

Monday, May 13, 1991.

*The past is always gone, retrieved only, ultimately, in the filaments of memory.*

—Scott Turow, *The Laws of Our Fathers*.

They say that individuals grappling with memories of past misfortunes often find solace in sharing their narratives with a trusted confidant.

I found myself at thirty-seven years old, employed as a paralegal at the Strauss firm. Seeking solace, I scheduled an initial appointment with Lawrence C. Sack, M.D., a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, to share my story.

In Dr. Sack's office, a portrait of Sigmund Freud adorned the wall above the couch. It was May 13, coinciding with the anniversary of Freud's circumcision—a significant ceremony in the Jewish faith symbolizing the covenant between God and Abraham. Did this appointment mark my own covenant with a healer?

As our consultation drew to a close, I mustered the courage to ask Dr. Sack whether he believed I was psychotic. His response, "We're all psychotic when we dream," offered the reassurance of a likely negative answer.