



STATE OF INDIANA

CLARK COUNTY SS

TO ANY PERSON EMPowered TO SOLEMNIZE THE RITES OF MARRIAGE IN SAID COUNTY, GREETING

You are hereby Authorized to join together in the honorable estate of Marriage
Darth L. Wilson and Margaret E. Miller
for which this shall be your sufficient warrant.



Given Under my Hand and the Seal of the Circuit Court of said County at the City of Jeffersonville, this
10th day of April 1928

Geo. L. Fisher Clerk

State of Indiana, Clark County, SS:

This is to Certify, that
Darth L. Wilson and Margaret E. Miller
were joined together as Husband & Wife, by virtue of a License
issued by the Clerk of the Clark Circuit Court, this 10th day of
April 1928, by me:
Orest William W. Branham

This is a copy of the Marriage License that was signed by Brother Branham regarding the poor couple who lived in the train car.

BOXCAR COUPLE

I've married many couples, but I— always reminds me of Christ and His Bride. One of the weddings that I performed here some time ago, it was quite an outstanding thing in my life. It's been several years ago when I was just a young minister.

My brother was working on the P. W. A. I don't know where anybody ever remembers that yet or not, anybody as old as me. And that was a project that the government had, and my brother worked up about thirty miles. They were digging out some lakes, a project for the conservation.

And there was a boy that worked up there with him from Indianapolis, about, oh, about a hundred miles above Jeffersonville where I lived. He said to my brother one day; he said, "Doc, I'm going to get married if I can just have enough money to pay the preacher. I got enough money to get my licenses, but I haven't got enough money to pay the preacher."

Doc said, "Well, my brother's a preacher, and he may marry you. He never charges people for things like that."

He said, "Will you ask him if he'll marry me?"

Well, that night my brother asked me. And I said, "If he's never been married before, either one of them, and everything's all right."

He said he will ask him. And I said, "If it is, tell him to come on down."

So when Saturday come along and the boy came down— It's been a great thing for me to always look back upon this. Rainy afternoon, and an old Chevrolet car with the headlights wired on with baling wire, that drove up out front. It was just awhile after I'd lost my wife, and I was batching, two little rooms. And Doc was up there with me waiting for them.

And the boy got out of the car, and he certainly didn't look like a groom to me or would to anybody, I guess. Yet I could buy a pretty good pair of shoes for a \$1.50, and he had on a pair was run over, and his trousers was real baggy. And he'd on one of these old moleskin jackets. I don't guess some of you older people would remember. It looked like it'd been run through a washing machine without being rinsed, and it was streaked, and tied up like this, and the corner up.

And a little lady got out on the side with a little, oh, some of them little checked looking dress, gingham, I believed it's called. She got out of the car, and they come up the steps, and when they walked in, the poor little thing, she— I guess she just, about all she had on was a skirt. And she didn't have no shoes hardly on. She'd hitch-hiked from Indianapolis down, had a little hair hanging down back in long kind of plaits down her back, looked very young.

And I said to her, "Are you old enough to get married?"

She said, "Yes, sir. I have my written permission from my father and mother. I had to show it to the court here to get my license."

I said, "All right. I'd like to talk to you a little bit before we perform this wedding." They set down. The boy kept looking around the room. He needed a haircut real bad. And he kept looking around the room. He wasn't listening to me. I said, "Son, I want you to listen to what I'm saying."

Said, "Yes, sir."

And I said, "You love this girl?"

And he said, "Yes, sir, I do."

I said, "You love him?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

I said, "Now, have you got a place to take her after you're married?"

Said, "Yes, sir."

I said, "All right. Now," I said, "I want to ask you something. I understand that you are working up here on this P. W. A."

And he said, "Yes, sir." (That's about \$12 a week.)

And I said, "You think that you can make a living for her?"

He said, "I'll do all I can do."

And I said, "Well, that's all right. Now, what if he loses his job, sister? What are you going to do, going to run back up home to mama and papa?"

She said, "No, sir, I'm going to stay with him."

And I said, "What, sir, if you have three or four children and nothing to feed them, and you haven't got any work, what are you going to do? Send her away?"

He said, "No, sir, I'll struggle right on. We'll make it some way."

I felt little, and I seen that he really loved her, and they loved one another. I married them.

And then I wondered where he taken her. A few days I asked my brother Doc, "Where it is?"

Said, "Go down to New Albany (a little city below us)." And down on the river where I had some tin laying up, where I went everyday when I was a lineman, so when the rest of the fellows, they all set around and told jokes and things, I'd get in the truck and run down on the river and pray...or read my Bible under a big piece of tin where an old ironworks used to be. There's a bunch of old boxcars setting down there. And this fellow had went down there and got one of them boxcars and sawed him a door in it, and had taken newspaper and tacky buttons— How many knows what a tacky button is? Then there is no Kentuckians then. You take a piece of cardboard, put a thumbtack in it, a little sprig, and then push it in the— That's a tacky button. So they had put it all over. And he'd went up there to the ironworks, and got him some stuff, and made a step. They come up, then got some old boxes and had him a table. And I thought one day, "I'll go down and see how they're getting along."

