

One Solitary Life

He was born in an obscure village, the son of a peasant woman.

He toiled in a carpenter's shop until he was 30.

He then became an itinerant preacher.

He never went to college or university.

He never did anything one usually associates with greatness.

At the age of 32, His closet friends denied Him.

He went through the mockery of a trial and was nailed to a cross
between two thieves.

While He was dying, His executioners gambled for the only thing He
owned on this earth, His robe.

It was only through the pity of a friend that He was laid to rest in a
borrowed grave, but He did not stay there.

On the third day He arose.

All the armies that ever marched . . .

All the navies that have ever sailed . . .

All the parliaments that ever sat . . .

All the kings that have reigned . . .

Since that time began, nothing has affected life on the face of this
earth as much as that one solitary life.

He never wrote a book.

He never held an office. He never lived in a big city.

He never traveled more than 200 miles from the place He was born.

He had n credentials but Himself.

Twenty centuries have come and gone, and today He is still the central
figure of the human race.