "Would you just come on over here?" or something, there's something wrong somewhere.

28 And Jesus knew when this Simon Pharisee invited Him over to a banquet dinner, there was something wrong somewhere. Yet in all of that He was willing to go. He'll always come where He's invited,

regardless of the circumstance and what He knows will happen. You invite Him, He'll be there. Yes, you can depend on that.

29 Now, He said, when the time drew near for this great banquet. . . . I can imagine seeing this Pharisee, which was rich. There was no middle class of people in them days. Like perhaps in India and around now, that's really the poor and the rich. Those who are really rich are rich; and those who are poor are extremely poor. There's no middle-class people. And the rich had all the money; the poor had none. And sometimes when these rich people could give a banquet they really put on a real banquet.

30 So as the time set, date become . . . drawing nigh. . . . No doubt that Simon set it in time that when his grapes would all would be ripe. And there'd be a lovely odor all around the place of the great vineyards full of ripe grapes, the bees a-humming. And they would kill their fatted lambs and have barbecue. And they could really bring out the choice wines, and spread it out on the front yard, and invite their rich guests, and they really had a real time, but the poor could not even come inside the gate. And then when the day arrived, and the banquet all got ready, and the animals were killed, and the barbecue pits was smoking with fancy dressed meat, fine sauces over them, I imagine the poor were going by, licking their lips.

31 Then, to come to one of these feasts you had to be invited, an invitation. And then when you come, why, they always . . . you had to be welcomed when you come. When . . . someone was there to meet you, to take your invitation, and they had you down, who was supposed to be there. And "This is So-and-so [and strike your name off] . . . has arrived."

32 And I remember as I was studying on how they entertained in those days in the Orient, people . . . their only travel was either by cart, or by horse-driven, or by walk. The rich could ride in a carriage or chariot, some rode on animal's back, and others walked. And when you were walking, why, they had a loose garment something like a robe, hangs loose. And beneath that garment they had an underneath garment, because the walking, and so forth, the loose robe. . . . Then when you come to a guest house, when you were invited. . . .

33 You hear where the church yet--we do at our church--observe feet washing. Now, they say it's traditional, but yet it's a commandment. They say they did it then as a tradition, and they did.

But Jesus left it as an example, and then if He did, it's a commandment. So then we. . . .

34 When the . . . lowest paid man on the job was what they called "the footwash man." He was really just a flunky. He made the least money of any of them, because at the home he only washed the guests' feet when they come in.

35 Then I think of our Lord. Sometimes we think that we're somebody; when the God of heaven changed his cast from God to become man, and He took the position, not of the king, but a footwash flunky to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girt. Then if we don't have the highest honor when we're entertained, or going to be entertained. . . . We have to be noticed by everybody. Then I think about our Lord, how He give us example of taking the lowest place there was, to wash the feet of the guests.

36 And, now, their feet got dirty as they walked because they had sandals, something like the Roman sandals they wear today. That was considered their shoes. And then also upon their limbs, for the underneath garment came up high. And as the robe switched along on the little trails that go up over the mountains. . . . They didn't have the broad ways like we have today. Animals traveled these trails also—camels, and mules, horses, and different ways of travel. And along the road it become dusty, and stink in the dust.

37 And as they walked in this dust, that robe sweeping in the dust picked up dirt. And while they were perspiring—which, the heat of the Palestinian sun is very hot—and their perspiration, they got sticky. And this smell of the horse, and the animals along the road . . . picked up this dust and got on them. They would smell bad because that they were walking in this dust, sticking to them.

38 Then when you invited a guest at your home, the first thing happened to make this guest welcome, after the invitation. . . . First they had to be invited. And then before they could really feel at home, they had to be prepared for that. I only wish I had time to express what's in my heart about us when we have a revival. We invite Him, but I wonder if we take care of Him when He comes. Or do we shove Him off to one side?

39 Then the footwash flunky, as I would call him, when a man come to the door that's the first man he met, because he didn't smell

right, dust all over him. So the first thing they did was slip off his sandals, wash his feet and legs; and then take his sandals and set them up, and give him a little pair of something like a slipper, a little cloth that he put over his feet to walk on the beautiful imported rugs of these rich people's home.

