

A Personal Letter from Job of Uz to Donald J. Trump

Dear Donald,

My story is the oldest book in the Bible.
I know that although you profit from selling your version
you yourself have never actually read the Bible
so I will share my story with you because it
contains a very important lesson – a lesson for you.

I was at the time the greatest man in Uz,
a nation not far from the land you wish to ethnically cleanse to
create a second Riveria for your hotels and golf courses.
My flocks were beyond counting, my wealth beyond measure.
Ten strong children assured that my legacy would endure.

I was as content and fulfilled as any man could be
until the day Satan made a bet with God that
he could crush my spirit and break my faith
if given the go-ahead to inflict upon me
the sorts of adversity that would devastate any man.

In one day Satan caused bandits to rob me of everything I owned,
murdering all of my servants in doing so.
Satan sent a windstorm that killed all my ten children
and afflicted my body with excruciating pain
leaving me in lonely and destitute agony.

Adding insult to injury the men I loved as friends came and
accused me of being responsible for this train of tragedy.
My travails, they said, must have been punishment for past misdeeds
because God would not so punish a man who was without sin.
These miserable comforters blamed me for provoking Satan's evil.

Like you, Donald, I became a bitter and angry old man.
Like you, I saw the universe conspiring to steal from me what was mine.
Like you, I raged at those I believed had betrayed me.
Like you, I refused to acknowledge any personal blame or responsibility.
And like you, I curled myself into a shell of hatred and resentment.

I tell you this, Donald, and I know you will relate,
anyone who utters that inane platitude about "the patience of Job"
has obviously not very carefully read the Book of Job.
I demanded answers: Why would such bad things be allowed to happen
to a good man like me?

As I wallowed about in this swamp of self-pity
God himself appeared from out of the whirlwind
and confronted me with my ignorance, my insignificance.
I know, Donald, that you have not yet experienced the abject terror
of coming face-to-face with God but believe me, your day will come.

Oh, I groveled in the dirt at the feet of God.
I know that you have never groveled, Donald, but trust me – you will.
In his majesty God asked where I was when He laid the foundations of the earth,
if I could count the stars in the sky or tame the leviathan.
I quivered in mortal terror (brace yourself, Donald, for your own encounter).

As God towered above me and I groveled in the dirt
repenting of sins I knew I had not committed
I expected that God would command me to build a temple
to summon all to obey His commandments (are you still with me, Donald?)
and to seek forgiveness for having left the path of righteousness.

But God did something totally unexpected.
Instead He commanded me to pray for my friends.
You can imagine, dear Donald, how praying for those miserable comforters,
(the ones I had already said were not worthy to sleep with my dogs)
went against the grain of every fiber of my being.

But though I'm certain you will not believe me
because you have never really prayed for anyone,
you cannot imagine the joy I felt, the liberation I experienced,
to lay aside all that hatred and contempt and loathing
and to pray for those miserable comforters, and really mean it.

After my friends left, taking my prayers for safe travel with them,
God restored my health and granted me another 140 years of life.
He gave me the strength to work hard and rebuild my lost wealth,
double what Satan had conspired to have taken from me,
and blessed me with children and grandchildren down to the fifth generation.

Listen to me, dear Donald, because the lesson of my story is well hidden.
None of this would have mattered – not the wealth or the health or the long years –
had I not softened my heart by setting aside my hatred and prayed for my friends.
Believe me, no matter how much gold you amass or how many enemies you crush,
you will never know true joy until you pray for others and really mean it.

In the end – the end that awaits us all –
the real suckers and losers are the ones
who carry their hatred and grievance
to the grave with them.

That is when Satan wins his bet with God.



“Brace yourself, Donald, for your encounter with God.”

Adapted from my book [Pray For Your Friends: The 8 Prayers of Job](#)