



The Unveiling Of God



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Message: *64-0614M - The
Unveiling Of God*

347 I'm closing, in saying this, 'cause it's five minutes to twelve, just saying this. I got about ten, twelve more pages. I'll get it some other time, maybe tonight.

348 Notice, notice this. There was an auction one time, and they got an old fiddle up. You've heard it many times. An old violin; and the auctioneer said, "What am I offered for it?" I may not have this just right, according to the poem.

It's been many, many years, but it comes on my mind. And they picked up the old fiddle, it didn't look very much; looks crummy, everything. He couldn't even get a bid on it. Finally, I think he got a bid for a dollar, or something like that.

349 And there was one standing there that didn't think it ought to sell for that, so he went and picked it up. He struck it in his hands, and picked up the bow and rosined it, and he played a tune. And when he did, everyone started crying. They never heard such music in their life.

Then the auctioneer said,
“What am I offered?”

350 “Two thousand!” “Five
thousand!” “Ten thousand!” See?
What was it? The master’s hand
revealed what was veiled in the
old instrument.

351 Same now! The old Book,
It’s ragged, It’s been laughed at,
burnt, made fun of. But the time
has come that they got a
denominational auction, the
World Council of
Churches. They’re selling It like
nobody’s business. There is a
denominational auction coming.

352 But, remember, there is something in the old Book that promised that there would be a predestinated, ordained hand come one day, that would pick It up and make the Word of this Book, through a predestinated heart, to the task that It's made for, reveal the promises that's in It. It might look, oh, like an old bunch of holy-rollers, or something other; but just takes the Master's hand, the Word on It, to reveal that Word, and it becomes more than a holy-roller. It's become that to every one of us, hasn't it, friends? It's

not a bunch of fanaticism. It depends on Whose hand the bow is in.

Let us pray.

353 Our Heavenly Father, by faith, this today, I see the Master of the old Book, that they have swapped for traditions. They swapped It for denominations. They tried to trade It off. Now they're trading It for a—a World Council of man, of churches, communistic, atheistic. The auction is on, Lord.

354 God, step forth! Surely, You will. Send us that prophet,

Lord, that picks up that bow, that picks up this Word and proves that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Many, Lord, will sell their lives, they'll throw away the old traditions, they'll break the veils. They want It, Lord. They'll give anything, anything, just give them Jesus.

355 Lord, I think You've proved It to them now. They come from everywhere. They spend their livings. They do everything, to try to get to the meetings, to do all they can, because they've found that Pearl

of great price. Other things are very little. Bless them, Father.

356 Laying on this pulpit, this morning, Lord, lays handkerchiefs. Maybe some of them will have to leave today, before the healing service tonight. O Eternal God, look down. I know You're here, You're veiled. And I'm sending these little veils, Lord, called "handkerchiefs," and little "aprons," and little "booties" for little babies. And I'm sending them as little veil tokens, that Your Word has been preached over it this morning, and, as a

believer, I lay my hands upon them, my body, a signifying that I believe It. And, by faith, each one in this building is doing the same, Lord. May the sick get well.

357 You can stroke the—the Word from here, Lord, like the old violinist did to the violin, make it so, Lord. Make it play the right tune, bow in the Master's hand, then we'll see Him standing in full view.

358 How those people must have thought that day, when they wouldn't give nothing, when they didn't give nothing for the old violin. They didn't want it. They

wouldn't have it in their house. But when once picked up by the one who could master it, then they sold everything they had, to get it. They were fussing and fighting over it. It was too late then.

359 So will it be sometime when the Trumpet of the Lord shall be sounded out, time shall be no more. Those who have been looked at and made fun of, that stood there before the open veil and seen the Word of God manifested (*others will scream for It, but, as You said, "It'll be too late then"*), they went into the

Wedding Supper; and *they* were left out where there's weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

360 Help every person to believe, this morning, Father; break through every veil of selfishness, every veil of unbelief, and see the Mighty Conqueror unveiled before the believers. For, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world. A little while and the world won't see Me no more, yet ye shall see Me." Show Yourself among us, Lord, as You have been doing. Ever remain that way until we are visibly before You, when

the *en morphe* has been changed and You become again Son of man, and Son of David. Grant it, Lord, through Jesus Christ's Name.

While we have our heads bowed, all in prayer.

361 Wonder today if there's some here that...inside or out. There is no way to bring an altar call up here, because there's no room. But I wonder, sincerely, do you believe this to be the Truth? Do you believe that in this day that we're living, and all this chaos and scientific age like was

in the days of Noah, in the days of Moses, the days of Christ, that God, the great Father of all of us who are born into Him, stands among us today?

362 This visible Pillar of Fire that's scientifically proven, many years ago, as a little boy, spoke to me out there and told me I'd live right here, what would take place. Telling you about it, and then It...One day down on the river, before the ministry started, first revival, He appeared in the skies, identified Himself and give the commission. All these years I've hid it in my heart,

veiling Christ, same Pillar of Fire interpreting the Word, as promised. We're in the last day, just the Coming of the Lord. And if you find yourself outside that veil, which is death to stay out, will you by faith, this morning, say, "By God's help. And with Your help, Lord, I want to break through that veil. I want to get in where You're at, to see the full Word of God"?

363 Don't try to be a Moses. Don't try to be an Aaron. Don't. Just be who you are, but be a Christian.

364 Would you, with your heads bowed, raise your hands to God, and say, “Lord God, help me inside the veil”? God bless you. God bless you. That’s, just look at the hands!

365 Outside, remember, I might not never see your hand. It isn’t—it isn’t worth much for me to see it, anyhow; it is, God. It only, to me, it just makes me see that the—the Seed has fell somewhere, and, but God sees the real heart.

366 If there are any others that didn’t raise their hands, would want to be raised now, raise your

~ 16 ~

hands and be remembered in prayer. Raise your hands. God bless you. That's good. God bless you.

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