

## That Other Sword

With swords and staves they came to Him,  
In the middle of the night,  
But Peter full of love and zeal,  
With sword in hand would make things right.

He saw his Master in passive peace,  
Face foes with hearts all filled with hate,  
He in that moment felt his call,  
Must draw that sword and could not wait.

With quick response though badly aimed,  
He swung that sword in Jesus' name,  
That sword found flesh as made to do,  
Sliced Malchus' ear and off it came.

Now Jesus ever filled with grace and truth,  
Stopped mayhem's stride with a quick command,  
"Put up that sword" His voice rang clear,  
Then He healed that ear with touch of hand.

Yet while all this was taking place,  
Within that crowd, one sword was still,  
And never left its sheath that night,  
Restrained within by our Master's will.

Because that other sword, you see,  
Was brought with them for a higher cause,  
That men could know who sought by faith,  
What seekers know when led to pause.

That sword was resting still that night,  
And never cut the darkened air,  
Because our Master always taught,  
And that other sword was His lesson there.

The lesson that He taught is clear,  
If we by faith will understand,  
It's not by arms of men we win,  
But by God's sure and guiding hand.

Robert P. Myers