

THE PREVIEW OF THE BRIDE

Don't Get Out of Step! Stay In Line!

*Adapted from the following sermons of William Branham:
The Masterpiece (7-5-64); Recognizing Your Day and its Message (7-26-64); Choosing a bride (4-29-65);
The Rapture (12-4-65)*

On July 3rd. 1964, William Branham drove his wife to a shopping mall in Jeffersonville. While waiting on a bench outside, he had a vision that was both deeply sobering and deeply inspirational.

He was given a preview of the end time Bride of Christ, marching in step with the Word. But he also saw the awful condition, in the Lord's eyes, of the professed "bride" of the end time church. He also saw both their final ends.

The vision concluded with a solemn warning not to be influenced by the modern professing church, but to be sure to stay in line with the Word.

The Vision

*I was over here setting in the shopping centre, right out from us here. I been in Pig Alley in France, and I've been in New York City, Los Angeles; but the filthiest bunch of women I ever seen in my life is Jeffersonville, Indiana. I never seen so much gaum and filth in my life as I see amongst them people. I set there till my heart ached, and the Lord had gave me a vision. **I seen the preview of the Bride.***

The Spirit set him on the top of a hill, facing the setting sun, on a raised platform like a military parade ground reviewing stand.

There was somebody standing by me in the vision. I didn't see the person. It was just a voice and they said, "The Preview of the Bride."

And coming this way was the lovely bunch of women, real nice dress, long hair fixed nice in the back, sleeves, and skirts down neatly. And they were all in a marching tune, like, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, with the cross of Jesus going on before."

I seen her go by. But each one of them, looked like, was dressed different.

(They were clothed differently because, whilst all were dressed as Christian women should, each wore the traditional clothing of their homeland, illustrating how the Bride comprises the redeemed out of every people and nation.)

They looked kind of, I'd say about, maybe, twenty. Oh, she was beautiful! I looked at her.

And as they passed by, I stood, and there was Something there, some Spirit, was God, and said, "There is the Bride." And I looked, and my heart was happy. And she went around this way, and passed around behind me.

His happiness echoes that of the prophet anointed with the same Spirit of Elijah who foreran the 1st Coming on hearing the cry of joy of the Bridegroom at the fruits of his ministry (Jn 3.29).

But now Bro Branham was shown the spiritual condition of the churches. They too paraded before him. It was very different from the foregoing.

And as she passed by, he said, "... Now, we will review the churches."

Now, I have the Bible open here before me. See? I can only say what I seen. I'm looking at the Bible. I'm telling the truth;

Then He turned me to the right side, and He showed me each church as they've come up out of the ages. And oh, how vulgar!

And the last one was this last day church age, which was led by a witch. And they were so immorally dressed, so filthy looking. And they were marching to the time of twist and rock' n' roll. And those women throwing themselves just in twist, with holding just paper, grey, hypocritical. Grey is between a white and a black, which is a deceiving colour. Grey is neither white or black. It's a deceiving colour. And grey-looking paper, holding in front of them, with lace-like hula skirts, holding in front of them; and completely nude from their waist up. And was marching or twisting, and carrying on with that music, walking up. And He said, "That is the church!"

The modern churches of the different nationalities paraded before him.

And here come the Asian church up. I never seen such a filthy bunch. Here come the other churches up, of the different nations. They looked horrible.

There come the Asian church. Oh, you talk about filth. Here coming the European church.

Finally came the church of the USA.

Oh, my! And then I heard a rock n' roll coming; and it was Miss America, the church.

And when I seen Miss U.S.A. come up, I almost fainted. **Now, this is THUS SAITH THE LORD.** If You believe me to be His servant, you believe me now. I wouldn't say that for nothing in the world. There's not enough money in all the world to get me to say that if it wasn't true.

And I—I say this because I'm duty bound to tell the truth, before God. And when He said, "Here comes the church of America now, to be previewed," if I ever seen a bunch of devils, it was that. Them women were stripped naked, with an old grey-looking thing, like a colour of an elephant's hide. And they was holding it in front of them, with no upper part on it at all.

And when she come by, that was the filthiest-looking thing I ever seen... She was twisting, holding this in front of her, like one of these hula skirts of a thing, holding it in front of her parts, her lower part, like this, dancing and twisting like these kids do out here on the...on these vulgar shows that they have, twisting. That was Miss Christianity of America... Every one of them with bobbed hair, and they were twisting and carrying on, holding this in front.

And all of them was dressed with some kind of lower clothes down here, but the top just had a strap, about half inch strap that moved up and went around them like this. And each woman had something on the order... Many of you, years ago remember, when we used to cut that paper, you know, newspaper, to make an old fly-bush? Why, I think you used it in carnivals, fringed paper, lace paper. Hanging down like that, they had something holding below them, like this, holding below them. All of this part was exposed. And each one had hair cut up real short, and frizzy-looking things all over it like that, real short cut hair, and full of make-up. Absolutely nothing but looked like street prostitutes. And they were walking with this paper. And the vulgarity! ...And there she went. And they were singing this here twist-and-roll songs.

