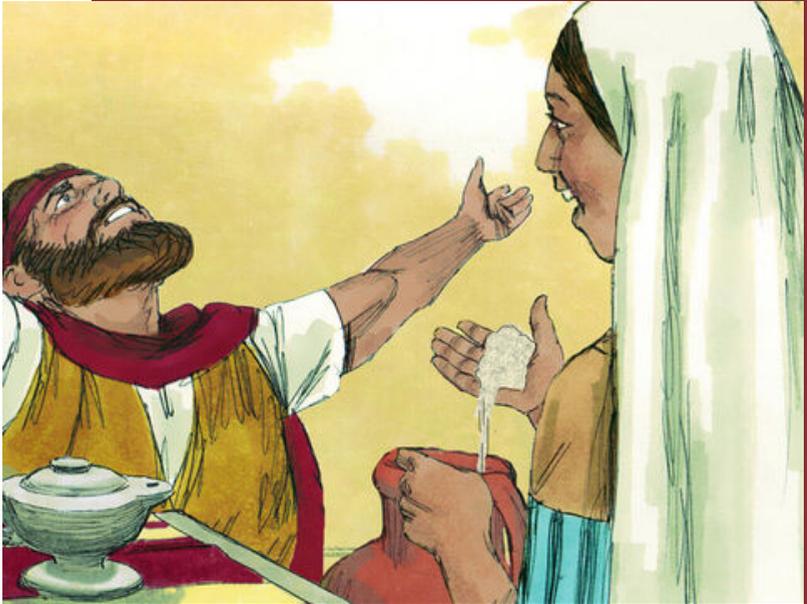

**EDITED AND
ABRIDGED
DRAMATIZED
STORY**

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

ELIJAH



PICTURE CREDIT: SWEET PUBLISHING

Elijah and the Meal Offering

It must have been almost daylight when she was awakened. She turned her weary head on the pillow when she heard a mournful, little cry across the room. She had not been able to sleep all night. She was tossed about because of this great tragedy.

The little boy had wakened again, not being asleep over twenty or thirty minutes, and I can hear his little voice say, “Mama, won’t you go out and look in the pantry again and see if there isn’t just one little piece of bread? I’m so hungry! I just can’t sleep.”

As she looked in his little face with his little sinking cheeks, and his little eyes turning yellow, his long hair hanging down from

failing to be cut, his little ragged nightshirt; the big tears from her eyes spat upon his little face, as she patted him on the cheek and said, “Darling, try to go to sleep, and understand.”

For three years there had been no rain on the earth. She knelt down on the floor. I can see her as she cried out to God, “O Lord God, Jehovah, Thou art the God of our fathers, Who has fed Thy children and cared for them through the years. And I’ve tried to live true and upright to Thee, and now I am here seeing my little boy crying for something to eat, and nothing to give him. For many weeks now we’ve been allowancing ourselves up to a place of one meal every three or four days, and now it’s all gone but one little handful of meal and just a spoonful of oil. And I’m trying to hold it off until day light, that we’ll not have to die while it is the night. What have I done, O God? I, your handmaid, have lived true. My husband was lost in battle, the

battle for the Lord, and I've been a widow for several years now, and I've tried to live right and keep Your Commandments. And if it's my time to go, I don't mind; but my little boy, it just tears my heart to pieces to hear him beg for something to eat, with nothing to give him."

When she had got finished praying, she raised up. He had gone back to sleep again for a few moments. She had her arms up, and the ragged nightgown that she was wearing was just about gone. She went to the window and looked out. It was just about to break day. Oh, it was so hot!

The hot winds of judgment were blowing upon a nation that had forgotten God. That was during the reign of Ahab, Israel's most cruel and wicked king. He had married a sinner, Jezebel, who worshipped idols. She was a very attractive little woman, and Ahab, just kind of a lukewarm believer, had given in to her ideas and said, "Oh, well, religion is

nothing for me, I'm a king." Long ago, they had torn down the altars of God and put up the altars of Baal. The cry had been so much against the true religion till the ministers under the great strain had given away.

They thought that prosperity was a sign that God was with them. That's not altogether the truth. But the nation had thought, as long as they were eating well and were well clothed, that everything would be all right. But there was one who still was old-fashioned, that believed that there was a God that was old-fashioned, believed that there was a God that kept His Word, believed that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, was holy and required complete surrender to His holiness. But Jezebel and her modernistic crew hated him. He was their pastor, but they didn't believe it. So, he had to hide for his life.

God had sent him up on the mountain, given him a message, and said, "Go down and tell that old wicked king, 'THUS SAITH THE

LORD. It's not going to rain, or even the dew will fall, until you call for it.” He gave it into Elijah's mouth to call for the rain when it was time for it; but he had the keys of heaven, he could close it or open it.

