

# The temple called Beautiful

by [Brett Foster](#) in the [October 31, 2012](#) issue

At the ninth hour of prayer  
Peter and John, or “Jhon”  
as he renders it, ascended  
the stairs of the temple  
called Beautiful, encountered  
there a man halt from the womb.

The man, laid in the porch  
of the temple called Beautiful,  
desired alms of them about to enter,  
alms to anoint the unlevel  
walls and floors of the room  
that was his body, wasting away.

The entering pair “fastened”  
(he says) their eyes on him,  
the one asking, and said  
“Look on us.” And he did,  
he *gave heed unto them*,  
trusting to be their recipient

of something or other.  
“Silver and gold have I none,  
such as I have give I thee,”  
spoke Peter, giving his right hand.  
In the name of Jesu he lifted  
the lame one onto his ruined feet.

The offered hand retracted,  
bearing a weight unused to being  
lifted, even as their fastened look  
urged the man’s glance forward,

as if tethered or, better, a bungee cord  
springing upward in lively retreat.

Immediately his anklebones  
received strength. The recipient  
was rising up, was soon risen.  
He “sprang, stode, and also walked,”  
or so it goes in William Tyndale’s  
good glad version, robust

words like a jubilant tiding,  
fresh-faced for this story.  
*Walking and leaping and lauding*  
*god*, he accompanied the two  
in the temple, and *held* them, healed.  
We astonished crowded the gate,

passed through the elaborate  
entrance to the temple called Beautiful.  
We knew him, and therefore were  
all the more sorely amazed.  
We followed the praising trio  
deep into Solomon’s hall.