

White Horse Vision

Revelation of John 19:11 - 16

*And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he does judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a clothing dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. **And the armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goes a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treads the wine press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he has on his clothing and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.***

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This vision was given to Tamlyn LeVasseur in 1993 while she was in Wiggins, Mississippi.

I saw tall rolling hills filled with waving green grass. The hills rose up very high as if I was looking up the side of a mountain. The grass flowed with the movement of the wind, and the wind was the Holy Spirit of God blowing the grass. The whole land was filled with this gentle nourishing breeze. I knew I was in the "Hill Country" of the heavens and it was far away from everywhere else. As I was watching the flowing grass up the hills and admiring the bright blue sky above the hill, I heard a trumpet sound and felt rumbling like thunder. I saw two ears of one horse rise up from the highest hill. Soon I could see his head lunging and his long flowing mane as he was running straight toward me. He was HUGE! His coat shone with health and bulged with double muscles everywhere - big as an elephant almost, finely proportioned, yet graceful. When he stepped, his muscles shook and I could feel his steps as he pounded the ground as he put his foot down. He was pure white and had solid gold hooves. They weren't painted; they were living gold.

I saw other horses running behind him who resembled him. They were all his colts. First I saw three and then more in rows behind him - but he outshined them all and was significantly bigger than all the rest. There were thousands. I knew that they all knew the order they should be in. I was also aware that the angels had been raising and caring for these animals in heaven for each of us for a long time now. The horses also knew God and His will. They weren't limited in knowledge as they were on earth. They were every bit as aware and knowledgeable as we were. I knew there was no fear of us in them nor had there ever been.

I looked to my right where the trumpet blast came from and there were hundreds of people (angels) dressed in red army garb. The angels were dressing the saints in red army garb that had been made for us by them. The battle fatigue varied a little in style from theirs but it was the same blood-red color. There were boots made of a leather-like gold that fit each of us perfectly as if they were tailored for us and yet we wore them as if they had become a part of us.

The street the angels and saints were standing on was gold. There was a green, well-manicured lawn on each side of the street about half the size of a football field where the hills abruptly planed out. There were more people and horses being dressed on the lawns. Red, white, and

gold were the colors of our group. I was aware it was a staging ground for the battle. I saw others there beside us. "They are a different group than us." I knew (this) even though they were saints. The street was firmly planted in the grass with not a sprig of grass out of place. It was wide, I guess about 20 feet or so, and was kind of clear gold and yet solid gold looking too - it shined.

Jesus was on my left - already dressed in his red cape. There was no hood to it and it was attached with large gold buttons around the back of the shoulders. The cape was living. It was beautifully alive with his blood, and it flowed and surged magnificently with his blood. It was symbolic of the cross and all the sweat and blood of the saints. I knew the mantle or cape would stay composed. In other words the blood stayed within the mantle; it wouldn't get on any of his armor or clothing nor on the horse or anything else.

The Big white horse, that was first, slowed and trotted up to the angel holding his bridle. He had a spunky attitude, very confident and happy in the moment, as he nodded his head forward and back. He bowed his head, knowing what he must do and opened his mouth to receive the golden bridle the angels had made. The angels petted and talked to the horses and the horses rubbed against them sweetly. I looked again on my right and saw other angels getting our group ready for the event. There were about 3 or 4 angels present for each horse and rider - some carrying saddles; others carrying bridles, blankets, chest bands, and tassels. Others carried battle fatigues for the saints draped over their shoulders and hanging from their arms, reins dragging behind. Some angels held the bridles in their mouths just like we carry things sometimes when our hands are full.

Each of us had on a thin cotton-like, white jumpsuit - short sleeved. The bottom was like shorts - not pants or skorts. It was the bottom layer of the armor. The armor was small, merely symbolic; it served no purpose because we were shielded by the Word ahead of us. In fact we had no weapon at all and neither did Christ except the Word and the Holy Spirit. That's it. That's all we were going to use. And we were very confident in those. We didn't want anything else. Our boots seemed like a part of us once they were put on. We were shod with them almost like the horses had shoes put on them. They were really tough stuff and very thick on the bottom - about 1.5 inches thick with the gold/ brass soles. Everything fit so well because it was tailored for us. We didn't wear helmets, hats or gloves.

Christ's feet and boots were kind of brassy/gold-looking in color too. They were solid in color but yet kind of clear at the same time. It seems like they were laced with red leathery straps about an inch wide crisscrossing around the leg almost up to the knee.