He said, “I want you to go up into the wilderness, out of this chaos. Get out from among them. You've preached to them and they won't listen to you, and they're continually getting worse. Go on up into the wilderness, and there set down by the brook, Cherith, and I've already commanded the ravens to take care of you.” Oh, if the people won't, God's got crows that can do it! God can do what He wants to. He said, “I've commanded the ravens, and they're going to feed you.” And they brought him flesh and bread.

The crows brought him fish and bread, set down and handed it over to Elijah, and he ate it, and stooped down and drank from the fountain. God was resting His prophet. He,

following God's commission, went up into the mountains and set down on the high place, the driest place in the country. But God kept the brook running. You know, God has a way of answering prayer. This little woman had lived true. She had not remarried, she was staying single to meet her husband in glory. She was an honourable woman.

For weeks the barrel had been going down, down. She was continually praying, and still it looked like there was no hope in sight anywhere.

She had met every requirement. She had lived clean, she had lived decent, she lived honourably. But, it looked like He was silent. God does that sometimes to test you, to see what kind of a reaction you'll have.

Now, this little woman knew that she had met all these requirements, and still God was silent. It seemed like He didn't even care for

her, He didn't care whether she lived or died. But, all the time, God was working. She didn't know about it, but God told Elijah. He dried up the brook, reached out His hand and stopped the brook from running.

Elijah said, "Lord, why did it stop?"

He said, "I've commanded a widow woman to feed you." He had already commanded her, she didn't know it.

Be sure of God, and then hold on, meet His requirements. God knows how to do things that's right, knows how to do it in the right way.

Now, it's a very strange thing that God would send His prophet to a widow woman's house. What a place! But she must have been a real virtuous woman, or He would have never sent His prophet there. Oh, if a person was worthy, would have to be a worthy person to entertain a man like Elijah.

The little woman was down praying, not knowing that walking down the mountain came the prophet. He had had a vision, where to go to. God doesn't lead His people blindly, He tells them where they're going. He was looking into the city. Oh, it was terrible. People were starving to death, and screaming for water, and the people were hungry.

Now, notice this poor little woman, after she had looked out the window and saw that it was about to break day, little did she know what was waiting for her. She was thinking it was death for her and her little boy.

While she's asleep, let's just look at her for a few minutes. She goes, after she prays, and she strokes his little hair back out of his eyes, and said, "Darling little fellow, you look so much like your precious, sainted daddy. How he trusted God! How he gave his life for the cause of Israel, out on the battlefield! And you look so much like him. And, Honey, I

don't know why the innocent suffer with the guilty, but they do.”

Now I can see her go in and say, “I'll fix a little cake now. I got just enough for one little cake of bread left, and when we eat it, then we'll die.”

So she goes into the room, and takes the meal out of the meal barrel. I can see her just dusting it with that little, bony hand, as she strikes across the little keg that it was in; beating it out, every bit of dust, and she finally got just enough for one cake; goes over to the little cruse and holds it up and drains every bit of the oil out of it, about a spoonful.

Now, the meal, all those things have a meaning. Meal represented “Christ.” Christ was the meal-offering, and Christ is the Word. Then she went and got the oil. And the oil represents the “Spirit.” So she put the Word and the Spirit together, and began to

mix It up. Oh, something has to happen when that takes place!

Many people have the Spirit without the Word, some has the Word without the Spirit. But you take, put Them both correctly in their place, there's a cake on the road! There's something in the making.

The poor little widow didn't know what she was doing, but God said to Elijah, "I have commanded her," and Elijah is on his road over the cobblestones, coming down to see his vision fulfilled somewhere.

There she is standing there, tears she's wiping with her old ragged sleeve, and saying, "O Jehovah God, my faith has never failed, and it won't fail. Somehow or another, I don't know how all this is, but we are taught that all things work together for the good."

She was mixing this little meal up, she got the little cake all fixed out and patted up. She

said, “Now it’s time for me to go out and get some wood.” She goes back and opens the door, and said, “O Lord, that poor little hungry belly lying there, and I haven’t eaten for two or three weeks. I’ll give him my piece of cake.” That’s a mother’s love for her baby. There’s nothing like it, only God’s love. “A mother may forget her suckling babe, but never can I forget you. Your names are engraved on the palms of My hands.” How can He forget you? “I’ll never forsake thee, or never leave thee. I’ll be with thee always, even to the end of the world.”

There she looks at her baby, maybe she slipped back and kissed his little forehead. She goes out. The sun is just beginning to rise over the Judaeen hills. She looks at the sun beginning to peep up. Way down the street she hears cursing and going on, she goes out in the yard and she picks up two sticks - not an armload - two sticks. What is it? The Cross.

