

Story 222 – Winning Back Two Disciples

Thomas walked where shadows clung,
With questions burning on his tongue.
He loved the Lord, yet feared the pain,
A heart stretched tight by loss and strain.

When Lazarus lay in death's cold keep,
He spoke with courage dark and deep:
"Then let us go, though death may fall;
If He must die, we die with all."

Yet later, in that upper room,
When Jesus spoke beyond the gloom
Of mansions in the Father's care,
Thomas whispered his honest prayer:

"Lord, we do not know the way.
How can we follow where You say?"
Not faithless words, but longing cries
From one who sought with searching eyes.

Then came the cross, the sealed-up grave,
The shattered hope no strength could save.
And when they said, "The Lord's alive!"
His wounded heart could not revive.

"Unless I touch the nail-torn hands,
Unless before my eyes He stands,
I cannot drive away this night;
I cannot force my soul to sight."

But then the risen Savior came
And softly called him by his name.
No thunder rolled, no judgment fell,
Just wounded hands he knew too well.

And all his doubt dissolved in flame
As worship burst from grief and shame:
"My Lord! My God!" his spirit cried,
As faith awakened deep inside.

Then Thomas rose with fearless feet
To bear the gospel through the heat
Of distant lands and foreign seas,
Through lonely roads and enemies.

He carried now no doubting breath,
But love that conquered fear and death.
Until the spear that pierced him through
Became the gate where glory grew.

And Peter—bold and quick to speak,
At once so faithful, yet so weak.
He swore he'd stand though all should flee,
Yet trembled by the enemy.

Three times he said, "I know Him not,"
While somewhere nearby the Savior fought.
And when the rooster broke the night,
His soul collapsed beneath the light.

How bitter were those tears he wept,
How deep the shame his heart had kept.
The fisherman who walked the sea
Now drowned in his own frailty.

But by the shore at morning's glow,
Where gentle waves moved soft and slow,
The risen Christ restored his friend
With words that healed and would not end:

"Then feed My sheep.
Still follow Me."

And Peter stood forgiven, free.
No longer chained beneath his fall,
But strengthened by the Lord of all.

To Jew and Gentile he proclaimed
The saving Name once feared and shamed.
In prisons dark, through threat and sword,
He preached the risen Christ as Lord.

And when at last his death drew near,
He faced the cross without a fear.
"Not as my Lord," he humbly said,
"Turn me upside down instead."

So one had doubted, one denied,
Yet both were held by Christ crucified.
Two broken men, by mercy mended,
Two trembling hearts the Lord defended.

For Jesus does not cast away
The weak who stumble in the way.
He lifts the soul, restores the scar,
And makes His servants what they are.