

# Tisha b'Av:

By Phyllis Chesler

I am [#mourning](#) the [#Israeli](#) lives lost to Iranian Islamic terror on [#10/7](#) and ever since, the Israeli souls crushed by loss and fear, the [#hostage](#) families consumed by grief and bitterness, the Israelis who've been [#displaced](#)—the Israelis trapped by the world into a fiendish waiting game, not allowed to strike pre-emptively. Notice: I write Israelis. This includes Jews, Christians, Muslims, Drusim, Budhists etc. who live and work in Israel as well as those from 40 countries around the world. When I have properly mourned all this, I will turn my attention to the Israelis who were both murdered and were still alive when we lost the [#First](#) and then the [#Second](#) Temples; those who were killed and were still alive after each and every [#pogrom](#) or [#Farhud](#) in Pagan, Christian, and Muslim lands; those who were murdered and those who survived the [#Holocaust](#); those who were murdered and who survived [#Arab](#) Muslim attacks in Israel from the 1930s—until until this very day. My task may exceed the length of only one day. Nachamu, Nachamu my people. And fight like Hell to win each and every day in every possible way.

