

# GET UP AND WIN THE RACE

“Quit!” “Give up!” “You’re beaten!” They sometimes shout and plead,  
“There’s just too much against you now, this time you can’t succeed.  
And as 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 some, but also fear, it wasn’t heard to tell.  
They all lined up, so full of hope, each thought to win the race,  
Or tie for first, or if not that, at least get second place.  
And fathers watch from all the sides, each cheering for his son.  
And each boy hoped to show his dad that he would be the one.  
The whistle blew and off they went, young hearts and hope afire,  
To win, to be the hero, that was each young boys desire.



And one boy in particular, his dad was in the crowd,  
Was running near the lead and thought “my dad will be so proud!”  
But as he sped down the field across a shallow dip,  
The little boy who thought to win, lost his step and slipped,  
Trying hard to catch himself, his hands flew out to brace,  
And mid the laughter of the crowd, he fell flat on his face,  
So down he fell and with him hope, he couldn’t win it now;  
Embarrassed, sad, he only wished to disappear somehow.  
But as he fell, his dad stood up and showed his anxious face,  
Which to his boy so clearly said, “Get up and win the race!”

He quickly rose, no damage done... behind a bit that’s all.  
And ran with all his might and sought to make up for his fall,  
So anxious to restore himself, to catch 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 in the laughing crowd he searched and found his father’s face,  
That steady look that said again, “Get up and win the race!”

So he jumped up to try again, ten yards behind the last,  
“If I’m to gain these yards,” he thought, “I’ve got to run real fast”.  
Exceeding everything he had, he regained eight or ten,  
But tried so hard to reach the lead, he slipped and fell again.  
Defeat! He lay there silently, a tear dropped from his eye,  
“There’s no sense running any more, three strikes I’m out... why try?”

The will to rise had disappeared, all hope has fled away.  
So far behind, so error prone, loser all the way.  
“So what’s the use,” he thought “I’ll live with the disgrace”,  
But when he thought about his dad who soon he’d have to face,  
He rose to win once more and with a new commit,  
He resolved to win or lose, he would not ever quit.  
So far behind the others now, the most he’d ever been,  
Three times he’d fallen stumbling, three times he rose again.



They cheered the winning runner as he crossed the line in first place.  
Head high and proud and happy... No falling, no disgrace.  
But when the fallen youngster crossed the line... last place,  
The crowd gave him a greater cheer for finishing the race.  
And even though he came in last, with head bowed low, un-proud,  
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 hard and difficult to face,  
The memory of the little boy helps me in my own race,  
For all of life is like this race with ups and downs and all.  
And all you have to do to win is rise each time you fall!

“Quit!” “Give up!” “You’re beaten!” They’re shouting in my face



But yet another voice within me says... **“Get up and win the race!”**