

The story of Job

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Hi, my name is Job and I live in a place called Uz. Until recently, I led a happy life with no problems, but things quickly changed. Listen carefully and I'll explain.

I don't mean to brag, but I was fortunate to be a wealthy man. I owned a lot of land and had thousands of sheep, camels, oxen and donkeys - a bit like having a fleet of luxury cars to you modern kids. I tried hard to be a good person, stayed away from evil and respected God. I might have been well off, but I didn't take it for granted.

Our house was busy! I had TEN children; seven sons and three daughters - what a blessing! It's hard being a parent, and I wanted my children to be good in God's eyes, so I prayed for them every day.

However, one day, everything changed. I didn't know it at the time, but Satan spoke to God about me - but why me?

He suggested I was only faithful because I had a good life. I can see it might look that way, but I really did thank God for all my blessings, and tried not to take them for granted. God knew this and allowed Satan to test me, to prove I really was faithful, and not just because of my good fortune. Now I know this, it makes sense of what happened next.

A series of terrible things happened right out of the blue. First, I lost all my animals and servants to raids and a series of natural disasters, which was heartbreaking. Worse still, a hurricane struck our home while I was out trying to find any surviving animals. On my return, I was heartbroken - I had lost everything!

Despite these tragedies, I remained faithful. I repeated to myself and my wife, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' It wasn't easy but I trusted God.

I thought that was all the bad things that could possibly happen, but I was wrong. Next, painful sores appeared all over my body - if you've ever had chicken pox it was like that - only worse! By now, even my wife told me to curse God and give up, but I refused and said to her "Shall we accept good from God and not trouble?"

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Thankfully, I had friends close by. They came to comfort me, but they couldn't understand why these bad things were happening to someone so good. They thought I must have done something wrong, but I told them that I hadn't!

For many days, we talked and talked about what was happening and why. Although I remained faithful to God, I questioned why I was suffering if I hadn't done anything wrong. I just wished I could speak directly to God about what was going on.

Then, just as I had given up hope, God spoke to me from a storm - I heard his voice from the rain and wind, which was both amazing and terrifying. He reminded me and my friends there are many things we don't know or understand about the world. God spoke of the wonders of creation, the limits of human knowledge and the need for humble faith. I understood some things, like suffering, may never be fully explained or understood and that only God understands everything.

After this, God restored my health and fortunes, giving me twice as much as I had before. I lived a happy life again. Praise and thanks to God - in good and bad times.