

JOB 17 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. .



Job Prays for Relief,

¹ My spirit is broken, my days are extinguished, the grave is ready for me.

² Are not scoffers with me? And does not my eye dwell on their annoyance?

³ Now put down a pledge for me with Yourself. Who will shake hands with me?

⁴ For You have hidden their heart from understanding; So You will not exalt them. / notice, Job continues to speak directly to God, evidence of his life habit and practice.

⁵ He who speaks flattery to his friends, Even the eyes of his children will fail.

⁶ But He has made me a byword of the people, And I have become one in whose face men spit.

⁷ My eye has also grown dim because of sorrow, And all my members are like shadows.

⁸ Upright men are astonished at this, And the innocent stirs himself up against the hypocrite.

⁹ Yet the right one will hold to his way, And he who has clean hands will be stronger and stronger.

¹⁰ But please, come back again, all of you, For I will not find one wise man among you.

¹¹ My days are past, My purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.

¹² They change the night into day; The light is near, they say, in the face of darkness.

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

Job is overwhelmed and knows least of all what happened

Job

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¹³ If I wait for the grave as my house, If I make my bed in the darkness,

¹⁴ If I say to corruption, You are my father, And to the worm, You are my mother and my sister,

¹⁵ Where then is my hope? As for my hope, who can see it?

¹⁶ Will they go down to the gates of Sheol? Will we have rest together in the dust?

The Problem of Pain – by C.S.Lewis

Right & Wrong – CSLewisDoodle

The Funeral of a Great Myth -- CSLewisDoodle

The Poison of Subjectivism – CSLewisDoodle my feelings

We Have Cause To Be Uneasy -- CSLewisDoodle

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