Worship: Steadfast, staying the course in trying times. (10 min)

My brother Vincie is a deep and passionate person. Now that he is in heaven, I am certain those traits are even greater. Vincie loves poetry and would recite it often. He loves this poem by Robert Service and introduced it to me in a prayer he prayed over his son, Oliver the first, born 1 ½ lbs and only as long as my hand. Oliver was a born premature and had to endure many surgeries in the first few days of his life. I will never forget Vincie as he prayed, cried and worshipped God for the gift of this little boy. Vincie would often muse that non-Christians often wrote about the struggle of life better than Christians.

Read the following poem slowly and enjoy the call to endurance and steadfastness then spend some time rejoicing in the Lord's endurance and steadfast love for you and that He would grow those qualities in your heart.

The Quitter -

When you're lost in the Wild, and you're scared as a child, And Death looks you bang in the eye, And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle To cock your revolver and . . . die.

But the Code of a Man says: "Fight all you can," And self-dissolution is barred. In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow . . . It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now that's a shame. You're young and you're brave and you're bright. "You've had a raw deal!" I know — but don't squeal, Buck up, do your damnedest, and fight.

It's the plugging away that will win you the day, So don't be a piker, old pard! Just draw on your grit, it's so easy to quit. It's the keeping-your chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten — and die; It's easy to crawfish and crawl; But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight — Why that's the best game of them all!

And though you come out of each grueling bout, All broken and battered and scarred, Just have one more try — it's dead easy to die, It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.