

# GENERATIONS

## A Contemporary Story of Immigration for Parashat Toldot by Anna Gerrard

In the nineties a new family moved to our block from some foreign land, not really our stock.  
Their skin was dark and their accents weird and the men all sported a bushy great beard.

The fella was quiet, at least he seemed that way, went to work and then came home each day.  
The wife was quite different, a right little madam; had these two kids then regretted she'd had'em.

The boys were quite odd, not at all like each other; no one believed they were really twin brothers.  
The oldest was coarse, an oafish young brute, the younger a charmer, wide-eyed but astute.

In that ruffian Esau the dad saw his own life if he hadn't wound up with his hen-pecking wife.  
Some say there was something back in the day, in his foreign upbringing that had made him that way.

The mum loved her baby, young Jacob the best; watched him like a hawk, kept him close to the nest.  
Like the coveted daughter that she'd never gotten, she doted on him and spoiled him rotten!

As the boys grew up they quarrelled and fought and their mum didn't stop'em as she really ought.  
Knowing the score the older twin tried to keep out of her way and just stayed outside.

But one day he'd been out and up to no good with the mates he had made in the neighbourhood.  
He was starving and wanted to eat in a hurry and his brother had made a red lentil curry.

Now their dad had put some money aside with education in mind for his favourite child  
But Es didn't want it and knew that young Jake would give up some stew for that money's sake.

So Jake went to uni, took business and law, which was quite the talk in the corner store.  
Es dropped out of school and, to mother's dismay, married a local (who was in the family way).

As Esau strayed further from the family nest, the father grew weaker and got quite depressed.  
He wanted to pass on his ancestor's things, make it up to his son for his other failings.

His wife was so bitter, she'd hated her lot; she was desperate to see that her youngest son got  
What he deserved as the dutiful son who had not shamed the family like the other one.

So she tricked her old man whose English was poor with the help of her son, the one who did law.  
In no time at all they had a signed Affidavit; it said Jake would inherit and nothing could waive it.

Esau was fuming that twice he had missed out on the chances that were rightfully his.  
The whole neighbourhood heard the threats that he made; Jake would've copped it if he had've stayed!

But his mum sent him packing back to her kin to find a nice girl with the right colour skin.  
Es did try to make it up to his mother but could never live up to his successful brother.

Some say that their story is a valuable thing; that it adds to our culture, the customs they bring.  
But I still think they're an 'orrible stock and I wish they had never moved to our block.

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