JOB 27 vs 1



Little is known about Job, but what we do know it 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 Maintains His Integrity,

¹Moreover Job continued his discourse, and said:

² As God lives, who has taken away my justice, And the Almighty, who has made my soul bitter,

³As long as my breath is in me, And the breath of God in my nostrils,

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

Job

- ⁴ My lips will not speak wickedness, Nor my tongue utter deceit.
- ⁵ Far be it from me, that I should say you are right; Till I die I will not put away my integrity from me.
- ⁶ My rightness I hold fast, and will not let it go; My heart will not reproach me as long as I live.
- ⁷ May my enemy be like the wicked, And he who rises up against me like the unrighteous.
- ⁸ For what is the hope of the hypocrite, Though he may gain much, If God takes away his life?
- ⁹ Will God hear his cry When trouble comes upon him?
- ¹⁰ Will he delight himself in the Almighty? Will he always call on God?
- ¹¹ I will teach you about the hand of God; What is with the Almighty I will not conceal.
- ¹² Surely all of you have seen it; Why then do you behave with complete nonsense?
- ¹³ This is the portion of a wicked man with God, And the heritage of oppressors, received from the Almighty:

JOB 27 vs 1



¹⁴ If his children are multiplied, it is for the sword; And his offspring will not be satisfied with bread.

15 Those who survive him will be buried in death, And their widows will not weep,

¹⁶ Though he heaps up silver like dust, And piles up clothing like clay –

¹⁷ He may pile it up, but the just will wear it, And the innocent will divide the silver.

¹⁸ He builds his house like a moth, Like a booth which a watchman makes.

¹⁹ The rich man will lie down, But not be gathered up; He opens his eyes, And he is no more.

²⁰ Terrors overtake him like a flood; A tempest steals him away in the night.

²¹ The east wind carries him away, and he is gone; It sweeps him out of his place.

²² It hurls against him and does not spare; He flees desperately from its power.

²³ Men will clap their hands at him, And will hiss him out of his place.

The Funeral of a Great Myth -- CSLewisDoodle

Right & Wrong - CSLewisDoodle

We Have Cause To Be Uneasy -- CSLewisDoodle

The Problem of Pain - by C.S.Lewis

Every Praise