

Peter's Faith

Matthew 14: 15-33



Heaving, rocking, no ordinary squall,
Forget the fishing, survival is all:
The wind is contrary, deep is the night,
When we see Jesus, - it gives us a fright!

We had left him alone upon the far shore:
This must be a spirit amidst the storm's roar!
But he felt our fear as waves merged with sky,
Calmly said, "Be not afraid; it is I"

My thoughts were in turmoil, how could this be, -
Things impossible he'd do constantly.
The previous day five thousand were fed
And all he had were some fish and some bread.

Walking on water and standing on sea,-
It does make me question reality!
Dare I believe in my friend, in my Lord,
"If it really is you, give me the word".

I feel the strength of his simple command
For he has said "Come" and I cannot be harmed.
I step out of the boat and onto the sea:
Each step toward Jesus has strange buoyancy.

But winds and waves continue to scream.
What am I doing? Surely I dream?
I look down at my feet, deep water there,
I feel all alone. I feel sudden fear.

It seems like slow motion, as I start to sink,
I'd glimpsed something true, I'd been on the brink,
But this is no dream, am I going to drown?
"Lord save me!" I cry as I drop down down down.



He answers my need without need of time.
In the instant I call his arm around mine.
My friends stand amazed, they all want to shout.
But Jesus asks quietly "Why didst thou doubt?"



Jesus' calm presence dissipates fears.
We enter the ship, and the storm disappears.
The power of God and dominion of man
Becomes even clearer, for with God we can!

I now claim the faith that mountains can move,
The mere mustard seed that thy works I prove,
For I will remember, undoubtedly,
When I saw the Christ, *I walked on the sea.*