

A Second Day of Infamy

It's been twelve years since the Islamic faithful inadvertently brought down the twin towers. I say inadvertently because nobody was more surprised than Osama bin Laden when jet planes crashed into the tops of New York skyscrapers and brought the buildings tumbling down. Because he had no idea how thousands of gallons of burning jet fuel would work on steel girders, he had only imagined he would send a message by murdering a few hundred office workers and airplane passengers.

For that sick puke, murdering 3,000 civilians was like buying a single ticket and winning the Powerball lottery.

As horrific as 9/11 was, we've had a succession of truly vile days since. To begin with, we had to listen to American Muslims whining about being racially profiled. It was particularly obnoxious when we discovered that the FBI had to step in and stop them from continuing to fund Hamas, Hezbollah and the rest of the Middle Eastern scumbags, under the pretense that they were making charitable contributions to schools and hospitals.

At the time, I wrote that if Muslims in America wanted to prove that their loyalty was to this country and not to the jihadists, all they had to do was pass the hat at their neighborhood mosques and come up with a sizable reward for Osama bin Laden, dead or alive. It never happened, and as a result every time I heard George Bush or Condoleezza Rice telling us that Islam was a religion of peace, my gag reflex was activated.

The true extent that political correctness dictated policy was on display at every airport in America when 25-year-old Muslim males were treated no differently than 75-year-old Lutheran grannies. If anything, Homeland Security agents were more

likely to frisk the old lady because nobody was likely to lose his job if she complained.

Along with everything else, things only got worse once Obama was elected. He not only went on a barnstorming tour of the Middle East, pretty much adding his voice to the chorus of mullahs condemning us as the Big Satan. He went to Cairo and delivered a speech that appeased our enemies and confounded our allies. He even went so far as to state that Muslims had played a major role in the creation of our nation, only stopping short of mentioning the unforgettable contributions of Mohammed Washington, Abdullah Jefferson and Osama bin Hamilton.

It only took him another four years before he deigned to visit Israel, and even that only came after he voiced strong objections to Israel erecting apartment houses in their own country and parroting Islamic demands that they draw back to pre-1967 borders.

In the meantime, we have seen Obama's choice for head of Homeland Security, Janet Napolitano, insisting that our security system worked like a charm just because incompetence prevented major terrorist acts taking place in Times Square and over the skies of Detroit.

An Army Major at Fort Hood who owed his allegiance to Allah murdered a slew of his fellow soldiers, and the White House dismissed it as workplace violence. A couple of Chechen brothers whose family should never have been granted political asylum in the first place murdered and maimed a large number of Boston marathoners, and there's not even a move to belatedly deport the family.

We didn't have a problem telling the truth about the Germans, the Japanese or the Russians, when they were our acknowledged enemies. Apparently, their glaring mistake was in not pretending that our differences were religiously motivated.

I guess in a country in which cultural diversity is seen as the ideal, when no nation, society or race, must ever be regarded as superior to others, but where it's perfectly fine to label America and white Christians as inferior, it figures that nobody would be encouraged to speak the truth about Islam or to point out that most of the misery in the world today can be traced to those who believe that "Allah Akbar" is anything but an obscenity.

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