

**Parashat Chayei Sarah**

***Isaac on the Couch: A Midrash accounting for the gaps between Vayera and Chayei Sara***

by Chaim Moshe HaLevi (Marc Howard Landas) on Friday November 13, 2009

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Genesis 23:1-25:18

Rebekkah says I am inexpressive of my feelings. That I'm shut down. That I don't communicate. That I'm emotionally withdrawn. She doesn't know that half of it. No....I never did tell her what happened that day when Abe, in his senility...

Why don't I call him father, you ask? Would you, after what he did? He ceased being my father after that experience. He gave up the right to that title. For no real father would ever put his son through the kind of trauma he exposed me to.

But I was practically 40 years old you say? So what?!!

Who expects their "Dear Old Dad," claiming he wants to go camping and fishing, and maybe do a little hunting, to go beserk on him and say, "Well son, actually we're here so I can tie you to a rock and set you on fire so you can be burnt alive just to prove my loyalty to my God."?

And I was supposed to just lie down and willingly participate in this idiocy??? I don't know who his personal God is, but the last thing I would have expected from this One God of his, is to ask for well-done barbecued human!

It doesn't really figure. It doesn't match up at all. Not with what Abe has been lecturing about this One God my entire life anyway. That God would never, ever ask for something that disgusting...horrific...abominable...

I was sure that Abe had finally lost it. Was having some kind of break with reality. He was always trying to prove to himself, more than anyone else, that this God was real, and was there for him. So...when he started to come after me with that psychotic look in his eyes, I bailed. I tore ass and ran out of there. I ain't no stup'. I wasn't about to let "Dear Old Dad" act out his sadistic, paranoid delusions on me.

Well, as for the way I interact with Rebekkah - what makes me that different from most other men? We don't share our feelings. That's just the way it is. Besides, what would she say if she knew the truth? That Dad had tried to kill me on a mountain top.

She was just a child when we met. A man nearing 40 with a 3 year old...that's just sick! You gotta wonder what Eleazar, Abe's main man, was thinking when he brought her home for my basherte. Okay, I know he was just trying to find someone to make me laugh because Mama had died.

But that's just it...there's another deep dark secret here...one that Rebekkah must never know.

When Mama found out what Abe had tried to do, she left...didn't wait for a *get* – just packed her bags saying she'd had enough of Abe and his mental breakdowns.

Yes, you heard me right – she ISN'T dead! At least not that I know of. Abe just sat *shiva* for her because as far as he was concerned if she could leave him, she didn't even exist. That whole thing about sending Eleazar to look for a wife for me was a ploy! He just needed to save face in front of the neighbors. Wouldn't look proper without a lady of the house.

Ironic that what he got was a little kid.

Tell Rebekkah???! HELL NO!!!

Why would I do that to her? It would only make her feel bad and besides she knows what a screwed up family she married into.

Times up you say? Same time next week? Oh, okay. See you then.



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