

It's Not Over



"In the name of Allah, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate," a terrorist declares on the Flight 93 cockpit recording. That's followed by the sounds of the terrorists assaulting a passenger.

"Please don't hurt me," he pleads. "Oh God."

As the passengers rush the cabin, a Muslim terrorist proclaims, "In the name of Allah."

As New York firefighters struggle up the South Tower with 100 pounds of equipment on their backs trying to save lives until the very last moment, the Flight 93 passengers push toward the cockpit. The Islamic hijackers call out, "Allahu Akbar."

Mohammed Atta had advised his fellow terrorists that when the fighting begins, "Shout, 'Allahu Akbar,' because this strikes fear in the hearts of the non-believers." He quoted the Koran's command that Muslim holy warriors terrorize non-believers by beheading them and urged them to follow Mohammed's approach, "Take prisoners and kill them."

The 9/11 ringleader quoted the Koran again. "No prophet should have prisoners until he has soaked the land with blood."

On Flight 93, the fighting goes on. "Oh Allah. Oh the most Gracious," the Islamic terrorists cry out. "Trust in Allah," they reassure. And then there are only the chants of, "Allahu Akbar" as the plane goes down in a Pennsylvania field leaving behind another blood-soaked territory in the Islamic invasion of America.

Today that field is marked by the "Crescent of Embrace" memorial.

Thousands of Muslims cheered the attack in those parts of Israel under the control of the Islamic terrorists of the Palestinian Authority. They shouted, "Allahu Akbar" and handed out candy.

But similar ugly outbreaks of Islamic Supremacism were also taking place much closer to home.

On John F. Kennedy Boulevard, in Jersey City, across the river from Manhattan, crowds of Muslim settlers celebrated the slaughter of Americans. "Some men were dancing, some held kids on their shoulders," a retired Jersey City cop described the scene. "The women were shouting in Arabic."

Similar Islamic festivities broke out on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, a major Islamic settlement area, even as in downtown Manhattan, ash had turned nearby streets into the semblance of a nuclear war. Men and women trudged over Brooklyn Bridge or uptown to get away from this strange new world.

At Union Square, I passed NYU students painting anti-war placards even as the downtown sky behind them was painted the color of bone. They ignored the crowd streaming up past them and focused intently on making all the red letters in NO WAR line up neatly on the white cardboard.

In the years since, I have seen that look on the faces of countless leftists who ignore the stabbers shouting, "Allahu Akbar" in London or the terrorist declaring, "In the name of Allah, the merciful," among the bloody ruin of a gay nightclub in Orlando. Instead they focus on their mindless slogans.

"NO WAR," "Stop Islamophobia" and "Refugees Welcome." The world of the cardboard sign and the simple slogan is an easier and neater one than a sky filled with the ashes of the dead.

On September 11, some of us opened our eyes. Others closed them as hard as they could.

The passengers on Flight 93 who took the lead were in their thirties. But the two firefighters who made it to the 78th floor of the South Tower, Ronald Bucca, who did duty in Vietnam as a Green Beret, and Orio Palmer, a marathon runner, were in their forties. Those men and women had the most meaningful answers to the old question, "Where were you when it happened?"

The great lesson of that Tuesday morning was that it wasn't over. It wasn't over when we understood that we wouldn't find anyone alive in that twisted mass of metal and death. It wasn't over when the air began to clear. It wasn't over when the President of the United States spoke. It wasn't over when the planes began to fly again and the TV switched from non-stop coverage of the attacks and back to its regularly scheduled programming. It wasn't over when we were told to mourn and move on.

It still isn't over.

After every attack, Boston, Orlando, San Bernardino, New York, Paris, Manchester, London, Barcelona, we are encouraged to mourn and move on. Bury the bodies, shed a tear and forget about it.

Terrible things happen. And we have to learn to accept them.

But Tuesday morning was not a random catastrophe. It did not go away because we went back to shopping. It did not go away with Hope and Change. Appeasing and forgetting only made it stronger.

“Where were you?” is not just a question to be asked about September 11, 2001. It is an everyday question. What are you doing today to fight the Islamic terrorists who did this? And tomorrow?

Our enemies wake up every day wondering how to destroy us. Their methods, from demographic invasion to WMDs, from political subversion to random stabbings, are many.

A new and terrible era in history began on 9/11. We are no more past it than we were past Pearl Harbor at the Battle of Midway. Its origins are no mystery. They lie in the last sound that came from Flight 93.

“Allahu Akbar.”

We are in the middle of the longest war in American history. And we still haven’t learned how to fight it.

September 11 has come around again. You don’t have to run into a burning building or wrestle terrorists with your bare hands. But use the day to warn others, so you can answer, “Where were you?”

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