

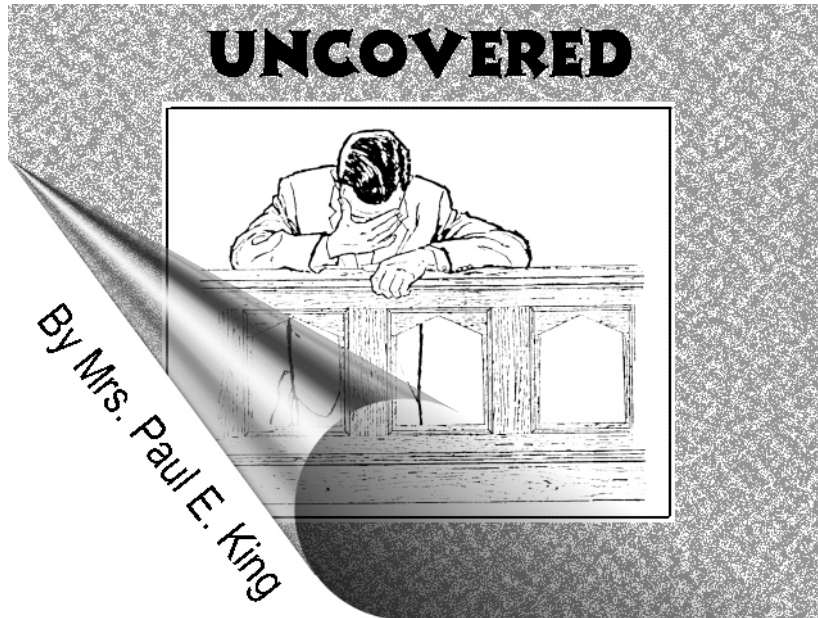
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**UNCOVERED**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

Revival was on; conviction was deep and heavy. The Holy Ghost moved mightily. God was there; everywhere, it seemed. Service after service the sword of God's Word pierced hard hearts, slashing wide open the secret chambers and revealing dark, forbidden and exceedingly wicked and sinful things; things once well concealed and hidden from the eyes of man. It was an awesome thing; a time for either a total and complete break with sin and

all its attendant vices and evils or rebellion against the movings of God and the workings of righteousness and, ultimately, invoking the wrath of the Almighty. It was frightening.

Robert sat mopping his brow. Not that it was hot in the chapel; it wasn't. Still, the beads of perspiration formed like fat, round crystals on his forehead, his face, his neck and his hands. His mouth felt dry and cottony; his spittle dried up. His hands were clammy-wet; his feet felt chilled -- icy cold inside his socks and shoes.

He was scared. Scared. Too afraid to move, almost. This moving -- this mighty moving of God -- was no mere happening. Ah no! It was supernatural. It came down from above. It had been prayed down. Yes, it had. He knew it. For months, the faculty and staff, and some of the "more spiritual students" -- quote, unquote, himself included in quote -- had met for prayer and fasting each and every Tuesday and Saturday night, praying for revival to come. And God had answered prayer.

Robert squirmed in his chapel pew. He had nothing whatever to do in the bringing about of this mighty moving of God, he knew. Nothing whatever. Oh, he had been faithful in his attendance at the prayer meetings, to be sure. But that was a "save-face" facade; he was almost forced into being there. As class president and ministerial student he felt it would have been expected of him to attend at every available opportunity. And he had.

He was highly respected, looked up to, admired, and used in various services every opportunity available. And now, revival was on. God was there. He was located! The Holy Spirit had so totally pulled apart the curtain of his profession until he was certain everyone in the Bible school had seen what was behind that great, heavy and protective curtain. The Spirit of God has plumbed to the depths his covered sin; his deceitful heart. What could he do?

Silence reigned now in the chapel. A silence so intense that it was frightening. No one said a thing. Only the presence of God's Divine Spirit preached. Moving over the crowded chapel, the Divine message was relayed unmistakably persistent to the needy -the uncovered; the unlocated -- heart. Robert knew without a shadow of doubt that he must do something; he felt like his heart would burst unless he came clean and found true inner peace

for his soul. Still, if he did what he knew he'd have to do, he'd lose his reputation as a model student who was trustworthy and honest.

He brushed the folded handkerchief across his dripping-wet face again, feeling the urgency of the sacred moment. The battle raged inside his soul, with Satan showing and telling him all the good things he'd lose if he confessed and let his "secret" out.

