



# Garnett Peake

Everyone who met him loved him.

*One day, last time I seen Garnett in this life, we stepped in unexpectedly into the... his lovely little home. He was staying with his people. And what did we find, but it would be a—a real example for any Christian minister to—to see this. He was setting up, and out of the rocking bed, had his arms in a little sling. And we walked to the house, as we was always so welcome, there was Garnett. And before him was the Bible. And the little lady that was taking care of him was setting over on the little duofold affair, and they were having Bible study. And I looked at him, and my heart just melted.*

*And I said to him, asked him a question. I said, “Garnett, perhaps, what if this had have never happened to you?” And I said, “You’d... I was called, say, up here tonight, there had been a young boy by the name of Garnett Peake’s had just got killed out here on the highway, with his car. And the boy was drunk, and his soul had gone on to meet God. Or, would you just rather keep the scene the way it is?”*

*He said, “Just let it be the way it is. Long as I know Jesus the way that I know Him now,” he said, “it’s more than life, even though I’d have to stay here all my life in this condition.”*

*63-1118 I Am The Resurrection And Life*

Sister Shirley Noel still lives in the same backwoods Kentucky house and works the same dairy farm where she first met a young man by the name of Garnett Peake over 50 years ago. He was the hard working teenager with a magnetic personality that made everyone love him, but he was especially loved of the Father. So much so that God used a tragic turn of events to make Garnett’s short life an inspiration to the Bride of Christ around the world. This is Sister Shirley’s testimony of her beloved brother-in-law Garnett Peake:

The first time I met Garnett is when Dorland and I were dating, and he brought me home to meet his grandparents. Garnett came running out and said, “Hmmm, is this the one you been talking about? Are you staying for supper, cause I’m cooking?” Their mom and dad were divorced, so the boys had to do a lot around the house to help their mother. Garnett wasn’t much of a cook, but he tried.

I just loved him from the moment I met him. He was always so sweet and had a wonderful personality. He’d milk the cows by hand, and it seemed like he enjoyed every minute of it, even though he was only 14 or 15 years old. We all had to work hard back then, even the kids. Dorland and I moved into his mother’s house to help work the dairy farm when we were married in 1957.

Garnett rode the bus to school. I remember him going out there one day to catch the bus and he said, “I just don’t feel like going today. I got a bad headache and my neck really hurts.”

I talked Garnett into letting me take him to the doctor because he was in quite a bit of pain. That was in 1960, when the polio epidemic was going around. The doctor examined him and said, “I hate to tell you this, but he’s got all the symptoms of polio.” They put him through the tests and told us to wait for an hour or so for the results to come back. We visited family for a while, and when we got back to the hospital, the doctor told us that he already made arrangements at the children’s hospital in Louisville. It was clear that there was no time to waste because he did, in fact, have a severe case of polio.

The ambulance took him to Louisville right away. I felt so badly because I couldn’t go with him, but he just smiled



Polio struck Garnett when he was 15 years old, and he died a few years later, but not before he had a great impact on all those who were close to him.

and told me that he would be fine. His condition rapidly got worse and eventually, he was completely paralyzed from the polio. His diaphragm was the first thing to go, so they put him in an *iron lung* to help him breathe. He was so completely paralyzed that all he could do was bat his eyes. The polio took effect very quickly.

My husband believed in healing a lot more than I did because his aunt was healed during the Acton Campground meetings, where Brother Branham preached *Leading Of The Spirit Of God*. I believe she was the first one in the healing line. She was in bad shape, with cancer and nervous problems so bad that the doctors were giving her shock treatments. Brother Branham called her out and she was completely healed. In fact, she’s still living today.

My husband and his mother had never followed the Message, but they believed that if they could get a hold of Brother Branham, that Garnett would be healed. They had already seen the power in his ministry. So his mom went straight to his house and asked him to pray for Garnett. Brother Branham came to visit him and prayed for him, and he started to improve. They eventually sent him home after several months in the hospital.

After that, he always wanted to keep in touch with Brother Branham. If he started to fail, then he would call Brother Branham. He would get better every time he prayed for him, but the Lord never completely healed him, he always had to stay in a rocking bed that helped him breathe.





Garnett saved his money to buy Brother Branham's tapes, and then he played them on this tape recorder. Sister Shirley used it to record *I Am The Resurrection And Life* at Garnett's funeral.

His dad wasn't much of a father to him. He never visited Garnett, but he sent him his child support check every month. Garnett insisted on paying tithes to Brother Branham from his little check. His grandpa always tried to talk him out of it, but Garnett insisted. I remember him saying, "I want them to go to Brother Branham because I believe he is right." His grandpa pointed out that Brother Branham didn't even care enough to write him a handwritten thank you note. Garnett said, "Well, he signed it and that's good enough."

He saved what was left of his check to buy Brother Branham's tapes. They were expensive back then, so he didn't have many, but he had all that he could afford. He loved those tapes, especially *The Way Of A True Prophet*. That was his favorite. He listened to that sermon over and over. He could listen to his tapes while in his bed, but he couldn't read his Bible there. For a little while each day, we would set him in a special chair with a chest respirator, so he could read his Bible. He held a stick between his teeth that he used to turn the pages.

