"GET UP AND WIN THAT RACE!"

- How appropriate for some Neilah themes! (Uploaded by Doniel Kramer)

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Defeat! He lay there silently, a tear dropped from his eye, "
There's no sense running anymore- three strikes and I'm out- why try?"
The will to rise has disappeared, all hope had fled away, so far behind, so error prone, closer all the way.

"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, and echo sounded low, get up and take your place.
You were not meant for failure here, so get up and win the race.
With Borrowed will, "Get up!", It said, "You haven't lost at all, for winning is not more than this, to rise each time you fall."

So he rose to win once more, and with new commitment he resolved to 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 as though to win.
Three times he'd fallen stumbling, three times he rose again.
To far behind to hope to win, he still ran to the end.

They cheered the winning runner as he crossed.
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 the greater cheer for finishing the race.
And even though he came in last, with head bow low, unproud.
You would have thought he 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 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.
"Quit! Give up you're beaten," they will shout in my face.
But another voice within me says, "Get up and win that race!"
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