Any of my Indian friends here know, or any hunter, the correct way of making a fire last, is, cross two sticks, two logs, light it right in the middle, and just keep pushing the ends in. It'll last all night.

Now what's she going to do? Light these two sticks. The Word and the Spirit have brought the self-sacrifice on the cross, ready for duty, ready for life. Putting the Word and the Spirit, that's her faith in the Word of God by the Holy Ghost, leading herself to sacrifice anything else to the Cross.

When she had got the sticks under her arm, two of them, she started back, and there was a voice came from the gate, "Lady."

Just before that, an old, maybe bald headed man, grey hanging over his whiskers, his hair hanging down, a little stick in his hand, an old sheepskin or something wrapped around him, was walking down the street, saying, "Lord, it's a certain little white fence. There'll

be a lovely-looking young woman” (she must have been young, the boy was young) “out in the yard. You told me that was the widow that was to feed me. Now, where is she at? I’ll keep walking.”

The Spirit leads him this a-way, then turns him. Oh, it’s so wonderful the sons of God are led by the Spirit of God. No matter how silly it sounds, they are led! He goes down one street and up another, down one street and up another. After a while, the Spirit said, “Look to your right.” He looked to his right.

“Say, there’s a little white fence. That’s just right. I just won’t move from here, because there’s the old tree standing there. And there’s everything just the way I saw in the vision.”

The door opens and a little thin woman comes out. Now, remember, she’s just going to pick up two sticks. She couldn’t have picked up three, it takes two to make the

Cross. She picked up two sticks and put it on her arm and she started back, thinking, “I’ll have the little cake done when sonny wakes up. And then I’ll feed it to him, I won’t eat any myself. And I’ll put my little boy in my arms, and there we’ll sit and die.” And she started into the house.

She heard a strange voice across the gate, that said, “Woman, would you fetch me a little drink of water in a vessel?”

She turned, and she thought, “There stands a kind old man at the gate.” She looked at him real close, and maybe wiped the tears from her eyes, it was quite early yet. You know, God does things so strange. She was willing to sacrifice. Water was a scarce thing, it hadn’t rained for three years and six months.

“Would you fetch me...?”

Maybe God told him to say that, to see what she would do, trying her reaction.

“Would you fetch me just a little drink of water in a vessel?”

She looked at him. “He sounds different. There’s something about the old man that I feel sorry for.” Any believer in God will share to the very limit with another one.

So this woman, she said, “I’ll just share my water. We’re going to die, so I’ll sacrifice my drink of water, and give it to the kind old gentleman standing there, because he looks thirsty and tired.” She said, “I will bring it,” and she started walking on.

Again she heard a voice, say, “And in your other hand, would you fetch me a little morsel of bread?” Oh, my! Now, now what? Her last hope of the life of her child. The last hope that they had, and the bread would be gone, the oil gone, everything would be gone now. But she looked back, and she wondered.

She said, “I just have a little bit of meal left in a barrel. I’ve got just enough oil that I’ve

dampened it, and I've already mixed it. I'm going in now to bake it, and give my little dying boy in there, that's cried all night for something to eat, I—I've got to give it to him. I'm going to sacrifice mine and I'm going to give it to him. And then I'll take him up in my arms, and we'll both wait for death."

He said, "But, you make me a little one, first." Isn't that strange that a man would ask a widow woman, dying, for the last bit of meal she had in the house, with a dying child? God does things so strange!

He said, "Make me a little one, first!"

She studied, "You know, the Bible says that we have entertained strangers. We've entertained strangers, they were angels, not knowing what we were doing."

"Well," she said, "I'll do it." And as she turned, he said, "For, THUS SAITH THE LORD!" That's the Word she was waiting for. "THUS SAITH THE LORD, 'The barrel will

not go empty, neither will the cruse go dry, until the day that God sends rain on the earth.”

What do we get there? Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, all other things will be added.

“For, THUS SAITH THE LORD, “The cruse will not run dry, neither will the barrel go empty, until the day that the Lord God sends rain upon the earth.”

She knew then, that was the prophet of God speaking to her. Oh, how her heart must have jumped! She ran in and made that little cake and brought it to him, with the water, trembling hands over that old sunk-in cheeks, she knew that God had come to the rescue, over a little piece of bread.

Oh, you just take that one little promise of God, and get everything right, and out of the way, watch what takes place! Just take that little belief that you’ve got, and lay it onto

the Cross, and say, “This is all I got, Lord. Take it”; watch things turn, “THUS SAITH THE LORD.” Oh, He’s just the same today as He ever was. That’s what she was waiting for.

Maybe it looks awful dark now, but, you know, sometimes we’re taught it’s always darkest before day. It’s at the darkest hour of the night when the morning star shines - it’s reflecting the coming of the sun.

Source:

60-0310 - Elijah And The Meal-Offering

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