

Dear Heavenly Father,

Praise

I praise you today for being my *goel*, my kinsman-redeemer (Job 19:25). You are like a close relative who acts on my behalf, avenging wrongs against me and saving me from distress. I praise you as the God who rescues the weak and needy (Ps 82:4) and protects the righteous from the wicked (Jer 20:13). Your Son, Jesus Christ, redeemed me from the slave market of sin, and He always lives to make intercession for me. Hallelujah! (Heb 7:25).

Today in Your Word

Today you told me about Bildad's second speech to Job. Bildad criticized Job harshly and painted a cruel picture of the life of the wicked (he also rubbed salt in the wound of Job's dead children, cf. Job 18:19). His speech served only to torment Job, for Job had already pointed out the flaw in Bildad's thinking—if God does bring this kind of calamity *only* on the wicked, then God *had indeed* perverted justice in Job's case. Job went on to say that he cried out for help but no one answered. His own family and servants held him in contempt. But no sooner had Job voiced his feelings of isolation and disgrace, when suddenly his faith in you burst forth: "I know that my [kinsman]-Redeemer lives, and at the last he will stand upon the earth. And after my skin has been thus destroyed, yet in my flesh I shall see God" (Job 19:25–26). Job was convinced that not even death could separate him from your love and final vindication.

Reflection

Job is a sobering example of the unjust persecution of a godly man by those who profess to be godly themselves (i.e., the church). I need to be very careful what I say to those who are suffering. Otherwise, I could be guilty of not speaking of you what is right (cf. Job 42:8).

Request

Father, help me to pity those who are suffering (Job 19:21) and speak words of cheer and encouragement to those who are sorrowful. Give me the grace I need to be a true friend to my fellow believers.

Thanksgiving

Thank you for the wonderful knowledge that my prayers and cries to you never go unheard or unnoticed (2 Kgs 20:5; Rev 8:3–4). Job cried out, "Oh that my words were written! Oh that they were inscribed in a book!" (Job 19:23–24 NASB). And they were! You are the God who hears!

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Suggested Hymn: "[Does Jesus Care?](#)" by Frank E. Graeff.

Meditation Verse: Job 19:25–26.