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The race

Well, we've had all the races we could wish for!

Or have we? We seem to spend most of our lives racing from one thing to another: always trying to achieve an elusive dream or an easier way of life.

I wonder if this is a race we need to run? Think of all the angst, fear of failure as seen by others, that we put ourselves through. What drives us? For what? So that our pride is pampered? So that our idea of ourselves is inflated? So we can feel cock of the walk and bolster our security? What is the sense in that? We can't take it with us when we die.

The bible speaks of a different sort of race. One which is not run by the swiftest. A race which is only worth running if it is run in the way that God intends for each of us. The track is marked out for us. We don't let other runners nudge us off the course or cut us up.

That's trouble.

The race we train for, persevere in and win is not for the glory of a crown or wreath which is lost, stolen or strays, withers and dies, destined to be forgotten.

It's a race which we win for ever! Joyful in eternity, thankfulness, fulfillment and blessing!

Go for gold and laurel leaves? Short termism. No. Go for God....for ever! There's no competition. Interested?