

## ~ "RISE EACH TIME YOU FALL" ~

They all lined up so full of hope, each thought to win the race  
Or tie for first or if not that at least take a second place.  
And parents watched from off the side, each cheering for their child  
Each one hoped to show his folks that he would be the one.  
The whistle blew and off they went, young hearts and hopes afire  
To win and be the hero there was each runner's desire.  
And one runner in particular whose dad was in the crowd  
Was running near the lead and thought, "my dad will be so proud!"  
But as they speeded down the field across the shallow dip  
The runner 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 could not 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 the boy so clearly said "Get up and win the race."  
He quickly rose no damage done - to catch up and to win -  
His mind went faster than his legs; he slipped and fell again  
"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 which said again. "Get up and win the race."  
So up he jumped to try again - ten yards behind the last.  
"If I'm trying to gain those yards", he thought, "I've got to move real fast!"  
Exerting everything he had he regained eight of ten,  
But trying so hard to catch the lead, he slipped and fell again.  
Defeat! He laid there silently - a tear dropped from his eye  
There's no sense running anymore, three strikes I'm out. Why Try?  
The will to rise had disappeared; all hope had fled away.  
So far behind, so error prone, a loser all the way.  
"I've lost so what's the use?" he thought, "I'll have to live with my disgrace"  
But then he thought about his dad, who soon he'd have to face.  
"Get up!" an echo sounded low. "Get up and take your place."  
"With borrowed will get up" he said. "You haven't lost at all.  
For winning is no more than this: to rise each time you fall."  
So up he rose to run once more and now with new commit  
He resolved that win or lose, at least he would not 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.