

Lesson 2: Job 4-7

#### A Very Quick Review

- Two challenges issued by Satan:
  - "Touch all that that he has, and he will surely curse You to Your face" (1:11).
  - "Touch his bone and his flesh, and he will surely curse You to Your face" (2:5).
- Did Job ever prove Satan wrong! He maintained his faith in God and did not sin.

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- Three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, "made an appointment together to come and mourn with him, and to comfort him" (2:11).
- "They sat down with him on the ground for 7 days and 7 nights, and no one spoke a word to him, for they saw that that his grief was very great" (2:13).
- Then, in chapter 3, Job broke the silence with a long lamentation.

### Introductory Thoughts

- How would you assess the tone/overall approach used by Eliphaz?
- Looking at Job's long lamentation in chapter 3, and his response to Eliphaz in chapters 6–7, what seems to trouble Job the most?
- Does Job address his thoughts only to Eliphaz, or to all three friends?

- Will you become weary or impatient with me if I speak, because how can I hold back from speaking? (4:2).
- You have instructed, strengthened, and upheld others who were experiencing difficulty; but now that YOU experience it, you are weary and troubled (4:3-5).

- You find confidence and hope in your reverence, in your integrity, but these troubles you have—when have they ever happened to the innocent? (4:6–7).
- To the contrary, it's those who plow iniquity and sow trouble who reap such a bitter harvest. God destroys them with the breath of His anger, no matter how strong or fierce they may be (4:8–11).

I had a disturbing dream in which a spirit passed before my face and then stood still. There was silence; then I heard a voice say, "Can a man be more righteous, more pure than God? If He puts no trust in His angels, and charges them with error, how much more so those who live on this earth? They are broken in pieces; they perish forever; they die without wisdom" (4:12–21).

- Call out now; is there anyone who will answer you?
  (5:1).
- Foolish people may take root, but they wither quickly—they are crushed in the gate, their harvest and wealth eaten or seized by others. Such affliction does not come from the dust; nor does trouble spring from the ground (5:3–7).

As for me, I would seek God. He does great and marvelous things, beyond what He does to replenish the earth. The poor and lowly, the needy, those who mourn—He lifts them up and saves them from trouble, but the wise and cunning—He catches them in their own devices (5:8–16).

- Don't despise the Lord's chastening. Yes, he wounds, but He also heals. Heed His correction and in time He will abundantly bless you and your descendants (5:17-26).
- We have given this serious thought and know it's true. Hear it so you can know it for yourself (5:27).

Does a wild donkey bray when it has grass? Does an ox bellow when it has fodder? Yes, my words have been rash, but I have a right to complain. If grief and calamity could be weighed on a scale, it would be heavier than the sand of the sea. God's poisonous arrows are within me; His terrors are arrayed against me. There is nothing appetizing about this; it's like loathsome food to me (6:1-7).

Oh, that God would grant my request, that He would loose me and let me die. At least I have this consolation—that I have not denied the words of the Holy One. But how much longer can I endure, for I do not have the strength of stones, or flesh of bronze? (6:8–13).

• One who is afflicted should be shown kindness, but my brothers have dealt deceitfully, just like a brook that dries up in the summer heat. Just when things get hot and dry, just when its water is needed most, it dries up. By the same token, what I need most you have not given (6:14–23).

- If you'll just show me where I have erred, I'll keep quiet. Look at me, I am not someone who would lie to your face. My righteousness still stands! (6:24-30).
- Like a soldier, a hired man, and a servant, I long for relief from my toil—but it never comes. Night, a time of rest for most, brings no relief because I toss and turn till dawn (7:1-4).

My flesh is caked with worms and dust; my skin is cracked and breaks out afresh. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle and spent without hope. My life is but a breath; those who see me now will soon see me no more; I will never see good again. One who dies will never return; he will never return to his house (7:5–10).

■ Therefore, I will not keep silent; I will cry out in anguish and bitterness. \*(Begins now to address God directly).\* Why do you set a guard over me? If I say my bed will comfort me, I then have terrible dreams and visions. I would rather have death. Leave me alone, for my days are but a breath (7:11–16).

■ God, why do you single me out for attention? How long will this continue? Will you ever turn your gaze away from me? Have I sinned? What have I done to You? Why do you not pardon my iniquity, while you can still find me? (7:17–21).