We all looked strong, felt strong, and had excellent posture and poise. We looked like warriors. We talked like warriors, and we carried ourselves like victors. Yet we were most humble. If we wanted to, we could see the scars on the hearts of ourselves and each other that stood symbolically as a reminder of our testimony. I knew that some angels were braiding hair and putting some people's hair in ponytails and various other styles.

I looked back at the big white horse just as he spread-eagled to make it easier for the angels to put his golden saddle on him. On the saddles were writings inscribed in the gold plates. They were very ornate. No two were alike. Each was made in eternity for this very moment. On the breast plate and the ends of the bits were bells and tassels. (There was no reason to have reins because the horses knew just what to do.) Then after the big white horse was saddled he walked (without being led) over to our Lord and bowed his left knee down so our Lord God,

Yahweh, could get on him. Christ looked at him as if he spoke to him "You ready?""Yeah, You'?" as if he answered. As Christ grabbed the saddle horn to mount up, the flowing cape/ mantle swung around on its own. I saw the bare thigh of our Lord and red linen strapped to his leg soaked in blood tied around his thigh. It was symbolic of the remnant. It was uplifting to me to know that he wore that remnant - that we were that important to him. About 2 inches under it his flesh rose up (the opposite of being engraved) and stood out from the rest of the skin to spell out in script writing:

King of Kings

&

Lord of Lords

It had a beautiful design, like a vine with leaves swirling around the words. It wasn't colored like a tattoo but it was aged and looked like fine aged leather. His thighs were also bulging with muscles and his skin was radiant. He was so strong, so confident, so assertive, so handsome, so loving, so old, and yet so young - so ready to do this! And so were we!

The other horses lined up in order at the edge of the street. One per rider came to the edge of the gold street to get his bridle and rider. I was third in line. (I knew my horse and he knew me. It was as if I had known him before. When I thought, he knew what I was thinking. When Christ thought, I knew what he was thinking too. Like horses on earth, these horses were as real as real could be.) He bowed down too so I could get on. He was squirming around under me stepping back and forth, swishing his head and tail around, looking here and there, checking out his bridle and doing all the things horses do. He even smelled like a horse.

We were all mounted and very focused when all the hustle and bustle hushed and completely stopped. I had sensed but not seen that there were other armies of all sorts behind our army. There were armies of tribes, armies of just animals, armies of beautiful angels that were small without wings, some with large wings that flew, and some really ugly beings in armadillo-like armor (that I did see). Some were kind of like knights holding big hatchet-like things on long poles about 6 feet long. The weapon had a half moon blade. They also rode large, dark, dapple-grey horses. The horses were covered in dark armor like the ugly beings - the color of gun-metal grey and shaped exactly to the head, chest, and neck of the horse. The horse's mane was braided so it would fit under the armor, but his tail was not braided and hung down to the hocks of the horse. The armor on the chest, neck, and head reminded me of the rings on the shell of an armadillo. There was no armor or anything on the hind end, just on the front of the horse. His legs also had calf and shin guards of the same armadillo-type gear strapped on the front of them, but not around the whole leg. Around the eyes the armor was cut so the horse could see out; it kind of looked like the eyes and head of a grasshopper the way it went around his eyes and fit snugly onto him. It was even splotchy like grasshoppers, but had only grey tones. The hooves were like iron and grey as well. The big ugly guys carried heavy, oversized, iron chains. That's when I knew that we were not only going to face mortals, but things bigger than us.

Each of those men/beings was a weighty and holy individual. They wore masks and armadillo-like armor all the way down to their fingertips. They were smoky, like they had been walking thru fire. Soot was on them. When I wanted to I could see a close-up view. My eyesight could zoom

in and out to see, as if I was looking down on them thru binoculars. It was very cold in the back. It was even snowing back in the valleys where the ugly guys were, and it seemed that the cold went with them wherever they went - almost like the looming clouds and snow went along with them. I could see steam rising from the horses and men thru their armor. They were lined up and in battle array for miles and miles behind us. It seemed like the atmosphere around them was even different than the one we were in. Each one of those ugly guys had a German shepherd-like dog with him to use for battle. I sensed these guys were really gruff. While marching along they were spread out about 20 feet apart. Each dog walked close to the front left side of the horse about 6 feet away. They were all real. None moved mechanically; every individual being - be it dog, a horse, or a man - all moved on its own - looking here and there, adjusting, moving ears, swishing and wagging tails. There was snow in front of them even though the group ahead of them walked a lighter path with great light leaving no snow behind. The path of the ugly guys was gloomy, dark, and stormy, with snow already on the ground ahead of them. I knew they had a different agenda than anyone else. I knew they were well equipped (emotionally, physically and spiritually) for what they were about to do and I knew only they could do what they were going to do. I didn't look into the situation to see what they were going to do.

