Jesus

born in an obscure village
the son of a peasant woman
He worked as a carpenter and then
became an itinerant preacher ....

He never held an office, attended college, owned a home.
He had no credentials but himself.
His friends ran away.
He was turned over to enemies and nailed to a cross
between two thieves.
While He was dying, His executioners gambled for His clothing.
He was laid in a borrowed grave.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone and today He
is the central figure 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
have not affected the life of man on this earth as much as that
One Solitary Life.

May His presence fill your heart this
Christmas and throughout the year.

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.
2 Corinthians 9:15

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