

The apostle in the boat

by [Steven Peterson](#) in the [September 2022](#) issue

No, Matthew's gospel doesn't mention me
when I was in that boat, wrestling that sail.
But someone had to do it—I could see
the waves were high, the wind a roaring gale.

The others wouldn't help, saying they were shocked,
spotting our reckless rabbi suddenly
walking on water, then our stubborn ox—
yeah, *Peter*—trying to walk like he was He.

(That's so Peter: first to speak, first to act,
pushing his pushy self against the master,
as if that made him Number One in fact,
as if he'd get to heaven even faster.)

The sail was flapping wildly but I roped
it to the mast of that old fishing tub,
and I confess a part of me had hoped
his blah blah blah would turn to blub blub blub.

But Peter didn't sink. He cried, *Lord, save me!*
Our rabbi heard his cry and, reaching out,
rescued him, rebuking that big old baby:
O you of little faith—why did you doubt?

Read that again: little *faith*? Don't you see?
That's *Peter*—who later denied our Lord!
But since then, something changed in me,
in all of us. A different wind has roared.

I felt that wind the day I died for Jesus,
the day they told me, *Step into the storm*
if you believe. I did, knowing He sees us
walking to Him, now in a perfect form.