About six months before that, I'd married E. V. Knight's daughter to E. T. Slider's son. E. V. Knight is one of the richest men there is on the Ohio River. And he runs a great factories through there making these prefab houses and so forth. And Mr. E. T. Slider is a sand and gravel company—millionaires' children. And I had married them. And I went back in a place, practiced it for about two weeks, and going back in a booth and kneeling on a pillow, and all the pomp and everything I ever went through nearly, had to go through to marry that couple. And when they come out, why, they was— This other little couple just stood there in a little old room where we had a little couch and a folding bed, but they both was married by the same ceremony.

And then one day, I thought I'd go down and visit this rich couple. They didn't have to work; their fathers were millionaires. They'd built them a nice home. Frankly, this E. V. Knight up here on the hill, his doorknobs are fourteen carat on his big palace, so now, you can imagine what kind of home they lived in. They didn't have to work. They'd had a nice Cadillac give to them every year, and just only children. And they had just everything they wanted. Now, how I got acquainted with them, one of their friends was a good friend of mine; we all kind of chummed together. That's how I got acquainted when they wanted me to marry them.

So I went up to visit them. And I got outside, my old Ford outside, walked up the steps. And I got up a little bit too close, and I heard them. And they were really fussing. They were jealous of one another. They'd been to a dance. She was a very pretty girl, and she was kind of one of these beauty queens. She took many prizes around there, and won some cars and things for being beauty queen. And I looked at them, and one was setting in one corner and one the other, fussing about some boy that she'd danced with or some girl or something.

When I come up, they jumped up real quick and grabbed one another across the floor, their hands across the floor, come walking over towards the door. Said, "Why, hello there, Brother Branham. How are you getting along?"

I said, "All right. How are you all getting along?"

And "Oh, we're very happy, aren't we, honey?"

And she said, "Yes, dear." See?

Now, see, you're putting on something that isn't real. Now, you can't get warm by a painted fire. Like some of these churches try to paint Pentecost of something that happened a thousand years ago or two thousand years ago. You can't get warmed by a painted fire. Pentecost is just as real today as it was then. See? It is. The fire's still falling. It ain't a painted fire; it's a real fire.

So there they was. See? I wouldn't want to live like that.

"Well," I thought, "You know just down over the cliff there and over on the river, there's where this other couple wound up." I thought one Saturday afternoon I'd slip down there and see how they was getting along. So I, dirty on the face and dirty overalls on, and my tools on. I thought I'd slip up on them. And I slipped on like I was watching for insulators being cracked by the lightening or something and— as I walked along by the side of the telephone wire —the electric cable along the river. And the old Chevrolet was setting out front; was about a year later after I'd married them, and there was a— The door was open, and I could hear them talking. So this sounds like a hypocrite, but I walked up close enough that I could listen, see what they was saying, stood there. And I just wanted to know for myself.

I like to find out and be sure I know what I'm talking about. That's the way I do about God's Word. Is it the Truth, or is it the Truth? Will He keep His Word, or doesn't He keep His Word? If He doesn't keep His Word, then He's not God. See? If He does keep His Word, He's God. See?

And so, I wanted to see how they was getting along, and I slipped along the side real easy. I heard him say, "Well, honey, I wanted to get that for you so bad."

She said, "Now, look, sweetheart, this dress is all right. Why, this is just fine. I appreciate that, but you see—"

I slipped around so I could look in through the crack where the door had been shoved open there in the boxcar. And there he was setting in there, and her on his lap, and his arm around her, and her arm around him. And he had one of these old slouch hats and had put a little hole, and mashed it down in the top, and poured out his paycheck in that. He was laying it out on the table. He said, "So much for groceries, and so much for insurance, and so much on the car," and they couldn't make their ends meet. Come to find out, he'd seen a little dress up there in a window; he'd been looking at it for a couple of weeks, that cost a dollar and something. He wanted to get it. He said, "Why, honey, you'd look so pretty in it."

She said, "But, honey, I—I got a dress. I—I don't really need it." See?

And that little queen— And I backed off and looked up. I could see the steeple on the top of the other house, and I stood there and looked a few minutes. I thought, "Who is the rich man?" I thought, "Bill Branham, if you want to take which place, where would you go?" For me, I'd take, not that pretty thing up on top of the hill, but I's take this character down here that is a real homemaker, somebody that loved me and stayed with me, somebody that tried to make a home without bleeding you for everything for fineries, and somebody that was with you, part of you.

That's always stuck with me of how that was. One chose a beautiful girl; the other one chose character. Now, that's the only way you can choose. First look for character, and then if you love her, fine.

-- Brother Branham
April 29, 1965 pm abridged