They come around, where I was standing there with this supernatural Being. I couldn't see Him. I'd hear Him talking to me; was right around me. But when they turned this way, they hold this. And just twisting and laughing and going on, carrying on like that, holding this in front of them... And as I stood there, looking, she passed on by. And you

can imagine the back part of her, with nothing on, holding this in front of her as she went shimmying by, like that, to this twist, throwing her limbs out like that. And, her, oh, it was vulgar, how she was carrying on, her body shaking around like that.. rocking, and moving herself one side and then the other side as she went, like the modern dances they have of this day, using herself in an immoral act as she was marching on.

I said, "Is that the church?" In my heart I was crying.

Now, I am an American, but this just made me sick. I am not eloquent enough to, in a mixed audience, to say what was taking place; You'll have to read between the lines.

But when the women were coming, the leader of them was a witch. She had a great long nose and a great big mouth... And this witch – To my notion it's nothing else in the world, but she's that World Council of Churches leading them right straight down the road where she was going.

I'm not responsible for these things. I can only say what I seen! And God is my judge. But that was the church from USA.

Stunned, sickened and almost fainted, Bro Branham felt a failure.

And when she passed by like that, I looked at her. Oh, I just got real faint. I just turned around. I thought, "God, I'm condemned. There—there's no need of me trying any now. Just might as well quit."

And when it passed by me, my heart like to fainted. I thought, "If that's what is trying to be presented to Christ as a bride – Of all the efforts and things that man has put forth to try to bring forth a bride for Christ – and a vulgar, dirty, filthy-looking prostitute like that to be the bride of Christ." It made me sick at my heart!

I thought, "God, as hard as preachers and we brethren have laboured to get You a Bride, and that's the best we could do."

*So help me, by the help of God, **that's what it looks like in His face.** I—I just...I start...I could have fainted. I thought, "All the trying, and the preaching, and the persuading?"*

Now, me standing in His Presence there, and His servant. "And of all I tried, that's the best I could do?" I thought, "God, what good did it do me? What good did it do? All the crying, and begging, and persuading, and the great signs and wonders and miracles that You showed. And how I stood there, and go home and cry after preaching to them and things, and what good did it do me? And then I have to present something like that for You, for a Bride?"

As they passed the reviewing platform, the line of modern national churches danced towards the brink of the hill that the platform was situated on.

*They went off to the left **and disappeared in chaos**, still beating this music and making real funny sounds, and shaking their bodies one side and then the other side, and then like that, carrying on like that, walking...*

And as soon as it went out – every time one of them (i.e. the different national churches) would come, they'd go out to a certain place and drop off.

Bro Branham was in despair.

I stood there in His presence. I thought, "Oh, God, as a minister, if that's the best we could do, oh, oh!" You know how you feel. Then I thought, "God hide me; if I could just get away from here. If all that we've done, and that's what we have to produce..."

And I turned my head to weeping like that. I couldn't stand it there, Him standing there, me know that me a minister of the church and that's what I'd produced for Him. I said, "Oh, God, I can't look at it. Let me die. Let fade away."

Suddenly he heard the approaching sound of a different music. Hope arose. It was the same he had heard at the first.

*And then I heard something like a "Onward Christian Soldiers". And I looked, and here come that sainted bunch of little girls **just exactly the way they was**, all correctly dressed, their hair hanging way down on their back, smooth, clean, **marching like this to the step of the Gospel. 'She was the Word'**. And it looked like one out of every nation. I was looking at it as they passed by, and seen them pass by.*

*Then, all at once, I heard It coming again. And coming up on this side come the same Bride that went around this a way. Here come them little ladies again, and each one of them was dressed in their national garb from where they come from, like Switzerland, Germany, and so forth, each one wearing that kind of garb, all long hair, **just exactly like the one at the first**. And here they was coming, walking. "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war." And when they all passed by the preview stand where we were standing, just all at once, every eye went that way. And then they turned back, and on they went, marching.*

Instead of disappearing below the horizon like the churches, the Bride seemed to be climbing an invisible stairway to the clouds as they marched past the review stand.

Instead of going down, they started going up.

And just as they started to going right up into the skies, this other one went up to a brink of a hill and went down, like that.

The Solemn Concluding Warning

Bro Branham then noticed a few of the Bride group begin to look around at the modern churches. Their concentration was breaking. They were in danger of getting out of step. As he screamed out a warning, the vision ended.

*These started marching right up into the skies. And when they went to marching, I noticed a couple of little girls in the back, looked like they might be of some foreign girl, like Sweden or Switzerland, or somewhere. **They started to look around**, and got...I said, "**Don't do that! Don't get out of that step!**"*

And I noticed two or three of them getting out of line; I screamed, "Stay in line!"

As I screamed like that, I come to, in the vision, standing there with my hand out like that.

The vision left me, and I was standing in this room screaming, "Stay in line!"

A closing exhortation.

She has to be moulded and made into the image of Christ, and Christ is the Word. See. There cannot be one thing added. It's got to be the Word of the Lord, like He is the Word. The Bride is a part of the of the Bridegroom. The woman is part of her husband, 'cause she's taken out of the husband. Eve was a part of Adam – from his side. And so is the Bride, not take from a denomination, but **taken from the bosom of the Word of God for this day.**