

# "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 Golgatha'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 students 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,  
Santa Monica, California

## 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*