

In our last podcast, we discussed the fear that causes people, like Job's friends, to say terrible things, religious diatribe that simply does not help, and how in their fear they make what is happening to the one suffering all about themselves. But the watcher of all humanity has made Job his target not because he did anything "bad" and not because Job is a burden, not because he is like the raging sea or the fire burning dragon, but because He is obsessed with Job and wants to give Job the opportunity to know and experience even more of Him. Let's pick back up in Chapter 7 where we will surprisingly cover the entire chapter. **EP27 Yahweh According to Job, Job 7:1-21.**

Job 7

Job 7:1-11

Is not all human life a struggle? Our lives are like that of a hired hand, like a worker who longs for the shade, like a servant waiting to be paid. I, too, have been assigned months of futility, long and weary nights of misery. Lying in bed, I think, 'When will it be morning?' But the night drags on, and I toss till dawn.

My body is covered with maggots and scabs. My skin breaks open, oozing with pus. My days fly faster than a weaver's shuttle. They end without hope. O God, remember that my life is but a breath, and I will never again feel happiness. You see me now, but not for long. You will look for me, but I will be gone. Just as a cloud dissipates and vanishes, those who die will not come back. They are gone forever from their home—never to be seen again.

Therefore, I will not restrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit, I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.

In our studies in the book of ***Revelation***, we learned that there are those of whom it is said "*dwell on the earth,*" or have made their abode in this world. These people find their identity, purpose, meaning, and connection through all that the world has to offer, and they cling to this physical realm believing it is everything – their end all be all. These are those who have joined the Beast and they fight for all they can get and protect here in this life.¹

But not so with Job. He understands that this life is nothing but a temporary struggle for there is nothing permanent in this life, nothing of enduring value, and the destiny of one is the destiny of us all. We may have moments of wonder and joy in this life, but it seems everyone is assigned their months, if not years, of futility—long and weary nights of misery. No one escapes this dreadful plight of humanity.

This was King Solomon's conclusion as well. Solomon wrote the book of ***Ecclesiastes*** under the pseudonym of the Preacher and the Teacher. When he opens this book, he does not start with any grand introductions to his subject matter; rather, he jumps right into the depressing reality of life.

¹ ***Revelation 3:10, 6:10, 11:10, 13:8, 12-14, 17:2, 8***

Ecclesiastes 1:2-9; 12-15

"Vanity of vanities," says the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity." What advantage does man have in all his work which he does under the sun? A generation goes and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever. Also, the sun rises and the sun sets; and hastening to its place it rises there again. Blowing toward the south, then turning toward the north, the wind continues swirling along; and on its circular courses the wind returns. All the rivers flow into the sea, yet the sea is not full. To the place where the rivers flow, there they flow again. All things are wearisome; man is not able to tell it. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear filled with hearing. That which has been is that which will be, and that which has been done is that which will be done. So, there is nothing new under the sun.

I, the Preacher, have been king over Israel in Jerusalem. And I set my mind to seek and explore by wisdom concerning all that has been done under heaven. It is a grievous task which God has given to the sons of men to be afflicted with. I have seen all the works which have been done under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and striving after wind. What is crooked cannot be straightened and what is lacking cannot be counted.

Solomon's conclusion: *life is vanity and striving after wind*. Job's friends think He is a ridiculous complainer, but even Solomon understands Job's agony and despair. "... *long and weary long nights of misery.*" "*Lying in bed, I think, 'When will it be morning?' But the night drags on, and I toss till dawn.*"

If you have gone through great times of suffering at the hands of **Yahweh**, you know exactly what Job is speaking about. The night is the most terrifying time for your soul. All you want to do is sleep. Your body craves for sleep, and you hope for the short reprieve it gives you from the terrors of the attacks poised against you. But no matter how tired you are, no matter how worn out, no matter how weak, no matter how broken, sleep runs from you like a gazelle being chased by a lion. It flees faster than you can imagine.

For a moment the rest of sleep is yours and you are grateful, and then it's suddenly gone as if someone has shaken you awake. You have no idea what happened and there is nothing you can do about it. You crave for sleep, but instead your mind tumbles, your soul aches, and all you can do is toss and turn until the sun breaks and ushers in another futile day that will "*end without hope*" and lead to another night of striving.

