

# JOB 30 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's Wealth Now Poverty,

**<sup>1</sup> Now they mock at me, men younger than I, whose fathers I disdained to put with the dogs of my flock. /** so after reminiscing for a moment, Job is brought back to reality: his appalling state.

**<sup>2</sup> Indeed, what profit is the strength of their hands to me? Their vigor has perished.**

**<sup>3</sup> They are gaunt from want and famine, Fleeing late to the wilderness, desolate and waste,**

**<sup>4</sup> Who pluck mallow by the bushes, And broom tree roots for their food.**

**<sup>5</sup> They were driven out from among men, They shouted at them as at a thief.**

**<sup>6</sup> They had to live in the clefts of the valleys, In caves of the earth and the rocks.**

**<sup>7</sup> Among the bushes they brayed, Under the nettles they nestled.**

**<sup>8</sup> They were sons of fools, Yes, sons of vile men; They were scourged from the land.**

**<sup>9</sup> And now I am their taunting song; Yes, I am their byword.**

**<sup>10</sup> They abhor me, they keep far from me; They do not hesitate to spit in my face.**

**<sup>11</sup> Because He has loosed my bowstring and afflicted me, They have thrown off restraint before me.**

**<sup>12</sup> At my right hand the rabble arises; They push away my feet, And they raise against me their ways of destruction.**

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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<sup>13</sup> They break up my path, They promote my calamity; They have no helper.

<sup>14</sup> **They come as broad breakers; Under** the ruinous storm they roll along.

<sup>15</sup> Terrors are turned upon me; They pursue my honor as the wind, And my prosperity has passed like a cloud.

<sup>16</sup> Now my soul is poured out because of my plight; The days of affliction take hold of me.

<sup>17</sup> My bones are pierced in me at night, And my gnawing pains take no rest.

<sup>18</sup> By great force my garment is disfigured; It binds me about as the collar of my coat.

<sup>19</sup> He has thrown me into the mire, And I have become like dust and ashes.

<sup>20</sup> I cry out to You, but You do not answer me; I stand up, and You regard me.

<sup>21</sup> But You have become cruel to me; With the strength of Your hand You oppose me.

<sup>22</sup> You lift me up to the wind and cause me to ride on it; You spoil my success.

<sup>23</sup> For I know that You will bring me to death, And to the house appointed for all living.

<sup>24</sup> Surely He would not stretch out His hand against a heap of ruins, If they cry out when He destroys it.

<sup>25</sup> Have I not wept for him who was in trouble? Has not my soul grieved for the poor?

<sup>26</sup> But when I looked for good, evil came to me; And when I waited for light, then came darkness.

<sup>27</sup> My heart is in turmoil and cannot rest; Days of affliction confront me.

<sup>28</sup> I go about mourning, but not in the sun; I stand up in the assembly and cry out for help.

<sup>29</sup> I am a brother of jackals, And a companion of ostriches.

<sup>30</sup> My skin grows black and falls from me; My bones burn with fever.

<sup>31</sup> My harp is turned to mourning, And my flute to the voice of those who weep.

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**The Funeral of a Great Myth** -- CSLewisDoodle