

One, Solitary Life

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He was born in an obscure, insignificant village.
He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty.
He then became an itinerant preacher.
He never had a family, or owned a house.
He never traveled more than thirty miles from His home town.
He didn't go to college; He had no credentials but Himself.
As a child, he taught the elders of the temple a thing or two,
He turned water into wine,
He was tempted by the Devil Himself, but He never sinned.
He healed the sick,
He made the blind to see,
He caused the deaf to hear,
He cured the Lepers,
He made crippled men walk,
He raised people from the dead.
He forgave repentant sinners,
He rebuked the self-righteous hypocrites.
He was only 33 when the public turned against Him.
His friends ran away,
He was turned over to His enemies.
He endured the travesty of a mock trial.
He was flogged and mercilessly beaten.
He was spat upon and ridiculed.
His teachings were laughed to scorn.
He was nailed to a cross between two thieves.
While He was dying, He became our sinless substitute.
He prayed for His executioners, as soldiers gambled for His clothing; the only property He had on Earth.
His body was laid in a borrowed tomb.
It is a historical fact that three days later, He was raised from the dead.
Twenty centuries have come and gone,
And today, He is the central figure of the entire human race.
All the armies that ever marched,
All the navies that ever set sail,
All the Parliaments that ever sat,
And all the kings that ever reigned,
Have not affected the life of Man on this Earth as much as that
One solitary life.