During my Storm, I learned to hate my bed. I would curse my pillow. This place that had once been so wonderful and provided such great comfort, escape, and solace became like everything else, my enemy. I would look forward to climbing under the covers. I would pray and beg God for just one night of sleep. I would anoint my bed with oil, praying for protection. I would hope and hope that this night things would be different than the last. For me, there was this terrible witching hour around 2:00 a.m. where I always awoke, every single night at the same time. Afterwards, I would sometimes go in-and-out of sleep and other times I would just be awake for hours thinking, "*When will it be morning?*"

When Job commanded his friends to look at him, it was not a play on words. He meant look. His body was disgusting, covered with maggots and scabs. His skin would crack and ooze with pus. Some strange infection was ravaging his body. Beyond looking disgusting, Job must have smelled terrible. Yet, instead of helping Job (cleaning him up, and bandaging his sores), his friends would rather argue with him and attack his words and tell him how this is all his fault.

I had my own physical ailments when I was afflicted; but nothing like that of Job. His plight was beyond comprehension. As for me, I had my right hip touched, and it was thrown out of joint. The pain was searing, and I would limp around. I would get it back in place, but before long, it would pop out again, over, and over, again. I had my ACL torn in half and 20% of my Meniscus broken off.

Other medical conditions became permanent issues, and I have permanent damage and weakness in certain parts of my body. But I must tell you, those wounds were nothing compared to the internal pain and anguish I experienced via the poison tipped arrows of God and the sudden attacks that were sprung on me as if a bear or a lion was lying in wait and suddenly pounced on me and tore me to pieces. The bitterness and wormwood He made me drink was all so overwhelming that like Jeremiah, I too cried: *"My soul has been rejected from peace; I have forgotten happiness. So, I say, 'My strength has perished, and so has my hope from Yahweh'"*²

The inner torment and agony were so excruciating, it felt like World War III was waging inside my body. I could feel it, I could point to it, I could press on it, but there was nothing I could do to relieve it. At times I would just buckle over unable to breathe, unable to move, and unable to function.

In fact, there were many any times when I was driving that I had to pull my car over until the episode would pass, as it was too dangerous for me to drive in that condition. I cried until there were no more tears to be found, but I could not scream, *"Look at me,"* since the real torment was internal. But I will never forget those days. *"The thought of my suffering and wandering is bitter beyond words. I will never forget this awful time, as I grieve over my loss."*³

Job 7:6-11

My days fly faster than a weaver's shuttle. They end without hope. O God, remember that my life is but a breath, and I will never again feel happiness. You see me now, but not for long. You will look for me, but I will be gone. Just as a cloud dissipates and vanishes, those who die will not come back. They are gone forever from their home—never to be seen again.

Therefore, I will not restrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit, I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.

This is the painful irony. Days go fast, but the dreaded night seems to last forever. Ugh!

Job's experience reminds me much of the terrors the Psalmist experienced. ***Psalms 88*** was written as a Maskil, or skillful psalm, of Heman the Ezrahite of the sons of Korah, and it has strong overtones not just to Job's experience but also to Job's complaint, his groaning's, and his plea to God to not let him vanish into nothingness, but to revive him to life once again.

Psalms 88

O Yahweh, God of my salvation, I cry out to you by day. I come to you at night. Now hear my prayer;

² ***Lamentations 3:17-18***

³ ***Lamentations 3:19-20***

listen to my cry. For my life is full of troubles, and death draws near. I am as good as dead, like a strong man with no strength left. They have left me among the dead, and I lie like a corpse in a grave.

I am forgotten, cut off from your care. You have thrown me into the lowest pit, into the darkest depths. Your anger weighs me down; with wave after wave you have engulfed me. You have driven my friends away by making me repulsive to them. I am in a trap with no way of escape. My eyes are blinded by my tears.

Each day I beg for your help, O **Yahweh**; I lift my hands to you for mercy. Are your wonderful deeds of any use to the dead? Do the dead rise up and praise you? Can those in the grave declare your unfailing love? Can they proclaim your faithfulness in the place of destruction? Can the darkness speak of your wonderful deeds? Can anyone in the land of forgetfulness talk about your righteousness?