40 And then the next thing they did, after the footwash flunky, then he reached up on the mantle and he got some perfume. And sometimes this is very, very costly. And the guest held out his hands and he poured the perfume in his hands, washed his hands over, then put it on his neck, washed off his face and his beard, then taken a towel, wiped it off, and sometimes their neck was burning. And this certain perfume was made up of a royal, expensive (the rich people had) frankincense. They claim that some of it was even some like the queen of Sheba brought to Solomon. It's found way up in the mountains, very rare. They make it out of a little bud of a rose. It becomes an apple. And they have to climb high, and it's very rare—to make this perfume that the rich people use to anoint their guests when they come in.

41 And then they took the towel and wiped his face off, and his neck then would feel cool, and his feet was clean, and he was rested. He felt more like meeting the master of the house. Then he went to the next room, and who stood there but the master of the house. Then it was . . . they would meet him (stand up just a minute), something on this order. When the guest come in, now, he wouldn't feel like meeting the master of the house if his feet was dirty and his body was stinking with the . . . smelt like the animals that crossed over the trail, and his feet all sore and dusty, and his neck burning.

42 After he was washed up, and the stink was off of him, and he was perfumed and clean, he would meet the master. And then they would put their hands . . . and pat one another like this. And then when they did, they greeted each other with a kiss on both sides of the neck, so then they (stand up a minute), like this, kissed each other on both sides of the neck. (Forgive me. I ought to have went through with the rest of the demonstration.) And then after he was washed and perfumed—his neck not with the dust on it, not with the smell of manure, but his perfume was on there—then he felt fresh, so that the one that had invited him would feel released to kiss him on the neck.

43 And then when he give him the kiss, the kiss was the welcome. "Come on in. Everything, just make yourself at home," when he



kissed him and greeted him. “Come in. Everything’s yours. You’re one of us now. Your feet is washed, and you’re perfumed over and groomed, and now I have kissed you welcome. Now just come into my home and just go to the refrigerator and get something to eat, lay down, do whatever you wish to. You’re just at home now, because I’ve made you welcome.”

44 How did that footwash flunky ever pass Him? I wish I could have been there. I’d have been watching for Him. I’d have had a special bowl of water ready for Him. I would’ve loved to have met Him. I don’t know, something must have happened. He wasn’t there, He missed Him. And nobody kissed Him, nobody washed Him, nobody groomed Him, nobody made Him welcome. But He come anyhow, because He was invited.

45 I wonder, sometimes, when we invite Him, do we think of those things? Make Him welcome. Don’t be ashamed of Him. Just when He comes in your heart, worship Him. “Lord, come to my heart.” Then when He comes, are you ashamed because you’re standing in the presence of somebody else? When you hear someone take his precious name in vain, are you ashamed to walk up and say, “Don’t do that. It hurts me so bad. That’s my Master that you’re taking his name in vain.”

46 I wonder if we really welcome Him? I hope we do. There’s so many today, when they invite Him to the city for a revival and then He can come, and then they just say, “Oh, pass by that stuff. There’s nothing to it.” We asked Him, but we never make Him welcome. Sometimes maybe we think He’d say something would be against our belief.

47 Why wasn’t Simon . . . why wasn’t he interested in Him? How did they miss Him? But there He sits over in the corner just like a wallflower, his precious little head hanging down, everybody passing by. Oh, they were interested in the affairs, and the pastor was there, and they had their social gatherings and their talking; but what about poor Jesus? Why, He wasn’t welcomed. Nobody . . . why He didn’t even have his feet washed. There was a stink. He was unlovable, He was unwelcome.

48 And I wonder, sometimes—in this great, beautiful way that we call holiness, sweetness—I wonder if the lives sometimes that we present the people doesn’t make Him just a little unwelcome, too, because of our character. We don’t live just right, the right kind of a

person to represent Him. Take back, and back up, and wishy-washy, this way and that way. If He's come to our house we ought to be thankful—that stranger of Galilee.

