



REFLECTIONS

November 8, 2015, Refreshed from August 15, 2010

I saw heaven standing open and there before me was a white horse, whose rider is called Faithful and True. With justice he judges and makes war.

Revelation 19:11

Days of Yesteryear

In days of yesteryear the sounds of radio filled the air. Through open windows, passersby could hear the croons of Bing Crosby and Perry Como, the allure of daytime soaps operas like Stella Dallas and Lorenzo Jones, and the laughter stirred from the likes of Bob Hope and Jack Benny. It was common to hear the big band sounds of Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman playing; and there were the weekly family episodes of Ozzie and Harriet, and Fibber McGee and Molly. But I liked the westerns.

I could hardly wait to hear the enlivened overture of *the Lone Ranger!* A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty "Hi-yo Silver" - *the Lone Ranger!* Hi-yo, Silver, away! With his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains led the fight for law and order in the early West. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear. *The Lone Ranger rides again!*

Oh, for the days of yesteryear when radio waves offered wholesome entertainment that engaged imagination, incited adventure, and inspired laughter. And there were the movies too. My friend, James, and I could hardly wait to join the audience at Saturday matinees where western movies played each week. We joined others to boo the bad guys and cheer when the good guys, guns blazing, came to the rescue just in time. We could hardly wait to see our heroes fight for justice and good, win the heart of a fair young maiden, and subdue the bad guys. Every good guy either wore a white hat or rode a white horse. A few did both. But it took many years for me to really catch on.

Those old western movies were set in the days of yesteryear, but I know now that the stories were enactments of days that are yet to come. Bad guys have been at war against truth and justice since Eve ate the apple in the Garden. But God has promised that one day a good guy, astride a fiery white horse with the speed of light, will ride again. The rider's hair will be as white as snow, and his eyes will be like blazing fire. (*Rev. 1:14*) He will win the fight for justice and good, win the hearts of those who believed in him, and subdue the bad guys. Only it won't be the Lone Ranger. The rider will be called Faithful and True.

But we will know him best as Jesus.

"You are the light of the world."

Richard +

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