

... A Memorial Day Horror, continued from page 3

injuries, although a number of his teeth were loose and needed to be pulled. It turns out Cooksey had just stolen the truck he was driving and was speeding away from police when he caused the collision that took Diane Moreno's life. Cooksey is also a methamphetamine addict. Police were disgusted at him because he had shown no remorse for his reckless, criminal act. She is dead and he seems not to care. By Colorado law, he will be facing a charge of first-degree murder.

The dentist offered this observation:

"Isn't it amazing that someone could perform such terribly wrong actions, but we still clean them up, minister to their physical needs and relieve their discomforts?"

He didn't mean to suggest we shouldn't do so. Indeed, he gently ministered to Cooksey's dental needs. Rather, he was pointing out that we simply do, for some reason, find it necessary to treat such people with some degree of dignity. Could it be that we know deep down that we are essentially no different, that we are a corporate body of humanity sharing the guilt of one and all? On one level, Troy committed that despicable crime and I am innocent. On another level, I am made of the same stuff as he, and I share his guilt. If I had died that day, I would not have been cheated, and the fact that I live on is not owed to me. Not one day is mine by right. I am alive by God's grace alone. What will I render Him with these days of mine that really belong to Him? Shall I not humble myself in repentance for Troy's sin as if it were my own? Shall I not love even him and long for his salvation? Shall I not carefully use every day hence for God's glory? Yes, yes, yes! What about you?



**THE FINISHER**

West Coast Convocation,  
Jasper, OR  
July 11-15, 2006

East Coast Convocation,  
Collegedale, TN  
July 24-29, 2006

For more information, please contact us at  
1-877-585-1111 or [info@lbm.org](mailto:info@lbm.org)

JUNE 2006

## Events Schedule

- **June 9-10**  
Astoria SDA Church, NY  
James Rafferty—☎(646)331-9051
- **June 14-15**  
Idaho Conference Camp Meeting  
Gem State Academy, Caldwell, ID  
Ty Gibson—☎(208)375-7524
- **June 16-17**  
Good News Tour  
University of Redlands, CA  
Ty Gibson—☎(888)250-4612
- **June 16-24**  
Arizona Conference Camp Meeting  
Camp Yavapines, Prescott, AZ  
Herb Montgomery—☎(480)991-6777
- **June 22**  
3ABN Live—*The New Covenant*  
Ty Gibson & James Rafferty—☎(800)752-3226
- **July 7-8**  
Tacoma South Side SDA Church, WA  
James Rafferty—☎(253)537-2555,  
[jmoench@juno.com](mailto:jmoench@juno.com)
- **July 11-15**  
West Coast Convocation—Jasper, OR  
LBM—☎(877)585-1111
- **July 18-22**  
Gladstone Camp Meeting, Gladstone, OR  
Ty Gibson—☎(503)652-2225, ext. 456
- **July 21-29**  
Northern California Conference  
Redwood Camp Meeting, Redcrest, CA  
Herb Montgomery—☎(707)946-2452
- **July 24-29**  
East Coast Convocation—Collegedale, TN  
LBM—☎(877)585-1111

PUBLISHED BY

## LIGHT BEARERS

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*Light Bearers is a non-profit ministry based in the beautiful northeastern mountains of Washington State. Our purpose is to help proclaim the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ through the spoken and published word.*

# MISSION UPDATE

*The Newsletter of Light Bearers Ministry*

## The White Horse

By James Rafferty

A fictional story about international news photographers suggested a misunderstanding about the book of Revelation. "It's simple, Mate," was the lighthearted response to the question of how these reporters find their next big story. "We just follow the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Give us a famine or a flood, a plague or a war, and we'll be right there" (*Hemispheres* [United magazine], May 2006, p. 68).

It is interesting how the secular world refers to the final book of the Bible to describe the terror taking place all over our world. The number *four* can easily be seen to represent the four directions of the compass—north, east, south and west—which definitely fits with worldwide devastation. But what is the meaning behind the white horse in Revelation 6:2?

The word "white" comes from the Greek word *leukos* (pronounced lyoo-kos, as "in lieu of") meaning "light, bright, brilliant." It is used

over a dozen times in the book of Revelation, always in association with God, heaven, and righteousness. (See Revelation 3:4-5, 18; 4:4; 7:9; 20:11.)

The white horse rider is also portrayed as wearing a "crown" on His head and having a "bow" in His hand and going forth to "conquer." The word for "bow" in the Greek is *toxon* (tox'-on). It appears only once in the New Testament in this form, but is derived from the base *tikto*, which means to "bear," "bring forth" as in birth, or "be delivered" (in this case "that which the bow brings forth"). This root word was used five times in Revelation 12 in reference to Jesus Christ being "brought forth" as a man-child. The bow then symbolizes the good news of Jesus Christ, who was brought forth as a man to be the Savior of all men (Luke 2:10-11; 1 Timothy 4:10).

*Stephanos* (stef'-an-os) is the Greek word for "crown." It signifies a victor's wreath rather than the diadem of royalty. Seven of Revelation's eight uses

of this word apply this type of crown in referring to Christ or His faithful people. (See Revelation 2:10; 3:11; 4:4, 10; 12:1; 14:14.)

Conquer comes from the Greek *nikao* (nik-ah'-o), which points again to Christ who "prevailed" to open the sealed book in Revelation 5:5 when no one else could. It also reminds us that Christ alone is the key to our victory over Satan:

"And they overcame [*conquered*] him [Satan] by the blood of the Lamb" (Revelation 12:11).

