

Run With the Horses Visionary Encounter 11-8-11

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While in a time of prayer, waiting In YHVH's presence, I saw myself as a horse and Yeshua was riding bare backed on me with his hands intertwined in my mane. We were galloping along together at a nice gate and in a very beautiful place. Yeshua leaned down and whispered in my ear, "kick it", and when he did, I kicked into high speed and began to run at a full gate. I could feel the wind blowing through my mane and it was exhilarating. My heart and lungs began to pump as fast as they could go. I knew it was impossible for me to keep this lightning pace up in my own strength for an extended amount of time without becoming totally exhausted, but I inwardly knew that this was not by my power but was by the power of the Set-apart Spirit within me. I felt so fulfilled, like I was doing what I was created to be doing. I loved the joy of running full gate with my Master, Yeshua. I could sense His pleasure as He was riding with me.

We were traveling over a beautiful green grassy prairie area with low, rolling hills and swells. I looked over to my right and I saw a herd of wild horses running over another grassy hill all together, but wild. It was then that I remembered the words of a recent minister who had asked to our congregation, "Will you run with the pack, or will you run with the wild horses?"

In this vision I wondered where my husband Marc was. So I asked Yeshua, "what about Marc?" Instantly, I saw a beautiful, large white horse in a horse arena. Yeshua had a hold of his reigns and I knew the horse was Marc. Yeshua would speak a command in a language I did not know and the horse would do a maneuver that looked impossible and difficult but with great ease. Yeshua was so pleased. The Master continued calling out commands to Marc and each time Marc would do various different maneuvers; jumping fences and executing specialized landings. The maneuvers the horse did were very calculated, specific, and looked impossible without intense training, but he was completing them perfectly and spontaneously.

Next Scene

Yeshua and I were together again. I was still a horse and He was riding on me. We continued riding over more and more hills and swells enjoying the adventure when after crossing over one particular hill we rode up to a barbed wire fenced in area. This boundary seemed to stretch out as far as I could see to my left and right. The hills on which we had been riding were green, spacious, and the sky had been bright blue with fluffy clouds all open before us. But the place we had now come to was the exact opposite. It was dark, overcast, and the air was humid, heavy, and hot. The oppression in the air was so thick that it was hard to even breath in this place.

As I looked out past the barbed wire fence, I saw rows and rows of horses yoked up together in rank and file, each row pulling together huge, heavy loads. These loads were like flat heavy sleds piled high with weights as high, or higher, than the horses themselves. The sleds were behind each row of horses who were pulling them in groups all connected together in row after row. The large herd was making slow, laborious progress as they strained and struggled to budge the heavy loads. There was some type of a loud mechanical sound off in the

distance. It was like the humming of a machine that is running at full capacity, releasing a deafening noise. In this oppressive environment the herd in front of me continued to pull these huge loads, straining and digging their hooves into the ground; trying with all their might to advance. Their task seemed to be impossible - even with their great strength.

On the sideline of the rows of horses were several giant black hooded figures towering over the herd whose faces were hidden by their robes. They grasped powerful whips in their hands and were mercilessly whipping the horses in the herd driving them to go faster and pull harder. The horses were pulling with all their strength at the loads, but task was so strenuous that even for them, it eventually wore them down. From the continual pulling on the harnesses of their burden their flesh had become bloodied, raw, and torn from their endless labor.

Some of the horses were collapsing due to the exhaustion from the constant burden of pulling these excessive, heavy loads. These collapsing ones, becoming immobilized, made it even harder for the other horses on each side of them, remaining harnessed to them. Others were just freezing up seemingly paralyzed from the trauma of this hideous task. The ones yoked to the falling and paralyzed horses were made to keep pulling their loads by their taskmasters. This caused the horses who were no longer able to perform, to be pulled under the hooves of those still pulling. This resulted in the immobilized horses being trampled upon by the others. The fallen horses would eventually be run over by the load they had previously been pulling only to become trampled by the next row of horses and their load. The breaking off of the yolks that had connected the fallen horses to the rest of their row also caused great injury to the horses still pulling the load as they trampled on them. The entire scene was excruciating to watch.

The dark figures driving the herd would leave the fallen horses in the path of the other ranks of horses for quite a long time. This caused the others to stumble and fall over their bodies thus resulting in the same process happening over and over again. When a fallen horse was finally dead, totally mutilated and of no more use, the dark figures would only then reach in and pull their bodies out using their whips that turned into some type of hook. They would drag what was left of the dead animal's body and place it onto a large pile of dead horses that was mounting up with each additional fallen one and was growing into a large mountain of mutilated flesh. The air was growing thick with the stench of decaying flesh.

