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**EDITED AND  
ABRIDGED  
DRAMATIZED  
STORY**

**FROM A SERMON  
OF  
REV. WILLIAM  
BRANHAM**

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# SHAMGAR



PICTURE CREDIT: SWEET PUBLISHING

# Shamgar

Now, there was during the time of the judges, a little old fellow named Shamgar. He wasn't even a judge. Not very much is said about him, just a little bitty spot in the Bible - a couple of verses about Shamgar. Maybe you've never read of him. He was just a little old Israelite.

During those days, every man did his own way - just as he felt like doing it. Oh, my, no cooperation, they couldn't get together. So every man did what he thought was good in his own sight. That's the reason the Philistines came in and got them.

Now, if we born again Christians can forget our differences and come together as Christians ought to, we can do something. Our King will come to us, Jesus Christ.

But there he was, the little old Shamgar, and no king. Who was he? He was just an ordinary person. They'd build up the crop and work hard, Israel would. Then the first thing you know, about the time the crops got ripe, they got all their wheat harvested and everything, and round came the Philistines to take everything they had, and go back.

This little old Shamgar, he got his place filled up, and he got his food all laid up - his wheat. And oh, the year before, the Philistines had taken it away from him. I can see him, his poor little old wife out there, and the sleeves all out of her dress, and his little children standing there real peaked, their faces all drawn down.

Then I can see this great big bin of wheat. "Well, now Honey," I hear Shamgar saying, "Now, Sweetheart, we've got the harvest in and maybe we can feed the children a little bit."

The first thing you know, Shamgar was standing there talking to his wife, and she looked so pale. I could see the tears on his cheeks, poor little thing - she's starved to death. See his little children, how hungry they look, and no clothes on.

The Philistines, big old fat potato bug would come right in and take it right out just as fast as he could make it. (That's the way the devil will do it: chop it right away from you, take everything you can get, come right around and rob you of every bit of experience you've got, take everything away from you, telling you there's no such a thing).

There he was, there with his wheat and everything and about that time he heard something coming. Here came the Philistines, coming up the road, six hundred of them. Oh, my. "Well, there we go; here it is again; laboured all year, here comes the Philistines to take everything I got."

His old wife began to cry. The little children were holding one another. Shamgar pulled back the window and looked out. There they were, six hundred of them, all armed, trained Philistines. There they were coming up the road, armours a-gleaming, and the spears in their hands, walking right on. They knew how to do it, brother. I'm telling you, they were warriors.

Little old Shamgar stood there and thought, "Well, I ain't no soldier; I don't know how to fight. I don't know nothing about it, but..."

Shamgar stood there, and he looked around. He wasn't a warrior; he didn't have time to go away and train now, to learn how to duel and to fight these men with the swords and things. He didn't have time to do that.

I can see Shamgar standing there; he looks out. Oh, my. His righteous indignation began to come upon him; he got a little fight in him.

His righteous indignation rose; he grabbed that ox-goad, jumped through the window and challenged six hundred Philistines. He stood there and beat their heads in. Why? He was not a warrior, not at all, but he was an Israelite; he was circumcised.

And if you're circumcised with the Holy Ghost you don't have to wait till you're trained to be a warrior. Say, "Get out of the way, Satan." Kick him out of the way. "I'm the guy that's taking over now. I come in Jesus' Name." Watch him scatter.

Shamgar beat those Philistines. An untrained farmer peasant with an ox-goad in his hand beat down six hundred armed men. Whew. Oh, that's the Lord. Oh, my. A farmer with an ox-goad slew six hundred Philistines with the power of the same God that's on us tonight.

**Source:**

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