

apr 15

get up and win that race

"wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." heb 12:1

i know i may have used this poem before as a daily, but seeing all we are all going through at this time, i think it would be timely to repeat it here. don't give up. there is a finish line and it is in sight now. "being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." phil 1:6 running is racing and finishing is winning.

whenever i start to hang my head in front of failure's face,
my downward fall is broken by the memory of a race.
a children's race, young boys, young men; how i
remember well,
excitement sure, but also fear, it wasn't hard to tell.
they all lined up so full of hope, each thought to win
that race
or tie for first, or if not that, at least take second
place.
their parents watched from off the side, each cheering
for their son,
and each boy hoped to show his folks that he would be

the one.

the whistle blew and off they flew, like chariots of fire,

to win, to be the hero there, was each young boy's desire.

one boy in particular, whose dad was in the crowd, was running in the lead and thought "my dad will be so proud."

but as he speeded down the field and crossed a shallow dip,

the little boy who thought he'd win, lost his step and slipped.

trying hard to catch himself, his arms flew everywhere, and amidst the laughter of the crowd he fell flat on his face.

as he fell, his hope fell too; he couldn't win it now. humiliated, he just wished to disappear somehow.

but as he fell his dad stood up and showed his anxious face,

which to the boy so clearly said, "get up and win that race!"

he quickly rose, no damage done, behind a bit that's all,

and ran with all his mind and might to make up for his fall.

so anxious to restore himself, to catch up and to win, his mind went faster than his legs. he slipped and fell again.

he wished that he had quit before with only one disgrace.

"i'm hopeless as a runner now, i shouldn't try to race."

but through the laughing crowd he searched and found
his father's face
with a steady look that said again, "get up and win
that race!"
so he jumped up to try again, ten yards behind the
last.
"if i'm to gain those yards," he thought, "i've got to
run real fast!"
exceeding everything he had, he regained eight, then
ten...
but trying hard to catch the lead, he slipped and fell
again.
defeat! he lay there silently. a tear dropped from
his eye.
"there's no sense running anymore! three strikes i'm
out! why try?
i've lost, so what's the use?" he thought. "i'll live
with my disgrace."
but then he thought about his dad, who soon he'd have
to face.

"get up," an echo sounded low, "you haven't lost at
all,
for all you have to do to win is rise each time you
fall.
get up!" the echo urged him on, "get up and take your
place!
you were not meant for failure here! get up and win
that race!"
so, up he rose to run once more, refusing to forfeit,
and he resolved that win or lose, at least he wouldn't
quit.
so far behind the others now, the most he'd ever been,

still he gave it all he had and ran like he could win.
three times he'd fallen stumbling, three times he rose
again.

too far behind to hope to win, he still ran to the end.

they cheered another boy who crossed the line and won
first place,

head high and proud and happy – no falling, no
disgrace.

but, when the fallen youngster crossed the line, in
last place,

the crowd gave him a greater cheer for finishing the
race.

and even though he came in last with head bowed low,
unproud,

you would have thought he'd won the race, to listen to
the crowd.

and to his dad he sadly said, "i didn't do so well."

"to me, you won," his father said. "you rose each time
you fell."

and now when things seem dark and bleak and difficult
to face,

the memory of that little boy helps me in my own race.

for all of life is like that race, with ups and downs
and all.

and all you have to do to win is rise each time you
fall.

and when depression and despair shout loudly in my
face,

another voice within me says, "get up and win that
race!"

– attributed to dr. d.h. "dee" groberg

"for we all stumble in many ways. if anyone does not stumble in what he says, he is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body as well." james 3:2 nasb the question is: will we get up again, determined to finish our race? our Father God is always there, rooting us on to finish as strong as we might - but to finish. we are all God's "youngsters." we are all His workmanship, each created with our own unique set of chromosomes. He did not make us to be somebody else. He made us to be all we can become in Him.