

PARSHAT KI TEITZEI
DEUTERONOMY 21:10-25:19
HAFTARAH ISAIAH 54:1-10
7 ELUL 5783/24 AUGUST 2023



The Houses of Parliament
Oil on canvass by Claude Monet

IN THE AUGUST LIGHT OF ABIDING MEMORY

1. “We looked at the venerable stream [the Thames] not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever but in the august light of abiding memory.” (Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)
2. “Explicitness is fatal to the glamour of all artistic work....You seem" to believe in literalness and explicitness, in facts and also in expression. Yet nothing is more clear than the utter insignificance of explicit statement and also its power to call attention away from things that matter in the region of art.” (Joseph Conrad, letter to publisher)
3. “When you go out (*ki teitzei*)...” (Deuteronomy 21:10)
4. “Remember what Amalek did to you on your way of going out (*zeitchem*) from Egypt...” (Deuteronomy 25:17)
5. In our Western (Greek) intellectual heritage, “remembering” means “recollecting”: recalling to mind something that is no longer a present reality. Nothing could be further from a Jewish conception. In the Jewish liturgy, “remembering” means participating here and now in certain defining events in the past and also in the future. (Michael Horton)

6. In the Bible, a call to remember is a vibrant, powerful, and participatory concept where we recalibrate our lives according to what's being remembered. (Dustin Crowe)
7. "...blot out the memory of Amalek from under heaven." (Deuteronomy 25:19)
8. In Marcel Proust's seminal novel *In Search of Lost Time*, a fictional Impressionist painter, Elstir, showed off a canvas of a beautiful ocean view where the sea was indistinguishable from the sky. It was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began.

Elstir argued that he was presenting "what we actually see rather than what information tells us that we see."

"We do not receive wisdom, we must discover it for ourselves, after a journey through the wilderness which no one else can make for us..." (Elstir, *In Search of Lost Time* by Marcel Proust)

My destination is no longer a place, but a new way of seeing. (Marcel Proust)