Suddenly all sounds stopped. Every army stopped their clatter and rustling. Even my heartbeat seemed to stop. There was complete silence all across the armies arrayed in the heavens. We had come to the line and were mounted at attention. The breeze of the Holy Spirit had stopped blowing. Not a hair on any horse's mane was moving; not one horse's ear twitched. All was still. I've never been so still. There was a line drawn in the sand that I hadn't seen before. It looked like it had been drawn by a finger. (I was seeing from a lower angle down by the front legs of Christ's horse.) In fact I hadn't seen sand before then. I saw Christ's horse's hooves standing at that line. He was ready. We all were ready. There was about 30 minutes or so of silence. We stood like that focused at attention--facing the direction earth was. It was like the calm before the storm. During that time the Holy Spirit began to make the final preparations in us so that we would be ready for a Holy War. He was filling us up to the full mark - rousing and stirring us within by recalling to our minds each and every scripture about this moment. I know mist was rising from the ground and wafting through the air - the Holy Spirit thick within and all around us. We were under immense pressure. It was pretty intense. We bowed our heads and our hearts within. Our horses and all other living creatures of all the armies seemed to bow too.

After these 30 minutes of complete silence at reverent attention, I heard an angel sound - meaning that he opened his mouth and like a synthesizer his voice came out like a trumpet/fog horn. His huge lungs, teeth, and all his organs made that sound - his whole being rang out. It was an overwhelming, empowering sound, like he was a trumpet. He was an instrument of praise. He could sustain his voice longer than mortals ever could. So could we now, as far as that goes. What a blast! It was like the atomic blast of a powerful movement released...WAAAAAAAAA...and the sound went on and on and on - like a siren. He didn't even take a second breath. It traveled further and further, piercing every heart, mind, and soul (under its sound for miles and miles) while adding strength. It echoed thru the heavens, rolling across dimensions like thunder. It was one of the sweetest sounds my soul had ever heard. I said to myself..."Finally" and felt a mental sigh of relief. Yet, to those on earth I knew it struck terror in their hearts. Then a cheer and battle yell rose up from all the armies. All the heavens rumbled and answered the angel in an Indian-like war cry. As he was trumpeting, Christ's horse reared up, pawing with his legs in the air. Touching the ground and rearing back up again, the horse also gave a battle cry of his own, as well as all the other horses. In a flash, we were running toward a dark atmosphere where I knew that earth would be, but I didn't know exactly where.

Christ opened His mouth with His battle cry and light in the form of a sword shot out from His mouth - like it had been pent up long enough. As fast as a bullet it went. It looked and glowed in the darkness like a laser beam - crystal clear and white at the same time, reminding me of frosted glass. I watched as it split the sky ahead of him. We could all hear and feel it ripping and tearing with jet-like ripping sounds ahead of him. We instantly found ourselves on our horses running in the air - each in our own position. We rode in unison sometimes touching one another but without bumping another out of place. I saw my sister across from me and she saw me. I remember smelling my sweat, the horses' sweat, and the sweat of those around me. I also sensed eagles in the air with us, dogs on the ground, and men on the ground running as fast as our horses. I knew Christ was changing forms as well: to an eagle, to a lion, to a lamb, and then back to the shape of a man. I knew the ugly army was swarming behind us and many other armies too. We were riding as fast as we could, the horse's hooves beating out a rhythm and running in the air - as real as real could be. We passed through thick dark space and came into earth's atmosphere (a noticeable difference) where the sword of the white-hot light was just burning up everything on the earth. It was like the atmosphere was clogged and hard to get through - somehow thicker and harder to breathe in. But there was no light on earth at all. It was all dark; I knew the sun and moon should have been there, but I didn't see them or remember passing them on the way down - just total darkness until we approached the circle of the earth. (I saw a black earth with an eerie light encircling it - against a total black atmosphere.) We and our horses turned to fire. I knew we were on white horses and we literally were, but we also changed to fiery-like beings - red/orange and yellow/amber on the inside and white skinned. Our bodies boiled and flames licked up within our muscles and bones under our skin; but there was no pain, only an E-X-T-R-E-M-E amount of power and energy. Christ's word/sword was like a light beam that consumed with its ray and burned up every place it touched. I could only see in the places where the sword lit the earth with fire. Everywhere else was dark. It all happened in the blink of an eye. I saw the round shape of the earth and I knew we were closer. I could see near and far from that place. I could see the ground in some places and it was on fire from the Word - red and yellow with coals of fire and burning blue and white, all the colors of fire. The smoke was already thick on the earth and it was going to be hard to see down there with my natural eyes so I would mostly have to use my spiritual eyes.