From a biblical perspective, all the symbols of the first of the Four Horses point to Christ. It is Christ who rides throughout the length and breadth of the earth today, proclaiming the gospel of His love and His power to overcome the world (2 Corinthians 2:14). His convicting arrows of love find their mark in our hearts, to draw all men unto Him (John 12:32).

JUNE 2006

# COOL QUOTES

Great minds discuss ideas; average minds discuss events; small minds discuss people.  
Eleanor Roosevelt

The shortness of time is frequently urged as an incentive for seeking righteousness and making Christ our friend. This should not be the great motive with us; for it savors of selfishness. Is it necessary that the terrors of the day of God should be held before us, that we may be compelled to right action through fear? It ought not to be so. Jesus is attractive. He is full of love, mercy, and compassion. He proposes to be our friend, to walk with us through all the rough pathways of life. He says to us, I am the Lord thy God; walk with me, and I will fill thy path with light. Jesus, the Majesty of Heaven, proposes to elevate to companionship with himself those who come to him with their burdens, their weaknesses, and their cares. He will count them as his children, and finally give them an inheritance of more value than the empires of kings, a crown of glory richer than has ever decked the brow of the most exalted earthly monarch.

Ellen G. White,  
*The Signs of the Times*,  
March 17, 1887

We have an inexhaustible storehouse, an ocean of love, in the God of our salvation. He has placed in the hands of Christ all the heavenly resources and says, "All these are for man in order to convince fallen, sinful man of my love, that there is no love in the universe but Mine, and for his happiness I am working and will work." The happiness of man is to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

Ellen G. White,  
*Manuscript Releases*,  
vol. 21, p. 392

Watch your thoughts, they become words. Watch your words, they become actions. Watch your actions, they become habits. Watch your habits, they become character. Watch your character, it becomes your destiny. Most of all, watch Jesus and you will become like Him.

Author Unknown

In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.

Author Unknown

## MISSION UPDATE

# A MEMORIAL DAY HORROR

BY TY GIBSON

*Could it be that we know deep down that we are essentially no different, that we are a corporate body of humanity sharing the guilt of one and all?*

On Memorial Day, May 29, I witnessed a horrible auto accident that turned out to be a terrible crime as well. My life flashed before my eyes and I realized anew that every moment is a gift.

I had just arrived in Grand Junction by plane. After securing my rental car for the drive to Cedaredge for the Colorado camp meeting, I went to the grocery store to get some water. Spotting a travel-size "Lint Roller" on my way to the checkout stand, I took a less than five-second detour to grab one. Perhaps that was the crucial little delay that slowed me down just enough to keep me from being killed. Later I would wonder if providence had intervened on my behalf. Angels do insert thoughts in our minds to nudge us in needed directions.

Leaving the store, I headed down 7th Street at about 35 mph. After a few miles I approached the intersection at White Street. There was no stop sign for my lane or the oncoming lane. But there was a stop sign for traffic on White Street. As I entered the intersection, a white truck sped by in front of my vehicle at a very high speed. Just as it missed my front end, it collided with the one car coming opposite me on 7th. In a flash that

is still vivid in my mind I watched as the truck impacted the sedan. In a rapid blur I saw what seemed like three bodies forcibly ejected from the two vehicles and fly through the air. The truck simultaneously flipped in the air catching one of the bodies in mid air and thrusting it still further through the air before crashing into a corner building and bouncing back to a crashing stop.

I jumped from my car and ran to the body nearest the intersection. The pavement was blood-soaked around her. The woman was mangled but breathing. Assuring her that help was on the way, I ran to the next nearest body. It was the man who had been driving the truck. He was bleeding from his face and only partially conscious. As I spoke to him he awoke, trying to get up and leave the scene. I urged him to be still till help would arrive. He would not. It was obvious he was determined to escape if possible. I looked around to find the other victim. She was some fifty feet or more from the intersection. Rushing to where she lay, I stooped over a human

body so destroyed it would be too horrible to describe. She was dead. My body began to shake at the unbearable sight and an intense nausea overtook me. Immediately I dropped to my knees to pray. "Oh God, please Lord, please intervene and do whatever is possible to relieve the terrible suffering of this situation. There are loved ones about to be shattered." The police arrived about this time. I was taken to their nearby station where a detective received my written and verbal reports.

As I lay in bed that night a flood of thoughts filled my mind. I realized that if I had been just a few seconds ahead of schedule I would likely be dead. Lord, I prayed through tears, why did she die and I live? Couldn't she be spared? I even felt what I can only describe as guilt, knowing my life was of no more value than hers, and yet knowing I had no control over the situation. I so wished she was still alive. I wondered who would be devastated by her death, desperately missing her, and I hoped no children were left alone in the world. A strong sense of responsibility

came over me. Did God guide my steps in order to preserve me? And if He did, then for what purpose? "Does He not see my ways, and count all my steps?" (Job 31:4). I was overwhelmed with a sense of how fragile life is and how it can end so unexpectedly in an instant. An intense desire gripped me to make every day count for the advancement of God's kingdom. I was, and am, more certain than ever that literally every moment is a gift. The words of King David came alive to me: "Show me, O Lord, my life's end and the number of my days; let me know how fleeting is my life" (Psalm 39:4).

A few days later at the Colorado camp meeting a dentist approached me with more of the story and a disconcerting insight. He volunteers at the Grand Junction prison one day a week. On Wednesday of that week his last patient was Troy Cooksey, the man who had been driving the truck. He spent only one day in the hospital due to the fact that he had no serious

*continued on page 4 . . .*