

A Game Guy's Prayer



DEAR GOD: Help me to be a sport in this little game of life. I don't ask for any place in the lineup; play me where you need me. I only ask for the stuff to give you a hundred per cent of what I've got. If all the hard drives come my way I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won't let anything come that You and I together can't handle. And help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help make me thankful for them.

"And, God, help me always to play on the square, no matter what the other players do. Help me to come clean. Help me to see that often the best part of the game is helping other guys. Help me to be a 'regular fellow' with the other players.

"Finally, God, if fate seems to uppercut me with both hands and I'm laid up on the shelf in sickness or old age, help me to take that as part of the game also. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frameup or that I had a raw deal. When in the dusk I get the final bell, I ask for no lying, complimentary stones. I'd only like to know that You feel I've been a good guy."

—CHAPLAIN'S DIGEST

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*W*E HAVE just run across the enclosed prayer of a true sportsman, which we think is very timely, due to the recent gambling scandals in the sport world.

Possibly you would like further copies of this to pass on to the athletic associations in your city, and especially high schools. If so, we will be glad to furnish them.

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