

I Played Pale Rider in Chicago Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay



11/28/12 Wayne Harropson

In the **book** of Revelation there's a pale horse, and its rider is Death.

A pale horse is defined not as a white horse but a grey one.

I told how I was surprised that my mission had changed and that I became a messenger of doom. See *Why God Sent Me To Chicago*. <http://tinyurl.com/whychicago> and <http://tinyurl.com/ChicagoReport>

The twelve/thirteen thing, flight nine, 60666 and all that.

Now, a couple of weeks later, I realize that the rental Mustang I drove was silver, or grey.

A Pale Horse.



<http://tinyurl.com/twoparents>

2015 updates:

<http://tinyurl.com/6VWW7May8>

<http://tinyurl.com/SpdsRolls>

<http://tinyurl.com/RRhuh>

<http://tinyurl.com/GrtSeal>

<http://tinyurl.com/SpeedsMustang>

Warner Bros' Pale Rider graphics, fair use license, transformational.

Just to remind you the California plate is registered in May and ends with 08, my birthday. It was a 2013 of course. The rental lot's zip was 60666 and my flight number was Nine (like the nine Harbingers). That's right nine, one single digit. Judgment. If I had had a choice of color, it wouldn't have been gray, and it wasn't until the fifth day that I realized that the plates were from California, or that my birthday was embedded in the plate.

When I landed in Chicago the kind lady next to me made sure that I saw that her newly booted up iPhone's digital clock read: 12:13am, the same number combination that twelve hours before assured me that I was being guided on this venture. I lived in **two** homes as a child, one on 12th, one on 13th. I'm prompted to look at clocks with 12 and 13 ALL THE TIME! Jeff has seen it, Steve, Ted, and numerous others have witnessed the phenomenon. I've written about this



lifelong wonder elsewhere but it has a particular significance here because it is now beyond an amusement, it is being used to confirm guidance by the Holy Spirit.

The first day in Chicago I delivered the flyers and DVDs to a very large Teachers Union gathering. It was Halloween. I joked about how the DVD was the scariest Halloween story ever, and it really is. How's that for Halloween getup? (trailer: <http://youtu.be/6jrrnkKmUzo> full movie here: <http://tinyurl.com/ObmaFthr>)

I just came up with the pale horse connection this evening while preparing to mail DVDs to the two director/producers of Dinesh D'Souza's movie Obama's America 2016.

I talked at length with the producers assistant Jeff Fox. The company is Princebury Productions. Would you believe that I was talking about the 2016 movie to attendees of a luncheon at the Newport Beach Marriott when two gentlemen arrived late and sat next to me. The one next to me was the Executive Producer of the 2016 movie, Christopher Williams. That is no accident.

I wanted to spell Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay correctly to add some levity to my title, so I searched and just now found this song.

It's about a Ford V-8

I'm An Old Cowhand

→ Bing Crosby <http://tinyurl.com/nmo7evj> or <http://tinyurl.com/OICowHndMP3>

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
But my legs ain't bowed
And my cheeks ain't tanned
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow
Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how
And I sure ain't fixin' to start in now
Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay
Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I learned to ride
'fore I learned to stand
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date
I know every trail in the Lone Red star state
'cause I ride the range in a Ford V8
Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay
Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay



I know all the songs that the cowboys know
'bout the big corral where the dogies go
'cause I learned them all on the rad-ee-o
Hey, yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay Yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
Where the West is wild all around the borderland
Where the buffalo roam around the zoo
And the Indians run up a rug or two
And the old Bar X is just a barbeque
Yeah... yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay!
I'm a pioneer who began from scratch
I don't bat an eye in a shoot'n match
They don't call me Elmer, they call me Satch
yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay! yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay!
yippie-yi-yo-ki-yay!



Clint was such a nice guy to try to make me look taller than I am for this picture



The Cowboy music is another story of wonder for another time. My mom knows what I'm talking about. Hi mom.
Again I feel like I should apologize for having too much fun.

I'm Sorry.

I'm modeling one of Paul Newman's race suits to fit the Mustang theme

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ePlyWlhobDU>

wayne@harropson.com 714.404.3311

This document here: <http://tinyurl.com/PaleMustang>