

THE TESTIMONY OF HATTIE WRIGHT MOSIER



Hattie

She said the right thing.

We took Edith, my little sister, up to a meeting that a man called 'Brother Roy' was having nearby here, but she didn't seem to get none better. She was in a lot of pain, and she cried a lot. Then one day me and Shelby was peddlin' some vegetables, and this woman named Shutters told us to go to the Branham Tabernacle and take Edith. She said they was having special meetings, and a certain night would be the last meeting. So we went that last night.

EXCERPTS FROM A RECORDING MADE BY
GEORGE AND REBEKAH SMITH IN 1979

We took little Edith, and my, was that place full of people, singing and clapping their hands. And the music! There was a short, thin fellow that played the bass drum, and he could really hit it just right. And then that Brother Hornback and the sisters up there sung so beautiful. I remember that there was a dirt floor, and a big wood stove to one side. I don't rightly know whether to say it was something to *see* or to *hear*, because you could just do both, you see. When Brother Bill prayed for Edith, she took a few steps that night, the only ones she ever did take. He said to us, "I want you to come back, at least three more times."

Well, our 3 more times has been about forty-three years. Of course it wasn't all the time, 'cause we had to miss a few times. There was a time or two, when Shelby got sick and couldn't drive us, that we couldn't get to church, but we always tried to be there. When Brother Bill went on the evangelistic field, there was hardly anybody that went, unless Brother Bill was in town. Mom told him that we would try to always be there, to help hold it up, so to speak.

That was in the fall of 1935. Shelby thinks it was around about October, the last night of the meeting. My, but there was a lot of people there!



Edith Wright

Edith was just a little bitty thing, she only weighed 4 pounds when she was born. Mom and Pop took her to church down here at Blue River, and you know how it is in a wagon, when horses go down a hill. It was joltin' and rough, and Edith was laying on a pillow in the back. Mom always felt that maybe her neck got off the pillow some, because it was after that when she started quivering. She'd stretch and groan, and then she took the jaundice.

Once when she was 6 months old, and Mom had gone to the barn to milk, I was left holding Edith in the house. When Mom came in, I said, "Mom, you're just going to have to come and get her." She had drawn up double till I couldn't hold her anymore. She was in a lot of misery. That was on New Year's day of 1922. I was fourteen years old.

When Edith got a little older, she'd hit out at things. Just anything that got near her, she'd hit it. She just couldn't help herself that away. See, she couldn't even feed herself, and somebody had to lift and carry her. I carried her till I just couldn't do it no more.

She never got over her affliction, not to walk and take care of herself. But after Brother Bill prayed for her, she was changed a lot, and she didn't have that terrible pain ever again. And how that girl loved to go to church! Edith could feel bad through the week, but she would say, "I'll be alright to go to church on Sunday," and sure enough, she was. She was just proud to go to church, and sometimes we'd go a whole week at a time, if the revival was on.

With her one limb she learned to do lots of things. She'd pull herself, in her wheelchair, around the kitchen and sweep the floor for Mom. The other leg was always drawn up towards her chest, she couldn't get it down to use, none at all.

We'd give her a button and a length of thread in her mouth, and just using her tongue, she would thread the button, and then tie the two ends of the thread together into a knot. Why, a lot of times a person can hardly do that with their fingers! Once, she showed Brother Bill how she could do that, and he took that button and thread and hung it over the mirror in his little roadster for a long time.

Now, Edith couldn't pick up a newspaper and read it for nothing, but she could read her Bible. Brother Bill always said that she could ask him the most hardest questions of anybody he knew. She asked him a question once, something about why Jesus never baptized people. Brother Bill said, "Well, I'd better read up on that one."

And he came back later and told her the answer. It would really tickle her if she thought she had stumped him.

Brother Bill always sent postcards to Edith when he traveled. She had so many of those foldin' kind, with lots of pictures from way yonder across the ocean. She'd show all her postcards to everybody that came to the house.



I got married in 1940 to Walter Mosier. Brother Bill was preaching at Milltown then, but he married us right here in Mom and Pop's house. But he never did call me nothing but Hattie Wright—he never did call me Mosier. After he married us, they had a shower down by Totten's Ford¹, kind of a picnic thing. But Brother Bill couldn't stay, because he had to go pray for somebody.