49 There He was, sitting over in the corner, yet leaving his busy schedule. And He was right there on time. Jesus never fails an appointment. He keeps them all. You can depend on that. When He makes an appointment, He's there to fulfill it. And there's one appointment that we're all going to stand, because He's made it with all of us. That's at the judgment. He's going to be there, and you are too. We're all going to stand there.

50 But here He was, over in the corner. When I think of it sometimes it just makes my heart feel funny. I think, "Jesus, sitting in the corner, with dirty feet." As the Frenchman calls Him, "Jesu"—Jesu with dirty feet. Sounds sacrilegious, but that's the way He was. That's the way that they'd left Him. That's the way they let Him sit—with dirty feet. An honored guest, supposed to be, and they were so busy with their doings, till Jesus sat with dirty feet. I wonder if we're not so interested today in seeing that our group grows bigger than the other that we don't leave Him sit the same way. But Jesus, with dirty feet, unwelcome.

51 There was a little woman in that city who made her living at a very bad way. She was a woman of the red light, the prostitution. You understand. And perhaps she was a little late that morning getting on the street. She counted her little Roman denarii that she was saving, maybe to buy her a better dress some day. And the way she made her money was ill-famed. She had a bad name among the people, yet let's think she was just a young woman that had been turned out on the street—not because she was delinquent maybe, but because she had delinquent parents. They didn't try to take care of her. That's the reason many of them are on the street today. Not juvenile; it's parent delinquent.

52 Was hearing this morning, when I left my room, that five little children perished in Chicago last night in a fire, because a mother left a little teen-age girl to watch, and the house burnt down, burnt up her children. Out to a party somewhere.

53 Wife and I were passing down the street yesterday and seen about four little children sitting in a car. And the oldest little girl wasn't over about seven years old, with a little nursing baby. And one of the little boys wanted to go with his Mama; and her get out of the

car, and light up a cigarette, and slam the door, said, “You sit there.” And on downtown she went, and went into a barroom. And a seven-year-old child on the streets of Chicago, a real busy street, lower Lincoln. And there, sitting there in that car was a little baby, a little nursing baby—and that wind blowing so hard I was nearly froze myself. I don’t know, sometimes I think it’s the parent’s fault.

54 Maybe this little girl was brought up in a home like that, and she’d just been turned loose on the street. If she’d had a praying mother like this alcoholic brother had, things might be different. He said his mother had prayed for him. Let me say this. When the Roman was converted, Paul. . . . The Philippian jailer, down at Philippi, he said, “What can I do to be saved?” Most of us would tell him what not to do: quit drinking, quit stealing, quit lying, quit smoking. But that wasn’t his question. “What must I do?”

55 Paul said, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou and thy house shall be saved.”

56 Say, “When a man gets saved, does that save his house?” No. But if he’s got enough faith to get saved himself, he’s got enough faith that his house will be saved also—the same faith that saved him. That’s what that mother thought. In the grave long ago, but her prayers just was answered.

57 Delinquent mother and delinquent father makes a delinquent child. Maybe, let’s say, this little lady had a father and mother that didn’t care for her, and she got on the street in the wrong crowd. When she did, she became an outcast. Nobody cared for her.

58 This little preacher sitting here, taking this note down now, when . . . he was telling me that he had about forty corners here in Chicago that he preached on, or sent people to preach on. God bless that boy. Give us some more street meetings. That’s how you get these drunks and things in. Some of us get too high and classy to stand on the corner anymore, go down in the slums. Jesus said, “Go in the hedges, and highways, everywhere, compel them. The hour is at hand.”

59 But how . . . perhaps in them days they didn’t have one on the street down there in her city. But she come out, after locking the door,

and coming down a little creaky steps back in a alley; and moving out, groomed herself to meet the public for more money through the day, of her way of making her living. And the strange thing was there was nobody on the street. Everybody seemed to be gone. So as she passed on down the street, why, she wondered, “What kind of a holiday is it? What’s wrong? The people’s all gone away for some reason.”

60 And she smelled the aroma of that roasted lamb coming through the air. And maybe she hadn’t eaten for a few days, trying to save some of her money to get her a decent-looking dress. She smelled that aroma and she said, “Oh, someone must have a feast going on.” And she followed it until she came close. And outside of the bars of the big fine mansion that Simon lived in, while the feast was going on, the poor people were standing there breathing in the aroma, and licking their lips. And the rich was in there drinking wine and making ready for their dinner.

