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# SON RUNNERS

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... Press on Toward the High Calling of God in Christ



*Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,*

*I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

*Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded: and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you.*

**Philippians 3:13-15 (KJV)**

Brad Wyrick

## SON RUNNERS

How the crowds cheer the man with the ball in his hand.  
How glamorous is the winner's pit?  
So much earthly treasures stored up  
None to share with God's only Son.

How un-silent were the crowds when history lent a hand  
In the crucifixion of the Son of Man.  
But He is risen from the grave!

The race set before Him has He won!  
But not yet has the flag come  
To proclaim at the last trumpet  
The coming of the Son with His reward.

***Woe unto the hypocrites!***  
Empty and vain are your starting blocks.  
Vague to the sight of the prophets  
Now lifted-up from their race ran.

***Prayer Warriors*** are far and few in-between.  
Son Runners getting lost in worldly affairs.  
And not much of the **WORD** is read.

Built on solid rock or made of crumbling sand.  
No purpose to perseverance with the saints.  
Sad to see Son Runners departing the faith

So different are the games we play  
Eternally vital are the choices made  
Extremely different are the rewards we gain.  
How different in number are the participants  
**And what a shame.**