

A Moment in History That Will Never Be Forgotten

By Phyllis Chesler

We are privileged to be alive at this time, one that will never be forgotten, one in which the fate of nations will be decided.

Psychologically, it's easier to rage against all those who condemn Israel for the crimes that are actually being committed against the Jewish state than to focus on the normalization of Israeli suffering, the heavy price of winning a battle.

Even now, after so many years of covering the rise of antisemitism/antiZionism, it is easier for me to condemn the world media and the United Nations for their cruel lies, their insane resolutions against Israel but not against Iran, Russia, or China—than it is for me to tear my clothing and fall to the ground. This is a time of battle; there's not a moment to lose.

It is actually premature to grieve, for Israel is winning. It has already achieved great victories. Perhaps I must become more like the Israelis: Resilient, heroic, no matter the exhaustion.

It is easier, at least for me, to condemn the media for refusing to condemn Hamas/Iran for keeping Gazans hostage and using them as unprotected human shields; easier for me to condemn all the useful idiots who blame Israel for the alleged starvation of Gazans instead of understanding that this is all Hamas/Iran's doing.

Israel—but not Egypt—is condemned for creating cramped refugee camps in Gaza, even though it is Egypt who refused Gazans

under fire and in flight even temporary exit. How many offers of refuge have Arab Muslim countries made to the trapped Gazans?

Israel is condemned because it has tried to protect their citizens by building bomb shelters and safe rooms, and because it commands an Iron Dome to ward off as many rockets and ballistic missiles as it can. Hamas/Iran is not condemned for having failed to do so and their cynical failure is in the service of anti-Israel propaganda that the global media still falls for each and every time.

It is easier, psychologically, to expose the deeply flawed and hateful biases against Israel at the United Nations than it is for me to contemplate the loss of so many young Israelis in battle. How many funerals, how many shiva tents, can a small nation bear? How many lifelong injuries, including psychological injuries, will the Israelis have to—what?—keep on loving, engage in rehabilitating? Israel will do so until the end of time.



Although I am far away from the Holy Land, I am still covering the waterfront. Watching I-24 around the clock, checking about twenty to thirty different new sites daily, sometimes hourly, puts me on another kind of front line. I am tired—but I do not have to rush to a bomb shelter or a safe room, I am not awakened by warning sirens every few hours.

Funny though, for a week now, ever since Israel began bombing Iran's considerable nuclear structures, my sleep has been interrupted about every two hours.

Of course, I've made donations. But I've also been writing to individual Israelis whom I know and with whom I've worked. I ask each one how they are, how their families are, how their children or grandchildren in the IDF are, and what, if anything, I can do to help.

Today, I took a very deep breath, and began sending such letters to some of my political opponents, people with whom I vowed, *bli neder*, to never speak to again.

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