

One Life

He was born in a stable,
In an obscure village.
From there He traveled,
Less than 200 miles.

He never won an election,
He never went to college.
He never owned a home,
He never had a lot of money.

He became a nomadic preacher,
Popular opinion turned against Him,
He was betrayed by a close friend,
And His other friends ran away.

He was unjustly condemned to death,
Crucified on a cross among common thieves,
On a hill overlooking the town dump,
And when dead, laid in a borrowed grave.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone,
Empires have risen and fallen,
Mighty armies have marched,
And powerful rulers have reigned.

Yet no one has affected men as much as He,
He is the central figure of the human race,
He is the Messiah, the Son of God,
JESUS CHRIST