I turned and looked at Yeshua who was standing next to me watching this horrible scene unfold before us. As He was peering over the fence, I could see great pain and anguish in his face. His eyes were filled with tears that became a constant flow streaming down onto His beard. He then turned and looked at me. I stood there just looking at him, feeling helpless and just staring into His tender eyes. It was like watching a friend suffer in great pain but not knowing what to do to help them. All I knew was that His heart was breaking because of what we were witnessing and my heart was breaking with His. As I continued to stand there looking into His anguish, I knew that these horses had been created to be so much more. They had been created to be regal, majestic and noble. Yeshua had never intended for them to ever be used for this purpose but they had chosen to be wrongly yoked by the enemy. They had been deceived, and they didn't even know it. They were laboring for the enemy.

As I continued to stare into His eyes, and He into mine, I sensed He was desiring for me to do something for Him, but I had no idea what I could do. So, I finally asked, “Yeshua, is there something I could do?” Springing into action, Yeshua took some type of barbed wire cutters and clipped through several rows of the wire in fence in front of us causing an opening to be formed. He then turned to me and said, “Go into this place and run free in front of all the others.”

I started to bolt through the opening but then I stopped. I was hesitating. Why was I hesitating? Even though my heart was going out to the others, and I had a great desire to obey my Master. I didn't seem to want to go. Then, for the first time, I was aware of the intimidating black figures and realized I was concerned about what would happen when they spotted me. “They cannot harm you”, He said. “Will you go for Me and show them how to run free?” I could not resist his request any longer. Pushing my fear aside, and still in the form of a horse, I burst through the fence and began to jump, buck, neigh and run full gate all around the sides of the rows of shackled horses.

As I paraded my freedom in various movements, I could see the eyes of some of the horses quickly darting over to look at me. They were noticing the freedom I had, but they would hurriedly pull their eyes away and continue to look straight ahead of them. They were so afraid, so intimidated by the dark, looming figures who were watching their every move, that they could not respond. When the dark figures saw some of them becoming distracted by something they turned and peered at me prancing and raring up in front of them all. I closed my eyes anticipating their attention to result in some type of encounter with them but somehow, I just kept jumping and running wildly, determined to do my best for my Master. Amazingly, when I dared to open my eyes again, instead of approaching me, the dark tormenters themselves began to become terrified. They frantically turned back to the herd and began to whip the horses desperately with lash after lash. It appeared they were trying to inflict more pain upon the herd distracting them from looking at the sideline and considering what was happening there.

Some of the shackled horses would not even turn to look my direction. It was like they were already dead inside and just going through the motions waiting and even wanting to die. Then I noticed, for the first time, other horses whom Yeshua had let into this area who were running free in the sideline as well. They too were jumping, running, bucking and running back and forth at full gate. We were all free, and we were all doing what Yeshua had asked us to do. I remember thinking to myself, “I see no possible way for these enslaved horses to ever be freed, it appeared hopeless, but I knew that I was to do what Yeshua had asked me to do - so I just keep doing it.” I was encouraged to see the others and I felt something was hopefully changing. The dark figures however just continued to whip the horses relentlessly trying to distract them from looking at us.

Then suddenly, in the middle of one of the rows of these tormented horses I saw one, just one, of the shackled horses rear up his front legs and let out a cry. The dark figures stopped their whipping and looked at each other with panic. Quickly they all hurried to the row of the daring, rearing horse and began to strike it with their whips with even more intensity. It seemed all of their whips were now being unleashed with the full extent of their power on this one horse, as if to say, we must make a lesson out of this one so none of the others will try this.

Fire was now coming out of the tips of their whips releasing some type of visible electric shock bringing great infliction on the horse. Sparks were landing on others around him, inflicting pain to them as well. The single horse screamed out with a painful cry as the whips came down upon his worn back from the tips of the whips upon his flesh. Unexpectedly, from different places located all around the rows of laboring horses there were other horses that began to rear up putting their front legs in the air as if registering their revolt. There was one in the back, one in the front, two on this side and then two more on the other. More and more began to rear up and release their cries. The dark figures panicked even more. There were so many horses starting to buck now from all over the herd that they were unable to focus their tortuous blows on them all. The hooded figures began to confusingly run around in circles, bumping into each other in a panic, and seemingly not knowing what to do anymore.

Then, surprisingly from overhead, a blinding, brilliant light erupted over the entire herd. The light broke aggressively through the looming dark clouds that had hung over the horses imprisoned in this place, and bright bursts of white lightning bolts began to come out of this invading storm of shining brilliance. When the white, hot bolts of lightning contacted the harnesses of the horses who were rearing up, in a flash, the shackles binding them would immediately fall broken to the ground in tiny pieces.

