



Competition

Harold Myra

Winning Words of Champions, p.14

Lord, I know how Paul wanted me to compete; to fight my laziness, my selfishness, my desire to quit, my tendency to shove God into a corner, and run my life my way.

Competition grinds away my complacency, it polishes and lifts – lifts me to heights I didn't think possible. Competition demands my best, and that is of you.

I don't have to hate the guy who beats me – I can admire his ability, if God is in me...

Must I envy every time someone paints a great painting, or makes an "A" or hits a home run? Or can I rejoice in their art, their intelligence, their power? I am a child of God, unique, loved. I don't have to be what they are!...

Help me take that to the ballfield, Lord.