O **Yahweh**, I cry out to you. I will keep on pleading day by day. O **Yahweh**, why do you reject me? Why do you turn your face from me? I have been sick and close to death since my youth. I stand helpless and desperate before your terrors. Your fierce anger has overwhelmed me. Your terrors have paralyzed me. They swirl around me like floodwaters all day long. They have engulfed me completely. You have taken away my companions and loved ones. Darkness is my closest friend.

It is so fascinating the way God chooses to deal with a man who wants to know Him in the deepest fellowship, as well as a man's reactions as he goes through this time of intimate bonding. A man may not understand how intimacy is forged only in the hot fires of suffering, nor even if it was explained to him would he be able to grasp the true nature of that experience. But if this psalmist was asked before it all took place, surely this man would have said intimacy with **Yahweh** is what he wants regardless of the cost. He would have said, bring it on, for he wants to know God, and he wants there to be no separation between them.

And then what is odd, miraculous even, if asked afterwards, he would confess whole heartedly it was exactly what he wanted, and he is so thankful for his time of testing. He would boast of God's faithfulness and lovingkindness.

But when stopped in the midst, he cries out helpless, desperate, overwhelmed, paralyzed, and drowning in wave-after-wave that washes over him, stumbling around like a drunken man. He wonders how a man can be of any use to God in this life when he is just wasting away on the verge of utter collapse and defeat. He does not comprehend that he must first be completely emptied so he can be filled with the presence of **Yahweh**, which is his ultimate purpose in this life.

If you find yourself in this place, if you have desired to know God in the most intimate of ways, if you have even dared to utter those words in prayer, know that even reading about the experiences of others will not prepare you for what you will have to face. But know this, no matter what happens, you are *not* expected to do things right, to say the right things, or to glory in this travail. The glory comes afterwards; but in the midst of it all, it is normal to find yourself on the floor, helpless, desperate, overwhelmed, paralyzed, drowning in wave-after-wave that washes over you, stumbling around like a drunken man, venting with useless words, wondering what is the use of it all and how can you be of any use to God in this life when you are just wasting away on the verge of utter collapse and defeat.

The Dragon and the Sea***Job 7:12***

Am I the sea or a dragon that you must place me under continual guard?

Job is just asking if he is really all that terrible that he must be treated with such harshness. “Come on God isn’t this a bit overkill? There are things that need to be bound because of their dangerous nature, but do I really need to be treated as such a danger?”

It is interesting that Job chose these two idioms, the “sea” and a “dragon” to make a comparison, because they both have strong Biblical context. The Bible uses pictures, words, numbers, and metaphors, consistently across the scriptures to codify a spiritual concept or idea that is captured in a physical imager, such as the sea or a dragon. I refer to this as the **Code**, with the entire text of the Bible being the **Codex** that gives us the ability to decipher the **Code**.

Across the **Codex**, the **sea** stands for the restless masses of humanity that constantly churn with wave after wave. It captures the idea of mankind’s ongoing chaos as he rages against God and His creation, via people, multitudes, and nations.⁴

God established “eternal” boundaries for the **sea**, so that it would be contained, and the proud waves would have a limit to their destructive nature.⁵ Left unchecked, unbounded, the nations of mankind would destroy one another in a relentless pursuit of control and dominance. That is why God established boundaries for the nations, or more accurately, boundaries for the Kings of the Earth, the spiritual beings that were given responsibility by God for the management and care of humanity.⁶

The word translated as “**dragon**” is the word “tannin,” which some translate as “serpent” and still others as sea monster. This dragon imagery ties directly to the imagery in **Revelation** where we read:

Revelation 20:2

And he laid hold of the dragon, the serpent of old, who is the devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years;

The typical Hebrew word for serpent is “nahas,” and oddly both “tannin” and “nahas” function as **Code**. Depending on the context, they picture an interplay largely between the dark side of the spiritual realm imaged, and at times directly intertwined, with the natural.

For instance, when Moses was before Pharaoh, he had his brother Aaron cast his rod to the ground,

⁴ **Psalm 65:7; Isaiah 17:12-14, 51:15, 57:20; Jeremiah 6:23, 49:23, 51:42; Daniel 7:3; James 1:6; Jude 13; Revelation 13:1, 17:1, 15**

⁵ See also **Job 38:8-11; Proverbs 8:29; Jeremiah 5:22**

⁶ **Deuteronomy 32:8; Psalm 2:2, 76:12, 89,27,102:15, 148:11; Isaiah 24:1; Lamentations 4:12; Acts 4:26; Revelation 1:5, 6:15, 17:2, 18, 18:3, 9, 19:19, 21:24**

and it turned into a ‘tannin.’ Not wanting to be shown up, Pharaoh ordered his enchanter to use their secret magic arts and turn their rods into “tannin,” which they did. But Moses’ “tannin” swallowed up all the enchanter’s “tannin.” Then a few verses later, the Spirit made mention that the rod had turned into a “nahas.”

