

# One Solitary Life

He was born in an obscure village  
The child of a peasant woman  
He grew up in another obscure village  
Where he worked in a carpenter shop  
Until he was thirty

He never wrote a book  
He never held an office  
He never went to college  
He never visited a big city  
He never travelled more than two hundred miles  
From the place where he was born  
He did none of the things  
Usually associated with greatness  
He had no credentials but himself  
He was only thirty three

His friends ran away  
One of them denied him  
He was turned over to his enemies  
And went through the mockery of a trial  
He was nailed to a cross between two thieves  
While dying, his executioners gambled for his clothing  
The only property he had on earth  
When he was dead  
He was laid in a borrowed grave  
Through the pity of a friend

Nineteen centuries have come and gone  
And today Jesus is the central figure of the human race  
And the leader of mankind's progress  
All the armies that have ever marched  
All the navies that have ever sailed  
All the parliaments that have ever sat  
All the kings that ever reigned put together  
Have not affected the life of mankind on earth  
As powerfully as that one solitary life

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