

**THE STORY OF PETER IN LIMERICK METER**  
**Matthew 4:18-19, 16:21-35, 18:13-19**  
**by Jim Bornzin January 1998**

A young man named Simon Bar-Jona  
Had a fishing boat of his own-a  
A worthy old skow  
He loved her, and how!  
He called her his dearest Ramona!

Simon was from Galilee  
Made a living off fish from the sea,  
No fisherman meek  
He cussed a blue streak  
He was human, like you and like me.

Simon and Andrew his brother  
Were fishing one day like any other.  
Jesus said, "Follow me;  
Drop your nets by the sea."  
So they did, which startled their mother!

Said Simon, "Jesus, when I'm mad  
I find that I cuss like my dad.  
I know that my mother  
Said, 'Forgive your brother,'  
If I did, would God then be glad?"

So Jesus told Simon this story  
About a king in his glory,  
Called his servants to pay  
The debt owed that day,  
The punishment promised was gory!

One servant fell on his knees  
Begging, "Have patience, please!"  
Said the king, "You may live;  
Your debt I forgive;  
Return to your family at ease."

So skipping along on his way  
This servant, so merry and gay,  
An old friend he met  
Who owed him a debt;  
He said to his friend, "You must pay!"

His friend begged him, "Please forgive?"  
But he said, "That's no way to live;  
To the prison you go  
For the debt that you owe;  
You think I have mercy to give?"

The king heard this story so cruel  
And summoned the merciless fool.  
"To prison YOU go  
For the debt that YOU owe!  
Don't you know the Golden Rule?"

Said Simon, "That man was a nerd!"  
Jesus replied, "Have you heard?  
Forgive more than seven,  
I say, seventy times seven,  
Then you will live by God's Word."

Simon, no fisherman meek,  
Used to cuss til his deck hands were weak,  
But he learned a new way  
Called forgiveness that day  
Which the rest of his life he would seek.

Simon thought he was giving up fishin'  
To follow a Man with a mission,  
His old boat now leaning  
No longer had meaning  
Catching men was his new commission.

To Caesarea Philippi they came  
Said Jesus, "You all know my name,  
But who am I truly?  
The crowds grow unruly,  
I'm not in this game for the fame!"

"My friends, I'll put you on the spot,  
Who do men say I am and am not?"  
"Some say you're a king,  
We're not sure that's the thing."  
Said Jesus, "You're right, I am not."

Spoke Simon, who never held back,  
"I think I'm on the right track,  
You're the Christ, Son of God,  
And though that sounds odd,  
You're the Lord; there's nothing you lack."

Jesus' head had a strange kind of tilt;  
He thought he'd find nothing but silt,  
But while taking stock  
Found Peter, the Rock,  
"On such faith will my church be built!"

"To my kingdom I give you the keys,  
This doesn't mean do as you please;  
But love and forgive,  
As long as you live,  
And in heaven you'll find your ease."

Though a catcher of fish he had been  
You've heard the story again  
How Simon Bar-Jona  
Said good-by to Ramona,  
Became Peter, the fisher of men.