It is all about God’s layers of communication (and His use of agency). Though the dragon (“tannin”) is used to trample, destroy, and burn up and swallow up, as any capable dragon will do, its nature is that of the “nahas,” that serpent of old, who is the devil and the Satan.⁷

This imagery becomes a very important part of Job’s instruction, for in **Job 41, Yahweh** shows Job, almost as if bragging, the Leviathan, which bears all the imagery of what we would recognize as a legitimate fire breathing dragon, a “tannin.”

Understanding this context and the interplay between the sea and the dragon helps us understand the depth of Job’s pain and despair. He cries out, am I really like the restless sea of humanity that is constantly in chaos, in constant rebellion to you? Do I really share the nature of the dragon, the dark serpent, that needs to be contained to control its destructive, conniving, and deceptive nature?

The answer Job expects to hear is “no, my son, you are not that way.” But from the heavenlies, there is only silence.

Job 7:13-19

I think, 'My bed will comfort me, and sleep will ease my misery,' but then you shatter me with dreams and terrify me with visions. I would rather be strangled—rather die than suffer like this.

I hate my life and don't want to go on living. Oh, leave me alone for my few remaining days. What are people, that you should make so much of us, that you should think of us so often? For you examine us every morning and test us every moment. Why won't you leave me alone, at least long enough for me to swallow!

In times of great suffering, giving voice to the experience is the only real release one can find. It is beyond necessary; it is lifesaving. It’s like coming up from the waters that cover you, taking a deep breath and filling your lungs with a few more moments of life before sinking back beneath the waves. Yes, it is beyond necessary.

Most people don’t like it and will distance themselves from you, while others will chastise you (which is what Job’s friends did). And the longer your suffering continues, the less patient they become with you.

I had a friend who was tired of hearing what I was saying, thought it was all so wrong and borderline blasphemous, and so this friend started to criticize me as if I was out of line and so unreasonable. Of course, I argued and held my ground claiming a right to complain in the bitterness of my soul.

Later, my friend told me that after she hung up the phone, God spoke to her. She said that His voice

⁷ **Genesis 1:21, 3:1, Exodus 7:8-15; 49:17; Numbers 21:6-9; Deuteronomy 32:33; Job 3:8, 26:13; Psalm 74:13, 140:3; Isaiah 14:29, 27:1; 34:14-15, 51:9; Jeremiah 8:17; Ezekiel 29:3, 32:2; Matthew 3:7, 12:4, 23:33; Mark 16:18; John 3:14-15; Acts 16:16 (spirit of a python); Revelation 20:2**

was so loud and terrifying that she almost crashed her car. He said, “**Zechariah 2:8.**” She quickly pulled off into a parking lot and read: “*Anyone who harms you harms my most precious possession.*” Then He said something to the effect that she would be reacting the same way if He was treating her in the same manner that He was me.

Hearing how God had my back and vindicated me was very comforting and reassuring. Being reminded of who I am to Him strengthened my weary soul. It gave me that little bit extra to continue another day. But the point is, most people are not prepared to deal with a person who must endure extended times of suffering. They too want it to be over for it is inconvenient for them.

Night Terrors

Job laments about the terrors of the night and ascribes full responsibility to God. “*I think, 'My bed will comfort me, and sleep will ease my misery,' but then **you** shatter me with dreams and terrify me with visions.*” Job still does not blame the Satan for everything that is happening to him, but only **Yahweh**. He does not care about the agents which are in **Yahweh’s** employ, his maniacal focus is on God.

As for the night terrors, when a person faces severe suffering, all they want to do is disappear into sleep that they might have a moment of reprieve. But, as David said, “*I hear the tumult of the raging seas {or deep calls to deep} as your waves and surging tides sweep over me.*”⁸ In other words, there is no escape from the terrors of **Shaday** (Almighty). No matter which way you move, there is a wave waiting to wash over you, even when you lay your head down on your pillow. Honestly, the nighttime is the worse. You are desperate for sleep, exhausted from you suffering, you yearn for sleep, every cell in your body is craving it, but then your sleep gets shattered and it is beyond miserable.

