

One Solitary Life

He was born in an obscure village the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village where he worked in a carpenter shop until he was 30. Then for 3 years he was an itinerant preacher. He never had a family or owned a home. He never set foot inside a big city. He never traveled 200 miles from the place he was born. He never wrote a book or held an office. He did none of the things that usually accompany greatness.

One Solitary Life

(continued)

While he was still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends deserted him. 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 dieing, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had, his coat. When he was dead, he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave.

One Solitary Life (continued)

Nineteen centuries have come and gone and today he is the central figure for much of the human race. All the armies that ever marched and all the navies that ever sailed and all the parliaments that ever sat and all the kings that ever reigned put together could not affect the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as this ...One Solitary Life.