61 And this little woman pushed her way through. And when they’d see her coming, ‘course they’d get back because she was a bad character. And she finally made her way up till she got to peep inside the bars, to see if she could just get a view of that that was giving that satisfying aroma—to look at the barbecue pit to see how the lamb was being barbecued. And just think, that one time in her life she might sit down to a decent meal. And probably she took her pretty hair and fixed it all up, you know, for she was out on the street.

62 And as she looked all around through the audience, she seen Simon the Pharisee standing up there, with his speeches before the dignitaries of the city. Here’s Doctor, Ph.D., LL.D. Jones, the pastor, and here’s his associate, and here’s all the dignitaries from the different cities, standing there, you know, real dignified.

63 She thought, “Oh, look at that, how the rich have it all.” Looking around, she thought, “Well, I’ll tell you, they always invite, of course, their own class, and we never have a chance.”

64 But after a while her eyes fell to the corner. There sat a little unnoticed person. And she could tell that the dust was on him. “Well, how did he get in there? Wonder who that is?” Had his head down. Nobody was paying him any attention. She thought, “I wonder how he ever got in? Why, he must have slipped in without being invited. His feet’s not washed, his being . . . his face is not groomed. Nobody’s paying any attention to him. I wonder why?”

65 And as she looked, He raised his head. Her eyes caught his. You know when that ever happens, something goes on. She looked Him in the face. She said, “I never seen anyone look just like that. I wonder who that could be? I wonder?” And maybe, somebody standing by, she said, “Why is that man sitting there?”

66 Well, here’s one of Simon’s church members just coming up, so he might’ve said, “Oh, don’t you understand? We’re going to have some fun today out of him. Simon, our master, he invited him here. You know who that is?”

“No, I wonder.”

67 “Oh, that’s that Galilean prophet called Jesus of Nazareth.”

68 And when that name struck that little prostitute’s heart, she said, “Jesus of Nazareth?”

“Yes.”

69 And she looked back in the corner, and there He sat. And she said, “Oh, to think that He’s invited, and He’s not groomed, neither is his feet washed. I remember that they tell me that a woman was drugged into the street . . . or, dragged into the street for prostitution, to be stoned like I would be, and He forgave her every sin. If I could only do something for Him, maybe He’d forgive me my sins. But what can I do? I can’t even get in the gates. If I could only get to Him I’d like to ask Him to forgive me.” So she thought, “He’s not anointed, neither is He washed, nor He’s not made welcome. If I could only get his attention, I’d make Him welcome. If He’d only talk to me, I would make Him welcome.”

70 So she turns, and slips down the street, up the little creaky steps in the back. She thought of something. She reached down in her stocking that she had locked away, and she picked up these pieces of Roman silver. And she thought, “Oh, I can’t do this. If I’d go and buy this alabaster, why, He would know exactly how I’d got that money, because they tell me He’s the Messiah, and I believe it. And if He’s the Messiah, He’ll know that I’m the wrong type of person.”

71 And she took the money and started to put it back in the box, but something said, “This is your opportunity. You may never get it again.”

72 So it’s a lesson. Don’t never turn away that first opportunity you could ever meet Him. No matter what the price is, how much you

have to confess you're wrong, do it now because it's going to be known at the judgment anyhow. She took the little silver that she was saving. She said, "But this is all I got, but what difference does it make as long as I can get to Him."

73 Down the street she goes and she drops into the perfume shop, and here comes this one out. He wouldn't leave for the feast, of course, because he thought he'd miss a sale somewhere. You know, the one that said, "What profit is it if we leave Joseph in the hole here? Let's sell him, get some money out of it."

74 Come out. She knocked at the counter and he come out, seen what it was. He started to turn back, but she poured out this Roman denarii on the. . . . Oh, sure, money. Anybody could come in now. He didn't want her in his place of business till he found out she had some money. Then when she had money, oh, well, that's different, you see. "What do you want?"

