

One Solitary Life

He was born of Jewish parents in an obscure village – the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village where he walked in a carpenter's shop till he was 30, and then for three years became an itinerant preacher.

He never wrote a book; he never held office; he never owned a house; he never had a family. He never went to college; he never put his foot inside a big city. He never travelled 200 miles from the place he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

While he was still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away; one betrayed him; one denied him. He was turned over to his enemies and went through a mockery of a trial.

He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property he owned on earth – and that was his robe.

When he was dead he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave, through the pity of a friend.

Twenty centuries have come and gone and today he is the centre-piece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

All the armies that ever marched

All the navies that sailed the seas

All the Parliaments that ever sat, and

All the kings that ever reigned put together have not affected

The life of man on earth as powerfully as

That one solitary life.