

Called To Fish Again.

He stood there by the seashore, as they cast their nets in vain,
These Disciples, now bewildered by the past.
They all said, "I go fishing," and with heavy heart they came,
To their boats and to their nets and to their task.

There was no joy in fishing, they had lived on higher plain,
As they walked with Jesus on that dusty road,
They'd heard Him talk of catching men, and holding them by grace,
They'd heard Him talk of heaven, their abode.

And so that night upon the sea, their bodies tired and wet,
They heard the Master as to them He called,
They didn't recognize Him, they obeyed Him anyway,
Resulting in enough food for them all.

When morning dawned they came ashore to have another meal,
They feasted on fresh fish and bread that day,
While Jesus called them once again to come and follow Him,
He said, "Come with Me, I will lead the way."

Then Peter promised once again that he would never fail,
He'd tell of Jesus' love to all mankind,
He'd seek the lost, and heal the sick, no more would he deny,
That God's love gives pure vision to the blind.

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