

Noah Webster defines "blight" . . . "to blast, ruin, frustrate . . . anything that causes blight or that withers ones hopes." So this is Jesus! Strange, strange reasoning indeed! I rise to His defense in recrimination of Communism. What is its bloody record?

Iron and Bamboo Curtains behind which masses of **frustrated** humanity are enslaved! Multiplied millions of human beings languishing in involuntary labor camps, their hopes **withered**! The sanctity of the home **blasted**! Belief in the dignity of the individual **blighted**! All of which can be proved beyond question.

In Russia tens of thousands of churches have been either razed to the ground or converted to profane uses. Millions of lives have been sacrificed upon Communism's Godless altar either by martyrdom or exile, many for their faith in God. In China mass executions of Christians and the expelling or imprisonment of foreign Christian missionaries is the order of the day. School children are taught to sing in respect to their Red leader, "I hate my mother, I hate my Father, but I love Mao Tse Tung." An unholy alliance between Stalin and Mao is reportedly afoot . . . a plan to systematically liquidate one hundred million Chinese. "Black Sunday" will live in infamy in Korea, the land of the "little Bamboo Curtain" for on that day ten thousand Christians were massacred in the streets of Seoul. Their crimes? . . . they were Christians! Does not this sound more like "blight . . . ruin . . . frustration . . . withering one's hopes?"

Now look at Jesus Christ! See Him compassionating over the masses, feeding the hungry, forgiving the penitent, comforting the sorrowing, healing the sick, raising the fallen and placing a value upon the individual human soul beyond that of the world. In life He "went about doing good." Dying, He prayed forgiveness upon those who killed Him. Entombed, He arose triumphant from the grave. Two millenniums later men under every sky read what He said in over a thousand languages and His character remains a standing challenge to mankind. To this day a man must confess with Pilate, "I find no fault in Him."

Jesus Christ stands forth on the pinnacle of perfection. Every seventh day the wheels of commerce stop in deference to that "first day of the week before dawn" when He conquered death. The world still has its Christmas (except in Communist lands) in commemoration of His birth. Easter is still a red letter day on the calander, and the vast majority of earth's peoples date a letter "in the year of our Lord."

Notwithstanding the innuendos of Communists, Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, today and forever." He is the miracle of the ages and His church is His monument. No sinner ever turned to Him without becoming a Christian, no Christian ever looked to Him without becoming a better Christian. His best apologists are transformed lives . . . men and women who have proved indeed that "Christ is the power of God" in human experience. In this troubled, confused age "He ever liveth to make