Suppose you live in Las Vegas, just like many live in Jerusalem . . . And the year would be 2001. You often take the bus to the mall, to the grocery store, or to a casino for an inexpensive lunch. One day you're standing at the bus stop, you can see another bus stop ahead, it pulls away from the curb and suddenly explodes into hundreds of pieces, and many of the pieces are body parts.

You quickly decide not to get onto your bus and cancel your trip into Vegas. It's more than six weeks before you even think of venturing out to populated areas again, especially on a city bus.

Now the time seems right.

You decide to take Hunter with you and drive to Kingman, Arizona, just an hour away, much like Tel Aviv from Jerusalem. You hope to get away from Vegas for a breather. You roll your car into the four-way intersection in Boulder City, preparing to make your left toward Hoover Dam, and on toward Kingman. Suddenly bullets begin to smack your windshield with terrifying noise and with rapidity. Glass scatters throughout the car. A bullet hits Hunter and he slumps forward against his seat belt. You attempt to duck toward the floor but your own seatbelt restrains you from doing so. You reach for Hunter, not realizing it's too late for him.

Hunter's funeral was hard for everyone in town, but most hard for you and Sybil; Hunter was only eleven. Six others were killed in the shooting spree. The other five were school children in a school bus headed for Hoover Dam on a field trip.

It turns out that the gunman was one of the same group that blew up the bus in Vegas some weeks ago. They are trying to make a point about a piece of land they want out at the proving grounds north of Vegas.

Fear strikes in the hearts of everyone in Nevada, and across the nation. Twenty people are dead in the Vegas bus and six more in Boulder City. Worse yet, the terrorism takes one of your own children.

The following months are hard for Nevada, as repeated attacks shock the nation and take many lives. But, everyone tries hard to maintain and keep optimistic.

You make your way to the Olive Garden in Henderson, where you will meet with the men of
the church this Saturday morning. The Olive Garden caters to groups and is always active on Saturday morning. The meeting is a very good one with ten men showing up. The mornings are now cold as January has come in with a blast of northern air. No one noticed the tall young man that entered the restaurant with a long dark overcoat on. He moves to the back of the room near the concrete wall separating the kitchen from the dining area. In a horrifying roar, he disappears and chunks of concrete block are hurling through the restaurant and out the front glass. The entire place is emptied; chairs, tables, and bodies are thrown onto the street outside. The concrete ceiling falls onto some who are crawling along the rubble strewn floor trying to get out of the building. Your own leg lies outside on the sidewalk with the rest of the debris, while you are buried under several feet of debris inside the shell of a building. Ten are dead and forty seriously wounded.

You are resting in the hospital, thinking about the families of the three men killed that Saturday morning. Sybil has gone to comfort them. It's been weeks and Sybil is more than ready for you to get home from the hospital. Fear seems to be the order of the day, as people begin to shut themselves in. Volunteer patrols wander the streets at night. Military help has been brought in, and police forces are overworked. Security is put into place like never before. Cars are searched inside and out before they are let into the Malls in Vegas, like the ones in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Every shop and store has a security guard at the door checking everyone who enters with a metal detecting wand. All handbags, backpacks and parcels are opened for searching. Long lines appear at entrance to parking areas, at store fronts as the searches are made. Life has changed for everyone.

Tomorrow morning you will be released from the hospital. You have your newly fitted artificial leg in place. The two months of therapy have enabled you to walk fairly well. Your phone rings. It's the police station. "Pastor Turner, I'm afraid we have bad news. There's been an incident at your house. A gunman entered by your back slider door and three are dead."

Two ladies from the church had come to stay with Sybil until you were released. The Proving Grounds Liberation Movement, (PGLM), had now advanced from bombing buses, restaurants, and random firings at intersections, to breaking into houses and slaughtering more innocent, defenseless people. Even before you can get home the next day, it is confirmed that three others were shot and killed, by the same ones who entered your own house, as they fled.

It's been two years now and you still work to cope with the loss of Hunter and Sybil. Military personnel are everywhere in Nevada. No place is safe now. Reno has had twenty bombings, and shooting incidents. In Carson City, a Pizza Hut disappeared into dust and rubble with thirty dead and scores injured. The Albertsons Supermarket on Sunset Drive in Vegas was demolished as a suicide bomber walked into the heavy shopping crowd who was getting their goods for the upcoming Thanksgiving Day celebration.

The toll is now near six hundred dead, and there seems to be no end in sight. The PGLM vows to keep using suicide bombers, and killing everyone in Nevada until the Proving Grounds are turned over to them. Many young people have taken to roughing up anyone suspected of belonging to the PGLM, even though there is no evidence that it is true. People stay in their homes. The once popular 'Strip' in Vegas is deserted except by the most hard core tourist. Businesses have closed by the dozens, and the economy has dipped to a five-year low in the area. Major budget cuts have been made, with services to the poor being sacrificed. People out of work have taken to the streets begging for just a few cents to help feed their kids.

Young people, with a developed attitude that, 'we better live it up now,' have taken to the night
clubs in mass numbers. Three times now suicide bombers have made their way into disco's and blown themselves up with scores of young people killed. One of the PGLM suicide bombers was a pregnant girl of 19 years old. She sacrificed herself, and her unborn child, to vent her hatred of Nevadans.

The PGLM has moved into the desert of California, where they have found favor and support from that state. They fire rockets into nearby Nevada cities at night, and fire mortars as well. Road blocks are on every road coming into Vegas, Reno, and Carson City areas.

You walk the mile or so to the church, because your car was blown up when a suicide bomber ignited himself, and his car, next to the bus in front of you. The whole block was rocked, with window panes blown out of businesses. Your own unrecognizable car sits smoldering, and you blessed to be alive. You think about all the Christian workers who were in the area two years ago. Where have they all gone? You thank God for the few that have remained. There is so much need, and so few workers.

You see a few people on the street. They scurry along the walkway, hurrying to avoid prolonged exposure. Streets are littered with debris blowing into corners and piling up. The weeds from the desert collect along the newly installed chain link fence all along the edge of town that faces California. You arrive at the church and go to the altar where you bend down to pray.

"How long, oh Lord, how long?" You ask.

Epilogue:

You asked, Pastor, what my take on the Israeli situation is. I’ve put it in terms that make it clear to you the impact on Israelis’. Oh, that nothing like this would ever happen to your family, or this country again.

Every terrorism event described comes from my memory of true incidents reported by Israeli Television, and newspapers.

What would we think about the Israeli situation if it were as described above, on our shores? I listen to KOL, Israel radio, every morning. I visit Israel, but then I leave to a safe haven here in Cyprus. 'My take' is much different from the one I might have if Israel were my home.

'My take' is; I must pray for Israel more.

Oh, maybe it's true that Israel has not obeyed God, and he may be judging her, and maybe even as foretold in scripture, but the pain still remains for the afflicted ones there.

We must continue in prayer, for Israel, and our own country!