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**Ed Note: I recently was involved in treating the victims of a terrorist attack. Despite working in Israel as an EP for six years, this was my first time in dealing with such an event. I recorded my impressions in the following piece, but I must add that since then I have dealt with many more and the feelings have not changed. In addition I have included two poems by an eighteen year old American on this situation we are suffering from. He requested they be printed anonymously**

Only about four hours have past since "heroes" earned eternal favor by blowing more innocent people apart in Emmanuel. Only this time I was in the emergency department to treat the survivors. An eleven year old girl was in a coma she will probably never come out of. She was receiving her first chest tube. A mother of small children was on a respirator, with a hole the size of a penny in her chest. OK- we've read all the gore in the newspaper, but this time I saw it with my own eyes. I live here. I've seen the suffering. I know the truth. I tried to deal with it. But when I came home and saw my own wife- a mother of small children and my own daughter of 11; who doesn't even know what a chest tube is, I lost it. I cried and cried until there was nothing left. Not only in my eyes, but in my soul. My brothers: We taught the world morality, we will teach them hope as well.

**9978**

**What power do we have in a world where we are the rulers?**

**So life is with fear.**

**Every moment the muscles are flexed**

**And the brow is wrinkled**

**Life won't go on**

**Alertness is what keeps it alive**

**And tension is its profit**

**And moments its reward.**

**Is it lead or the leaders?**

**Is it the mine or the mind?**

**When one is threatened**

**One examines each aspect of existence to the fullest**

**One learns that dying young is the price for believing**

**81878**

**When comfortable**

**You don't notice these things**

**When aroused-**

**The desert has become his keeper**

**And the hills his ally.**

**David's harp has become a slingshot**

**Harmless and ominous**

**His strength is a shadow- and it lies not in his hand**

**But in his heart.**

**He has been told that comfort is just the absence of tension**

**And when the next test comes-**

**He has fled into walls and come out bloody.**

**He has learned that all men would like to see his death.**

**The previous generation has died, remembering the fleshpots of Germany**

**Leaving us to try our luck at continuing**

**The jesters laugh, hiding warheads beneath their costumes**

**They laugh and forget**