

Wild Blessings Advent
One Solitary Life

*He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman.
He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years
He was an itinerant teacher.*

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 never did one of the things that usually accompanies 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 of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies.

He went through a mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves.

His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth, His seamless robe.

When He was dead, He was taken down from the cross and laid in a borrowed grave.

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

*All the armies that ever marched,
and all the navies that ever sailed,
all the parliaments that ever sat,
and 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.