I would like to share with you an event which materialized out of the magnificent clear blue Arizona sky.

It was an early fall day when my beloved Bill and I used some free time to take a drive down a windy and rough road toward an inlet of Saguaro Lake. We had not been on this road before and we were excited to see where it led.

It is so delightful to do this, with no agenda, and no time frame, like walking into a dream not knowing where you are headed or what the outcome will be.

The rough road descended through the desert, winding in and out of canyons until it crossed the final wash, and there was the water’s edge. There was a large grove of trees with a dozen picnic tables scattered in their shade. The recent rains had brought green grass up in abundance and it spread out before us to the water’s edge.

The sight we beheld next took our breath away.

Scattered across the broad mouth of the wash near the lake was a herd of wild horses. Some were drinking water and some were grazing in the new grass. There were about twenty horses, including several foals that were sticking close to their mother’s sides. They were magnificent, all colors, all ages and in excellent condition. The foals did not look to be more than a couple of weeks old.

An occasional swish of a horse tail was the only movement evident in the herd, a picture of peace and serenity captured like a photograph in our minds.

This was a rare event not seen every day. For some reason I had been saying, not once, but several times, it would be wonderful to see horses. We had seen domestic horses and riders in the area before. I didn’t even dare to dream that we would have a close encounter with wild horses.

At first it was not evident which horse was the Herd Stallion, but suddenly a most impressive white horse lurched into an expectant stance and it became rather clear that he was the leader. He seemed impressed with himself as he jumped to an instant run toward another of the horses some distance away.

The singled out horse shot a glance at the running thunder bearing down rapidly and exploded into motion itself. The chase was on. The white stallion was only inches behind as the brown horse made a series of tight turns designed to escape the stallion. They ran dead out through large expanses of standing water. With each hoof that slammed into the water, droplets of the lake water flew high into the air and glistened in the bright afternoon sun. While hooves pounded, both horses’ ears lay flat on their heads.

Loud snorting from the stallion accentuated his intent to make a point of his leadership. The snorting, pounding of hooves, fury, and speed, all combined in a display of power such as I had never
I was spellbound as I watched all this unfold before me.  
The white stallion made a sudden turn away from the brown horse and began trotting back toward the other horses.  
I thought it must be over.  But, I was wrong.  The entire herd exploded into motion as the stallion approached them and gave some kind of hidden command.  As if scripted the herd raced away from the water and headed in my direction.  
‘Wow,’ was my only thought as they sped my way.  The whole herd ran past immediately in front of me, snorting and pounding the ground like their lives depended on it.  Their tails were high in the air and dust was flying, to the point that you could hardly see the horses themselves.  The horses slowed for a moment, made a sharp turn and the race was on again in a different direction.  Even the tiny foals were running very fast, and one magically managed to get to the front of the herd and led the pack for a few strides before disappearing into the dust of the herd.  
My eyes must have been like saucers with my mouth hanging open.  The whole event was so unexpected and out of this world.  

My beloved Bill was near some trees a distance away.  He too saw the whole event take place.  The speed at which the herd ran was amazing.  They weren’t too mindful of anything in their path.  Thank God there were no small children, or any people, in their path.  
The horses were wild, and amazing as they unleashed their power.  But, how small had been my hope to see a rider and horse, when God wanted to give us a panoramic view of a wild herd right before our eyes.  Isn’t that how we are?  We seldom think in large enough terms and are unable to imagine any scene like this being played out before us in such a glorious way.  
Eventually the horses tired of their magnificent performance and disappeared into the scrub-brush that filled the wash leading away from the lake, leaving heavy dust lingering lazily in the air.  
We were left thinking of the power, the beauty, and the proportioned excellence of the horses.  This entire event held me transfixed, and the suddenness of it all spoke to my soul of events soon to come from the heavens.  

It is no wonder the horse is used so often in scripture by God to make a point.  Did you know that there are more than 140 references to horses in the Bible?  
A favorite scripture of ours is Jeremiah 12:5.  ‘If you have run with the footmen, and they have wearied you, Then how can you contend with horses?  And if in the land of peace, In which you trusted, they wearied you, Then how will you do in the flood plain of the Jordan?’  
This Scripture is intended to provoke the reader.  A rebuke saying, ‘You are not doing as well as you think you are doing.  Wake up and understand that Christianity is not a game, it’s a matter of life and death.  You only get one chance to get it right.’  

The Bible tells us that it is given to man three score and ten years.  Some people live longer.  Some do not.  Death and life are not determined by us.  I think seventy years is a long life, especially when you consider that you come to earth to answer one question.  With all life’s varied and wonderful experiences, you would think the answer to that one question could be learned while young in life, and the benefit of knowing the answer would greatly enhance the person’s understanding and direction for the rest of their days.  
Here is the question each of us needs to answer.  ‘Who is Jesus?’  
If you get the answer to this question right, you will fall on your knees and confess your sins, repent of your ways, and rise up a brand-new creation.  
Our eternity is fixed, eternity in heaven with God, or hell, (which is also eternity), separated
forever from God. Eternity surely is fixed, but how we spend it is based upon our answer to this very question.

Ponder another Scripture.

‘Now I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard one of the four living creatures saying with a voice like thunder, “Come and see.”
And I looked, and behold, a white horse. He who sat on it had a bow; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.’ Revelation 6:1-2

If you were to read beyond these two verses, you would encounter three other horses. One that is Red, and is said to represent the coming, ‘Conflict on earth.’ Another is a horse of Black that represents the coming, ‘Scarcity on earth.’ And the last is Pale that represents, ‘Widespread Death on earth.’

All of these horses come with a dreadful picture of things to come. One verse in the Old Testament says that it is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.

The Lamb is Jesus, and he is given a crown and crowned the Lion of Judah. But, who is it that conquers and goes out to conquer?

The answer is, God. This gives a very clear understanding that Jesus is God. Jesus wears the crown and every knee will bow and every tongue will confess that Jesus is Lord, our Savior that rose from the grave.

We all love white horses, and it is clear that Jesus does also. White represents purity, beauty, and holiness. And I believe the horse in general represents power.

Look at another Scripture:

‘Now I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse. And He who sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He judges and makes war.
His eyes were like a flame of fire, and on His head were many crowns. He had a name written that no one knew except Himself:
He was clothed with a robe dipped in blood, and His name is called The Word of God.
And the armies in heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, followed Him on white horses.
Now out of His mouth goes a sharp sword, that with it He should strike the nations. And He Himself will rule them with a rod of iron. He Himself treads the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.
And He has on His robe and on His thigh a name written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.’ (Rev 19:11-16)

Whom could these verses be referring to? Who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords?

Of course the answer is, our Jesus again. The only one that paid the price for our sins on the cross of Calvary, who died and rose again, victorious for evermore, alive forevermore, just like we who believe in Jesus are alive now and forevermore.

What a marvelous plan a magnificent God has made for all mankind. For this purpose, we were born, to share the glorious news of the Gospel, for such is the love of God to every living soul. The gospel contains the truth that sets us free and sets us apart in this life and forever and ever.

This was an unexpected pleasure today. Thank you, Lord, for the beauty and power of the horses. We’re grateful too, that the leader of the herd was a white horse, causing us to remember your word and your imminent return.

Thank you that believers will all be mounted up on ‘white horses’ following our King back to this earth in victory one day soon. ‘Come, Lord Jesus.’