Mothers' Union Listening, Observing, Acting (MULOA)

Monologue: Peter walking on water (Matthew 14: 22-33)

This was one of the worst storms ever. We were all terrified. And then I saw the Lord. I couldn't believe it – I thought it must have been a ghost but no, it was Jesus walking on the water. When I saw him, nothing seemed to matter, the storm, the fact that I couldn't swim - nothing. It was Jesus and he was calling me. It was the Lord and I just wanted to be with him, so I said – "tell me to come to you." And he told me to come. The others muttered "don't be stupid" - I think some of them still thought it was a ghost.

Well I started walking and it felt really strange - it was water after all and yet I just thought – Jesus has said come so it must be ok. And I realised my feet weren't going under the water – the water felt somehow firm – it was so weird but so exciting too.

Half way there now - and I was still feeling good. I wished Jesus was closer but hey I was doing it - I was walking on water. The others were still telling me to come back. I could hear my brother Andrew, and his words stung me a bit – but he's normally right about me – I do bite off more than I can chew. Why wasn't Jesus getting any closer? I took my eyes off him for just a second and looked around me.

And oh my goodness – look at those waves – who do I think I am? I'm not Jesus – never will be – I'm a fisherman and sensible fishermen go back to shore when the weather gets like this. Jesus still wasn't getting any nearer – in fact he seemed to be getting further away. The wind was so strong and it seemed to be pushing me back. I'm not going to make it – I'm not!!

I felt my feet go under – oh no, so far to Jesus – so far to the boat - Should I turn back what should I do? I could feel the water over my ankles now then my knees. The cries of the others were getting louder. I was going under – there was nothing I could do. Lord save me, please save me.

As the water reached my neck I threw my hands up in desperation and suddenly there it was – his hand on mine – strong, incredibly strong. It sent a pulse of power through my whole body and then in a matter of seconds I was up out of the water again, - he supported me back to the boat. The storm still raged but it didn't matter because he was with me now - asking me why I had doubted. I was too tired to think about that – and feeling too much of a failure. Maybe later. Of course as soon as we were back in the boat the waves died down. Part of me wondered why he couldn't have done that a bit sooner.

We talked about it later – "You took your eyes off me" he said – "Never do that. I'm bigger than anything else you have to deal with." Of course he's right. I've learnt that lesson the hard way, but, I think I can safely say – I'll never let him down again.