

There was a widow in the state of Mississippi, whose name was *Job*; and that woman was virtuous and principled, and certainly one who relied upon the government to *secure the blessings of liberty* for her, as her late husband had left her quite wealthy. She owned hundreds of acres and multiple properties off the coasts of Mississippi and New Orleans.

She also had seven sons and three daughters born to her. They were good

kids, and they visited her often. They were all likewise doing quite well, as her late husband had also taken care of the children.

When the hurricane hit, Job was living in a nice spread just outside of Hancock county. She had gotten the early evacuation warnings, but several of her kids who lived nearby assured her that they would all be safe. Besides, she was friends with the

local police chief, and one of her sons was an EMT who worked in this county.

The rains were picking up when the phone rang. It was the grounds keeper at a golf course Job owns in New Orleans.

“The storms a coming...everyone done fled,” he started. “I’m gonna get outta here...This place supposed to be under water.”

“Well if you go,” Job cried, “who’s gonna look after my property?”

“Ain’t nobody here but me, and I’m gone,”
he exclaimed. “I hope you got insurance”...