

COMPETITION IN THE FLESH...**COMPETITION IN THE SPIRIT...**

In the flesh, I believe it's true that if you're not cheating, you're not trying.

In the Spirit, I believe doing the right thing and honoring God is more important than acquiring victory, status, or attention by any means necessary.

In the flesh, I need to subtly demean or undermine my teammates in order to position myself better.

In the Spirit, I am secure enough in myself and in God's sovereignty over my situation that I can minister to my teammates and help them succeed while still trying to be number one on the depth chart.

In the flesh, I use conjured hatred toward my opponent as a motivation to compete, especially against my rivals.

In the Spirit, I compete to the fullest of my abilities in God's strength and am motivated to bring my best. I see this as a means of valuing my opponent, especially my rivals - as we push each other towards excellence.

In the flesh, I talk too much to try justifying my actions or to prove myself to others.

In the Spirit, I am careful with what I say and try to use words to build others up. If praise comes to me, I will let it be from the mouths of others and not from my own.

In the flesh, I am incredibly impatient with both myself and others, frustrated that things aren't perfect.

In the Spirit, I understand that I am in process - just like everyone else - and change takes time.

In the flesh, no matter the circumstances, I am unable to maintain peace because I cannot control what happens.

In the Spirit, no matter the circumstances, I experience peace because I can rest knowing God is in control of what happens.

In the flesh, I lose the battle with self-control: of my mind, of my mouth, of my body.

In the Spirit, I have access to victory - moment by moment - over my mind, my mouth, my body.

In the flesh, competition is all about me and getting mine, whether on the field or off.

In the Spirit, competition ultimately provides an opportunity to influence others and serve God, whether on the field or off.

In the flesh, I find myself inwardly pouting when I don't play, when we lose, when others get what I want.

In the Spirit, I can rejoice even in moments when things don't go my way.

In the flesh, I cut corners when no one is looking, whether in the weight room, the classroom, or the dorm room.

In the Spirit, I believe my character is developed when no one is looking—I am who I am when no one else is around.

In the flesh, I think more highly of myself than I ought, and tend to look down on others who aren't on the team.

In the Spirit, I thank God for the opportunity that I've been given, realizing that it could easily be taken away, and feel a genuine sense of humility when I'm with others who don't have that same opportunity.

In the flesh, I pretend to be something that I am not when I'm with others, highlighting my strengths and hiding my weaknesses.

In the Spirit, I never act like anything other than what I am--a combination of both good things and bad, saved by God's grace toward me.