One day he was reading that Bible, and he glanced up like there was something there. There was a light that appeared just over the door face of the bedroom that came over and shined over his Bible. He didn't know what it was until he had the opportunity to ask Brother Branham.

Every time Brother Branham came down here hunting with Brother George Wright, he would drop by and see Garnett. On one of those trips, he told Brother Branham about the light. Brother Branham asked him to describe

it. Garnett said that it was yellowish in color. Brother Branham told him, "That was me coming to see you." That made Garnett very happy. Brother Branham told him stories about Africa and said that he would like to take him there some day, so Garnett always talked about that. He wanted to go to Africa to witness to the people.

When he wasn't talking about Brother Branham or listening to his tapes, Garnett loved nature. About all he could do was turn his head, so he would watch the birds out the window. He just loved to hear them sing. Still today, I think of Garnett every

time I see a pretty sunset. He preached a sermon to us without saying a word. He got pleasure out of the simple things and he made us ashamed of ourselves. He even appreciated the little cuckoo clock in his room. Here we would be complaining, and he couldn't even breathe on his own, but you never heard a complaint from him.

I remember hearing little parts of the tapes from Garnett, but I never thought much of it. He always wanted Dorland and me to go hear Brother Branham for ourselves; it was so important to him. I was a Baptist before I got married, so I didn't think much of divine healing, and I certainly didn't agree with the long hair and not wearing makeup. They used to tell us that it was always the ones you didn't know that got healed. They said that just to put doubt in there.

Finally, we heard that Brother Branham was going to be at the Tabernacle on November 10, 1963 to preach *Souls That Are In Prison Now*. Garnett wanted us to go really bad, so we gave in and committed to attend service. He was so excited that we were going. We got up real early that morning to milk the cows, because we heard that it would be crowded. We got there and there was not an open seat in the building, so we had to stand up on the right side of the church, where the organ is today.

Brother Branham started preaching, and I just kept looking around at the different women. They all had long hair and long skirts. My hair was short and I had makeup on, but I wasn't condemned in the least. I thought, "These poor people. They just don't understand."

The last thing I remember is Brother Branham talking about the gun going off and shooting him through the legs. Then I passed out. I had never fainted in my life and I haven't fainted since that day. The deacons and Brother Doc brought a wet handkerchief and placed it on my face to rouse me. Brother Branham noticed that I had fainted and told them to bring me to the front so he could pray for me. I never remember seeing his face, but I remember hearing his voice. I remember him saying that the devil was trying to beat me out of the Message, and he was! When he was finished praying, he told them to set up a chair in the doorway to his study, and I could sit there. As I sat in that chair, things just started to open up. I looked down at the handkerchief that Brother Doc had given me, and there was all that makeup. I felt so condemned. My life changed right there.

After service, we went to Brother Walter Noel's house (Dorland's cousin). They told us that Brother Branham was going to have a healing service that night. I had never seen a healing service in all my life. The problem was the cows back at home needed to be milked, but Dorlan said we would just milk them when we got back. Now that is a no-no for a dairy farmer, because it will ruin your cows. But this was more important.

So we all went to the healing service and oh, it was wonderful. As he spoke, more things opened up that I never understood before. We were so excited and couldn't wait to get back home to tell Garnett. When we told him, he was the happiest thing, just overjoyed. By the way, the cows were fine too.

Garnett started getting sick the next day, so we had to call the ambulance and they took him to the hospital. He was trying to tell my husband something, but he was so far



gone that he couldn't get it out. He just kept trying, but he couldn't speak. Dorland told him that if it was something good that he was trying to say, to close his eyes. He just squeezed his eyes shut, so I think he was trying to tell us something about the other side.

Dorland tried to get a hold of Brother Branham, but he was preaching in New York, and by the time they got word to him, Garnett had already passed on. We asked Brother Branham if he would come down to preach the funeral, and he did.

Garnett really cherished those tapes, so I took his old recorder, and gave it to the funeral director to make a tape of the funeral. After the service, Brother Branham came to the car at the cemetery, shook hands with my husband, and told him that he knew how it was to lose a brother. Then he went to every car and spoke to every person in the funeral procession. That really meant a lot to my husband.

He read a Scripture and prayed at the grave. Some of them thought he might raise up because Brother Branham was there, but Garnett was already gone.

Garnett preached us a sermon every day. The thing I remember the most about him was that he never complained about anything. He had such a good spirit about him, and he loved Brother Branham. You know, the tape that we made at his funeral has gone to Africa, so I guess Brother Branham did bring him after all. 🕊️

#### Notes:

The name of the sermon preached at Acton Campground, when Sister Shirley's husband's aunt was healed, is titled *Leading of The Spirit Of God*, 55-0807e. Brother Branham speaks to her about 1 hour, 4 minutes, and 40 seconds into the sermon.

The name of the sermon preached when Sister Shirley fainted is titled *Souls That Are In Prison Now* 63-1110. She faints about 32 minutes into the sermon.

Brother Garnett's favorite tape was *The Way Of A True Prophet Of God*, 62-0513m.

The name of the sermon preached at Garnett's funeral is titled: *I Am The Resurrection And Life* 63-1118.

Garnett with his niece, Phyllis Noel, before he was stricken with polio.