75 "I want the best that you've got. I want not just an ordinary alabaster box of this ointment. I want the best you got on the counter. It's for a special occasion." That's what you've got to give to Jesus. Take your first opportunity to get to Him, and give Him your best. Give Him your heart. Give Him all that you got, for He might not pass this way again. Let's do all we can for Him while we can.

76 She gets the alabaster box under her arm and up the street she goes. And she comes to the bars, and there was Jesus, with dirty feet, still sitting, no one paying any attention to Him. She thought, "How can I get in?" After . . . just a few minutes before the toast was all made, and the fine, fancy wines drank, and everything. She must have seen the footwash flunky was gone, so she slipped in, gets around in the back. You know, there's something about it. If you ever get a look at Him, you'll do anything to get to Him. I don't care what it is. If you have to slip under the back of the tent, or whatever it is, you'll do something to get to Him. If He ever looks you in the eyes, and you can see who He is. . . .

77 And she slips in to the back way, and she slips around through the crowd to keep anybody . . . because she had a bad name. Why, Simon would have had her throwed over the fence. But she was determined, no matter. . . . She was going to make an effort anyhow. Sometimes the church might think if you go down amongst this bunch

of holy rollers, that you'll get thrown out the door. What difference does it make? As long as you get to Jesus, that's the main thing. That's the main thing.

78 She came down around the side, around the side of the wall, and here He was sitting there, with his head down and his hair dusty, and his face all dusty, his beard dusty, his feet with his old walking sandals on, his limbs dusty and stinking. I can see her fall down at his feet. She come the right way—she fell down at his feet. She looked up at him. She got scared. She thought, “What if He says, ‘Who are you? What are you doing here?’” “ But I can just see Him reach his foot out. He knew she was coming.

79 She said, “Oh, if He sees me and knows I'm a prostitute! He knows it anyhow, but I'd like to do something for Him. I'd like to show Him my appreciation, because I believe He is God. And I want to show something, some appreciation.” And when she looked up at Him, and He looked . . . she knewed that she was at the feet of Jesus. The great big tears began to roll down her cheeks. She patted Him on the feet. She was at the feet of her Lord. She begin to pat his feet, and the great big tears of repentance begin to roll down, spitting on his feet. She was so grateful to be at his feet.

80 And she looked, and his feet had become wet with her tears. She was weeping with her head down, her pretty curls must have fallen all down around like this. She had no towel, and her clothes were too dirty, probably, to wipe his feet, so she just took her hair, and began washing his feet, and kissing his feet. She was grateful. Oh, how we ought to feel the same way—not some stuffed shirt. A lot of our Pentecostal sisters would have to stand on their head to do that. They done cut their hair off. But her hair . . . she was washing his feet, kissing them. Oh, she was at the feet of her Lord, kissing his feet.

81 And after a while Simon turned around and looked. “Hmm!” His face raged. “Now, look what's in my house! I invited this holy roller here, and look what . . . his own class come. There's birds of a feather.” They still got that same idea. I'm so glad. I'd like to have tears to wash. . . . What beautiful water! Tears of repentance washing the feet of Jesus. Tears rolling off of the cheeks of an ill-famed woman, washing the feet of Jesus—sweetest water feet was

ever washed with, tears of repentance dropping off on Jesus' feet. This beautiful young woman sitting there. . . .

82 Simon turned around. He whispers over to his. . . . Said, "You see? That shows what a prophet he is. If that man was a prophet, he would know what kind of a woman that was washing his feet." [You old hypocrite. You think He didn't know it?] Said, "You see, I told you he wasn't a prophet."

83 See, they had their own idea about religion. They had their own idea about God, but it was a million miles from the real thing. That's the way today. We have our own-made creeds and our thoughts about it. As long as we're Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian or Pentecostal, it's all right. But for me, I'll take the tears of repentance. Take my life and all I've got, to help wash that dirty name of holy roller away from that real Lord Jesus; that true Son of God that's thought of today as some fanatic, a telepathy, or some mental-upset person.

84 Let me, in my life, pour out not only my tears but my heart, and all that's in me; stand and try to live what's right by his grace, never compromise on that beautiful gospel, that Holy Ghost that saved me. Call it whatever you want to. To me, it's Jesus. And the world's letting Him sit with dirty feet—with a dirty name as holy roller, some delinquent-minded person, or something, the only kind that he has. That's what they think.

