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Peter ...a saint in training

based on Acts 3:1-10

by Ralph Milton

from [Is This Your Idea of a Good Time, God?](#)

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Peter and John hurried along the street. Life had been so busy for them since the Sunday of Pentecost. There were so many things to think about.

"That was quite a day," John was saying. "And that was quite a speech you made, Peter. Quite a speech."

"I still can't believe I made that speech." Peter shook his head. "In front of all those people. Maybe I *was* drunk. I mean, where did I learn all that? All I know about is fishing."

"He was getting you ready," John said quietly.

"Who? What are you talking about?" Peter demanded.

"Jesus. Jesus was getting you ready to make that speech. Didn't you know that, Peter?"

"Make sense, John. I was the dumbest disciple of the bunch. I always had to ask Jesus three times before I got the point."

"That's just it, Peter. You asked three times. You kept asking till you understood. Some of the rest of us faked it. You kept asking. Maybe you weren't the smartest disciple, but you wisest. That's why Jesus called you Peter. The rock. Not brilliant. But faithful."

Peter thought about that as they walked along. The men were intent on getting to the temple for the hour of prayer. Peter couldn't remember when he had ever missed his prayer time. Even before he met Jesus, Peter went to synagogue regularly. Now it seemed even more important to pray every day.

"A few cents for a poor beggar!" The voice broke into their thoughts. "Just a few cents for a poor beggar. A few cents to buy a little food. Please!"

Peter stood for a long while looking deeply into the beggar's eyes. He looked at the man's lame leg twisted awkwardly under his body.

Peter took a long deep breath.

"Look at me!" Peter demanded. "I don't have any money to give you. But what I have I give. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, stand up and walk."

The man sat there blinking. He didn't move. Peter took his hand and lifted. Gradually, the man stood up. He wobbled a little, then slowly, tentatively, he began to walk. Then run. Then yell and shout, "Look at me! I can walk! I can walk!"

"I don't believe it," said Peter. "I don't believe it."

"You don't believe what?" asked John.

"I don't believe I healed that man."

"You didn't," said John. "God did. But you were ready to be God's agent. You've been preparing all your life, Peter. And now you are ready to be the rock on which God builds the church."

**Ralph Milton has written a number of books,
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