

JOB 16 vs 1

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Little is known about Job, but what we do know is that Job was a real person -- mentioned in Ezekiel 14; and James 5. To help us understand what speculative wisdom was being exchanged among these 4 friends, I went to the end of the book, to hear its conclusion, and we read: the LORD said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My anger is ignited against you, and against your two friends: for you have not spoken of Me what is right, as My servant Job has. These 4 friends were clueless to what brought them together; so their guesses and rumors run freely through the pages dressed in friendship. .



endless speculations
half-true assumptions
guesses, feelings
unfounded reports
based on nothing real

Job is overwhelmed and knows least of all what happened

Job

Job Criticizes His Merciless Friends,

¹ Then Job answered and said:

² I have heard many such things; miserable comforters are you all!

³ Will words of wind have an end? Or what provokes you that you answer?

⁴ I also could speak as you do, If your soul were in my soul's place. I could heap up words against you, And shake my head at you;

⁵ but I would strengthen you with my mouth, And the comfort of my lips would relieve your grief.

⁶ Though I speak, my grief is not relieved; And if I remain silent, how am I eased?

⁷ But now He has worn me out; You have made desolate all my company.

⁸ You have shriveled me up, And it is a witness against me; my leanness rises up against me and bears witness to my face.

⁹ He tears me in His wrath, and hates me; He gnashes at me with His teeth; my adversary sharpens His gaze on me.

¹⁰ They stare at me with their mouth, they strike me wearily on the cheek, they gather together against me.

¹¹ God has delivered me to the merciless, and turned me over to the hands of the wicked.

¹² I was at ease, but He shattered me; He also took me by my neck, and shook me to pieces; He has set me up for His target,

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¹³ His archers surround me. He pierces my heart and does not pity; He pours out my gall on the ground.

¹⁴ He breaks me with wound upon wound; He rushes me like a warrior.

¹⁵ I have sewn sackcloth over my skin, And laid my head in the dust.

¹⁶ My face is flushed from weeping, And on my eyelids is the shadow of death;

¹⁷ Although no violence is in my hands, And my prayer is pure.

¹⁸ O earth, do not cover my blood; let my cry have no resting place!

¹⁹ Surely even now my witness is in heaven, And my evidence is on high.

²⁰ My friends scorn me; My eyes pour out tears to God.

²¹ Oh, that one might plead for a man with God, As a man pleads for his neighbor!

²² For when a few years are finished, I will go the way of no return.

The Problem of Pain – by C.S.Lewis

Right & Wrong – CSLewisDoodle

The Poison of Subjectivism – CSLewisDoodle my feelings

We Have Cause To Be Uneasy -- CSLewisDoodle

Every Praise