

ONE SOLITARY LIFE

He was born in an obscure village,
the child of ordinary people.
He grew up in a small town in a carpenter shop
until He was thirty.
Then for three years He was an itinerant preacher.
He never wrote a book.
He never held an office.
He never had a family or owned a house.
He didn't go to college.
He din none of the things one usually associates with
greatness.
He had no credentials but Himself.
He was only thirty-three when the tide of public opinion
turned against Him.
His friends ran away.
He was turned over to His enemies and went through the
mockery of a trial.
He was nailed to a cross between two thieves.
While He was dying His executioners gambled for His
clothing,
the only property He had on earth.
When He was dead, He was lain in a borrowed grave
through the pity of a friend.
Nineteen centuries have come and gone, and today He is
the central figure of the human race and the leader
of mankind's progress.
All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that
ever sailed all the parliaments that ever sat,
all the kings that ever reigned, put together,
have not affected the life of man on this earth as much
as that **One Solitary Life.** (Author Unknown)