

## The Horse

### You have almost gotten over the shock of how you found yourself here

Still not even sure how you got on this road, here you are walking a gravel farm lane with Him. Its gradual curving slope embraces a hillside decorated with pine trees. At the foot of that hill, to your left, is a calm, glistening, pond. The sparkling water is alive, dancing with light, but not from the sun. There *is* no sun! All of the light in this place emanates from him.

A peerless, white swan slowly lifts its head to observe as you pass by; the Son of Man, and the man made in his image. An eagle suspended in the atmosphere above announces your arrival. In the distance, you can make out the whinny of horses. Then as you round the bend, it appears; a long, majestic, white stable. Its enormous, cross-braced, white door hangs on great black rollers, and as you approach it simply rolls back out of respect.

As you peer down the unending line of immaculate stables, a thousand heads of the most beautiful white stallions emerge.

“Choose any one you like,” He says.

Knowingly, He looks on in admiration as you pause in front of a particularly beautiful horse. With a distant look in his eye, he thinks back to that day, all those thousands of years ago. It was a day exactly like this when he asked *for the first time*,

**“what will you name him?”**

As He opens the stable, from somewhere an angel appears in blue jeans and an old cowboy hat. Without effort, the angel saddles the horse and motions you to mount. As though you have spent your life here, you climb into the saddle and turn your steed to go join the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.

Can you even imagine!?

**And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.**

**Revelation 19:14**