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## Renew Your Hope, All You Who Enter Here. *Pax Vobiscum*. Here Stands Earth's Last "Parking Lot"

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**Renew Your Hope,  
All You Who Enter Here.  
*Pax Vobiscum.*  
Here Stands Earth's Last "Parking Lot"**

by

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Earth's Last 'Parking Lot'

"Nuke 'em until they glow, I say! Let's turn the whole darned place into a parking lot!" An overwhelming sense of rage and frustration now follows the heartrending tragedy at the World Trade Center. Whichever nation or nations are found most culpable must be leveled to the ground. Revenge will be ours! As if, by the incineration of innocent children in some foreign land, we might find our own grief vengefully assuaged.

Since the time of Cain and Abel, violence has only begotten yet more violence. And the only thing that seems to come of it all is — parking lots. In the last century, the nation of Japan expressed its resentment against us by turning Pearl Harbor and much of Oahu into a harborside 'parking lot'. Before that war was over, we, in turn, had incinerated the defenseless citizens of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Thousands of men, women and children were deliberately annihilated for the sake of what was deemed a greater good — and our world had gained two more 'parking lots'. Meanwhile, on the other side of the globe, Hitler's Luftwaffe was striving, by the Battle of Britain, to turn all London into one fog-bound 'parking lot'. Vengeful Allies retaliated with the firebombing of Dresden, and the world had yet another 'parking lot'. Frustrated in his ultimate hope for reciprocation, Hitler had asked at the last, "Is Paris burning?"

And now, where the World Trade Center once stood, there remains no more than rubble. A cabal of hate-crazed fanatics have conspired, for

the sake of what was greater justice in their eyes, to turn two of the tallest buildings on earth into a barren waste — the latest ‘parking lot’. The history of modern “civilization” might seem to be, from one perspective, little more than the making of a series of carnage-ridden ‘parking lots.’ And, looking ahead, still others seem to be soon and inexorably on their way.

How best might we replace these twin-tower ruins? Build on this site another edifice, taller than the last – higher than Babel’s spire? Perhaps erecting a simpler, more understated monument would be apropos. A modest proposal: let us turn this tragic site into a memorial parking lot. Fill the lot with those many autos which even now stand idle and unoccupied, parked beside train and bus stations in New Jersey, Westchester and Long Island, awaiting the return of commuters who are no more. Over the entrance to this memorial, we might place a sign to proclaim that this humble lot marks a monumental change in the heart of man. It stands as a symbol of our pledge, in perpetuity, to all those who have died senselessly on this site. Their martyrdom has sown the seeds of what will come to be a truly new millennium.

What is called for here is effective, well-targeted retaliation, not maniacal mass-destruction – decisive retribution, not deranged revenge. In the name of these fallen ones, may the power of our American spirit, rising boldly to suppress the terrorist’s hand throughout all the world, find too the strength to repress an even greater terror – that of our grief-crazed rage run wildly unleashed and our lust for vengeance gone berserk.

Out of these bleak ashes may there arise the flame of our bright hope for a new and better world. Let this lot then celebrate, in its simplicity, the historic turning point at which our people have finally left blood-hate behind. The cycle of death is broken. Innocent men, women and children need never fear again that they will be the next victims of our blind vengeance – collateral damage – the blood-soaked price of self-satisfying revenge.

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