Writing the Wrong

Love Means Never Having to Say You're Sorry

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I guess he had to go. He stayed away for five years. He's been in the neighbourhood before. When he first started this job he went everywhere but there. He was making a point. The first of many I suppose. And, truth be told, not going was a mistake. It made, an already mean as a junkyard dog, Bebe Netanyahu bristle and aggressively attack the sorely beleaguered residents of Gaza. He, Obama, would later bruise the ego some more when he made the venerable (I am sorry, I meant genocidal) Prime Minister wait in an anteroom for almost an hour before receiving him in the oval office—a more subtle, but still distinct message: this aint your daddy's administration Bebe!

So, now, in his second term, he went and he made nice and he avoided the morass of the West Bank settlements. He met with Abbas and King Abdullah of Jordan and gazed in wonder at the stone edifice in Petra, and urged the Palestinians and Israelis back to the table. "Peace is still possible", he said in that honeyed baritone.

The latest speed bump on the road map to peace is Israel segregating buses in and out of the West Bank "for security reasons"—the same way NATO will soon bomb Syria for "humanitarian" ones.

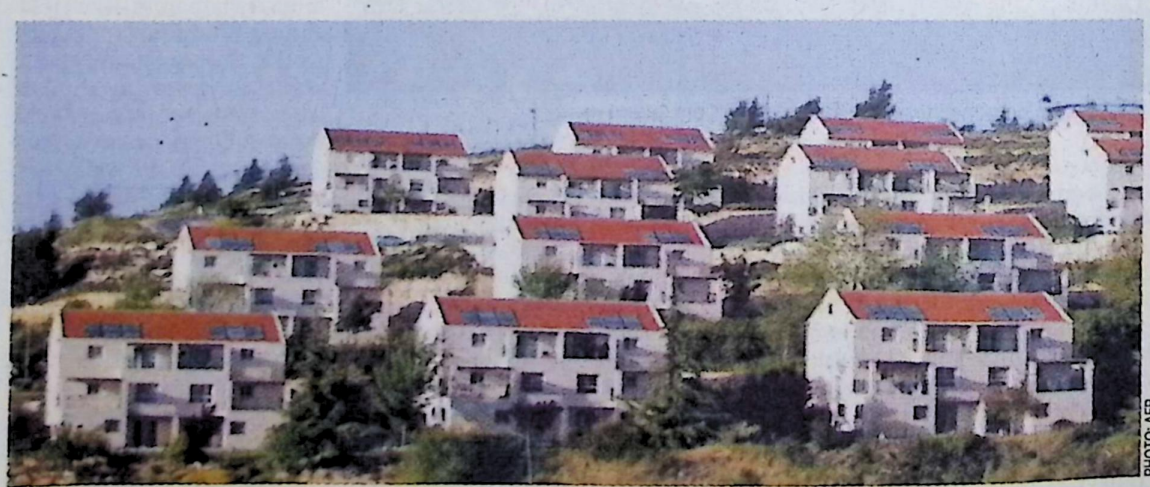


PHOTO: AFP

The Beit El Jewish settlement near the Palestinian West Bank city of Ramallah.