

# ONE

Here is a man who was born of Jewish parents, the child of a peasant woman. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born.

# SOLITARY

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. One of them denied him. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth—his coat. When he was dead, he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

# LIFE

Nineteen long centuries have come and gone, and he is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress. I am well within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched and all the navies that were ever built have not affected the life of humanity upon earth as has that one solitary life. (Anonymous)