For whatever reason, God gave Job visions and dreams that terrified him. For me it was the 2:00 wakeup call where I would feel the creepiness of the agents sent to torment me. Job does not expand on the dreams and visions, which means he did not feel that they were intended to give him any spiritual insight, but rather like a barking dog in the neighbor’s yard, they just were a constant aggravation, just another wave of terror washing over him.

God’s Obsession with Us

“I would rather be strangled—rather die than suffer like this. I hate my life and don't want to go on living. Oh, leave me alone for my few remaining days. What are people, that you should make so much of us, that you should think of us so often?”

David asked this same question in both **Psalms 8:4** and **144:3**.

It is hard to imagine how much God loves us, wants us, and desires us to know Him completely. He passionately wants us to know who are we to Him? Why does He think of us so often? His name is **Yahweh Qanna** (**Yahweh** who is jealous), and He is obsessively jealous over us.

It seems we are scantily aware of the level or intensity of His obsession. Consider what David said, “*How precious also are Your thoughts to me, O God! How vast is the sum of them! If I should count them, they would outnumber the sand. When I awake, I am still with You*” (**Psalms 139:17-18**).

“*Outnumber the sand!*” How do we even process this relational phenomenon? This is an aspect of God’s nature that is very difficult for us to wrap our brains around. His obsession was so intense that with

⁸ **Psalms 42:7**

His own blood He purchased us for Himself.⁹ And in His jealousy, He wants us to know and personally experience the strength and unity that is found in the fullness of the Godhead. And this is only experientially realized when we are emptied of our own strength, of our own wisdom, and our own demands for this life and we are filled with His strength, His wisdom, and surrender to His direction for our lives.

For instance, Jesus cried out to His Father in **John 17:18-21**, *“As You sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. For their sakes I **now** sanctify Myself {or set myself apart for you and you alone}, that they themselves also may **now** be caused to being sanctified {set apart for you and you alone} in truth. I **now** do not ask on behalf of these alone, but for those also who are **now** believing in Me through their word; that they may **now** all be one; even as You, Father, are in Me and I in You, that they also may **now** be in Us, so that the world may **now** believe that You sent Me.”*

Oneness is what these times of suffering are all about. It is the opportunity for us to become *willing* to let God in behind our armor of protection so He can dismantle and destroy everything and anything that separates us from Him. We may not understand it because of our delusion of goodness, but to be in that sort of unity with the Godhead requires a complete reformation, or transformation, a renewal of what we believe to be true about God, about us, and about our relationship with God. After all, **Qanna** does not just want parts of us, rather, He wants all of who we are: our heart, mind, soul, and strength.¹⁰ And that is what is divine conquest is all about.

By walking the path of suffering, we start to share in His soul, to experience the joy and security of living surrendered to the Father, just as He did. But why does He want that for us? Because we are *“a chosen Race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God’s own possession that we may proclaim the excellencies of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvelous light, for we were once not a people, but now we are the people of God; we had not received mercy, but now we have received mercy.”*¹¹ And we are the chosen and faithful, the kingdom of priests, who will reign with Him forever and ever.¹² So it is good that we know Him through-and-through and are likened to Him in every way, including in His suffering, so we might know and fully experience Him in glory.

“For you examine us every morning and test us every moment. Why won’t you leave me alone, at least long enough for me to swallow!”

Understanding who we are is so critical to enduring our times of testing. Even though God did not respond to Job’s cry, I imagine Him looking down on Job with such longing and desire, wanting to express to Job that He is merely helping Job understand who he is to God, and what he is capable of when he trusts **Yahweh** with all his heart, mind, soul, and strength.

1 Peter 1:6-9

In this you **now** choose to greatly rejoice, even though now for a little while, if **now** being necessary, you have been caused to being distressed by various trials, so that the trying of your faith, [being] more precious than gold which **now** chooses to be perishing, even though **now** caused to being tested by

⁹ Revelation 5:9; 1 Corinthians 6:20

¹⁰ Deuteronomy 6:4-5; Matthew 23:37; Mark 12:30, Luke 10:27

¹¹ 1 Peter 2:9-10

¹² Revelation 5:10

fire, may be caused to be found to result in praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ; and though you are not seeing Him, you **now** love Him, and though you are not **now** seeing Him now, but are **now** believing in Him, you **now** choose to greatly rejoice with joy inexpressible caused to being full of glory, **now** by choice obtaining as the outcome of your faith the salvation of your souls.

