We Give Our All to Christ

BY TERRY W. YORK

We give our all to Christ; our all, 'til all is his. With heart and soul and mind we run. The prize is all there is.

The prize is Christ, himself, whom all who finish win; the first and last are last and first for both have Christ within.

Omega, Alpha, he, this Christ who bids us run. A growing crowd of runners cheer the Christ, through whom they've won.

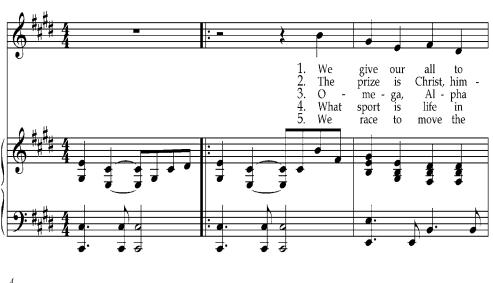
What sport is life in Christ—
its finish line, the start!
The savior dropped both wreath and crown to hold the runner's heart.

We race to move the wreath from our heads to his feet; the winner's crown, both prize and gift, returns to Christ, complete.

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TEAFF HART 6.6.8.6.