



Peter's Reminiscing

Around the fire, they stood and watched, the stranger in their midst,
They listened carefully to his brogue, for Galilee was his.

They saw how intently he watched, it was a tender gaze,
There had to be a fellowship, a blush his face did raise.

“You’re one of them, you know Him well, His follower you are”,
“I know Him not, we’ve never met”, not even from afar.

She was a little maiden girl, who questioned him once more,
“I know Him not”, a curse and swear, yet looking through the door.

Their eyes they met, so suddenly, perhaps it was so slight,
His conscience burned, accusing deep, he rushed out in the night.

So bitterly those scalding tears, flowed from his reddening eyes,
He cursed, he swore, denied the Lord, three filthy dirty lies.

If only he could live again, those moments, just once more,
But they could never be recalled, what sorrows now he bore.

I also know the sorrow deep, I wished I could recall,
And gazing on His bloodied face, then crown Him Lord of all.

How great His full forgiving grace, how rich His boundless love,
I bow and thank my Saviour God, for His Son from above.

He came to earth to take my place, to suffer in my stead,
Twas for my sins, iniquities, my lovely Saviour bled.

I hope I never cause again, that sorrow in His eye,
But help me Holy One to know, the death which Thou did’st die.

*Rowan Jennings
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