Once, when Brother Bill was patrolling the lines for the power company, he stopped down here at DePaw and called Pop. He was plum soaking wet from the rain. He borrowed some clothes from Pop and went to Milltown and preached that night.

Brother Bill liked to go out in the woods and pray before supper, and he'd tell us, "Now when it's ready, ring the bell for me, and I'll come."

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George and Murle (Pop and Mom) Wright

1. Totten's Ford is the location of a crossing point on the Blue River. Brother Branham often used this spot for baptismal services

We were all setting around the table, talking about the creation of the squirrels that had happened just a few days before. I said, "What could have happened? Brother Wright, you're an old man, you've hunted squirrels all your life. Brother Shelby, you're an expert squirrel hunter. Brother Woods, so are you. I've hunted them since I was a kid. Did you ever see a squirrel in a sycamore and locust thicket?"

"No sir," they all said.

I said, "They just wasn't there. The only thing I know, It's just the same God. When Abraham needed a ram, He was Jehovah-jireh, He could 'provide for Himself.' I believe it's the same thing."

And little Hattie setting back there said, "Brother Branham, that's nothing but the Truth!"

She said the right thing! When she said that, the Holy Spirit dropped over into that channel again, every one of them felt it. I raised up, and I said, "Sister Hattie, THUS SAITH THE LORD, you said the right word, just like the Syrophenician woman. The Holy Spirit's speaking to me now, and said for me to give you the desire of your heart. Now, if I be God's servant, it'll happen. If I ain't God's servant, then I'm a liar, and it won't happen. Now try and see if It's the Spirit of God or not."

She said, "Brother Branham," (everybody was crying) "what shall I ask?"

I said, "You've got a crippled sister sitting there. You've got a father and mother sitting here that are old. You haven't any money. Ask for the money, and see if it comes in your lap. Ask for your sister, and see if she don't get up and walk."

She looked around, and all at once she said, "Brother Branham, the greatest desire in my heart is the salvation of my two boys."

I said, "I give you your boys, in the Name of Jesus Christ."

And those two boys who had been snickering and laughing at what was going on, fell across their mother's lap and surrendered their lives to God and was filled with the Holy Ghost right then!

Think of all the people I'm acquainted with, and God bypassed all the celebrities and went to a poor, little humble woman who could hardly sign her own name. He knew what she'd ask for! And that was the greatest thing. Her sister is now dead; her mother and father have to die; the money would have perished; but the souls of her boys are Eternal. □

The full account of these occurrences can be found in the following sermons by William Branham: *Look Away To Jesus*, December 29, 1963; *I Have Heard, But Now I See*, November 27, 1965.

Hattie, con't.

One evening, the bell was rung and Brother Bill didn't come and didn't come. I was out milking when Pop came to get me, and Shelby and another feller that was visitin', and me and Pop set out to look for him. Pop had just started across the fence over on Bently-Stevens Hill there, when he come up on Brother Bill, and he was just as white as a sheet. He said, "We've got to go by way of Carter's. She's going to be healed."

Pop said, "Can I go with you?" That was just Pop's way, you know.

So they took along the feller that was here for supper, and they headed over to Carter's house. They said something about someone else going along, but it ended up being just the three of them. We found out later that Sister Carter had seen in a vision that there would be three men come to her door.

Sister Georgie got up out of that bed, after being in there all them years, and

played that piano. Later, she even baked a cake. She just got stronger and stronger, and today you'd never know nothing about her ever being sick.

This was just either right before or right after Walt and me were married, I can't remember which.



We kept little Billy Paul a few times. Mom made him a little shirt out of these white sugar sacks, you know. He had the cutest pair of blue long pants that he wore for church.

Once they were down here and Brother Bill was going to preach somewhere that evening. He wanted to go out in the woods to pray for a while, and Billy Paul wanted to go with him, but Brother Bill told him to stay at the house. Billy Paul told Mom, "I'm just going out here and get all *dirky*," (you know he couldn't talk real plain).

He went out in the mud (underneath where the eaves dripped) and took

handfuls of mud and rubbed all over his little face. Mom had a time getting him cleaned up, and Brother Bill talked to him for quite a bit when he came in.

Sometimes Billy Paul would help me milk. He'd sit the bucket down and say, "Give, cow, give," We'd have quite a time.



Brother Bill, Shelby Wright, and Billy Paul. Photo taken in 1942.