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Esau

**...who doesn't know how to tell a lie
based on Genesis 25:27-34
from [Is This Your Idea of a Good Time, God?](#)**

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I've always felt a bit sorry for poor Esau. He was a plodder. A hard worker. Not terribly bright. But a genuinely good person, the kind Jesus may have had in mind when he spoke the Beatitudes. The salt of the earth.

You know what it's like when you've been out in the bush all week? And you've caught nothing. Not a thing?

Well, Jacob sure doesn't know about that. Fat, pampered mama's boy, that's what he is. Mom always liked him best. And she put him up to it. Mom is always figuring out ways to get things for Jacob.

I didn't sell my birthright. I was conned. I was cheated.

Do you know what it's like when you come home, and you've been out hiking around all week? There's hardly any game, and by the time you see any, you're so weak you can't shoot straight. Sure I found a few berries to eat, but all I got out of that was a case of diarrhea.

So I come home. I can hardly walk, I'm so hungry. And Jacob has been sitting around at home with Mom, stirring a pot full of some red stuff. I don't know what it is, but I know I need it and I need it fast.

But Jacob, he's being coy. "Hey, big brother. How much will you give me for some of my stew?" I try to grab it from him, but he jumps away. "Just give me something to eat, for cryin' out loud, Jacob, I'm starving!"

"So how about the inheritance, Esau. Tell me that when Pop dies, I get everything. Say that, and I'll give you some of this delicious lentil stew."

"Whatever you want," I yelled. "Give me something to eat!"

That's what happened. I was cheated, right?

And Jacob's been rubbing my nose in that so-called promise ever since. "A promise is a promise," he keeps saying.

"Look, you pampered brat," I grabbed him by the collar and yelled right into his fat little face. "The birthright is for father to give, and father will give it to *me*. So stop being such a smartass!" I would have punched him in the nose but that's when mother came along.

"Esau. You let go of your brother. Just because you're older, it doesn't mean you can lord it over him."

"Well, Mom, you tell him to stop going on with that crap about me selling him my inheritance for a bowl of that red garbage he calls food."

I might as well have been talking to the tent pegs. Mom was totally on Jacob's side. "A promise is a promise, Esau," she says to me. "Remember, your word is your bond."

I know I shouldn't have done it, but that's when I started to yell at her. "Mom, I know Jacob is your pet. OK, but Dad is still on my side, and when the time comes, he will give the inheritance to me, and then you and this pampered pip-squeak will be out on your ear. Just remember that, Mom."

Well, I guess I told 'em. They haven't said anything about it since. And poor Dad is getting old and blind, and pretty soon it'll be time for him to pass on the family blessing to me.

Then I'll show them. I'll really show them.

**Ralph Milton has written a number of books,
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