

A reading from the book of Job

Job answered and said:

Oh, would that my words were written down!

Would that they were inscribed in a record:

That with an iron chisel and with lead

they were cut in the rock forever!

As for me, I know that my vindicator lives,

and that he will at last stand forth upon the dust;

This will happen when my skin has been stripped off,

and from my flesh I will see God: I will see for myself,

my own eyes, not another's, will behold him:

my inmost being is consumed with longing.

*The Word of the Lord*