

## *There is no one like this man!*

More than nineteen hundred years ago there was a Man born contrary to the laws of life. This man lived in poverty and was reared in obscurity. He did not travel extensively. Only once did He cross the boundary of the country in which He lived; that was during His exile in childhood. He possessed neither wealth nor influence. His relatives were inconspicuous, and had neither training nor formal education.

In infancy He startled a king; in childhood He puzzled teachers; in manhood He ruled the course of nature, walked upon the waves as if pavements, and hushed the sea to sleep.

He healed the multitudes without medicine and made no charge for His service. He never wrote a book, and yet all the libraries of the country could not hold the books that have been written about Him. He never wrote a song, and yet He has furnished the theme for more songs than all the songwriters combined. He never founded a college, but all the schools put together cannot boast of having as many students. He never marshalled an army, or drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun; and yet no leader ever had more volunteers who have, under His orders, made more rebels stack arms and surrender without a shot being fired. He never practiced psychiatry, and yet He has healed more broken hearts than all the doctors far and near.

Once each week the wheels of commerce used to cease their turning and multitudes found their way to worshipping assemblies to pay homage and respect to Him. The names of the past proud statesmen of Greece and Rome have gone. The names of past scientists, philosophers and theologians have come and gone; but the name of this Man abounds more and more. Though time has spread more than nineteen hundred years between the people of this generation and the scene of His crucifixion, yet He still lives. Herod could not destroy Him, and the grave could not hold Him.

He stands forth upon the highest pinnacle of heavenly glory, proclaimed of God, acknowledged by angels, adored by saints, and feared by devils, as the living, personal Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

Each year His "official" birthday is celebrated by believer and unbeliever. At Christmas businesses make more money encouraging others to do what He came to die for than at any other season. Gluttony, greed, selfishness and drunkenness abound. Shame and regret trace the steps of many of the "happy" party goers.

Complaints are half-seriously put forward that religion is even being brought in to Christmas these days. No wonder some reject the whole concept and "throw out the baby with the bath water".

But "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," comments one of the writers of the Bible, "of whom I am worst." Two thousand years ago Christ was not wanted. There was no room for such a person. Sin and selfishness ensured that His mother had to give birth, not in a stable, but, in all probability out in the open.

He was rejected because of who He was and what He said. Caiaphas, the



religious leader of the day would not admit and confess his hypocrisy. Pilate, the ruler, did not want any trouble. It was convenient to go with the flow. Herod simply enjoyed his pleasures, and didn't want them interrupted. Everyone had a convenient reason why they would not receive Him: and so they rejected Him and crucified Him.

But, it was at His death that Christ finished what He had come to do. Death is the one appointment we all keep. "After this the judgment" writes another Bible author. Christ took that judgment. There is one thread that is unbroken as it binds the Bible together. It is the teaching that a Saviour would be provided for the one great need of man. Sin must be dealt with or it will drag us lower than the grave. Death is not the end, but in Christ there is an end of death.

It is Christ who makes bad men good, who turns beer into furniture in their homes, who turns the hearts of parents to their children and takes the rebellion out of the home.

And it is only Christ who has lived the life we ought to have lived and died the death we deserve to die.

And there is no other name under the whole heaven, given to mankind by which any of us are to be saved.

Let me urge you to believe in Him, turning from your sin, to be baptised and to join yourself to a local group of believers in a church.