The Spirit continued His gentle but urgent wooing, reminding him that today was the day of salvation; now is the accepted time (II Corinthians 6:2). Students were moving forward to the altar: he felt them as they brushed past him where he sat. It was awesome. Fearful in its intense holy silence but its unmistakable mighty moving and powerful presence of the Almighty Himself.

How could he do it? he questioned, knowing within himself that sooner or later he'd have to confess; make a clean breast of it all. He'd known this all along. Even while he was committing the sins. Known it from his earliest days as he'd heard the Bible read around the daily family altar and heard it preached from the pulpit and proclaimed by his Sunday school teachers -- "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28:13).

"Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved: but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once" (Proverbs 28:18).

". . . The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezekiel 18:4).

Yes, he knew all this. What a foolish young man he'd been to think that he could get away with what he had been doing! He knew that the All-seeing eyes of God saw everything. The exact date and place and time, too. What's more, he knew that the day was coming, unless he turned in true repentance and humble contrition of heart and soul, that his sins -- his deeds of evil and wickedness -- would be proclaimed from the housetops for all the world to hear and see; "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.

"Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops" (St. Luke 12:2-3).

Robert lifted his head and looked around the chapel. Then, stepping softly but quickly, he walked up to where the school president was bent over in prayer, weeping quietly. Motioning for him to follow him, he tapped the boys' dorm supervisor on his shoulder and motioned him to follow the president. He found the other two men for whom he was looking and when they were all outside the chapel door he said brokenly, "I have a confession to make. The Holy Ghost has located me until I must do something about it or I'll lose my soul. I'm a farce. A hypocrite. I lied to all four of you brethren: The car you saw at the motel that night was mine. Linda and I rendezvoused there for two hours before we needed to get to our respective jobs. I lied about my hours that night, too, saying I had to go in earlier than usual. I'm sorry. Sorry! I beg your forgiveness."

The president laid his hand on Robert's shoulder, saying tenderly, "We forgive you, son."

"There's more -- much more," Robert confessed brokenly. "I broke the school's rules and violated them shamefully, sneaking out of the dorm numerous times and meeting Linda in the little woods beyond the school's boundary line. I'm a vile sinner on my road to hell. I need help. Forgive me, all of you, will you please?"

Turning to the dorm supervisor he said, "More than once I lied to you when you asked me if I had left my room after the lights-out hour. I'm sorry, Brother Weightman. Forgive me, please. Also, forgive me for unlocking the door that night when Bud was caught in the hallway and took the rap for me. Bud wasn't the culprit at all, like he told you he wasn't. I'm the guilty one. One of the other fellows and I had this little plan of opening the door for each other when we met our girl friend then needed to get back into the dorm. Truly, my heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Turning quickly, Robert rushed back into the chapel and finding the altar completely lined and filled, he dropped to his knees on the floor beside a pew and began praying like every minute was his last opportunity and like each breath may be his final one. He not only knew that "the wages of sin is death"; he knew, too, that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans 6:23).

He prayed and sobbed and confessed and repented, not just partially, but totally and completely, until there was nothing more inside to confess and

bring out into the open before God. And then the glory struck his soul. Oh what glory! He was beside himself with holy joy and ecstasy. It was electrifying: One after the other, the students prayed through and found peace for their sin-burdened souls and for cleansing for their carnal hearts. God was there. The chapel was filled with His holy and awesome Presence.

In his victorious testimony hours later, Robert confessed to his now spiritually healed but before-victory deceitful and dirty and scheming heart. He resigned from the office of class president, stating jubilantly that the vice president, Rob Shaffley, was a worthy man of a deeply spiritual nature and that until he, Robert, could prove his own worth he would take no office whatever.

"It is enough that the Lord Jesus Christ has forgiven me and washed me in His precious blood," he said. "I was so very sinful," he added. "So very sinful. And deceitful. Now I am ready to begin my studies earnestly. And after I am sanctified wholly and have been filled with the Holy Spirit, I know my life will be complete," and he began singing lustily, "What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

"Oh, precious is the flow -- That makes me white as snow; No other fount I know -- Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

He had one more job to do, he knew, and he meant to do it as quickly as possible: He must go to Linda's house and tell her what he had done and what the Lord had done for him. Her folks' house was only a short distance away from the school. He would wait until Linda was off her shift at the hospital and had had time to rest. Then he would see her; this time with full permission from those in authority. Linda needed forgiveness too. As her intended bridegroom, he would be the head and lead the way. And by God's grace, never again would he be guilty of covering sin. Freedom from sin and victory through the blood of Jesus was glorious. Wonderful! Wonderful!