Yahweh tests Job (and each of us) not to see if we will fail. He already knows what we will do before He examines us. It is to teach us through our failure and through our successes why we should trust **Yahweh** and how to trust Him completely. It helps us understand and believe how strong and indomitable we are in Him.¹³ It is the very process by which He saves our souls, which is oddly tied to our choice, our willingness to go through and endure this sort of testing now believing in Him – “*caused to being full of glory*” or full of Jesus, the Lord of Glory, who is the brightness or radiance of the glory of God.¹⁴

“*For you examine us every morning and test us every moment.*” Contextually, this sounds mean and harsh and super annoying, but in light of the salvation of our souls and our bearing His glory, it is a beautiful expression of the mercy of God over our lives. It is all a matter of perspective and when we get through our times of judgment, our times of testing, we come out understanding this truth and our perspective shifts such that we too **now** choose to greatly rejoice with joy inexpressible.

Job 7:20-21

If I have sinned, what have I done to you, O watcher of all humanity? Why make me your target? Am I a burden to you? Why not just forgive my sin and take away my guilt? For soon I will lie down in the dust and die. When you look for me, I will be gone.

Pure Mercy

What is remarkable is that Job had no understanding of Jesus’ sacrificial death on the cross to pay the price for our sins, as we do, but he had a very advanced understanding of the mercy of God. He also was not ruled by guilt and shame. In essence, he said “Alright already, just forgive me and let’s move on before I am dead and gone.”

In contrast, I did know, at least in theory, about the forgiveness afforded to us by Jesus’s death on the cross, about God’s mercy and His grace, however, the purity of these truths had been corrupted in my soul by the if/then God. This is the reason my Storm was so intense, God needed to drive out this religious corruption from the depth of my being.

Job was so matter of fact, “*just forgive my sin and take away my guilt,*” where I was cycling in and out of forgiveness and my own guilt-laden penance, as well as all my justification and excuse for all I had done. I kept running back to my list of sins and all the reasons I deserved my “punishment” (at least that is what it felt like, and that is what the enemy kept telling me). In my anguish, I would beg God to forgive me (even though I knew I was more than forgiven). And believe you me, there were plenty of “causes” as to why I should be “punished.” But Job did not make a big deal about such nonsense, he just wanted to move on

¹³ Philippians 4:13

¹⁴ **1 Corinthians 2:8; Hebrews 1:3; John 1:14**

and get on with life; I love it. He understood something about the nature of God that I was still striving to grasp.

The Watcher of Humanity

“If I have sinned, what have I done to you, O watcher of all humanity? Why make me your target? Am I a burden to you?”

Later in Job, in **35:6-8**, a fellow named Elihu joins the discourse, and he affirms this truth. *“If you have sinned, what do you accomplish against Him? And if your transgressions are many, what do you do to Him? If you are righteous, what do you give to Him, or what does He receive from your hand?”*

The point is that if we sin, or if we try super hard to do it all right and are so very good for God, it does nothing to affect God, it only affects us and those who are in our lives. God is holy, which means that He is literally set apart from what we do, but He cares desperately about the harm that it does to all those with whom He is obsessed.

Proverbs 8:36

But he who sins against me injures himself; all those who hate me love death.”

In asking, *“what have I done to you,”* it seems that Job understands that there is nothing he can do to God, but he does not yet understand the “reason” for what is happening to Him. The watcher of all humanity has made Job his target not because he did anything “bad” and not because Job is a burden, not because he is like the raging sea or the fire burning dragon, but because He is obsessed with Job and wants to give Job the opportunity to know and experience even more of Him.

For our brains, this notion that **Yahweh Qanna** is jealously obsessed with us is like quantum field theory mathematics. It is just such a hard concept to wrap our hearts around. We may understand the individual words that are used to describe His obsession, but the reality of it all is lost on us.

Next, we hear from Bildad.

I am glad you tuned in and have been ready to listen!