

LIGHT HORSE, DARK HORSE

Book one

The Miraculous Birth

Authored & Illustrated by Lavay Byrd

The Miraculous Birth

Book one of the *Light Horse, Dark Horse* series

Lavay Byrd

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CHAPTER ONE

The Chosen One



In the glorious Kingdom of The Great Paradise, the Winged Horses — a class of celestial beings— were soaring and singing in the air. The Great Horse soared high in the clouds, returning His servants’ greetings with a smile. He is the all-powerful, all-knowing, and ever-present Divine One of all creations; His enormous multicolored wings and surrounding light presenting His radiance and power.

Moments later, He entered His Sapphire Palace and landed in front of His throne, pausing in thought.

“It is Time,” He said to Himself. Then, He called out, “Serpahiel (Sare-af-ee-el), come!”

Seraphiel is the High Prince of the Winged Horses, with a royal violet coat and snowy mane and wings.

The magnificent Winged Horse appeared before The Great Horse, bowing with his wings spread open. “You have summoned me, my Lord?”

“I have, The Great Horse replied as He faced him. “It is now time for My Son to be born on Equus.”

“The Light Horse, Your Majesty?”

“Yes. I have chosen a mare and a stallion to raise My Son. They, and many others, will witness My Son’s Birth as a sign of Our undying love and the hope for eternal life.”

Seraphiel nodded in agreement. “What is Your command, my Lord?”



“Go and send for Azaziah (Uh-za-zee-uh).”

Seraphiel bowed, and departed from The Great Horse.



On Equus, in a vast country called the Great Plains, there roamed a great herd of horses in the region of Prairie. Like many other herds that lived in the Plains, these Mustangs came in a variety of horse colors. However, only one horse stood out from the rest in her herd.

This particular horse is named Sierra. Strider, her father, was a handsome buckskin Mustang, while her mother, Cheyenne (Shy-Anne), had a piebald coat. Due to a birth defect, Sierra was born as

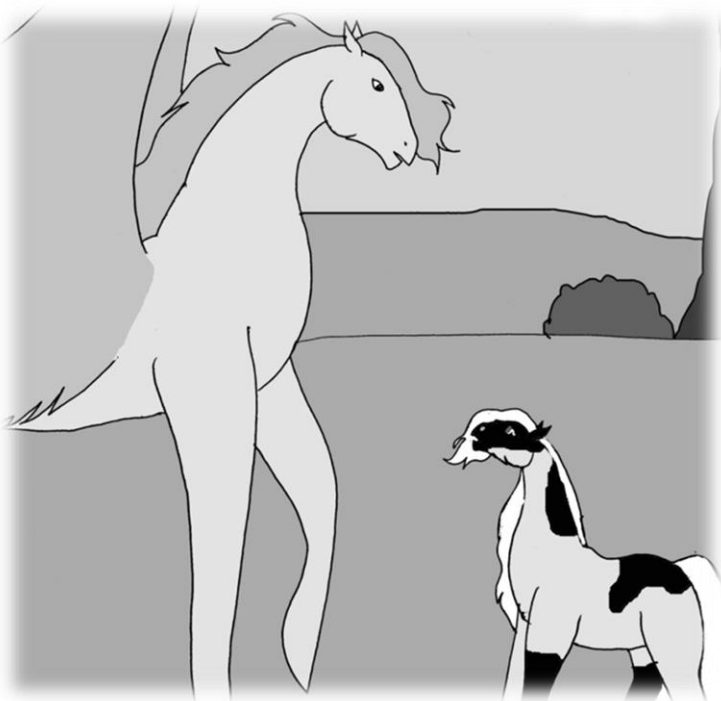
a small, black-and-and-golden foal! In spite of her extremely rare colors and small size, she was quite comely in her own way.

One warm afternoon, while the herd was quietly grazing, Sierra stood a little distance away from the horses, cropping in the sweet grass. Suddenly, a tall golden Winged Horse appeared before Sierra in a flash of light. This is Azaziah, Prince of the Messenger Winged Horses.

“Hail Sierra!” greeted Azaziah.

Startled, the little filly leaped back, attempting to squeal for help.

“Do not be afraid,” Azaziah gently said, “you are greatly in high favor with your Creator.”



“My Creator,” Sierra nickered, slowly relaxing, “You mean The Great Horse?”

“Yes. He has sent me to you to deliver a message. You will give birth to a Colt and you will name Him Soter (So-tare), the Son of The Great Horse. He will one day rule the entire world, and all who are truly loyal to Him will live in His Kingdom for all eternity.”

Sierra stared at the Winged Horse as if he had a hundred heads. “*Me?* I’m only a three-year-old filly, and almost as small as a donkey! And to top it off, none of the stallions in my herd has even asked me to be their mate. How can *I* give birth to a foal? This all seems impossible.”

“Nothing is impossible for the Almighty. Ruah (Roo-ah) the Cloud Horse will come to you, and through His power, you will conceive with the Light Horse.”

Sierra stood in silence, pondering on the things she had heard. Then, she sighed and lowered her head towards the grass. “I give myself to The Great Horse as His servant. Let His will be done.”

When she lifted her head, Azaziah disappeared in a flash of light.



In The Great Paradise, The Great Horse, accompanied by Seraphiel, was waiting in His throne room when Azaziah arrived. Standing on his left was Ruah the Cloud Horse, the third member of the Divine Ones, surrounded a light blue misty cloud.

“The message has been delivered,” Azaziah reported, “and Sierra has received it.”

“Well done, good and faithful servant,” The Great Horse said proudly, “but your task is not yet complete. Abaddon (Uh-bad-done) has learned of My Son’s imminent birth, and will stop at nothing to ensure that it will not come to pass. Though she will be tempted to go to the Ways of Darkness, it is up to Sierra to resist, for she must be strong and faithful for herself, for Me, and for My Son.”

Ruah nodded in agreement, stretching out His elegant silver wings.