When the other horses began to see the flashes of intense lighting releasing the shackles off the ones protesting, you could see hope bursting out like an epidemic over the entire herd. Instantly, more than could be counted, began to buck, neigh, and rear up in the air against the yokes of their captors. The more they protested, the more frequently the lightning strikes were released into the darkness, resulting in more and more horses being set free from their yokes. Each horse released from their bondage would quickly run out of their assigned imprisoned placement in the herd, and gallop over to the sidelines to join us in the parade of freedom.

With our numbers growing, all of us on the sidelines continued to whine, buck and jump with even more invigorated optimism as the scene unfolded before us. The newly freed horses were now encouraging the others to revolt to their enslavement with great tenacity, and the momentum in the herd had now entirely shifted from doom to total excitement. More and more of the horses were being set free. Now there was only a small number of harnessed horses compared to before. They were still staring straight ahead as if in some kind of zombie like trance of hopelessness while continuing to pull at their yokes as hard as they could. The few remaining horses were no longer able to pull the heavy loads by themselves but they continued to dig in their hooves and strain with all their might to try. With each great surge their flesh would be wounded even more until they eventually could no longer bear the pain and just stood motionless and defeated.

The majority of the herd had now been set free and there were only a few who remained shackled by their captors. The hooded dark tormentors suddenly reappeared; where they had been I had not noticed. The dark taskmasters quickly formed a barrier between us and the other horses blocking their view of us. Other figures unyoked the zombie like horses from their previously assigned slots, and brought them together into a new formation, while the standing dark figures guarded their small remaining prize. The horses were then re-shackled with the others to their burdensome yokes. Each horse would shriek out in pain as their harness was harshly tightened down upon their mutilated body. After each one had been enslaved yet again, the dark

hooded masters cracked their whips and the half dead herd began to strain again at the momentous weights. The herd was then driven away from us by their dark overlords.

As the enslaved horses vanished from our view, our focus shifted to Yeshua who came and stood in the middle of us. There were hundreds, if not more of us now. He lifted his hands and clapped out a specific beat and instantly we all formed a circled formation around Him. Each horse spontaneously knew their positions. I noticed there were no wounds or injuries left in the flesh of the freed horses from their previous grievous tasks. Evidently, every one of them had received a complete and miraculous healing when they were released from their imprisonment with the previous herd.

Yeshua shouted out commands. He clapped out varied rhythms. We would respond immediately to His commands as if spontaneously knowing what to do each time He did so. There was no visible connection to Him, no ropes, no harnesses, just His commands that could be seen and heard. As if by some inward knowing, every horse knew what to do and how to do it as Yeshua directed us all.

After going through this time of instruction, Yeshua came to each of us and very affectionately stoked our heads and noses, loved us, and whispered words into our ears. Even though I knew He had spent much time with each individual one of us, it had only taken what seemed like a few minutes. Suddenly, and miraculously, Yeshua became a beautiful, giant, majestic, white horse and reared up in front of us all. His hooves released a thunderous sound as they stuck back down onto the ground that now rumbled beneath us. He stood before us stately and perfectly still. Every muscle in his body seemed tense like it was bulging with strength and anticipation. He was so still, He looked almost looked like a statue chiseled out of white stone. He was the perfect picture of regal majesty. His very image emanated with magnificence and His esteemed appearance beyond words. Each of the horses before him bowed down on our front legs and lowered our heads in respect to Him. Yeshua continued standing there brilliant, white, majestic and regal. Abruptly, he sprang into motion again, facing away from us, He reared His hooves high into the air again. There was a sound of a shofar that blasted from His mouth that echoed all throughout the heavens.

Instantly, we all snapped back up into a full stance and maneuvered into file and rank behind Him. Yeshua began to stomp His hoofs against the ground and as He did, we all did the same. You could hear the thunderous effect of our pounding resonating throughout all of the heavens. Then, with a final rearing up and sounding Yeshua took off at a full gate. We all, springing into motion, followed Him running at a full gate but holding our position in rank and file. We were all running in miraculous unity together. Yeshua was our Master, we were with Him, and we were about to take care of some business.

At the close of this vision, I was now standing separated from the herd and looking at them from a distance. The horses were still running in formation and as they approached me, instead of running over me, they split on either side of me and began to stream into different nations; still running at full gate. Some were by themselves, others were in groups, but all running to the same cadence, making the same sound, and obeying the same Master.

To the praise and for the esteem of Yehoshua, Master and Messiah!