



Introduction – *The second wave of pain*

This week's message:

The Poetry of Pain

Job 2:11-3:36

The arrival of three friends

Job 2:11-13

Their concern

Their empathy

Their sympathy

Their commitment to not "fix it"

Words for the wind

Job 6:26

Job speaks out his pain

Job 3

Could the day just be blotted out?

Job 3:1-10

Why didn't I just die as an infant?

Job 3:11-19

What's the Point? – Why is there any joy at all for the suffering?

Job 3:20-26

God invites your poetry of pain

Psalms 62:5-8

The Suffering Servant (Isaiah 53)

Christ in the desert

Mark 1:9-13, Hebrews 2:14-18

Christ on the cross

Matthew 27:45-46, Hebrews 12:1-3

Gospel Application – *Will you pour out your heart to God in the rivers and/or sea billows?*

Job 2:11-3:26

¹¹When Job's three friends, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite, heard about all the troubles that had come upon him, they set out from their homes and met together by agreement to go and sympathize with him and comfort him. ¹²When they saw him from a distance, they could hardly recognize him; they began to weep aloud, and they tore their robes and sprinkled dust on their heads. ¹³Then they sat on the ground with him for seven days and seven nights. No one said a word to him, because they saw how great his suffering was.

¹⁴After this, Job opened his mouth and cursed the day of his birth. ¹⁵He said:

¹⁶"May the day of my birth perish, and the night that said, 'A boy is conceived!' ¹⁷That day – may it turn to darkness; may God above not care about it; may no light shine on it. ¹⁸May gloom and utter darkness claim it once more; may a cloud settle over it; may blackness overwhelm it. ¹⁹That night – may thick darkness seize it; may it not be included among the days of the year nor be entered in any of the months. ²⁰May that night be barren; may no shout of joy be heard in it. ²¹May those who curse days curse that day, those who are ready to rouse Leviathan. ²²May its morning stars become dark; may it wait for daylight in vain and not see the first rays of dawn, ²³for it did not shut the doors of the womb on me to hide trouble from my eyes.

²⁴"Why did I not perish at birth, and die as I came from the womb? ²⁵Why were there knees to receive me and breasts that I might be nursed?

²⁶For now I would be lying down in peace; I would be asleep and at rest ²⁷with kings and rulers of the earth, who built for themselves places now lying in ruins, ²⁸with princes who had gold, who filled their houses with silver.

²⁹Or why was I not hidden away in the ground like a stillborn child, like an infant who never saw the light of day? ³⁰There the wicked cease from turmoil, and there the weary are at rest.

³¹Captives also enjoy their ease; they no longer hear the slave driver's shout. ³²The small and the great are there, and the slaves are freed from their owners.

³³"Why is light given to those in misery, and life to the bitter of soul, ³⁴to those who long for death that does not come, who search for it more than for hidden treasure, ³⁵who are filled with gladness and rejoice when they reach the grave?

³⁶Why is life given to a man whose way is hidden, whom God has hedged in? ³⁷For sighing has become my daily food; my groans pour out like water. ³⁸What I feared has come upon me; what I dreaded has happened to me. ³⁹I have no peace, no quietness; I have no rest, but only turmoil."