

# Talking to Myself About the Parsha

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October 21, 2009

One of the many crimes of the Generation of the Flood, the one that sealed their doom, was theft. We're not talking here about embezzlement or robbery. It was more refined, more excusable, a simple taking of minor, valueless bits of property—until the owner was left with nothing.

And I, like a foolish criminal, commit the same sort of subtle theft. I steal from myself infinitesimal increments of time, 3:01 here, 4:13 there, “just a minute and two seconds.” It's valueless, isn't it? Just a couple of minutes of life, ephemeral fragments of time with Eternity hiding within them.

The subtle erosion of time, until the owner—me—is left with nothing, not now, not later.