

The Story of Job

Narrator: In the land of Uz, not Oz, there lived a man named Job, not Steve Jobs. He was a very good person. He loved God and stayed away from doing *anything* bad.

He also had great possessions. He drove the latest model camel and had 3000 to choose from. He had the palace of tents – many flaps with many chambers for his very large family. He had a beautiful wife, 3 gorgeous daughters, 7 handsome sons, oh, and 7,000 sheep, 500 teams of oxen, 500 donkeys and lots of servants.

One day Satan decided to visit God.

God: Hey, devil, take a look at my son, Job. Have you ever seen such an honest and good man?

Satan: I'd be good too if I had all he had. He doesn't lack anything. He has one and two hump camels. It looks like he has a wide-screen TV, an iphone, the latest Wii station with the sports edition, taco chips and guacamole. What more could you ask for? If you made his life miserable, he'd curse you instead of bless you.

God: I don't believe it for a second. There is no one as true as Job. He is a good guy in every way. He is faithful to me. He is loving to his family and servants. He works hard. What more could I ask?

Satan: You know, I know you think he's a great guy, but I bet if I make his life miserable, he'll forget you in a heartbeat.

God: Are you kidding? He's my most faithful follower. He is an example for everyone to follow.

Satan: He won't even like you when I'm finished with him. Come on, let me give Job a bad time and see if he even remembers you. He'll bad mouth you to your face.

God: He won't. I don't believe it. Go ahead and try. Job will be faithful to me, mark my words.

Satan: Can I do anything to him?

God: Do what you will, but don't hurt him.

Narrator: Well, Satan was happy about that. He knew he would find a way to get Job to curse God.

Job is sitting when a messenger approaches him.

Messenger 1: Oh, Master, something awful has happened. Those lousy neighbors, the Sabeans, attacked us in the field and took all your donkeys and oxen and killed all your workers but me; I'm the only one left.

Narrator: Before Job could speak, another messenger arrives.

Messenger 2: Oh, Master, lightning hit the sheep and shepherds and fried them to a crisp. I'm the only one left.

Narrator: Before Job could lift his hand, another messenger arrives.

Messenger 3: Oh, Master, Chaldeans came in from the north, south, and west, and took all your camels.

Narrator: While Job is catching his breath, the last messenger arrives.

Messenger 4: Oh, Master, a tornado whipped through your oldest son's home and killed all your children, who were feasting. There is no one and nothing left.

Narrator: This was terrible news for Job. He immediately went into mourning. When Jews were sad, they ripped their clothes, men shaved their heads, and then they sprinkled dust on their heads. Job ripped his robe, shaved his head, and prayed to God.

He didn't bad mouth God, he didn't blame God; he just said,

Job: Blessed be the name of God for ever.

Narrator: Well, Satan went back to visit God, and God said...

God: See – there is Job without family and possessions, and he is still praising me.

Satan: Well, he won't if I make him sick. Once he loses his health, he'll curse you – just you watch. I'll make him hate the day he was born.

God: Now you be careful. He's a faithful son. Don't you dare kill him.

Satan: Oh I won't, but he'll wish he was dead and he'll blame you for everything.

Narrator: So, Satan covered Job in awful sores. They were messy and painful.

Job's Wife: Why do you keep praising God? He's made you sick, you oaf. Curse Him, don't bless Him.

Job: We have good days and we have some bad days, but it isn't God's fault. I will keep loving and honoring God as long as I live.

Narrator: In those days, people believed that if you got sick, God caused it because you did something wrong. So now three of Job's friends are coming to see him.

Job: My good friend, Eliphaz, thank you for coming.

Eliphaz: Job, I had no idea you looked so awful. I came to support you, good buddy. What did you do to make God do this to you?

Job: I have done nothing, I am innocent.

Eliphaz: You are not innocent or this wouldn't have happened to you. Job, look who's here. Hi, Bildad.

Bildad: Hi, Eliphaz, fancy meeting you here. Oooo yuck – Job, you look terrible. I just came by to cheer you up, pal. You really must have wronged God to get into this mess. Why don't you pray and ask God to forgive you?

Job: Bildad, nice of you to stop by, but you're the one who is wrong. I have done nothing wrong. God be praised.

Bildad: Come on, you can't tell me you've done nothing wrong. Look dude, you've lost your home, children, servants, and everything you owned. God's trying to tell you something.

Job: The only thing God is trying to tell me is to trust Him. He's my friend!

Zophar: Friend? – Yowza – what on earth happened to you, Job? You look like road kill. I'm just stopping by to pray for you. But God really must be angry with you for something to let all this happen. You are too proud to admit it.

Job: Zophar, pride has nothing to do with it. What is it with you guys? Can't you get it through your thick heads, I've done nothing wrong. I love God and God loves me.

Zophar: Hey, I don't want God loving me that much! In fact, I don't think I want to stand so close to you when you're lying like that to God.

Job: Some friends and comforters you are. God is good and I don't blame Him for anything. Including sending friends like you to visit me.

Narrator: Well, his friends kept telling him God was punishing him for something. Job kept protesting his innocence and love for God. This went on for days, and his friends and his wife told him he'd be better off if he'd just curse God and die. This didn't make Job happy. God decided to intervene.

God: Job, I hear you. Pull yourself together, good buddy. I've got a few questions for you. Where were you when I created the earth? Who do you think came up with the blueprints for creation? Did you ever look at the unfolding of a flower? How many whiskers on a cat? How strong is a rhino? Ever count how many stars are in the sky? Job, what do you have to say for yourself? Are you going to haul me into court and blame me for your life?

Job: Yikes, it's you, God. Okay, I'm ready to shut up and listen to you.

God: I run the universe. Don't try to dismiss me or make yourself larger than me.

Job: Okay, I get it -- or do I? I know you are in control and I am not. I must yield to you and obey you. I do!

God: Now I have a few things to say to your so-called friends. Eliphaz – I'm fed up with you and your two friends. You haven't been honest with me or with Job. You dare to call yourselves friends! Go, make a sacrifice to me. Then ask Job to pray for you.

Narrator: And Job did as God asked and prayed for his friends and he ended up with 14,000 sheep, 6000 camels, 1000 teams of oxen and 1000 donkeys. He also had seven sons and three daughters. He named his daughters Jemima (Little Dove); Kezia (Cassia which is a type of spice) and Keren-happuch (Dark Eyes). No woman was ever as beautiful as his daughters. And they were considered equals among their brothers and entitled to an inheritance.

Job lived another 140 years and had a good life because he was righteous and faithful.