

Monologue for March 26

Peter

My name is Peter. I would really like to forget my rash words: "Maybe the others will desert you, Lord, but not me." I said that very confidently. And when Jesus turned to me and said, "Before the rooster crows you will deny me three times," I was shocked! And hurt. Why would he say a thing like that?

In the garden of Gethsemane I was all zeal and bravado. I felt like I could protect Jesus from the clubs and swords of the crowd that showed up among the olive trees. I bravely slipped out my sword and cut off the ear of the priest's servant. It was a stupid, impulsive thing to do.

But it's my denial of Jesus that torments me. There at the courtyard fire I couldn't even admit to the maid, "Yes, I know Jesus. He's my friend. I'm his follower." Instead, I said, "No, I don't know the man."

Why couldn't I identify with him? Why couldn't I stand up for Jesus when he was facing the jeering crowds? Now I know how people feel when they wish they could go back and live some part of their lives over again. I wish I could have another chance. Do it better. Now, whenever I hear a rooster crow I think to myself: I couldn't have been more faithless....more cowardly.