

Two Charcoal Fires

And we waited and waited
But he didn't come back
So we waited some more
Just to keep the Romans off our back
But he didn't return like he said, like we thought
Its all mixed up in my head what he taught
So we all went off fishing that night, we three
But even that brought no joy, no fish, no glee
Then a man from the shore said
Try the other side
Not another beating to our hope, our pride.
So we flung the net over without as much as a wish
Not quite expecting such a haul of fish
Then someone said "its Jesus" – my Love, my Lord
So I jumped from the boat and let go of the cord
And there on the sand by a cinder pyre
Was my Lord cooking fish on a charcoal fire.
And my mouth grew dry as I gazed into that first flame,
Remembering all my guilt, all my fear, all my shame.
I said three times "I do not know this man"
And now he's asking me to feed his lambs
Do you agape me Son of John
I could hardly stretch to phileo I had done so wrong
Thrice I denied him
Now thrice I shrink back
From the love that I long for,
From the proof that I lack
Oh my Lord, you know all things
Return to me the joy that salvation brings

Peter I *know* that your love is near
For *you came* to the courtyard when stricken with fear
I know sweet Peter that your heart's no sham
That's *why* I trust you to feed my lambs.