85 Simon, red in the face, "Now, looky here, we had this holy roller here. We thought we'd have some entertainment out of him, I'd prove that he wasn't a prophet. Calls himself a prophet—he's only a telepathist. He's only possessed of the devil. He's a fortune-teller. And that proves my point. There he is, sitting there in the corner, and his own kind with him. And there this ill-famed woman standing there washing his feet." Maybe the footwash flunky was bidden not to wash his feet, just so they could have some show out of him.

86 A lot of people comes to our meetings just to laugh, think they make a show out of Him. He knows your heart. You'll stand before Him some day, sinner. Here recently a group of people gathered in the back—student ministers. And every time I'd start to preach, they'd say, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord, Hallelujah"—not knowing that same God that they're making fun of will be their judge some day.



87 But she continued on, no matter what Simon said. Now, Simon clearing his throat, and red in the face, his righteous indignation rose up and he was ready to explode. Caught the attention of all the people as he turned and straightened himself. “Hmmm!” Self-righteous Pharisee, hypocrite, church member. That’s the meanest rascal I know of, is an old moss-back make-believer. He’s meaner than all the prostitutes and teen-age racketeers there is in the country. He’ll drive people farther from God than everything else, every barroom there is on the street.

88 There He’s sitting there. And then she raises up, and she taken the alabaster box and she tries to break it. She’s nervous now, because when she looks up He’s looking right at her. Don’t worry, He’s watching you too. He’s looking at you right now. We can just feel his piercing presence. She was nervous. She tried to knock the top off. She just broke the top off, and just poured it upon his head, began to anoint Him. Oh, all the crowd’s looking. “Yes, looky there. There he is. We never noticed him before. He’s sitting in the corner, a prostitute around him.”

89 I can hear Simon say, “Didn’t I tell you? There’s your prophet. There’s him, see. He would know what kind of a crowd he was associating with.”

90 Oh, how many times I’ve had that throwed in my face. “Brother Branham, if that gift was of God you wouldn’t be with that bunch of Pentecostals.” They’re the ones that receives it. They’re the ones that believe it. The other day I was talking to a man from the Methodist church. He come to write a thesis on divine healing. He said, “Why don’t you come to the Methodist church?”

I said, “Why don’t you invite me?”

He said, “I’m a pastor.”

91 I said, “Well, you get your deacons and your board together, and your state presbyter and all of them together, and see if they’ll invite me.”

He said, “Oh, they wouldn’t do it, Brother Branham.”

I said, “That’s what I thought.”

92 He said, “The only thing they can hold against you is you’re a Pentecostal. You left the Baptist church and become a Pentecostal.”

93 I said, “That’s the one that receives it.” That’s right. They’re the ones that’s willing to wipe Jesus’ dirty feet, stand the name of Jesus, the reproach.

94 “There, if he was a prophet he would understand what kind of a person that he was associating with.”

95 So now she gets scared when she sees everybody . . . all the hush comes, and everybody’s standing looking. I can see the society women, you know, with them glasses out like this, you know, and all the dignitaries standing looking, you know, with their necks stretched out, Jesus not paying any attention to them. He’s watching who’s ministering to Him. He don’t care how many Ph.D’s you have, or LL.D’s. He don’t care what society your church belongs in in the city. He’s wanting to find somebody that’ll minister to Him.

96 Whether they’re white or black, yellow or brown, poor or rich, bond or free, male or female, he wants somebody that’ll minister to Him. His cause is needy today. It needs washing. He don’t care how many organizations we have, how many great men we bring up, how many schools we build. He wants somebody to minister to Him, somebody to live the life, somebody to testify of having the Holy Ghost, to live a life above reproach. That’s right—somebody to live the life that can produce. And they talk about Jesus, then produce Jesus. Somebody that’ll help wash the dirt from the name of Pentecost.

97 The woman was scared. She thought, “Oh, now what have I done?” Maybe we see Him then . . . if He’d have moved one toe, she’d have jumped up and been out of there, like that. But He didn’t. He just held perfectly still and watched her. He was just watching what she was doing. Now, when the hush come, she wonders, “What’s happened now?” And she looks up. “What’s He going to say?” I see Him rising up. He stands up.

