

#B 1948

*It's Just A Game*

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*Winter is past and now comes spring when the trees and the grass all turn green. Children take to the fields to play; while an old man takes time to pray. As the old man bends to his knees and bows his head, I listened to the words that the old man said..*

*Lord God Almighty, Omnipotent father, Master of everything. Ruler of heaven and earth, one who sees the sparrow in his flight and watches as the eagles soar to great heights, you made the sun, moon, and the stars for the light of day, night, and the signs for the years, months, days and seasons. Yet I know that thou doth care for these small children. Father; I come to you once again, like I have so many times before, to ask your guidance over these children today. You are such a big God and can do so much, while I am so small that I sometimes forget to watch, when I start to pray. So Lord; you keep an eye on them while I take time to say, thank you Lord again today. Help them to realize that it's just a, game, and that you are that One Great Scorer that will write against their name; it's not whether they win or lose, but how they play the game. Thanks again Lord I'll see you soon.*