

Mr. Speaker; Madame President, thank you for organizing this today. Paul, I am profoundly honored to represent not only the House, but the Jewish community as we stand together. Thank you. I have tried to speak for them for seven years; I clearly have not done a good enough job.

I start with an apology. I am not myself. Jews are not ourselves. We are not alright.

Many of us have hardly slept since last Saturday. We have family in Israel. We know someone who is serving in the military. We know someone who died. For Israel 10/7 was the equivalent proportionately not to one 9/11, or two, or even 10. Imagine 40,000 died that day.

Almost 200 people have been taken hostage. 200. Think about that. We don't see them on live news videos because they are being hidden, used as human shields. Imagine what is being done to them right now.

Until last Saturday, for most of us in this room, the Holocaust was something existing in history books and museums. In black and white photographs, Schindler's List, and Anne Frank's diary.

Not anymore. Turns out the Holocaust never ended. It just went into hibernation.

In the past week, we have seen things that have shaken the very foundation of what it means to be a human being. I can't wrap my head around what could drive a person to take a knife and slice off the head of a baby. Can you? Can you understand what kind of person would burn an elderly person

alive? What kind of man rapes a living girl lying next to their dead friends.

When I try to sleep, I think of the babies I played with last December when I toured a Kibbutz on the border with Gaza. I wonder which ones were beheaded. That's the one we visited. If I think about it too much, I feel like I'm going crazy. I don't know if it is from anger or grief.

If I do fall asleep, I dream of the video of two little boys being taken hostage by monsters. I haven't seen their faces, but I saw their hair. Two little red heads. If you come to my office, you can see a picture of two that I have at home that are their spitting image. The terrorists want to kill them too.

What we have seen is horrific. Scarring. Traumatizing. But I ask you to look at the pictures. Do not look away.

We preserved the Nazi concentration camps in order to memorialize the evil of man.

In some ways this was worse. These terrorists wore gopro cameras; they filmed their barbarity live. Their animalism. They were proud of what they had done. Do not look away.

I ask you to sear it into your minds. To change who you are and what you think. Because we have to face a truth that many of us have refused to for too long. We are not one giant human family. There are monsters among us. This was not done by one crazy person or even 19 as happened on 9/11. Thousands entered Israel 10 days ago with one purpose. To see how many children they could kill. How many families they could destroy. How much suffering and barbarity they could inflict. That wasn't the collateral damage of war. That was their goal.

But the monsters aren't just over there. They are right here. Today, a group of them will gather not far from here and call the beheading of babies a great win. They will celebrate it. They will justify it. The monsters are right here.

Turn on the news, and what you will see both in this country and around the world is the largest scale demonstration of anti-semitism in the history of the world. They no longer feel the need to hide their desire to kill Jews; they scream it in front of the camera. You need to understand that Jews not just in Israel, but right here in Florida, do not feel safe today. We are a people that has been kicked out of every place we have ever lived for 2,000 years. Every single place. There are Jews that you represent right now, here in Florida, including this one, whose children secretly packed a suitcase with dolls and toys that they have hidden under their beds wondering if they have to run.

But more than tired, more than heartbroken, more than scared, I am angry.

Because while we are here to stand with Israel, let me make one thing very clear. This is not war against a different people in a faraway land.

It was an attack on us all.

There is a slogan in radical Islam that the terrorists sometimes use. Today we come for the Saturday people. Tomorrow we come for the Sunday people.

There are only 16 million Jews in this world. Fewer than the residents of Beijing. We celebrate the Sabbath on Saturday. Maybe someone later can tell me who celebrates on Sunday.

I am exceedingly grateful for my colleagues who stand here. For most of them this is hard to understand. The biggest problem with antisemitism is not with the antisemites but with those who aren't. Because those who aren't antisemites don't understand how people can feel this way. It's the most common thing I have heard from my colleagues as I have run so many of these bills. How can anyone believe this crap?

I want to share just one story that might help explain it. A story you haven't heard yet. About a little Jewish girl who survived. A three year old named Lizzie.

Lizzie was one of 11 children in a family in her village when on that fateful day the barbarians arrived at the gate. Out of nowhere, a complete surprise.

As the monsters came running at them, weapons flashing in the sun, Lizzie and her family ran into their home. They tried to barricade the door, but the terrorists knocked it down.

With nowhere to run, Lizzie, her 10 siblings, and her parents piled onto each other, trying to protect each other in one huge dogpile. Lizzie, the smallest, ended up on the bottom; her parents on top.

And over what felt like eternity, Lizzie listened to her family get slaughtered. She heard the knives plunge into the bodies of her parents. She heard the screams of her brothers and sisters. Their blood poured into her eyes, her ears, her nose. She thought she was going to drown in it.



When the monsters were finished their butchery, thinking they had killed them all, they left. Lizzie survived – eight of her older Jewish brothers and sisters, her mother, and her father, were true human shields, saving Lizzie and her two brothers who sat at the bottom of this pile of death. But with the weight of hundreds of pounds on top of them, it took Lizzie and her brothers hours to disentangle themselves from the bodies of their family.

Lizzie remembered the heat leaving their bodies; as they grew cold, it felt like their souls were moving on.

But Lizzie survived, not in Israel, but in Russia. Not 10 days ago, but more than 100 years ago. You see, the armies of darkness have tried to exterminate my people since time immemorial.

Lizzie survived, she came to America, and in this country, she married and had two Jewish children, one of whom had two more. My grandmother would remind me of her story every time I had to deal with my own battles with antisemitism. She would remind me that I was not special. I was just a Jew.

The sad thing is this story is not unique. Last Saturday was just the latest stop on a three thousand year journey of Jewish hatred, from slavery in Egypt, to the Spanish Inquisition, to the Pogroms, to the Holocaust, and I could tell you dozens more if we had all day.

Every Jew in this room has a story like my grandmothers. Ask them and they will tell you. I think of the dozens if not hundreds of cousins my eight great uncles and aunts might have brought into this world. There are hundreds of millions of Jews that were never born.

But 16 million is still too many for the monsters among us.

We have been persecuted since the days of the Exodus, the story of Passover, the story of Jews escaping from slavery in Egypt, of surviving chase from the Pharaoh's army, of spending 40 years in the desert searching for the land God promised us, Israel.

When we end our seders each year, we end them with a simple saying, "Next Year in Jerusalem." For over 1000 years that was just a hope, a dream, a wish.

Since 1948, no longer. We now have Israel. Never again will Jews be defenseless. Never again will we go to our slaughter. Never ever ever again.

God knew this, and in one of the five most sacred books in our faith, Deuteronomy – a book that is part of your bible as well – he told us what to do.

“When you go out to war against your enemies, and you see a people more numerous than you, you shall not be afraid of them, for the Lord, your God is with you. Hear O’ Israel, today you are approaching the battle against your enemies. Let your hearts not be troubled; you shall not be afraid, and you shall not be alarmed, and you shall not be terrified. For the Lord, your God, is the One Who goes with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you.”

God is with us. We are not afraid. We know we will win. We will win together. You are with us. We all share this verse as well, from Psalms:

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

The attack in Israel was not an attack on a country. It was an attack on a people. It was an attack on me, on Lauren, on every Jew. It was an attack against all of us.

When you stand with Israel, you stand with us. You stand with the Jews of this state, the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and my oldest's son's namesake, Jacob.

All of you descended from them too.

May God bless Israel. May God bless her friends. And may God smite the enemies of us all.