98 She’s on the floor. Her pretty hair is all down around her face. The tears has cut down through the streaks of her face. Her great big eyes was looking up at Him. “Oh, is He going to throw me out? What’s He going to do for this service? Oh, I just wanted to do it because I know He forgive a woman like me one time. And I know

He's God, and if I could just do something. . . . And because I've done it, oh, I'm scared what's going to happen."

99 He stands up, looks around. He said, "Simon, I've got something to say to you. [Oh, hallelujah!] I've got something to say to you. You invited me here as your guest. And I left my revivals to come be your guest. I left those who were crying and begging for me to stay, to come be your guest because you invited me. I left those who were hungering and thirsting, to come to you. And I was here just on time [as He is in this last days]. I was here just at the right time. But when I arrived, nobody washed my feet. They wasn't willing. And then there was nobody who anointed my head. There was nobody to anoint my head and my neck, and to wipe my face off so I'd be presentable to the people.

100 "And, Simon, when I entered the door you wasn't standing there to kiss me welcome. You wasn't standing there, Simon. You were too interested in the new building program and things you got going on. You were too interested in getting more members in your association. You wasn't there to kiss me. You was ashamed of me before this company. You wasn't there to make me welcome, to kiss me into your heart, to make me welcome.

101 "But ever since this woman has come in [He knowed who she was. Now, what about the prophet?], she has continually kissed my feet. She hasn't ceased, but she's kissed, kissed, kissed my feet. You didn't give me any water to wash my feet with, but she's washed them with her tears. You didn't give me any anointment, but she has continually anointed me since I've been in here. And I know she's a woman of the wrong kind, but I say unto you. . . ." Oh, how He bawled Simon out, how he got turned down!

102 Now He turns to her, and his eyes flashes upon her. Oh, let me hear this! Let this be what He says to me at the day. "You was the one invited me, you church members. You invited me but you didn't make me welcome. You didn't wash my feet, you didn't give me nothing to clean myself up with. You didn't give me the opportunity to speak through you, and other things to do. You wouldn't do it, because you was ashamed of me. You let me sit in the corner with dirty feet. But this woman has continually washed my feet with the

tears of her eyes, that beautiful crystal water of repentance, wiped them with the hairs of her head. Verily I say unto you, her sins, which were many, are all forgiven her.”

103 That’s what I want Him to say to me: “Thy sins, which were many, is all forgiven thee.” I don’t want to be classy. I don’t want to belong to any So-and-so, so they can say, “He belonged to this.” I just want to take my life and wash his feet, what I have left. At that day I want to hear Him say, “Your sins, which were many, are all forgiven you.”

104 Let’s bow our heads just a minute. We are at this breakfast this morning, invited guests. And Jesus is here. In gratitude, eyes are dampened and handkerchiefs are wiping eyes. What is it? It’s Jesu in the form of the Holy Spirit. Oh, Simon, or little woman or man that never has accepted Him, why don’t you do it now? This is your opportunity. While we’re praying, where are you at? He sees you. He knows your heart. While every eye is closed and heads are bowed, this great moment, how many in here that doesn’t know Him would just like to say, “Lord Jesus, I’d like to wash your feet this morning with my repentance.”? Will slip up your hand right quick and say, “Pray for me, Brother Branham.”?

105 God bless you, bless you, God bless you, bless you. Others would raise your hands, say . . . God bless you, God bless you, you, you. Others back to my right, slip up your hand, say, “Jesu, O Jesu, You’re my Lord. I’ve stood many times when I was ashamed of You. I’ve heard people use your name in vain. I was even ashamed to say anything about it. I’m sorry I did that, Jesu. I’m repenting, won’t You receive me?” Will you raise your hand, say,” Remember me, Brother Branham, as you pray.” Back to my right, over the audience, I see your hands. God bless you, God bless you, lady. God bless you, sister. God bless you, brother. God bless you, sister. God bless you. Another one, God bless you, brother. God bless you, brother. Would there be some more? Just raise your hands, then put them down.

