

Fearing “Terrorism”

“Terrorism” has no grip on me. I’m not brave, though.

My biggest fear has already become reality: the loss of one of my kids. I won’t say I exactly *survived* because not all of me did. I’m somewhat changed. Maybe those around me see it; maybe it’s all tucked inside and they don’t. Either way, I’m still here.

And especially now, to me, “terrorism” is nothing but *loserism*. It can’t scare me.

It really never has. Whether it comes from ISIS, ICEis, Washington DC, North Korea, or the local cops. They are all just gangs of bullies looking for people to intimidate. If you don’t cower, they lose.

Although I will say that on September 11, 2001, I did a lot of looking up at the sky. On that day I had planes (or whatever– depending on what you believe about that day’s events) causing problems east, southeast, and west of me. I felt kind of surrounded.

That day, caught up in the viral stupidity, I flew a “Betsy Ross” flag from my deck (I *will not* have an official federal Holy Pole Quilt on my property). I’m ashamed of that knee-jerk reaction now.

Yet even then, I wasn’t looking for government to “save” me. I knew the most likely result would be a further destruction of liberty from a government excited to have an excuse and a populace too scared to object to any new escalation of tyranny.