Still from a great distance I zoomed in, but wasn't shocked to see the wicked people had come out of their graves in half-eaten, worm-like flesh. They were alive but dead and very, very dark. I could see them reaching up with their arms to the grass roots and pulling themselves up out of the pits. All demons from hell that hadn't surfaced were now coming to the top. By the time we got there I knew they would all be up above on the ground. All together they made up a shape of a brownish-red dragon. They were part of his body like we are the body of Christ. They could be separate beings or they could be IN the dragon anytime they wanted. They went in and out of his body like we went in and out of the body of Christ. They were all of one body as we are all of one body. I sensed their anger and hatred for us all, but it didn't affect me like it used to. I sensed their despair and dread. At that moment I chose to see in the past to get a grip on what was going on. I was able to see caskets of all kinds rumbling to the top of the ground, pushing up the dirt and grass roots as though it was happening before my eyes - even though it had happened in the past. I could see great holes in the earth 10, 20, and 30 feet around - where it looked like the surface had caved in. I could see right down into hell in the crevasses. The earth had holes in it like Swiss cheese. There was no green grass at all, just all dead roots at the top of the soil. In fact, I didn't see anything of any color or life in it at all. All was dark brown, dusty, powder-dry, and black. Stench and smoke was boiling out of the cave-like pits. I knew this is what happens when sin has its full reign and all is left to darkness. In the darkness was death. Where death went, everything died on and on - just continual dying. I remembered once we were under their power, but now they were under ours.

Looking down from my high horse, I saw the dragon from the air. He was lying on his stomach with his tail stretched out to the right and it curled up a bit at the end. He had huge wings but he couldn't lift anything but his long neck and head. He was puffing and blowing fire and smoke, but it only went about 150 yards - barely reaching the place where we were going to touch down. We were a little closer this time, I guess about a mile to a half mile away in the air. The evil ones that were inside the dragon rushed out of the body of the dragon. They spread out like a mad mob. It was chaotic. Some, thousands, were running back and forth everywhere with no direction. Some, maybe three hundred or so, ran to where we were going to touch down, which wasn't far, maybe about 150 yards from the dragon - about as far as he could reach with his flame. They were guarding the place, throwing things at us like rocks, busted brick and debris that they picked up from the ground, just whatever they could get their hands on. Some of the evil gave up and ran back down in the cavy pits and in the dragon trying to get away. Christ's sword was destroying every one of them in His path as He took aim for the head. I know that we were to jump off the horses and just take off running through the earth. We were going to cover every inch of the earth, side by side, each of us in our place. I know our bodies were like Christ's and we would burn everywhere we were going to run. Our feet and hands were flaming with the white hot truth to the touch and would catch everything on fire that we stepped on, touched, or just got near enough to - even if it was brick walls or iron beams or whatever was in our path. It was no match for us.

During all this, I could feel the Word of Christ surging through my veins. All the scriptures about this moment were going thru my mind audibly as Christ was repeating all of them while we were in flight. I could hear them within me. Some were whispers, some loud and assertive, some with tears, some were in God's voice, some were in the voice of the Holy Spirit, some were people's voices, some were angelic, some were from the animals and ugly army in the very back. The same Word and voice that was speaking to them was heard and went thru us all at the same time. We all knew what we were supposed to do next by the movement of the Holy Spirit! We didn't have any battle plans drawn up to follow; we were going strictly on the cue of the Holy Spirit. What God thought - we did. And, we did it WHEN He thought it. We knew the battle had already been won and we were just going thru the necessary motions of it. I hadn't touched down yet but I was envisioning myself touching down and running, holding my position in the line without breaking it.

I realized then why earth's trials were so hard. It was a preparation for this life! I remember thinking that if I hadn't gotten through those I would never be able to get through this. I knew soon that their ashes from their very small bodies would be under our feet. We were about to walk all over them literally and they would be trampled and crushed. I realized that we were much bigger than they, at least 3 times their size. They now seemed so small compared to us and even shrank and recoiled as we came for them.... I knew that after this clean sweep was over that the earth would be made new and we would have our place on it. There's no stopping us now. End of vision.

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