106 Right straight in front of me now, God bless you, God bless you. Jesu, God bless you, bless you, God bless you. To my left, God bless you, sir. God bless you. The Lord bless you, sister. God bless you, way back in the back there. God bless you. Yes, I see you, around almost behind the shade there. God sees you. God bless you. All over the building. “Jesu, this morning I’m repentant.”

107 How many of you church members now? After about thirty or forty sinners has held up their hands, how about you church members that's had the opportunity before others to claim the name of Jesus, but you was ashamed and turned your head and walked away? When they talk about divine healing or his power, you was just a little bit ashamed to say "I'm a Pentecostal." You say, "Jesu, I let You sit there too, but I'll never do it again. I'm repentant. Let me wash your feet, Jesu."

108 Let the church member raise their hand that's been ashamed. God bless you, God bless . . . that's real confession. God bless you, God bless you, God bless you. Yes, yes. God bless you, God bless you, all around. Members, yes. God bless you. "I passed up the opportunity. I was ashamed. It was my boss, or it was my neighbor, and they said evil things about the meeting. I didn't say nothing. I just kept still and went on, but from this on, I won't do it. I'm going to stand for the name of Jesus. I'm going to do it. Jesu, I want You to take me this morning. I want You to tell me I'm forgiven." That's good. God be with you. While we have our heads bowed now I want you to repent in your heart.

. . . . . of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse  
each spot  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
Just as I am, Thou wilt (He'll  
never turn you down) receive;  
Will welcome, (Our sins which  
were many are all forgiven)  
cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise, I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

109 Jesu, many here this morning has recognized that they have let You sit. They've passed You by, but they won't do it any more, Lord, never no more. They'll remember this little cafeteria in this school room. Jesu passed by. They promised they'd believe. They wanted to be remembered in prayer. They raised up their hands towards God

saying that “I now believe. I surrender, Lord. I’m finished with the life of unbelief. I come as your servant now.” Many people . . . I even seen ministers raise up their hands, that they was ashamed at the opportunities that they had to testify, the things that they have done—church members, but yet slack. Forgive us all of that sin, Lord. Forgive of us of it, that we can go from here a better person, knowing that. . . .

110 We invited You down here this morning. We invited You to come to Chicago to this meeting with us. Night after night, day after day, we see your great hand moving among us. We know it’s You. And we’re so thankful, Lord. We just welcome You. We just thank You with all of our hearts.

111 We pray now that You’ll bless these people. May they take a good church home somewhere, some good Full Gospel church, become your servants and live for You until that day when we meet again. We may never meet at another breakfast, but we’ll meet some night at a supper—the wedding supper.

112 I pray, God, until that time, that the grace of God will give us sufficient power and testimony to praise our God, and to live for Him and never be ashamed of Him, for I present these people to You in the name of Jesus Christ—myself with them, Lord. I present myself as a service. Here am I, Lord, after I’ve interceded for them. Take our lives together. Let them be used for a wiping rag, Lord, for thy feet—just a foot rag, anything, Lord, anything. No matter what the people say about us, let us live, and live for Jesus that has washed our hearts this morning with forgiveness of our sins. We ask it in Jesus’ name. Amen.

I love Him, I love Him.

Because He first loved me.

(Do you mean it with all your heart?)

And purchased my salvation

On Calvary’s tree.

Let’s raise our hands now and sing it.

I love Him, I love Him.

Because He first loved me.  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

113 Now let's just in sweetness of fellowship turn right around, while we're singing again, and shake hands with somebody around you, saying, "Greetings, fellow citizen of the kingdom." Those people who raised your hands, be sure that you shake somebody else's hand, say, "I was one who raised my hand. Can I go to your church?" Or invite them if they tell you that. Do it.

114 Find some good minister that'll baptize you into the fellowship of believers, and there God will baptize you with the Holy Ghost. Let's live for Him the rest of our days. No matter what the price is, we don't care . . . we're embarrassed, or whatever about it. Just live that right life and live for Jesus.

I love Him, I love Him  
Because He first loved me.  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.  
All that really mean it, raise your hands now.  
I love Him, I love Him  
Because He first loved me.  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.