

Pastors,

In the spirit of our meeting, horses and the great state of Georgia. I wanted to share another reflection from my life—one that lingers in my heart and continues to reveal God’s mysteries in unexpected ways.

Pastor— you mentioned your daughter loves horses and I thought this story might resonate with her and perhaps bring a little of the phenomenon I experienced that day. I feel compelled to share glimpses of the wisdom and knowledge I’ve gathered, even as I face the uncertainty of the future alongside this congregation.

When I lived in Canton, Georgia, I used to ride my bike through the countryside, taking the back roads toward Milton. Known as horse country. I loved those rides—the rolling hills, green pastures and the sight of beautiful horses grazing near castle-like homes. The landscape seemed to stretch endlessly and there was something peaceful about it all.

One morning, I stopped to rest by a fence. The air was crisp and the sun had just begun to rise, with frost gently lifting from the grass. Beyond the fence stood a small wooden stable and behind it, the land sloped downward into a valley I couldn’t quite see.

As I stood there drinking water, two horses suddenly ran from the valley and toward me, stopping just short of the fence. They stared as if they had seen something I couldn’t. I glanced around but saw no sign of their owner. The quiet was only broken by the soft crunch of frost underfoot as I stepped closer, resting my hands on the fence to get a better look.

Soon, two more horses appeared, joining the first two. All four of them stood still, their eyes fixed in my direction.

I watched, curious but silent. Then, as if choreographed, the horses

began to gallop in a single file line, running toward the fence before turning back. They repeated this twice, moving with a grace and unity that felt intentional—like they were putting on a show, just for me.

What happened next left me speechless. The horses lined up side by side, prancing forward with a kind of rhythm, inching closer to the fence where I stood. When they reached me, they stopped, lifted their left legs in unison and stomped the ground before turning and galloping away, one by one.

I lingered for a while, absorbing what I had just witnessed. As I rode home, the scene replayed in my mind—what had I seen? Why had they performed like that? Who was their show for?

There were no trainers, no owners—just me. Me, the horses and the vast green pasture. My presence stirred something in them, as if they recognized He was watching.

This happened around 2012, long before I understood what I now know about God, the holy scriptures and the truths within. At the time, I didn't recognize the significance. But as I've grown in my relationship with God this past year, I've come to see that He often speaks through the simple, unexplainable moments in life.

My journey has been filled with deep suffering, laughter, love and lessons. I've stumbled and pressed on, guided by a quiet hope that never let me stray too far. Through it all, I trusted that I was doing the right thing—and now, I believe God holds a special place for me in His heart.

If there's one thing this story taught me, it's this—you never know who's watching or what unseen forces are at work.

If God could form Adam from dust and Eve from Adam's rib, is it so hard to believe He might manifest in ways we don't expect? Maybe the next stranger you meet—the one who seems out of place or searching for answers—needs your kindness.

Be compassionate. Be present. Be welcoming. Reflect the love of my Heavenly Father.

**With grace and gratitude,
Teddy**

**You see, God is revealing the importance of pursuing the things I love.
Reaching out His hand to me.**

**It was on my bike that I saw those four horses.
It was on my bike that I met a deacon and through him, received an
invitation to the church.**

God's hand has been in every moment of my life, gently guiding me.

When the trumpet sounds—I will be ready. Thank you God.

On that day.....