

**38:41**

**Who provides food for the raven, When its young ones cry to God, And wander about for lack of food?** We will see that Psalm 147:9 is much the same. This man read the book of Job.

Regarding Christ, beginning in Luke 12:22-26 we are awestruck about the feeding of the ravens being considered the “least”. So God is saying (reading back into Job), “Job, have you done that which is ‘least’? I don’t even have to try. Job, if the raven cannot care for itself and neither can I, then why am I looking for the answers to the utmost complexities.

It being the cry of nature, it is looked upon as directed by the God of nature. The putting of so favorable a construction as this upon the cries of the young ravens may encourage us in our prayers, though we can but cry “Abba Father”

*When the birds begin to worry  
And the lilies toil and spin,  
And God's creatures all are anxious,  
Then I also may begin.*

If the Raven Cannot Care For Itself, and It is “Least”;

If I Cannot Add One Cubit of Height To Myself, and it is “Least;”  
Then How Shall I view the very complexities and uniquenesses of my life.

We are the ones who are chemically soulful;  
emotionally willful;  
sorrowfully hopeful.

We are the ones who are God-cognitive as well as God-Conscious;  
God-Invoking as well as God-Provoking;

We are the ones who relate and relive;  
create and forgive;  
dominate and misgive;

Have Volition and receive salvation;  
Have emotion and accept prohibition;  
Love promotion and seek recognition;

We are the ones who faint and lose heart;  
Wish to be called saints and have a fresh start;  
Work and take pleasure;  
Exchange achievements with joy of no measure.

We are complex. We are not machines.

God does not groan when the daytime loses the light.  
He does not feel when the stars wane and are not so bright.

The Almighty has not wept at the tomb of a tree.

Was not grieved at the adultery of a flock of animals.  
Did not overturn tables in the chambers of the south or gasp at the rebellion in the empty place of the north.

Oh, no...  
We are made in His image. And We are not “the least.”

“Oh, Job, you do not understand losing your family; being robbed of your flocks; or seeing your dwindling popularity. Watching your flesh peel away, seep away, and your bloody, bald head hiding in shame. You cannot sleep; You are chasing away the pests and skin worms as you writhe upon your stone and dirt bed, howling at the sky; eating nothing and yet having the breath of a dragon. You wonder how this could have happened. What you could have done.

No...you are complex. Your situation is complex. Your emotions are complex. That doesn't mean you will never understand it. Your friends are intricate and involved and peculiar. You, Job, are complex. And since you are complex...I'll look after you.”