*He was born in a small village, the child of a peasant woman.*

*He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty.*

*Then, for three years he was a traveling preacher.*

*He never wrote a book,*

*Never held an office,*

*Never owned a home,*

*Never had a family,*

*Never went to college.*

*He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born.*

*While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him.*

*His friends ran away; one denied him; another betrayed him.*

*He was turned over to his enemies and subjected to a mockery of a trial.*

*Then they nailed him to a cross between two thieves.*

*While dying, his executioners gambled for his clothes, the only property he owned.*

*After he was pronounced dead, he was taken down and laid in a borrowed tomb.*

*Twenty centuries have come and gone and today he is the center of the human race.*

*All the armies that ever marched, 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 as powerfully as this one solitary life.*