
"Jesus came down to us . . .



to open the door of our hearts."

A Man with overwhelming Power

There was a man born of Jewish parents in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman.

He grew up in another obscure village.

He worked in a carpenter's shop until he was thirty, and then for three years was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He

never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. While still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. He was turned over to His enemies.

He went through the mockery of a trial. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had. His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend. Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today, He is the centerpiece of much of the human race. All the armies that have ever marched . . .

all the navies that ever were built

. . . all the parliaments that ever sat . . .

All the kings that ever reigned . . .

Put Together . . .

have not affected the life of man upon this earth . . .

as powerfully . . . as has that . . .

One Solitary Life.
